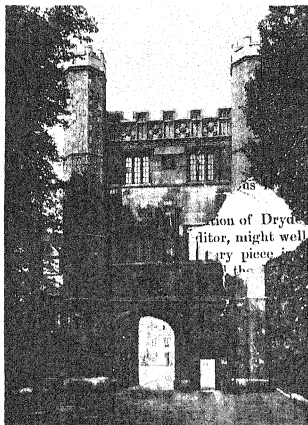
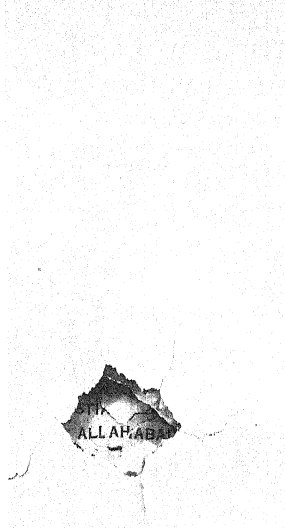


THE POETICAL WORKS OF
JOHN DRYDEN
Cambridge Edition



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ble to me, and the officers of the Club granted me the use of their building while collating or copying those volumes.

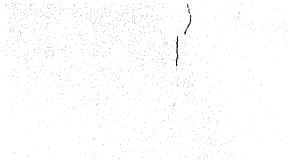
To Mr. E. H. Wells, Curator of Modern English Literature in the Harvard Library, I am more deeply indebted than I can well express. His zeal and skill have made the Harvard collection of Drydeniana exceptionally complete, so that Cambridge is now almost as satisfactory a place as London for the editing of Dryden's works. In my own behalf, though until my labor of collating was nearly finished I was a total stranger to him, he has taken infinite and unselfish pains, answering each of my queries with the utmost fullness, and finally sending me a card catalogue, prepared with great detail, of the Harvard Dryden collection. Largely through his aid, the bibliographical information in this volume is, I think, somewhat more complete than in previous editions.

Professors G. L. Kittredge and F. N. Robinson of Harvard University have aided me in many ways, especially by advice in regard to the text of the volume, and Professor W. A. Neilson has helped me very greatly by looking up questions that have arisen during the reading of the proof and in the preparation of the *Notes*. Mr. C. J. Barr, Assistant Librarian of the John Crerar Library in Chicago, has generously aided me by the gift of a copy of his valuable unpublished *Bibliography of Dryden*. I am indebted also to Professors E. K. Rand and W. S. Ferguson of Harvard, Professor W. T. Brewster of Columbia, Professor B. O. Foster of Stanford, and to my colleagues, Professors H. Morse Stephens, W. A. Merrill, W. A. Hart, H. W. Prescott, and T. F. Sanford of the University of California, for assistance of various kinds. Some minor obligations are acknowledged in the *Notes*.

Finally, all my other debts for aid in this edition of Dryden are as nothing compared to that I owe my wife, whose name, as joint editor, might well have been added to my own. She has collated, as well as I myself, every piece in this volume, and has read with me every line of the proof. She has prepared the *Indexes*, and has borne the larger part of the labor of making the *Glossary* ready for the press. She has revised the *Bibliographical Sketch* and the *Notes*, giving me invaluable advice in regard to them, and has coöperated with me in other ways too numerous for mention here.

G. R. N.

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA,
December 1, 1908.



PREFACE

THE present edition of *Dryden's Poetical Works* seeks to justify its existence by a more complete collection of Dryden's writings than has hitherto been attempted in popular form, by a careful collation of the entire text with the original editions, by the chronological arrangement of its contents, and by the reprinting in the *Notes* of a considerable portion of Sir Walter Scott's commentary on Dryden.

This volume includes all Dryden's undoubted poetical works, both original and translated, except his dramas; and, with the exception of some hymns (see page 919), all that have been attributed to him with any show of reason. An apology is due for giving to a book that omits so important a division of the poet's writings as his dramas the title, *Dryden's Poetical Works*, but the inaccuracy may be defended by tradition. About half of Dryden's critical essays also appear in the volume.

Details as to the sources of the text may be found in the notes to the different poems. For only a very few minor pieces have I been obliged to rely on copies made at the British Museum or elsewhere. The text of Dryden's verse is reproduced without any omissions whatever; from his prose only a few lines, in the commentary on Persius, are left unprinted. The labor of collation has resulted in numerous passages, especially in the translation of Dryden's own text in *WILLIAM* in the prose essays, that had later become corrupt. For new errors committed in the reprinting of Dryden's own text in *PROLOGUE* they are not frequent. The textual notes are more numerous than in previous editions, and are generally intended to include all variant readings (other than obvious misprints and insignificant differences of spelling) of all important early editions. It has seemed needless, however, to collate texts that were evidently mere publishers' reprints, such as the later editions of most of the dramas; or, except in rare instances, to consider any editions published after Dryden's death. The changes of text made in modern editions are noted, as a rule, only when adopted here.

The chronological arrangement of the contents should give the reader a clearer conception of Dryden's literary development, and of his relation to the politics of his time, than the classified arrangement hitherto followed.

Sir Walter Scott's great edition of Dryden, not the least of his claims to fame, was first published in 1808, just one hundred years ago. His sketches of the men of the seventeenth century, and his critical remarks on Dryden's genius, not only have independent literary value, but show his wide and intimate acquaintance with the society and the politics of Dryden's time. Unfortunately he was as inaccurate and diffuse as he was genial and sympathetic. In attempting to correct and condense Scott's work, I hope that I have not entirely destroyed the charm of his style.

Capitals and punctuation in this edition are made to agree with modern standards. The problem of spelling, as is always the case in a popular edition of an old author, was very difficult. No satisfactory compromise can be made between a literal reproduction of the old editions, with all their aimless inconsistencies and irregularities, and complete conform-

¹ Some cases in which editions desirable for collation, though not for use as a basis for the text, were inaccessible to me are specified in the *Notes*. The most important are the second editions of *Miscellany Poems*, *Sylve*, and *Juvenal and Persius*.

ity with modern usage. In general, modern spelling has been adopted wherever the change was merely external, not affecting the pronunciation of a word: thus *critick* is made *critic*; *buisy*, *busy*; *chuse*, *choose*; *boult*, *bolt*; *humane kind*, *humankind*; *suldain*, *soldan*. In *honour*, *honor*, and similar words, the latter form has been adopted, in conformity with American usage, though the early editions usually print *honour*. Particles and past tenses like *confessed*, *confess'd*, *confest*; *mixed*, *mix'd*, *mixt*, are normalized to *confess'd*, *mix'd*, but an exception is made of *blest* and *curs'd* as particles.

On the other hand, spellings that apparently indicate peculiarities of English vocabulary or pronunciation in Dryden's time are retained: thus, *reek* [*rick*], *shew*, *breer* [*brir*], *thrid*, *lawnd* [*lawn*], *prease* [*press*], *whether* [*whither*], *then* [*than*]. Here also may be mentioned Dryden's variation between the forms *them*, *'em*. By discarding such peculiarities, modern editions have altered the character of Dryden's language, disguising its kinship with Elizabethan English.

In cases that seemed in any way doubtful, the inconsistencies of the early editions have been retained, as in *salvage*, *savage*; *indued*, *endued*; *desart*, *desert*. Thus on pages 872 and 873 the spellings *elfs* and *elves* occur within a short distance of each other (lines 3 and 34). Some of these cases probably might better have been made consistent, but I preferred to err on the side of archaism.

Dryden's marks of contraction are retained, as in *pois'r*, *wand'ring*, *hear'n*, *th' immortal*; these are important as emphasizing the regular flow of English verse in Dryden's time, which so often makes it seem mechanical to modern ears. But here, also, the irregularities of the old editions are followed except in a few special cases *poerer*, *wandering*, *heaven*, *the immortal*, are reprinted as they occur; *wandring*, however, is transformed into *wand'ring*.

The same principles are followed in the Latin names used by Dryden: thus *Hyarbas*, *Sergestus* are not changed to *Iarbas*, *Sergestus*; but *Mecenas*, *Cytheron*, *Ptolomy* become *Mecenas*, *Cithaeron*, *Ptolemy*. In English proper names the spelling of the *Dictionary of National Biography* is usually adopted. The titles of French works referred to in the *Biographical Sketch* and the *Notes* are ordinarily given in the orthography of the original editions.

Any editor of a classic author must depend largely on the labors of his predecessors. Besides my use of Scott, I have taken much material from Malone and Christie, and from Professors Saintsbury, Ker, and Williams. To the last three gentlemen I am deeply grateful for their courteous permission to make full use of their work. (Professor Saintsbury has also kindly allowed me to use the text of the Scott-Saintsbury edition as a basis for collation of the *Virgil* and the *Discourse concerning Satire*.) Occasional debts to other scholars, notably Professors Collins and Firth, are acknowledged in the *Notes*. I hope, however, that my commentary contains original contributions that will be useful to students of Dryden.

This edition has been in preparation since the summer of 1901, during which time I have been almost continuously resident in California, distant from all large collections of Drydeniana. For this reason, and others as well, I am indebted more than most editors to the help of many friends. The authorities of the Harvard and Yale libraries have generously sent their treasures to me across the continent; Mr. T. J. Kiernan and Mr. F. B. Dexter, of those libraries, have been particularly courteous in the prompt attention that they have given to my many requests. Mr. Beverly Chew, President of the Grolier Club of New York City, and Mr. Winston H. Hagan, a member of that club, loaned me from their private libraries rare editions of Dryden that were elsewhere inaccessible.

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NOTE.—The photograph frontispiece of Dryden is from the original portrait (1664) in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. The autograph is from a letter (1682) in the British Museum.

The vignette on the engraved title represents the "King's Gateway," Trinity College, Cambridge. This tower was completed in 1535.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

I

JOHN DRYDEN is the greatest and the most representative English man of letters of the last quarter of the seventeenth century. From the death of Milton in 1674 to his own in 1700 no other writer can compare with him in versatility and power; indeed, in the varied character of his work, as dramatist, satirist, controversialist, translator, and critic, he has few rivals in the entire history of English literature. Though he composed his most important original poems to serve some passing political purpose, he made them immortal by his literary genius. Half unconsciously he became the founder of a literary school that retained its preëminence for more than a hundred years after his death. Any account of his life should deal primarily with his writings and with the political events that gave the occasion for many of them; at the same time it should pay due heed to Dryden's own personality, which has not always been treated with the respect that it deserves. Dryden was by profession a writer, not a hero or prophet; he suffers by the inevitable comparison with his great contemporary Milton. Yet, beneath his superficial inconsistency he had a large general honesty and uprightness, and the fierce invective of his satires must not blind us to his kindness and generosity. Though not heroic, Dryden is eminently lovable.

Dryden's parents were landed gentry. His father, Erasmus Dryden, third son of Sir Erasmus Dryden, baronet, married on October 21, 1630, Mary, daughter of the Reverend Henry Pickering, rector of Aldwinckle All Saints, in Northamptonshire. John Dryden, the first of the fourteen children of this marriage, is said to have been born on August 9, 1631,¹ at the parsonage house of Aldwinckle All Saints, the residence of his mother's parents. He was brought up under strongly Puritan influences, since both the Drydens and the Pickerings took the side of the Parliament in its conflict against Charles I. He was educated first at Westminster School in London, under the famous master, Dr. Busby, to whom he later sent his own sons; and next at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he matriculated in July, 1650, and where he took his bachelor's degree in January, 1654.

The Conclusion Book of Trinity College records that in July, 1652, Dryden was disciplined for "his disobedience to the vice master, and his contumacy in taking his punishment inflicted by him." A pleasanter glimpse of the young poet is given in a letter quoted by Mr. Christie: "Dryden . . . was reckoned a man of good parts and learning while in college: he had . . . read over and very well understood all the Greek and Latin poets. He stayed to take his bachelor's degree, but his head was too roving and active, or what else you 'll call it, to confine himself to a college life; and so he left it and went to London into gayer company, and set up for a poet, which he was as well qualified for as any man."²

While at school and college Dryden had made some trifling experiments in writing verse. At Westminster School he had translated, as "a Thursday-night's exercise,"³ the

¹ Malone points out that this date rests on no better authority than a note by Pope, first printed in the 1735 edition of his works.

² See *Select Poems by Dryden*, ed. Christie and Firth, Oxford, 1893, page xvi.

³ See page 365.

Third Satire of Persius, and had composed in honor of his deceased schoolmate, Lord Hastings, an elegy which is still preserved. In 1650 he prefixed a short complimentary poem to *Sion and Parnassus*, a collection of religious poems by his friend John Hoddesdon. In 1655 he wrote a curious letter to his cousin Honor Driden, mingling verse and prose in a strain of conventional and not too delicate gallantry. These early pieces are full of extravagant conceits of the school of Cowley, and show at the best only a boyish dexterity in copying a prevailing literary fashion.

Nothing is known of Dryden's life between 1654 and 1658. In June, 1654, his father had died, leaving to him, as the eldest son, landed property which yielded about forty pounds a year, enough at that time to support a single man in decent comfort. A year later, if the heading of the letter to Honor Driden be correct, he was still at Cambridge. From this fantastic epistle, which indicates nothing more than a college flirtation, some critics have strangely concluded that the young poet was seriously in love with his cousin. Whether he continued to reside in Cambridge, or returned to his father's estate after 1655, cannot positively be determined. If Shadwell is correct in speaking of him, "when he came first to town," as "a raw young fellow of seven and twenty,"¹ he did not remove to London and "set up for a poet" until 1658.

Dryden's life after his settlement in London may be conveniently divided into three periods: the first ending in 1681, the second in 1688, and the third with his death in 1700. In the first period, after a few occasional poems, Dryden chose the drama as the most profitable field of literary work, and by his success in it became the leading English man of letters of his time. In 1681, having from a number of causes become thoroughly dissatisfied with his occupation as a playwright, he turned to satire and controversial writing, both in prose and verse, and brought his consummate literary skill to the service of the royal power and the Tory party. By the Revolution of 1688, he was deprived of his position as a court favorite, and thrown back upon his pen for support. After some attempts, only partially successful, to recover his position as a popular dramatist, he found a congenial occupation as a translator of the Greek and Latin poets, and as a modernizer of Chaucer.

II

When Dryden settled in London, his first patron was his own cousin, Sir Gilbert Pickering, a favorite of Oliver Cromwell, and one of the peers nominated by him to his upper house. The great Protector himself was nearing his end; he died on September 3, 1658, after a short illness, but the Puritan government still seemed firmly established in England. Thus we are not surprised to find that Dryden's first important work was *A Poem upon the Death of his Late Highness Oliver, Lord Protector of England, Scotland, & Ireland*, which was probably written soon after Cromwell's funeral on November 23, 1658. In this elegy he adopts the four-line stanza that Davenant had brought into prominence by his *Gondibert*. His style, simpler and more direct than in his earlier poems, shows the influence of the study of Davenant, and also, no doubt, of Denham and Waller. As a young, ambitious literary man, Dryden began his career by copying authors of established reputation. This imitative method he followed to some extent through his whole life, modifying and developing his own numbers by the constant reading of earlier poets. The critical faculty was always a prominent element in his genius. Yet in stanzas like that which concludes the poem, he already shows that vigorous, rapid verse which remains his distinguishing characteristic among English poets:—

¹ See *The Medal of John Bayes*.

His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest;
 His name a great example stands, to show
 How strangely high endeavors may be blest,
 Where piety and valor jointly go.

(Page 7, lines 145-148.)

At the Restoration of King Charles II in 1660, Dryden joined the Royalist party, and expressed his loyalty to the new government in three poems, *Astraea Redux*, and addresses, *To his Sacred Majesty*, and *To my Lord Chancellor*, written in the heroic couplet, and published in the years 1660, 1661, and 1662. The contrast between his earlier praise of Cromwell and the adulation of royalty in these poems is certainly offensive to a modern reader. But Dryden's change of heart, though emphasized by his ability to clothe his opinions with rhetorical, hyperbolic flourishes that pleased his contemporaries, and with a vigorous verse that still has a certain charm, merely reflected that of the majority of people about him. Nobody thinks of drawing up an indictment against the English nation for its inconstancy, and only Dryden's later eminence has caused him to be singled out for special censure. Henceforth Dryden will be, with the possible exception of a few months in 1680-81, a consistent member of the Tory party.

Dryden's change of politics had been accompanied by his forming new associations. He became intimate with the family of Thomas Howard, Earl of Berkshire, a loyalist noble, at least three of whose sons, Edward, Robert, and James, were dabblers in literature. With Sir Robert Howard, the sixth son, he began a friendship that lasted, despite an interruption caused by a quarrel on literary questions, until Sir Robert's death in 1698.¹ This alliance with a loyalist family was cemented by Dryden's marriage, on December 1, 1663, with the Lady Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of the house. Scandal, unsupported by any conclusive evidence, reports that Dryden's wife was no better than she should be, and even that the poet was forced into marriage with her by her "brawny brothers."² Though it is needless to enter into the details of this somewhat unsavory subject, a few general remarks may throw light on the situation. The numberless sneers at marriage in Dryden's writings are merely a reflection of the literary fashion of the time, and prove nothing as to his own experience. More important is the fact that in the numerous letters which have been preserved from his later years, Dryden refers only casually to his wife, and never with any expressions of affection. His own character, at least in his earlier life, was probably not different from that of the licentious young noblemen whose associate he was proud to proclaim himself. His long intrigue with the actress Anne Reeve was a never-failing subject for jest from his opponents. On the other hand, both Dryden and his wife show in their letters a charming parental tenderness for their three sons. Perhaps Dryden's marriage may be dismissed as one of convenience, good or bad, which had at all events no disastrous results. It seems to have brought Dryden some addition to his income, in the form of a small estate in Wiltshire.

At about this time Dryden gained the favor of the Duke of Monmouth (an illegitimate son of Charles II) and of his duchess, to whom in 1667 he dedicated *The Indian Emperor*, and to whom he gives the title, in *Absalom and Achitophel* (line 34), of "the charming Annabel."

Meanwhile Dryden had been doing literary hack work, writing prefaces and the like,

¹ Some complimentary verses, prefixed to an edition of Howard's poems published in 1660, are the first token of this friendship.

² The chief attack on the character of Dryden's wife is contained in a scurrilous tract, *Satyr to his Muse*, by the author of *Absalom and Achitophel*, published in 1682, nineteen years after the date of the marriage. On the whole subject, see Scott's *Life of Dryden*, and the notes to it by Saintsbury, in Scott-Saintsbury edition, i. 74-78.

for the bookseller Herringman, who issued his *Astræa Redux* in 1660 and remained his publisher until 1679. Of these minor labors no record remains.¹ Dryden was not a man with a mission; he had no new thoughts to give to the world, and no intense emotions that clamored for utterance. He merely desired, like thousands of young men of our own day, to make his way in the world by writing, for which he felt a natural inclination, and he was ready to adopt whatever literary form seemed likely to be profitable, financially and socially. Had he lived now, he would have become a journalist. In the years following the Restoration, the only branch of literature that promised steady and adequate remuneration was the drama; and to this, notwithstanding that he felt little inborn talent for it, he soon turned his almost undivided attention.

Dryden's work for the stage falls into three fairly distinct divisions. After a period of apprenticeship and experiment, he won immense success as the chief writer of a new type of drama, the "heroic play;" his most famous work of this class is *The Conquest of Granada*, acted in 1670 (1671?). Next, dissatisfied with the plays that had brought him popularity, he developed, after a new series of experiments, a type of tragedy that imitated the methods of dramatic construction used by Corneille and Racine, but the style and character-drawing of Shakespeare. His finest production of this sort is *All for Love*, acted in 1677. After *All for Love* Dryden adopted no new dramatic methods; he merely used new devices of which he had already tried the effect.

In 1660 there was an immediate revival of the theater, which had ceased to exist in England on the suppression of stage-plays by Parliament in 1642. The traditions of the old drama survived, and one prominent writer, Sir William Davenant, connected the old time with the new. On the other hand, upon the return of the king and his followers from their exile in France, French fashions, and to a less extent French ideas, became a potent influence in the new English drama, which, even more than that of the time of Charles I, depended on the court for support. Without attempting an elaborate analysis of the drama at the time Dryden began his career, we may distinguish in it at least five different types. (1) The English comedy of humor, descended from Ben Jonson. This deals primarily with the lower orders of society; it presents men and women marked by one predominant trait, or *humor*. (2) Comedy of manners, represented in the old drama, for example, by several plays of Shirley. This deals primarily with the higher ranks of society, and depends for its effect largely on the reproduction of the superficial manners of cultivated circles. This type was soon strongly affected by French models, notably the works of Molière. (3) Comedy of intrigue, depending for its effect on an involved plot, full of unexpected turns of fortune. Some comedies of Shakespeare and of Beaumont and Fletcher, such for instance as *Twelfth Night*, approach this type. In the Restoration period, however, the type owed much to Spanish influence, both directly and through the French drama: hence such comedies came to be known as "Spanish plots." (4) Romantic tragedy, derived from the work of Beaumont and Fletcher. (5) Tragedy of the "classic" type, obedient to the rules of the Renaissance dramatic critics. This form of drama, though it was well known to the Elizabethan dramatists, had never become really popular on the English stage before the closing of the theaters. In France, however, after the appearance of Corneille's *Cid* in 1636, it won a decisive victory, and through the masterpieces of Corneille and Racine it powerfully affected the practice of the Restoration playwrights.

Fully as important as the direct influence of the French drama on the English was the influence of the dramatic rules just mentioned, which had been developed by a succession

¹ The statement that he engaged in them rests only on the authority of Shadwell.

of Italian and French critics, and had been adopted as guiding principles by French dramatists. Of them the most important were the famous three unities, of time, place, and action. The first prescribes that the time of action of a play shall not exceed one day; the second, that the scene of action shall remain unchanged, or at least not depart from the limits of a single city; the third, that each drama must have one central plot, to which all subordinate intrigues, if they exist, must directly contribute.

French literature made its influence felt on the drama in two more ways. In the first place, French tragedy was invariably written in rhymed verse. English dramatists, when they came to imitate this practice, could fortify themselves by occasional precedents in their own predecessors of "the former age." Again, the favorite prose fiction of the time was the French chivalrous romances of Calprenède and Mlle. de Scudéry. These vast works, extending through some dozen volumes apiece, treat of the adventures of gallant knights and faithful ladies; their scene may be in ancient Greece or Persia, or in barbarian Turkey, but the sentiments expressed in them are those of elaborate, ceremonial gallantry, akin to the artificial etiquette of the French court. Love and honor are the foundation of every plot, — in fact, the only emotions recognized by the heroes and heroines. Evidently, when such fictions were the favorite reading of English ladies and gentlemen, their spirit would soon make itself felt upon the stage.

Finally, Dryden's dramatic work will be greatly affected by the "heroic poem," or artificial epic, of which Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered* is the best example. This literary form was a favorite subject of discussion in Dryden's time, and was regarded as "the greatest work which the soul of man is capable to perform."¹ The romances that have just been mentioned are, in large measure, heroic poems told in prose, so that their influence coöperates with that of the heroic poem in the strict sense.

Dryden's work as a dramatist was essentially eclectic. He himself was by temper, as we have seen, a critic rather than a creative artist, and in his criticism two currents may be distinguished. Keenly sensible to literary merit wherever he found it, he was a devoted admirer of Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Ben Jonson. On the other hand, through his logical, analytic, somewhat scholastic temperament, he recognized the power of the new French criticism, with its hard and fast rules of dramatic construction. Hence in his own dramatic work he constantly tried to combine elements which he had found effective in other dramatists, in a form which should not too far diverge from the dictates of the current dramatic criticism.

In *The Wild Gallant* (1663), his first comedy, written in prose, Dryden attempted to unite humor studies, imitated from Jonson, and wit combats, probably suggested by Fletcher, in a Spanish plot, constructed with some regard to the three unities. His next work, *The Rival Ladies* (1663 or 1664), he wrote mainly in blank verse, and again constructed a Spanish plot, which he decorated with a few scenes in the "new way" of the heroic couplet, introduced into the English drama principally by Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery. He also assisted his brother-in-law, Sir Robert Howard, in the composition of *The Indian Queen*, a tragedy, or more strictly an "heroic play," written entirely in the rhymed couplet. Encouraged by the success of this piece, he composed independently a sequel to it, *The Indian Emperor* (1664 or 1665), a drama of the same species. These "heroic plays" are the one type of English drama in which Dryden excels all other writers; his succeeding works of the same sort are *Tyrannic Love* (1669), *The Conquest of Granada* (1670 or 1671), and *Aureng-Zebe* (1675). Briefly, they aim to reproduce on the stage the effect of an heroic poem. They are all, like *The Indian Emperor*, written

¹ See *Dedication of the Æneis*, page 487.

wholly in the rhymed couplet, which was then regarded as the appropriate form for English epic poetry. Unlike other English tragedies of the time, they contain no comic underplot, and they usually have a happy ending. Their plots are frequently taken from the French romances. In character-drawing and diction they are powerfully affected both by the romances and by epic poetry. Love and chivalric honor are practically the only passions that animate their characters.¹ Their diction, high-flown, often bombastic, makes no pretense at realism; the spectators, like those at an opera in our own day, were expected to leave their common sense at home. Indeed, the plays as a whole, besprinkled with dances and songs, and decorated with scenery more elaborate than had hitherto been used for the regular drama in England, were themselves half operatic in their effect. By their tumult and bustle these plays continue the traditions of the English stage, with no regard for French decorum; in this respect they remind us of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*. Their plots, however, are constructed with some outward regard for the rules of French dramatic criticism: in the two parts of *The Conquest of Granada* a whole series of battles is compressed within the space of two days. The heroic plays offend our twentieth-century taste by their bombast and artificiality; in their own time they pleased audiences French enough to relish artificial gallantry, English enough to love sound and fury.

By the success of *The Indian Emperor* Dryden became the most prominent living English dramatist, with the possible exception of the veteran Davenant, who died soon after, in 1668. Between *The Indian Emperor* and *Tyrannic Love*, he produced a tragi-comedy, *Secret Love* (1667), and two comedies, *Sir Martin Mar-All* (1667) and *An Evening's Love* (1668), (the former a mere adaptation of Molière's *L'Étourdi*), and collaborated with Davenant on a debased version of Shakespeare's *Tempest* (1667). *Secret Love*, by its mingling of a comic intrigue with a serious plot taken from *Le Grand Cyrus*, a famous romance, by Mlle. de Scudéry, reminds us at once of the heroic plays and of the romantic tragedies of Beaumont and Fletcher. In this play and in *An Evening's Love* Dryden made his first essay at the comedy of manners, attempting to depict on the stage the life of court society. — About 1668 he became a shareholder in the King's Company, one of the two licensed companies of players in London, contracting in return to write three plays a year for his associates. This arrangement gave him an income of three or four hundred pounds a year until 1672, when the profits of the company were much diminished by the burning of their playhouse. Though he did not fulfil his part of the contract, apparently writing less than one play a year, he seems to have enjoyed the benefits of it until 1678, when he deserted his partners, whose fortunes had been gradually waning, and gave his plays to their rivals, the Duke's Company. The great success of his best heroic play, *The Conquest of Granada*, probably reconciled the King's Company to his neglect of the letter of his agreement.

In 1668 Dryden published his most important critical work, *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, in which he attempted both to lay down the general principles of dramatic criticism and to defend his own dramatic methods. In this essay he dismisses in a few words the drama of the Greeks and Romans, with which he was but superficially acquainted, as being little adapted to delight modern audiences, or to instruct modern dramatists. The older English drama he regards as the greatest in the world. At the same time, the principles

¹ In the romantic plays of Beaumont and Fletcher signs of this conventional drawing of character had already begun to appear. Professor J. W. Tupper, however, in his article on *The Relation of the Heroic Play to the Romance of Beaumont and Fletcher* (Publications of the Modern Language Association of America, vol. xx), seems to over-estimate the kinship between the two types he discusses.

of the French dramatists, he admits, are superior to those of the English, though their performance as a whole, owing to inadequate style and character-drawing, is inferior. In but one type of construction is the English theater manifestly superior to the French, in tragi-comedy, which Dryden boldly exalts as "a more pleasant way of writing for the stage than was ever known to the ancients or moderns of any nation." This daring statement is at once a defense of Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher, and a plea for Dryden's own practice in such plays as *Secret Love*. Further, in order to justify his beloved heroic plays, Dryden gives a long argument in favor of the use of rhyme in the drama, and of tumult on the stage, in contrast to the French theatrical decorum.

At the present time *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy* is less interesting for its substance than for the style in which it is written. The critical dicta are for the most part borrowed from older authors, notably Scaliger, Ben Jonson, and, above all, Corneille. The style, easy, graceful, flowing, is a model of what good critical prose should be. In its combined dignity and simplicity, Dryden's prose — his "other harmony," as he later terms it (page 741) — has never been surpassed. Though he writes only a few years after Milton and Browne, his essays are so modern in their diction that they might seem, except for an occasional quaint phrase, the work of a great artist of our own day.

Dryden's eminence was now universally recognized. In 1662 he had been elected a member of the newly founded Royal Society. His early poems give evidence of a strong, though of course a dilettante interest in science. In his critical essays he insists that a poet must not only be skilful in the use of language, but must be conversant with all arts and sciences, and must acquire polish and a knowledge of men and manners by constant association with the best society. This ideal, of the cultivated man of letters, as distinguished from the Grub Street writer, he himself strove to attain. In *Annus Mirabilis*, the chief work of his first period, aside from his dramas, he parades, somewhat pedantically as yet, the learning derived from his special studies. In August, 1670, he received the post of Poet Laureate (vacant since the death of Davenant in 1668) and Historiographer Royal (vacant since the death of Howell in 1666). These two positions yielded him a salary of two hundred pounds a year, to which a further pension of one hundred pounds was subsequently added. Dryden's reputation as a writer, and his worldly prosperity, now rested apparently on secure and lasting foundations.

Soon after his triumph with *The Conquest of Granada*, however, Dryden's position was vigorously assailed. The high-flown style, the exaggerated character-drawing, and the complicated plots of the heroic plays made them an easy mark for ridicule. In an effort to bring contempt on the whole type, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, aided by some other wits of the time, wrote the stinging farce of *The Rehearsal*, which was first acted in December, 1671. In this play, Mr. Bayes, a fashionable poet, who represents Dryden, invites two gentlemen to attend a rehearsal of his new drama, which proves to be a mess of nonsense, concocted largely of parodies of Dryden's plays, especially *The Conquest of Granada*. Lacy, the actor who created the part of Mr. Bayes, was costumed to imitate Dryden, and was taught to mimic his tricks of speech and his halting manner of recitation. To modern readers the wit of this clever satire seems irresistible. It naturally raised a laugh at Dryden's expense, but it did him little serious harm. Just as we can now enjoy Calverley's parodies of Browning, while still admiring their originals, so "gentlemen of wit and sense" in Dryden's time could applaud both *The Rehearsal* and *The Conquest of Granada*.

Perhaps Buckingham's attack deterred Dryden from immediately producing another heroic play. His succeeding works were *Marriage à la Mode*, *The Assignment*, and

Amboyna, all apparently first acted in 1672, though *Marriage à la Mode* was probably written in the preceding year. Of these plays the first is a lively comedy of manners, mixed with a rather crude tragic plot, in the heroic style; the second is an inferior comedy, a poor attempt at humorous work; and the third, a still more wretched tragedy, huddled up in haste to serve a political purpose. In *Amboyna*, Dryden sought to inflame the English against the Dutch, with whom they were then at war, thus supporting a policy for which he later fiercely condemned Lord Shaftesbury. The play (and notably the prologue and epilogue, which are printed in this volume) is interesting as the author's first attempt at political satire.

A more serious vexation than *The Rehearsal* came upon Dryden in 1673, when Elkanah Settle, a young poet of twenty-five, won a startling triumph with his heroic play, *The Empress of Morocco*. This drama, which, though not wholly without poetic merit, is unworthy of being compared to *The Conquest of Granada*, was performed at court by a company of ladies and gentlemen, before being presented at the public theatre, an honor to which none of the Laureate's pieces had ever attained. To make matters worse, Lord Mulgrave, one of Dryden's patrons, wrote the prologue for the first court production, and Lord Rochester, to whom he had dedicated *Marriage à la Mode*, that for the second. When *The Empress of Morocco* was printed, it was adorned with illustrations, or "sculptures," which had never before been used in a printed drama; and to it the author prefixed a preface aimed directly at Dryden. Literary people began to compare Settle's merits with Dryden's, the younger set favoring the younger poet.

Stung to the quick, Dryden forgot his accustomed dignity, and joined Shadwell and Crowne, his friends and fellow dramatists, in writing a scurrilous pamphlet, published in 1674, under the title, *Notes and Observations on The Empress of Morocco; or, Some few Erratas to be Printed instead of the Sculptures with the Second Edition of that Play* (see page 905). In this he abuses Settle roundly as a foolish pretender to poetry, and holds up to contempt the plot, character-drawing, and style of his tragedy. His usual method is to quote a few lines from *The Empress of Morocco*, and then, in a paragraph or two of mordant criticism, to point out their defects. To such an assault Settle had no difficulty in replying. He issued a pamphlet "contumaciously entitled," as Sir Walter Scott remarks, *Notes and Observations on The Empress of Morocco Revised; with some few erratas, to be Printed instead of the Postscript, with the Next Edition of The Conquest of Granada*, in which he subjects Dryden's favorite play to the same sort of petulant analysis. The outcome of the whole controversy is well stated by Scott:—

"Dryden seems himself to admit that the principal difference between his heroic plays and *The Empress of Morocco* was that the former were good sense, that looked like nonsense, and the latter nonsense, which yet looked very like sense. A nice distinction, and which argued some regret at having opened the way to such a rival. . . . It was obvious that the weaker poet must be the winner by this contest in abuse; and Dryden gained no more by his dispute with Settle than a well-dressed man who should condescend to wrestle with a chimney-sweeper. The feud between them was carried no further, until, after the publication of *Absalom and Achitophel*, party animosity added spurs to literary rivalry."¹

It is, then, small wonder that Dryden undertook no new work for the theater during the years 1673 and 1674. He was not a little disenchanted with the plays that had brought him fame, and was driven to form new ideals of style. In this he was assisted by three critical works that appeared in France during 1674: Rapin's *Reflexions sur la Poétique*,

¹ *Life of Dryden*, in Scott-Saintsbury edition, i. 160, 161.

Boileau's *Art Poétique*, and Boileau's translation of the treatise of Longinus *On the Sublime*. The whole drift of these works, which Dryden undoubtedly read soon after their appearance in France, and for which he had a lively admiration, was against the extravagant "bladder'd greatness"¹ of the heroic plays, and in favor of chastened, refined character-drawing and diction.

To abandon entirely the heroic plays, however, would have been to confess defeat and discomfiture. Accordingly, in 1675, Dryden returned to his task and produced his *Aureng-Zebe*. This drama, though superficially resembling *The Conquest of Granada*, is in its nature more like a French tragedy than a typical heroic play. Dryden has completely altered the historic background of his story, and constructed a plot modeled on the *Mithridate* of Racine.² But in drawing his characters he did not submit to the restraints of French etiquette, choosing rather as his models the heroes of Shakespeare. "The personages are imperial," to use Dr. Johnson's courtly phrase, "but the dialogue is often domestic, and therefore susceptible of sentiments accommodated to familiar incidents." In the prologue Dryden admits that:—

he has now another taste of wit;
And, to confess a truth, (tho' out of time,)
Grows weary of his long-lov'd mistress, Rhyme.
Passion's too fierce to be in fetters bound,
And nature flies him like enchanted ground.
What verse can do, he has perform'd in this,
Which he presumes the most correct of his;
But spite of all his pride, a secret shame
Invades his breast at Shakespeare's sacred name:
Aw'd when he hears his godlike Romans rage,
He, in a just despair, would quit the stage.

(Page 77, col. 1, lines 6-16.)

In the dedication to the play he makes more explicit his wish, at which he hints above, of retiring from dramatic writing. (See page xxvi.)

Thus we are not surprised to find that when Dryden, two years later, determined after all to resume writing for the stage, he composed a blank verse drama, in which he attempted a full synthesis of the form of the French classic drama with a character-drawing and style imitated from Shakespeare. In his *All for Love* he recast the old story of Antony and Cleopatra into the form of a French tragedy, laying the emphasis not on action, but on psychological analysis. He is no longer influenced by the mechanical rules of Corneille's *examens*, but by the spirit of Racine. On the other hand, each speech bears witness to his careful study of Shakespeare. The play is beyond doubt the finest of Dryden's dramatic works, and it contains some of his truest poetry; fresh from Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, we can still read with intense pleasure Dryden's version of the story. With the possible exception of Congreve's *Mourning Bride*, *All for Love* is the happiest result of the French influence on English tragedy, an influence that continued in force, practically undisputed, until the rise of the romantic movement.

At about the same time that *All for Love* was first acted, there appeared an important critical work, which helped to confirm Dryden in his altered point of view. Late in 1677 Thomas Rymer published his book, *The Tragedies of the Last Age, Considered and Examined by the Practice of the Ancients, and by the Common Sense of All Ages*, the most ambitious piece of criticism that had been written in England since Dryden's *Essay of*

¹ For the phrase, compare page 515.

² See Holzhausen: "Dryden's Heroisches Drama," in *Englische Studien*, xv. 14, 15.

Dramatic Poesy, to which, despite the interval of nine years that separated them, it was in some sense a reply. Whereas Dryden, a superficial scholar but a practical dramatist, who understood the taste of the British public, had dismissed the Greek theater as worthy of only sentimental respect, and had exalted the Elizabethan drama as the greatest in all history, Rymer, a man of real though prejudiced erudition, with no sympathy whatever for popular taste, condemns the English tragedy of Shakespeare and his school as brutish, and exalts Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides as models to be imitated by all later playwrights. Unlike Dryden, Rymer has no independent literary taste; he does not judge of any play immediately, as it appeals to him; instead of this, he has certain fixed tests, derived from the classical school of criticism, by which he tries all the tragedies that he discusses. For him the plot is the main subject of consideration; to character-drawing and style he pays little attention. Repelled as Dryden was by many of Rymer's opinions, he could not help respecting the critic's learning, and admiring the strictly logical method — so akin to one side of his own mind — by which he reached his results. On first reading Rymer's book, Dryden made some notes for a reply to it, which a happy chance has preserved to us. "My judgment on this piece is this," he tells us, "that it is extremely learned, but that the author of it is better read in the Greek than in the English poets; that all writers ought to study this critique, as the best account I have ever seen of the ancients; that the model of tragedy he has here given is excellent, and extreme correct; but that it is not the only model of all tragedy, because it is too much circumscrib'd in plot, characters, etc.; and lastly, that we may be taught here justly to admire and imitate the ancients, without giving them the preference, with this author, in prejudice to our own country." He will not admit that the plot is of any such exclusive importance in tragedy as Rymer maintains, and makes a strong plea for English character-drawing and style.¹

In the year 1678 Dryden produced three dramas: *The Kind Keeper*, a comedy, the most indecent of his plays, but one not lacking in the comic spirit; *Ædipus*, a tragedy of the French type, on which he worked in collaboration with Nathaniel Lee; and *Troilus and Cressida*, an adaptation of Shakespeare's tragedy of that name into a form less at variance with the French rules. With this last play he published (1679) an important essay, *The Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy*. In writing this treatise he borrowed much from the fashionable French critics of the time, Boileau (especially from his translation of Longinus), Rapin, and Bossu (a new French critic, whose *Traité du Poëme Epique* had appeared in 1675); and by the whole tenor of his argument he showed the strong influence that the ideas of the English theorist Rymer had had upon him. By a new dictum on tragic-comedy, which was in striking contrast with his previous words in *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, Dryden here made plain his conversion to the classic point of view: —

"Two different independent actions distract the attention and concernment of the audience, and consequently destroy the intention of the poet; if his business be to move terror and pity, and one of his actions be comical, the other tragical, the former will divert the people, and utterly make void his greater purpose. Therefore, as in perspective, so in tragedy, there must be a point of sight in which all the lines terminate: otherwise the eye wanders, and the work is false. This was the practice of the Grecian stage."

After this time Dryden in his critical works remains true to the classic theory of the drama, of which he never questions the validity. Yet his very next play, *The Spanish*

¹ Dryden refers to Rymer in the preface to *All for Love*, published in 1678. But as Rymer's book is mentioned in the *Term Catalogue* for Michaelmas Term, 1677 (licensed for the press on November 26), it appeared too early to have influenced him in the composition of the play.

Friar (1680 or 1681), is a patent tragi-comedy. This departure from his critical tenets, however, he excuses as a concession to English taste, instead of defending it on abstract grounds, as he would have done in his earlier years. *The Spanish Friar* was well received in its own time, and later remained the most popular of Dryden's plays. The character of Friar Dominic, from whom the comedy derives its name, has more vitality than most of its author's creations.

To sum up, Dryden's dramas, though they are now less read than his other works, are of the greatest historic interest. More than any other writer, he represents the long conflict between the English tradition and the French influence. In comedy he did creditable work in all three of the prevailing types, — comedy of humors, comedy of intrigue, and comedy of manners. Though surpassed in comic force by Etherege and Wycherley, perhaps even by Shadwell, he is broader in his range than any of the three. In tragedy he first developed an entirely new type of drama, the heroic play: and then, abandoning his own creation, he succeeded in naturalizing in England the French classic tragedy.

In the development of his own style, Dryden's dramatic experience was of immense value. Compelled to address a popular audience, he purified his diction of the last remnants of the artificiality that is so prominent in his early work, and of which traces still remain in *Annus Mirabilis*. He developed, both in prose and in verse, a style marked above all by transparent clearness. In the heroic plays he often allowed his fluency to degenerate into bombast; later, while retaining his impetuous vigor, he acquired dignity and reserve. Through this constant practice in the technique of style, based on study of the Elizabethan and the French dramatists, Dryden gained the matchless skill that he afterwards showed in satire and controversy, when he turned from the description of dramatic types to portraits of living men and women; from disputes on nice points of love and honor to arguments on questions of theology.

In following Dryden's literary career we have lost sight of his personal history. During his barren year, 1674, he wrote *The State of Innocence*, an opera, not intended for actual production, based on Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Though the piece is not devoid of literary merit, it is now remembered principally from an anecdote related by Aubrey: "John Dryden, Esq., Poet Laureate, who very much admires him [Milton] . . . went to him to have leave to put his *Paradise Lost* into a drama in rhyme. Mr. Milton received him civilly, and told him he would give him leave to tag his verses."¹ At this meeting surely the smaller man stands forth in the better light: Dryden in his own years of old age and tribulation would scarcely have answered a polite request with such crusty descension.

In 1678 or 1679 Dryden seems to have quarreled with his publisher Herringman, to whom he devotes a contemptuous line in *Mac Flecknoe* (1682); in 1679 his *Troilus and Cressida* was "printed for Jacob Tonson," then a young and far from prominent bookseller. Tonson printed nearly all Dryden's later works, and owes to this fact no small portion of his fame as one of the chief English publishers.

In 1673 Dryden had dedicated *Marriage à la Mode* in terms of fulsome flattery to Lord Rochester, a profligate young nobleman and a minor poet of the period. At some time between that date and 1678, when in the preface to *All for Love* he terms Rochester a "rhyming judge of the twelpenny gallery" and "a legitimate son of Sternhold," Dryden had a violent quarrel with that nobleman. It is generally stated, on quite insufficient evidence, that Rochester had deserted Dryden out of pure fickleness, and had been instrumental in having first Settle and then Crowne promoted over Dryden's head to

¹ *Brief Lives*, ed. Clark, Oxford, 1898, ii. 72.

court favor.¹ Whatever may have been the immediate causes of difference, Dryden was on intimate terms with Rochester's enemy, the Earl of Mulgrave. Mulgrave had written (according to his own account, in 1675) an *Essay upon Satire*, in which he ridiculed Rochester unsparingly, and which became public property in November, 1679. He was supposed — falsely, if we may credit his later statement — to have been aided by Dryden in the satire on Rochester. These circumstances are mentioned in a letter written by that nobleman at the time: —

"I have sent you herewith a libel, in which my own share is not the least. . . . The author is apparently Mr. Dr[yden], his patron Lord M[ulgrave] having a panegyrick in the midst."²

To revenge himself, Rochester had Dryden set upon and beaten by hired ruffians as he was returning home from Will's Coffee-House, on the evening of December 18, 1679. Though a reward was offered for the discovery of the offenders, or their employer, no one was ever brought to justice for the crime. Rochester's guilt is, however, made practically certain by a passage in another of his letters: —

"You write me word that I'm out of favour with a certain poet, whom I have admired for the disproportion of him and his attributes. He is a rarity which I cannot but be fond of, as one would be of a hog that could fiddle, or a singing owl. If he falls on me at the blunt, which is his very good weapon in wit, I will forgive him if you please; and leave the repartee to Black Will with a cudgel."

Such was the low state of English public morals that Dryden's misfortune created amusement rather than sympathy. Even Mulgrave, who had been the occasion of this cowardly assault, referred to it with no touch of indignation in his *Essay on Poetry*,³ first published in 1682: —

The Laureate here [in satire] may justly claim our praise,
Crown'd by *Mac-Flecknoe* with immortal bays;
Tho' prais'd and punish'd for another's rhymes,
His own deserve as great applause sometimes.

III

Beginning dramatic work more from the pressure of circumstances than from natural inclination, Dryden had never been fully satisfied with his success in it. He felt that his talents fitted him for a higher calling than that of a mere popular playwright, exposed to insults and humiliation from unworthy antagonists. Of his disappointment and his ambition he tells us in the dedication to *Aureng-Zebe*, published in 1676: —

"I desire to be no longer the Sisyphus of the stage; to roll up a stone with endless labor, which, to follow the proverb, gathers no moss, and which is perpetually falling down again. I never thought myself very fit for an employment where many of my predecessors have excell'd me in all kinds; and some of my contemporaries, even in my own partial judgment, have outdone me in comedy. Some little hopes I have yet remaining, and those, too, considering my abilities, may be vain, that I may make the world some part of amends for many ill plays, by an heroic poem. Your Lordship [the Earl of Mulgrave] has been long acquainted with my design; the subject of which you know is great, the story English, and neither too far distant from the present age, nor too near approaching it. Such it is, in my opinion, that I could not have wish'd a nobler occasion to do

¹ The received story of this quarrel goes back to Johnson and Malone, who have been rather hastily followed by Scott and Beljame. The present editor agrees with Christie in rejecting it.

² See Malone, *Prose Works of John Dryden*, vol. i, pt. i, p. 134.

³ See pages 905, 906.

honor by it to my king, my country, and my friends; most of our ancient nobility being concern'd in the action. . . . But the unsettledness of my condition has hitherto put a stop to my thoughts concerning it. As I am no successor to Homer in his wit, so neither do I desire to be in his poverty. I can make no rhapsodies, nor go a-begging at the Grecian doors, while I sing the praises of their ancestors. The times of Virgil please me better, because he had an Augustus for his patron; and, to draw the allegory nearer you, I am sure I shall not want a Mæcenæ with him."

The subject to which Dryden refers was undoubtedly, as we know from his *Discourse concerning Satire* (page 291), the story of the wars of the Black Prince in Spain. The lack of adequate patronage that prevented him from carrying out his cherished plan probably caused small loss to English literature.

Of more vital importance was Dryden's ambition to become a satirist, and his willingness to engage in political controversy. At the close of *The Rehearsal*, Mr. Bayes exclaims, in almost tearful vexation: "The town! why, what care I for the town? I' gad, the town has us'd me as scurvily as the players have done; but I'll be reveng'd on them too: I will both lampoon and print 'em too, i' gad. Since they will not admit of my plays, they shall know what a satirist I am." Buckingham, or whoever wrote these lines, was a prophet against his will.

In 1678 England had been thrown into a ferment by the "Popish Plot." During the next three years party strife became so intense that the country seemed on the verge of civil war. On the one side stood the Whigs, led by the Earl of Shaftesbury, who, using Catholic intrigues, real and pretended, as his pretext, sought to exclude the Catholic Duke of York from the throne in favor of the Duke of Monmouth. On the other side stood the Tories, led in reality by the king himself, who, aided by secret grants of money from France, strove to secure the succession for his brother, and indirectly did all in his power to favor the Catholic cause. The king, however, concealed his real objects so far as might be, seeking above all to gain time, and waited for a revulsion of popular feeling in his favor. This occurred in March, 1681, when Charles dissolved the short Oxford parliament and appealed to the English people. Supported by the strong sentiment of the nation, outside of London, he had Shaftesbury thrown into the Tower on a charge of high treason. On November 24 the earl's case was brought before the London grand jury.

At the time when he wrote and printed *The Spanish Friar*, in 1680 and early in 1681, Dryden gained the reputation, whether justly or not, of being in opposition to the court party. The play shows a strongly anti-Catholic bias; and the author dedicates it as "a Protestant play" to "a Protestant patron," Lord Haughton. Perhaps Dryden, irritated by the delays in the payment of his pension, was really estranged from the court, and sought to use the anti-Catholic excitement as a means of recommending his work to a London audience. Or he may have been ignorant of the king's real objects, and thought that he was serving his master's interests. At all events, he is classed by a loyalist writer of the time as one of the adherents of the Earl of Shaftesbury.¹ A few months later he had the opportunity triumphantly to prove his own loyalty by his poem of *Absalom and Achitophel*, the finest of all political satires, written, it is said, at the king's own request, and published about November 17, 1681, just at the proper moment for exciting popular feeling against Shaftesbury and thereby securing his indictment.

The fashion of using a scriptural story as a vehicle for political satire had already begun in England. In 1679 there had appeared a satire in verse, entitled *Naboth's Vine-*

¹ See *Somers Tracts*, viii. 317.

yard; or, *The Innocent Traitor*, which sought to make odious the condemnation of Lord Stafford, a Catholic nobleman, for his assumed complicity in the Popish Plot. In the next year a prose pamphlet was printed, *Absalom's Conspiracy*; or, *The Tragedy of Treason*,¹ which covered, in an elementary fashion, the same ground as Dryden's poem. What Dryden did, as in the case of the heroic plays, was to take a literary form in its very infancy, and raise it to the highest level that it was capable of attaining. In his great satire the poet gives a matchless series of portraits of the politicians of the time, exalting the Tories and damning the Whigs. "The young man Absalom," weak and misguided, but full of fine qualities and good intentions, represents the Duke of Monmouth. Achitophel,

For close designs, and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit:—

(Page 111, lines 152, 153.)

the cunning counselor who seduced Absalom into rebellion, represents Shaftesbury himself. Of the other portraits the most famous is that of Zinri, Dryden's old enemy, the Duke of Buckingham. There is little plot to the poem; Dryden describes at great length a group of conspirators, who, after many preparations, take flight at the sound of the king's speech from the throne. The author really made the best of the material at his command: the actual conspirators accomplished nothing, being defeated by a change in public opinion that, without too great abuse of poetic license, Dryden could term the result of the king's own words.

Though *Absalom and Achitophel* had a wide sale, and must have influenced public opinion to some extent, it failed of its immediate object, for the grand jury refused to indict Shaftesbury. The earl's adherents celebrated his release by striking and circulating a medal, which gave Dryden the occasion for a second satire, *The Medal*, directed against the Whigs and their leader, published in March, 1682. This poem is marked in many parts by a vigor fully equal to that of *Absalom and Achitophel*, though it is far inferior to its predecessor in interest and variety.

These two satires showed Dryden in a wholly new light. He had rendered important service to the government, and had a right to expect reward. In December, 1683, he was appointed Collector of the Customs in the port of London. His pension, however, seems to have been paid as irregularly as before, and he probably secured his arrears only after the accession of James II in 1685. His entry into politics, on the other hand, brought on him a host of attacks from Whig writers. Numerous answers to *Absalom and Achitophel* and *The Medal* made their appearance, of which the most important were *Absalom Senior*; or, *Achitophel Transposed*, by Dryden's former rival, Settle; and *The Medal of John Bayes*, by Thomas Shadwell, once Dryden's friend and associate, now his enemy. Of these, Settle's poem, though coarse and stupid, is at least legitimate in its tone. By a different application of Scripture, in which Absalom is made to represent the Duke of York, Settle tries to turn the jest upon the Tory party. Lacking originality, he often avails himself of Dryden's work, parodying his lines, and applying them in a different sense. But Shadwell's piece is one long tirade against Dryden, which brands its author as unworthy of the least sympathy for the fate that soon overtook him. Among its least vulgar lines are the following, which are taken from its opening and closing pages:—

How long shall I endure, without reply,
To hear this Bayes, this hackney railer, lie?

¹ Printed in the Scott-Saintsbury edition, ix. 206-208.

The fool unedg'd for one libel swells,
 Where not his wit, but sanctness excels,
 Whilst with foul words and names which he lets fly,
 He quite defiles the satire's dignity. . . .
 Methinks the ghost of Horace thence I see,
 Lashing this cherry-cheek'd dunce of fifty-three.

Now farewell, wretched, mercenary Bayes,
 Who the king libel'd and did Cromwell praise.
 Farewell, abandon'd rascal, only fit
 To be abus'd by thy own scurrilous wit. . . .
 Pied thing! half wit! half fool! and for a knave,
 Few men, than this, a better mixture have;
 But thou canst add to that, coward and slave. }

Dryden's reply was prompt and crushing. In his *Mac Flecknoe*, published in October, 1682, he held Shadwell up to scorn as a dunce and an insolent pretender to poetry. For vigorous invective and trenchant wit this short poem is equal, in its own sphere, to *Absalom and Achitophel* and *The Medal*. A poetaster named Richard Flecknoe, who had previously been the butt of Dryden's ridicule,¹ had recently died. Dryden represents Shadwell as the heir to Flecknoe's dullness; and, since Flecknoe was an Irishman, gives him the title Mac Flecknoe. One may regret that Dryden's just indignation has for once blinded his critical discernment. Shadwell's comedies do not deserve the wholesale contempt that his adversary has heaped upon them: though coarse in character-drawing and in language, they contain scenes full of real humor. On the whole, however, Shadwell's name survives in English literature only through Dryden's satire.

Finally, at about the same time, Dryden added some two hundred verses to a *second part* of *Absalom and Achitophel*, written by Nahum Tate. Among these lines, the most interesting are those devoted to his two opponents, Shadwell and Settle, whom he celebrates under the names of Og and Doeg:—

Two fools that crutch their feeble sense on verse;
 Who, by my Muse, to all succeeding times
 Shall live, in spite of their own doggrel rhymes.

(Page 143, lines 409-411.)

The satirist showed his consummate command of English in this new attack upon Shadwell. Without repeating in any way the language that he had used in *Mac Flecknoe*, he reached the same height of vituperative eloquence.

Though he had now definitely retired from dramatic work, Dryden accepted the aid of Lee in completing for the stage *The Duke of Guise*, a tragedy that he had begun more than twenty years before. In its finished form, this play is a political satire, directed against the Whigs. Upon its appearance, Shadwell and a lawyer named Thomas Hunt directed pamphlets against it, and Dryden replied with a similar pamphlet, his *Vindication of The Duke of Guise*.

In November, 1682, after his series of great satires, Dryden suddenly came forward in a new light, as the author of *Religio Laici*, a poem in which, imitating, as he tells us, the style of the *Epistles* of Horace, he sets forth in verse the doctrines of the Church of England, as they impress an unskilled layman. Being a defense of the doctrines of the Established Church against the arguments of the Catholics on the one hand and of the dissenters on the other, this poem is closely connected with the political satires that preceded it. But its easy ambling style—which Dryden modestly likens to that of Tom Shad-

¹ In the dedication to *The Kind Keeper*, 1680.

well — is at the other extreme from their swift, impetuous invective. By this change of tone Dryden showed his wonderful versatility, a versatility that modern readers, unused to the couplet in its classic form, are not apt fully to appreciate. On the arguments of the poem critics like Dr. Johnson and Mr. Christie, devoted to the tenets of the Anglican Church, have bestowed high praise: to the present editor *Religio Laici* seems inferior, both in logical consistency and in depth of feeling, to its successor *The Hind and the Panther*. More interesting than any theological reasoning is Dryden's refusal to believe that the heathen who die without hearing of Christ must be damned to everlasting punishment. The authorities, that "good old man" Bishop Athanasius among the number, will have it so; but the kindly, genial, albeit somewhat wayward English gentleman, who writes satires only to serve his political party, or when roused by insults from his personal enemies, cannot force his charity to accept their cruel verdict.

Deprived of his income from the theater, Dryden busied himself with various sorts of miscellaneous writings. During his dramatic period he had won a reputation as a writer of prologues and epilogues, and had turned many an honest penny by furnishing them for his friends' plays. In 1680 he had begun work as a translator, by contributions to a small volume of *Ovid's Epistles*. He had all his life, as is proved by his notes to *Annus Mirabilis*, and by numerous passages in his critical works, been an attentive reader of the Latin poets, so that this new occupation was much to his taste. His versions were sure to find a ready acceptance among a public accustomed by school training, and by the whole trend of contemporary criticism, to look on the Latin writers as the standards of literary taste. He now aided Tonson in preparing a volume of *Miscellany Poems*, which appeared in 1684. The book, of which Dryden was probably the editor, opened with new editions of *Mac Flecknoe*, *Absalom and Achitophel*, and *The Medal*, and contained very many of Dryden's prologues and epilogues, some of them apparently here printed for the first time. Of new work by Dryden it included only a few small translations from Theocritus, Ovid, and Virgil. Encouraged by the success of this volume, Tonson in the next year issued one of similar character, but devoted exclusively to new poems and poetical translations. For this Dryden wrote an important critical preface, and translated long extracts from Lucretius and Virgil, and smaller selections from Theocritus and Horace. In his attempts with the last two writers Dryden is not happy: Horace's exquisite urbanity and Theocritus's union of elegance with rusticity are both beyond his reach. With Lucretius he has better fortune: his version has much of the dogmatic force and dramatic intensity of the original. In the course of these years Dryden also produced some hack work in prose: a *Life of Plutarch*, prefixed to a coöperative translation of *Plutarch's Lives*, and a translation of Maimbourg's *History of the League*, executed by order of the king.

On February 6, 1685, Charles II died. Dryden lamented his dead master in *Threnodia Augustalis*, a poem in the irregular "Pindaric" verse made popular by Cowley. The work has some interest as Dryden's first experiment in the versification that he brought to perfection in *Alexander's Feast*. For the rest, few modern readers will be inclined to quarrel with Dr. Johnson's verdict: "It has neither tenderness nor dignity; it is neither magnificent nor pathetic. He seems to look round him for images which he cannot find, and what he has he distorts by endeavoring to enlarge them."

Just before the death of the king, Dryden had prepared an opera, *Albion and Albanus*, which was to celebrate the triumph of the brothers Charles and James over their Whig opponents. After a few changes, to suit altered circumstances, the work was produced in June, 1685; its sixth performance was interrupted by the news of Monmouth's rising in the West. Though *Albion and Albanus* has but slight literary merit, the preface pub-

lished with it is important for the understanding of the author's critical work. Nothing could be more repugnant than opera, with its numberless conventions offending against common sense, to the principles of the French criticism with which Dryden was now in hearty agreement. But, finding that opera would serve his turn, Dryden forsook for the moment the tenets which he elsewhere had defended so stoutly, and justified opera, against reason, by the argument from authority. The inventors of opera must give law to it, as Homer did to his successors in epic poetry. Dryden's passion for logic here yields to his talent for gratifying the taste of the passing moment.

The Catholic James II was now King of England. The new monarch soon made it evident that he would do all in his power to spread his own religion among his countrymen, and that he would show most favor to its adherents. During this same year (1685) Dryden became a Catholic. For this change of faith he has been repeatedly denounced, by men like Macaulay and Christie, whose judgment commands our respect, as a hypocritical time-server. Whether this accusation be just or not it is of course impossible to determine with certainty; perhaps Dryden himself could not tell us whether he acted wholly from conviction. Nevertheless, the question is so important for our whole view of Dryden's character that we must consider it in some detail.

In none of Dryden's writings is there the least sign of the religious temperament. He was emphatically a man of this world, kind-hearted, and, as things go, honest; he had no overmastering sense of spiritual problems, and no inclination to make himself miserable by brooding upon them. In our time he would either not have meddled in religious discussion at all, or he would have written as a freethinker, unattached to any church. In his own time such indifference was impossible; a man who took sides in politics must take them in religion as well. Now Dryden, a sceptic in half his nature, had been brought up a Puritan, and had joined the Church of England only in consequence of his general conversion to the Royalist party. On the other hand, he had, as his writings plainly show, a constant and ever increasing regard for the principle of authority; the whole movement of his mind is the reverse of revolutionary. Such a man could have no clinging affection for the church of his adoption. Hence his defense of that church in *Religio Laici* is, as Scott points out, but half-hearted. He will not himself argue to the bitter end the question of the relative importance of Scripture and Tradition: —

I think (according to my little skill,
To my own Mother Church submitting still)
That many have been sav'd, and many may,
Who never heard this question brought in play.
Th' unletter'd Christian, who believes in gross,
Plods on to heaven, and ne'er is at a loss;
For the strait gate would be made straiter yet,
Were none admitted there but men of wit.

(Page 166, lines 318-325.)

Thus Dryden's conversion to Catholicism was, as Scott shows, not from an enthusiastic belief in the doctrines of the Church of England, but from "a state of infidelity, or rather of Pyrrhonism." He saw so clearly the difficulties of Scripture authority without an infallible interpreter that he was well prepared to accept the claims of the Catholic Church to be such. Without impulse from external circumstances, in the shape of a Catholic king and Catholic influences predominant at court, he would hardly have made the change; yet the change involved no violence to his inner nature, no sacrifice of intellectual honesty. Once he had recognized the element of the irrational in religious faith, in the doctrine

of the Trinity, he could find no difficulty in accepting all the dogmas of the Catholic Church:—

Good life be now my task: my doubts are done :
 (What more could fright my faith, than three in one ?)
 Can I believe eternal God could lie
 Disguis'd in mortal mold and infancy ?
 That the great Maker of the world could die ?
 And after that trust my imperfect sense,
 Which calls in question his omnipotence ?
 Can I my reason to my faith compel,
 And shall my sight, and touch, and taste rebel ?

(Page 219, lines 78-86.)

Dryden has sketched his own religious development in the following lines of *The Hind and the Panther*:—

My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires,
 My manhood, long misled by wand'ring fires,
 Follow'd false lights; and, when their glimpse was gone,
 My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
 Such was I, such by nature still I am;
 Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame.

(Page 219, lines 72-77.)

Here the "thoughtless youth" apparently refers to a period of boyish indifference to religion; the "false lights" and "wand'ring fires" to a manhood of philosophic scepticism, probably of the fashionable type, based on the doctrines of Hobbes; and the "new sparkles" to the poet's attempts, of which we see something in *Religio Laici*, to reason himself into an acceptance of the Anglican doctrines. For these sparkles he exchanged the clear light of authority and constant tradition that he found in the Catholic Church.¹ Perhaps, without being too fantastic, we may apply the same passage to Dryden's literary development. In his early poems he followed the "false lights" of the school of Cowley; later he "struck out new sparkles of his own" in the bombastic tirades of the heroic plays; at last he adopted an ideal of chastened elegance of style, and of literary construction limited by exact rules, imposed by critical authority, which is in all essentials that of the school of Boileau. These doctrines he was unable to carry out consistently in practice, so that his later poems and plays show many departures from them. This partial failure he excused, somewhat inadequately, by the necessity of accommodating his productions to the taste of the British public; a writer to whom the new theories were fundamentally congenial would have been able to make the public taste bow to him. So the adoption of Catholicism made no change in Dryden's temperament; the sceptic peers out from beneath the robes of the convert. His later writings show little of the devout spirit that we expect in a man who has been converted to a new religion in his mature years; they are full of the same coarseness, the same sneers at

¹ Scott understands "false lights" as referring to Dryden's early "puritanical tenets," and the "new sparkles" to his philosophic scepticism. (*Life of Dryden*, in Scott-Saintsbury edition, i. 255-263.) Professor Firth, on the contrary, explains "false lights" as "the fashionable scepticism of the period, based on the theories of Hobbes." (See note in *Select Poems by Dryden*, ed. Christie and Firth, Oxford, 1893, page 283.) This view is the more probable, although it entirely omits to take account of Dryden's Puritan period in his young manhood. It would be attractive to see a reference to this in "wand'ring fires," but Dryden's language seems to indicate that these were contemporary with the "false lights," not precedent to them. In general the passage is so vague, perhaps intentionally, that it must not be rigorously interpreted as an account of each stage in Dryden's mental development.

priests and their office, that soil his earlier work. But Dryden's *intellectual* acceptance of the principle of authority, both in literature and in religion, was sincere and lasting.

Dryden gained no new offices or pensions as the price of his adoption of Catholicism: whether, without this change of faith, he would have been deprived of those he already possessed, it would be idle to discuss. His conversion bore fruit in his longest original poem, *The Hind and the Panther*, published in April, 1687. The plot of this work is absurd enough: the gentle and inoffensive Hind, representing the Catholic Church, and the fierce yet beautiful Panther, representing the Church of England, discuss between them questions of controversial divinity; the debate ending, of course, in the triumph of the Hind. But the poetic style of the piece places it very high among Dryden's compositions. A certain emotional fervor fills the debate, very different from the dry, intellectual, detached tone of *Religio Laici*. More than this, in his address to the Deity, defending his own sincerity, Dryden rises to true pathos, even to sublimity:—

What weight of ancient witness can prevail,
If private reason hold the public scale?
But, gracious God, how well dost thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkness in th' abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
O teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd,
And search no farther than thyself reveal'd;
But her alone for my director take,
Whom thou hast promis'd never to forsake!

(Pages 218, 219, lines 62-71.)

In consequence of his conversion Dryden was employed to defend, against Stillfleet, a paper by Anne Hyde (the first wife of James II), announcing her adoption of Catholicism, which was published in 1686 by the command of the king. He also translated from the French the *Life of St. Francis Xavier* of the Jesuit Bouhours.

Only one more poem written by Dryden during the short reign of James II need here be mentioned. In *Britannia Rediviva* he celebrates the birth of a son to the king on June 10, 1688. This production, though written in the heroic couplet, is of essentially the same sort as *Threnodia Augustalis*: sentiments made to order, with far-fetched imagery, prevent it from having any value as literature.

IV

The Revolution of 1688 brought ruin to all Dryden's worldly prosperity. As a Catholic, he could not take the oaths required of all office-holders under William and Mary. Already an old man, he was deprived of all his positions and pensions, and thrown back on his pen for support. He accepted the situation with dignity, making no attempt to conciliate the new government, but, except for a few petulant expressions, refraining from attacks on it, and applied himself manfully to work. Had he died just before the Revolution, his name would survive as that of the greatest writer of the Restoration period, but his character would apparently have little in it to attract men's love. Twelve years of toil remained to him, years hampered by old age, by poverty, and by illness. By his performance during this period Dryden showed himself still the undisputed prince of English letters; his character, meanwhile, acquired a dignity in which it had hitherto been lacking, and commands our respect and admiration.

Dryden's first impulse was to return to the writing of plays, by which he had won his early fame. Between the years 1689 and 1693 he produced *Don Sebastian*, *Amphitryon*,

King Arthur (an opera), *Cleomenes* (with Southerne), and *Love Triumphant*. These dramas, notably *Don Sebastian*, contain work in no way inferior to that of the poet's earlier period, but they contribute no new elements of importance for the study of his genius, and may be dismissed without further analysis. They did not suffice to reëstablish their author's reputation as the chief English dramatist; the last of them, indeed, was a complete failure.

In his skill as a translator Dryden found a surer resource. Encouraged by his success with shorter pieces, he now undertook, aided by friends, a complete version of Juvenal and Persius, which appeared in October, 1692. He himself translated five of the sixteen satires of Juvenal, and the whole of Persius, and contributed an elaborate dedicatory preface, in which, following Casaubon, Heinsius, Dacier, and other critics, he gives an account of the rise of Roman satire and an analysis of its chief authors. In the next year, 1693, he translated three selections from Ovid's *Metamorphoses* and the episode of Hector and Andromache from the *Iliad*, and wrote a preface for a third miscellany volume, *Examen Poeticum*, published by Tonson. Dryden's powers of invective and of sententious moralizing fitted him to be the translator of Juvenal and Persius; though his versions are far from literal, they well reproduce in English the vigorous declamation of the Roman satire. With Ovid also, a writer of easy, rapid, somewhat rhetorical verse, Dryden had much in common.

Near the close of 1693 Dryden embarked on the greatest single task of his life, the translation of the complete works of Virgil, which occupied practically all his time for more than three years. The work was published by subscription, and was issued from Tonson's press in a handsome folio volume, early in July, 1697. To aid Dryden, Addison furnished an *Essay on the Georgics*, and the arguments in prose for the whole work; Dr. Knightly Chetwood wrote the *Life of Virgil* and the *Preface to the Pastorals*. The volume was illustrated with the same engravings that had once adorned the work of Ogleby, a previous translator whom Dryden heartily despised, but the plates were touched up for the occasion, and each was decorated with the arms of a subscriber to the book. In Dryden's correspondence with Tonson there are frequent references to the contract between them, but these are unfortunately so vague that we do not know precisely how much the poet received for his labors. In *Spence's Anecdotes* Pope is quoted as saying that the sum was about £1200, and this is not inconsistent with what we can gather from Dryden's own words. This reward, though small in comparison with the profit of about £9000 that Pope received from his *Homer*, was good pay for a literary man in those days. Dryden often writes to his publisher in a testy tone, once protesting, for example: "Upon trial, I find all of your trade are sharpeners, and you not more than others; therefore I have not wholly left you."

Despite many revolutions of public taste, Dryden's *Virgil* still remains practically without a rival as the standard translation of the greatest Roman poet; the only one that, like two or three versions of Homer, has become an English classic. It has, indeed, almost none of the grace and tenderness, or the high seriousness, of the Latin original, to which Wordsworth attained in large measure in his *Laodamia*. Thus the marvelous verse,

Sunt lacrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt,

disappears entirely in Dryden's commonplace: —

Our known disasters fill ev'n foreign lands:
See there, where old unhappy Priam stands!
Ev'n the mute walls relate the warrior's fame,
And Trojan griefs the Tyrians' pity claim.

(Page 530, lines 646-649.)

Wordsworth, on the other hand, catches the Virgilian spirit in the lines:—

— Yet tears to human suffering are due ;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,
As fondly he believes.

(Cambridge edition, page 527, lines 164-167.)

Dryden is least satisfactory in his treatment of the *Pastorals* and of those portions of the *Georgics* of which the charm, for modern readers, consists less in the subject matter than in the exquisite delicacy of the treatment, and the haunting melody of the rhythm. His *Æneid*, however, is a masterpiece of rapid narrative. The buoyant, flowing verse carries the reader forward with a glorious energy, and, at its best, has something of Virgil's own noble simplicity. The following passage, though deformed in one line by Dryden's fondness for antithesis, is a favorable example of his power:—

She thus replied: "The chaste and holy race
Are all forbidden this polluted place.
But Hecate, when she gave to rule the woods,
Then led me trembling thro' these dire abodes,
And taught the tortures of th' avenging gods. }
These are the realms of unrelenting fate;
And awful Rhadamanthus rules the state.
He hears and judges each committed crime;
Enquires into the manner, place, and time.
The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal,
(Loth to confess, unable to conceal,
From the first moment of his vital breath,
To his last hour of unrepenting death.
Straight, o'er the guilty ghost, the Fury shakes }
'The sounding whip and brandishes her snakes,
And the pale sinner, with her sisters, takes."

(Pages 603, 604, lines 758-773.)

At times the veteran satirist indulges his genius. The following triplet on Drances might be the portrait of a Whig leader:—

Factionous and rich, bold at the council board,
But cautious in the field, he shunn'd the sword; }
A close caballer, and tongue-valiant lord.

(Page 678, lines 512-514.)

More than this, Dryden inserts into his translation certain sly attacks on the reigning English monarch. (He had resisted, by the way, Tonson's request that he dedicate the volume to William III, though Tonson had "prepared the book for it" by having the engraver make the portrait of Æneas resemble that of the king.) In the following lines, describing criminals scourged by the Fury, the words in italics have no warrant in the Latin:¹—

Then they, who brothers' better claim disown,
Expel their parents, and *usurp the throne.*

(Page 604, lines 824, 825.)

And the portraits of the rival kings of the bees, which are much altered and expanded from the original, are obviously meant to suggest James and William:—

With ease distinguish'd is the regal race:
One monarch wears an honest open face;

¹ The editor is here indebted to a writer in *Notes and Queries*, series II. vii. 168, and series II. x. 263.

Shap'd to his size, and godlike to behold,
 His royal body shines with specks of gold,
 And ruddy scales; for empire he design'd,
 Is better born, and of a nobler kind.
 That other looks like nature in disgrace:
 Gaunt are his sides, and sullen is his face;
 And like their grisly prince appears his gloomy race.

(Page 478, lines 137-145.)

A musical society in London had for some years maintained the custom of celebrating November 22, the Feast of Saint Cecilia, by a public performance of vocal and instrumental music. Dryden, in 1687, had written an ode for this occasion; he now, ten years later, furnished another and a greater one, *Alexander's Feast*. This fine ode, which stands at the head of English lyric poetry between Milton and Gray, is to-day by far the best known of Dryden's poems. Yet, familiar as *Alexander's Feast* has become by ceaseless reprinting in schoolbooks and anthologies, it may be doubted whether many readers appreciate its full excellence. Brought up on the traditions of Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats, we instinctively expect in lyric poetry either the expression of elevated moral or philosophical ideas, of intense passion, or of a delight in sensuous beauty. Dryden gives us none of these, but a rapid series of flashlight pictures, each expressed in verse that by its music suggests the scene described. The poem is rather a narrative than a pure lyric. No English poem is more full of life and animation; few show a more youthful spirit than this ode by the weary satirist and dramatist of sixty-six.

Dryden's last years were cheered by the success of his *Virgil*, which reached a second edition within a few months after its first publication, and were saddened by the attacks of a few critics and rivals. To Milbourne, who assailed his *Virgil*, and Blackmore, who attacked his character, he paid comparatively little attention, judging correctly that their words would not affect public opinion. The case was different with Jeremy Collier, who in 1698 published his *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*, in which he arraigns the whole school of the Restoration dramatists, and Dryden chief among the number. To the charges Dryden manfully pleaded guilty, though he rightly accused Collier of exaggeration; and, somewhat lamely, excused his own sins in part by the general corruption of the times.

The comparatively large profits of the *Virgil* did not free Dryden from the need of further exertion. He thought of undertaking a translation of the *Iliad*, and translated the first book "as an essay to the whole work" (page 740). But, perhaps deterred by a consciousness of his defective knowledge of Greek, he turned back to translate further selections from Ovid; to put into modern English some tales from Chaucer, whom he had long loved with a truly sympathetic insight; and to clothe in heroic verse three stories from Boccaccio, to whom he was led by his study of Chaucer. The result of this work, more congenial and more desultory than the long struggle with Virgil, was a volume published in 1700, entitled *Fables, Ancient and Modern*. These products of the poet's old age have an enduring charm. The harshness and asperity of the great satirist are gone; there remain a clear, melodious diction, and a frank, kindly spirit, which show Dryden to be a kinsman of Chaucer and of William Morris. Sorely battered by the storms of life, conscious that he had often played a part not worthy of his great powers, he appeared just before his death as "the idle singer of an empty day."

Dryden passed away, after a short illness, on May 1, 1700. He died poor, leaving no personal property of any account, but not neglected. Vanbrugh and other friends

had prepared for his benefit, in March or April, a representation of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Pilgrim*, for which Dryden himself wrote a prologue and epilogue and some small additions, the last of his works. He received a splendid funeral, and was laid to rest in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, near the graves of his first master, Cowley, and his last master, Chaucer.

Many letters survive from Dryden's later years and give pleasant glimpses of the old man's way of life. He was an affectionate father, and showed an honest pride in his sons' humble endeavors to emulate his own literary fame. He was a kindly critic, encouraging younger writers, and giving them suggestions for improvements; from mean literary jealousy, which so deformed Pope's character, he was comparatively free.¹ He was a welcome visitor at the country house of his good kinswoman Mrs. Steward, "at Cotterstock, near Oundle, in the county of Northampton," and gratefully acknowledges her hospitality. In one letter he praises the dainties that Mrs. Steward has sent to him: "Not to name my self or my wife, my sonn Charles is the great commender of your last receiv'd present; who being of late somewhat indispos'd, uses to send for some of the same sort, which we call heer marrow-puddings, for his suppers; but the tast of yours has so spoyl'd his markets heer, that there is not the least comparison betwixt them." But in his next letter he confesses: "As for the rarities you promise, if beggars might be choosers, a part of a chine of honest bacon wou'd please my appetite more than all the marrow puddings; for I like them better plain, having a very vulgar stomach."

When in London, Dryden wrote at home all the morning, dined with his family, then went to Will's Coffee-House, where he spent his evenings. His reign there as judge of wit is described in a well-known passage by Dr. Johnson: —

"Of the only two men whom I have found, to whom he was personally known, one told me that at the house which he frequentl, called Will's Coffee-House, the appeal upon any literary dispute was made to him: and the other related that his armed chair, which in the winter had a settled and prescriptive place by the fire, was in the summer placed in the balcony, and that he called the two places his winter and his summer seat."

To this resort the boy Pope "prevailed with a friend to carry him,"² that he might see the man whom later he always revered as his master, on the occasion that he describes in *Spence's Anecdotes*: "I saw Mr. Dryden when I was about twelve years of age — this bust is like him. — I remember his face well; for I looked upon him, even then, with the greatest veneration, and observed him very particularly."

In person Dryden was short and plump; by the lampooners of the time he was called "little Bayes" and "the poet squab." A portrait of him in his youth shows him as very handsome.³ He retained his rosy cheeks beyond middle life. In conversation he was not brilliant, being hampered by a shy and hesitating manner, which is mimicked by Mr. Bayes in *The Rehearsal*. Even his reading of his own verses was far from excellent.

Dryden's character is a subject on which there can be much diversity of opinion. His prime characteristics were receptivity, kindness, and a sort of modest honesty. His mind was so hospitable to new ideas, and so ready to adapt its utterance to the needs of the moment, that at a first impression we are apt to think him a mere hypocrite and time-server. On further acquaintance we find him a kindly gentleman, like some of our per-

¹ The following sentence, attributed to Tounson in *Spence's Anecdotes*, really (by the use of *even*) praises Dryden in contrast to other writers: "Even Dryden was very suspicious of rivals. He would compliment Crowne, when a play of his failed, but was cold to him if he met with success."

² Note by Warburton: see *The Works of Alexander Pope*, ed. Elwin and Courthope, vol. vi, p. 15.

³ This painting is reproduced in the present volume. It certainly gives a stronger impression of intellectual distinction than the somewhat sleepy Kneller portraits of the poet in his later years.

sonal friends, unconcerned with superficial consistency, distinguished among his fellow men of letters not so much by elevation of spirit as by ability to express finely his passing opinions. As he advances in age, his character grows more mellow, and his opinions mold themselves into the semblance of a system, of which the central element is respect for authority and tradition, in letters, in government, and in religion. The old man wins our respect by his open confession of past errors and of his liability to fall into fresh ones. He ends his life surrounded by friends, both old and new.

This short account of the life and character of John Dryden may well close with Congreve's portrait of his friend; a portrait that is flattering, but, we may trust, not untrue in any essential respect:—

"He was of a nature exceedingly humane and compassionate, easily forgiving injuries, and capable of a prompt and sincere reconciliation with them who had offended him.

"Such a temperament is the only solid foundation of all moral virtues and sociable endowments. His friendship, where he professed it, went much beyond his professions; and I have been told of strong and generous instances of it, by the persons themselves who received them, though his hereditary income was little more than a bare competency.

"As his reading had been very extensive, so was he very happy in a memory tenacious of everything that he had read. He was not more possessed of knowledge than he was communicative of it. But then his communication of it was by no means pedantic, or imposed upon the conversation; but just such, and went so far as by the natural turns of the discourse in which he was engaged it was necessarily promoted or required. He was extreme ready and gentle in his correction of the errors of any writer who thought fit to consult him, and full as ready and patient to admit of the reprehension of others in respect of his oversight or mistakes. He was of very easy, I may say, of very pleasing access; but something slow, and as it were diffident in his advances to others. He had something in his nature that abhorred intrusion into any society whatsoever. Indeed it is to be regretted that he was rather blamable in the other extreme; for, by that means, he was personally less known, and consequently his character might become liable both to misapprehensions and misrepresentations.

"To the best of my knowledge and observation, he was, of all the men that ever I knew, one of the most modest, and the most easily to be discountenanced in his approaches, either to his superiors or his equals." (Preface to Congreve's edition of Dryden's dramas; reprinted in Scott-Saintsbury edition, ii. 17, 18.)

V

Dryden's reputation as a writer has been subject to great fluctuations. In his own time his commanding position was early recognized; even his assailants admitted his power. In the eighteenth century his fame even increased. Pope acknowledged him as his teacher. Gray's lines in *The Progress of Poesy* are almost too familiar for quotation:—

Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding pace.

Dr. Johnson, in his carefully developed comparison of Dryden and Pope, accords to the older poet, "with some hesitation," the superior genius; but he quickly adds that "every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope." Thus when Sir Walter Scott wrote in 1808, at the close of his *Life of Dryden*, that he left in English literature "a name

second only to those of Milton and of Shakespeare," he was merely recording a received literary opinion. With the rise of the romantic school, though both Byron and Wordsworth admired his genius,¹ and Keats studied carefully his versification, Dryden's reputation declined. At the present time, though no competent critic fails to pay tribute to Dryden's power, comparatively few persons read him with genuine enthusiasm.

In many of the highest qualities of a poet Dryden was certainly lacking. He expressed no great moral ideas or social aspirations; he had little intuitive knowledge of human nature, and no feeling for the beauty of the external world. He began serious work comparatively late in life, and always regarded his art as primarily a means for making a living. His original poems, except his dramas, were all occasional productions, written not from any creative impulse, but to serve some passing purpose; they were devoted to courtly panegyric or to party warfare. Unlike Spenser and Milton, Dryden found no high ideals and lofty aspirations among the men whom he served; nor was he a man, like Shelley, to revolt against the tendencies of his environment, and create ideals and aspirations for himself.

As the portraits in *Absalom and Achitophel* amply prove, no man could describe character, in a certain way, better than Dryden. The central defect of his dramatic works is that they too are essentially descriptive. Dryden's men and women are figures made to order, after the pattern of previous writers, rather than living beings, created by the poet from his immediate sympathy with human nature. Their speeches are eloquent, often beautiful, but rarely do we find a phrase like Cleopatra's in *All for Love*, —

And thus one minute's feigning has destroy'd
My whole life's truth, —

(Scott-Saintsbury edition, v. 415.)

which seems wrong from the speaker by real depth of feeling.

Some reservations are necessary even as to Dryden's description of character. If we contrast his figures in *Absalom and Achitophel* with those of Chaucer in his *Prologue*, we notice Dryden's insistence on abstract qualities and on abstract adjectives, in contrast to Chaucer's attention to personal appearance, even to the details of attire, as an index of character. Shaftesbury's person gave free scope for concrete description, but to it Dryden came no nearer than the following lines: —

A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay. }

(Page 111, lines 156-158.)

Seldom does Dryden give details like those in regard to Oates: —

Sunk were his eyes; his voice was harsh and loud,
Sure signs he neither cholerick was nor proud:
His long chin prov'd his wit; his saintlike grace
A church vermilion, and a Moses' face.

(Pages 117, 118, lines 646-649.)

Even here he is not content to let the details speak for themselves, but must point out the abstract qualities they denote. Contrast with this Chaucer's description of the Monk!

This tendency to the abstract rather than the concrete prepares us for the fatal weakness of all Dryden's attempts at the description of nature. Brought up in the country, he was nevertheless insensible to its beauty. Of his few passages of natural description, the following, from *The Indian Emperor*, is perhaps the most ambitious: —

¹ For Wordsworth's general verdict on Dryden, see p. 1016.

Enter CORTEZ alone, in a nightgown.

All things are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead;
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head;
The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
And sleeping flowers beneath the night dew sweat.
Even Lust and Envy sleep; yet Love denies
Rest to my soul, and slumber to my eyes.

(Scott-Saintsbury edition, ii. 360.)

These lines Wordsworth rightly condemns as "vague, bombastic, and senseless."¹ And, in a sentence of the dedication to the same play, Dryden proclaims his insensibility to the grander aspects of nature. "High objects, it is true," he tells us, "attract the sight; but it looks up with pain on craggy rocks and barren mountains, and continues not intent on any object which is wanting in shades and greens to entertain it."

In this fondness for abstraction Dryden is partly a follower of current poetic theories, which insisted on the generalizing, philosophic nature of poetry; partly true to his own temperament, which loved reasoning, in verse and out of it, at the expense of observation. His passion for ratiocination, which shows itself throughout his original works, from the fine-spun debates on love and honor in the heroic plays to the theological discussion in *The Hind and the Panther*, has given Dryden the reputation of a great and vigorous intellect. This reputation, which may have been increased by the blunt coarseness of his language, really a sign of a lack of delicacy rather than an indication of strength, is only partially deserved. Dryden originated no ideas, and in his analysis of old ones he was not profound. He seems often to gnaw at the rind of thought while others have reached the kernel. His arguments never become fused into a well-developed, coherent system; he excels primarily in expressing in clear, incisive, melodious language thoughts that he has borrowed from other men.

Dryden's literary greatness then depends, in greater measure than that of almost any other of the very greatest English poets, upon his mastery of the technique of his art. Indifferent to the beauty of nature, he was keenly susceptible to beauty of style; he was a critic by instinct, an author by training. In his criticism, and in his prose style, we may discover some explanation of his power as a writer of verse.

In Dryden's criticism two elements are constantly contending for mastery. By his passion for logic, he was attracted to the contemporary French critics, who busied themselves primarily with literary theory and loved to prescribe hard and fast rules for the guidance of future authors. Through his own writings he did much to introduce their tenets, and still more their general methods of work, into England. Hence he is justly praised by Dr. Johnson in a celebrated passage: "Dryden may be properly considered as the father of English criticism, as the writer who first taught us to determine upon principles the merit of composition. Of our former poets, the greatest dramatist wrote without rules, conducted through life and nature by a genius that rarely misled and rarely deserted him. Of the rest, those who knew the laws of propriety had neglected to teach them." By criticism, Dr. Johnson here means *dogmatic criticism*. Yet Dryden was himself no dogmatist. Quite apart from his devotion to logical method, he had an instinctive sympathy with fine poetry wherever he found it; his appreciation was too catholic to be warped by compliance with any narrow critical creed. Hence, in contrast to Dr. Johnson, but with equal truth, Professor Ker can write: "The separate positive sentences of Dryden are of small account in his work as a critic. His virtue is that in a time when literature was pestered and cramped with formulas he

¹ *Essay, Supplementary to the Preface of the Edition of 1815*; see Cambridge edition, page 811.

found it impossible to write otherwise than freely. He is sceptical, tentative, disengaged, where most of his contemporaries, and most of his successors for a hundred years, are pledged to certain dogmas and principles."¹ Finally, though the historical point of view never became prominent in Dryden's writings, his sound common sense made him see that every author must be judged not simply by a fixed code of literary principles, but with some reference to the spirit of the times in which he lived. Thus, when he came to discuss a poet whom he understood and loved, his respect for literary theory simply saved him from waywardness and eccentricity. Though his discussion of general literary problems now seems crude and mechanical, Dryden's comments on individual writers are still full of inspiration; of Shakespeare and Chaucer he has left appreciations which in their way have never been surpassed.

Dryden clothed his critical works in a prose style that has been described once for all by Dr. Johnson, whose manner is in quaint contrast to Dryden's own :—

"Criticism, either didactic or defensive, occupies almost all his prose, except those pages which he has devoted to his patrons; but none of his prefaces were ever thought tedious. They have not the formality of a settled style, in which the first half of the sentence betrays the other. The clauses are never balanced, nor the periods modeled. every word seems to drop by chance, though it falls into its proper place. Nothing is cold or languid: the whole is airy, animated, and vigorous; what is little, is gay; what is great, is splendid. He may be thought to mention himself too frequently; but while he forces himself upon our esteem, we cannot refuse him to stand high in his own. Everything is excused by the play of images and the sprightliness of expression. Though all is easy, nothing is feeble; though all seems careless, there is nothing harsh; and though since his earlier works more than a century has passed, they have nothing yet uncouth or obsolete.

"He who writes much will not easily escape a manner—such a recurrence of particular modes as may be easily noted. Dryden is always *another and the same*; he does not exhibit a second time the same elegances in the same form, nor appears to have any art other than that of expressing with clearness what he thinks with vigor. His style could not easily be imitated, either seriously or ludicrously; for, being always equable and always varied, it has no prominent or discriminative characters. The beauty who is totally free from disproportion of parts and features cannot be ridiculed by an overcharged resemblance."

Perhaps we can best explain the charm of Dryden's prose by saying that it represents the ideal of cultivated literary conversation. Had he employed it for a wider range of subjects, it would probably have become less natural and artless. At least his verse, which he used for nearly all his important writing except his criticism, shows not only the author's perfect command of his material, but his careful study and deliberation. To the wonderful clearness which it shares with his prose, it adds that vigor of line and that rapidity of movement which are Dryden's distinguishing glory among all the English poets.

In his all-pervading clearness, both in his single sentences and in the general conduct of his poems, Dryden is in sharp contrast to the Elizabethan poets, and still more to the school of Cowley, whose follower he had been in his youth. With him, clearness became as natural in verse as in prose; he aimed to be understood first of all, and would not let the search for more poetic qualities of style blind him to this first necessity. His dramas in this respect are far superior to those of Congreve or Southerne; considered merely as rapid narratives, thrown into the form of dialogue, they command very high praise. And shallow though the reasoning may be in *Religio Laici* or in *The Hind and the Panther*,

¹ *Essays of John Dryden*, Oxford, 1900, vol. i, p. xv.

the reader is at least seldom left with the slightest doubt as to the poet's meaning. This remarkable clearness of diction and of construction Dryden owed primarily to his passion for logic and to his familiarity with French literature and criticism. He left it as a precious legacy to the writers who followed him, down to the rise of the romantic school. It would be wrong to say that Dryden alone made clearness the distinguishing virtue — frequently, to be sure, at the expense of higher qualities — of all English poetry in the eighteenth century; but certainly he, as the teacher of Pope, deserves that praise more than any other one man.

Clearness Dryden could teach to his successors; he could not impart to them his vigor and his rapidity. The former is seen at its best in *Absalom and Achitophel* and *The Medal*, where each phrase is like the stroke of a hammer; the latter is the greatest excellence of his translations from Ovid, Virgil, and Chaucer, and reaches its highest point in *Alexander's Feast*. At first, in the heroic plays, this resonant declamation and this animated narrative were apt to degenerate into bombast; later they became the unaffected, apparently simple utterance of Dryden in verse, just as his graceful, conversational style was in prose. Here, though we cannot point to any one poet as his model, Dryden showed himself a follower of the great Elizabethans, rather than the founder of the Augustan school. He was himself fully conscious of his power: "I pretend to no dictatorship among my fellow poets," he writes in his *Dedication of the Æneis*, "since, if I should instruct some of them to make well-running verses, they want genius to give them strength as well as sweetness" (page 512). Pope, by emphasizing the pause at the close of each line, and still more that at the close of the couplet, made his verse more fit for a succession of epigrams than for the full-mouthed invective and impetuous narrative of which Dryden was the master. Pope's poems are like a string of beads and Dryden's like a firm, well-twisted cord.

Finally, Dryden's verse at its best, as in the opening lines of *The Hind and the Panther*, or the translation of the *Æneis*, has a rare musical quality. Accustomed to the elaborately varied verse forms of nineteenth-century poets, and to the incessantly changing harmonies of blank verse, modern readers do not always appreciate Dryden's consummate mastery of his own versification. Within the apparently narrow limits of the heroic couplet, he could subtly vary his style to suit his subject; he could, as he boasted, be "unpolished" and "rugged" in *Religio Laici* and majestic in some portions of *The Hind and the Panther*; he could be "sweet" in translating Ovid, and reach severity in the nobler portions of Virgil.

In a celebrated passage, Matthew Arnold has termed Dryden "the puissant and glorious founder" of an age of prose and reason, an age whose writers are marked, above all else, by "regularity, uniformity, precision, balance." If we make certain reservations, doubtless present in Arnold's own mind, the verdict is eminently just and penetrating. Dryden lacked the higher qualities of imagination and insight, but he was regular and uniform only in his hatred of eccentricity and bad taste; he was precise in his aversion to vagueness, and to the substitution of mere harmonious sound for solid sense; he showed balance in his continual dependence on his critical judgment, in his reverent attitude — much like Arnold's own — towards the poets of former times, and towards the critical good sense of his own period. His puissance and his glory are, that despite his lack of creative originality, he made his verse so fit an image of his own active and receptive mind.

EARLY POEMS

UPON THE DEATH OF THE LORD HASTINGS

[The following poem, Dryden's first published work, is one of a number of pieces composing a small volume entitled, *Lachrymæ Musarum, the Tears of the Muses, exprest in Elegies, written by divers persons of Nobility and Worth, upon the death of the most hopefull Henry, Lord Hastings, only sonn of the Right Honourable Ferdinando, Earl of Huntingdon, Heir-general of the high-born Prince George, Duke of Clarence, brother to King Edward the Fourth, collected and set forth by R. B. London, 1649.* (A second issue of the book, differing very slightly from the first, is dated 1650.) The young nobleman, who seems to have been worthy of the praises heaped upon him, was born, according to Collins's *Peerage of England*, on January 16, 1630, and died of the smallpox on June 24, 1649. Among the contributors to *Lachrymæ Musarum* were Denham, Marvell, Horriek, and Richard Brome, the last of whom is thought to have been the editor of the collection. Dryden's boyish elegy was written under the direct influence of Cowley, whom he later styles "the darling of my youth" (see p. 320, below); it is signed *Johannes Dryden, Scholæ Westm. Alummus*. It was first reprinted in 1702, in the third edition of *Miscellany Poems, the First Part*.]

MUST noble Hastings immaturely die,
The honor of his ancient family,
Beauty and learning thus together meet,
To bring a winding for a wedding sheet?
Must Virtue prove Death's harbinger? must
she,
With him expiring, feel mortality?
Is death, sin's wages, grace's now? shall
art
Make us more learned, only to depart?
If merit be disease; if virtue death;
To be good, not to be; who'd then be-
queath
Himself to discipline? who'd not esteem
Labor a crime? study self-murder deem?
Our noble youth now have pretence to be
Dunces securely, ign'rant healthfully.

Rare linguist, whose worth speaks itself,
whose praise,
Tho' not his own, all tongues besides do raise!
Then whom great Alexander may seem less,
Who conquer'd men, but not their lan-
guages.

In his mouth nations speak; his tongue
might be

Interpreter to Greece, France, Italy. 20
His native soil was the four parts o' th' earth;
All Europe was too narrow for his birth.

A young apostle; and, (with rev'rence may
I speak 'it,) inspir'd with gift of tongues, as
they.

Nature gave him, a child, what men in vain
Oft strive, by art tho' further'd, to obtain.
His body was an orb, his sublime soul
Did move on virtue's and on learning's pole:
Whose reg'lar motions better to our view,
Then Archimedes' sphere, the heavens did
shew. 30

Graces and virtues, languages and arts,
Beauty and learning, fill'd up all the parts.
Heav'n's gifts, which do, like falling stars,
appear

Scatter'd in others; all, as in their sphere,
Were fix'd and conglobate in 's soul; and in
thence

Shone thro' his body, with sweet influence;
Letting their glories so on each limb fall,
The whole frame render'd was celestial.
Come, learned Ptolemy, and trial make,
If thou this hero's altitude canst take: 40
But that transcends thy skill; thrice happy
all,

Could we but prove thus astronomical.
Liv'd Tycho now, struck with this ray,
which shone

More bright i' th' morn, then others' beam
at noon,

He'd take his *astrolabe*, and seek out here
What new star 't was did gild our hemi-
sphere.

Replenish'd then with such rare gifts as
these,

Where was room left for such a foul disease?

The nation's sin hath drawn that veil, which
shrouds

Our dayspring in so sad benighting clouds.
Heaven would no longer trust its pledge;
but thus

Recall'd it; rapt its Ganymede from us.
Was there no milder way but the smallpox,
The very filth'ness of Pandora's box?

So many spots, like *naves* our Venus soil?
One jewel set off with so many a foil!
Blisters with pride swell'd, which thro' ^{'s}
flesh did sprout,

Like rose-buds, stuck i' th' lily skin about.
Each little pimple had a tear in it,
To wail the fault its rising did commit: ⁶⁰
Who, rebel-like, with their own lord at
strife,

Thus made an insurrection 'gainst his life.
Or were these gems sent to adorn his skin,
The cabinet of a richer soul within?
No comet need foretell his changedrew on,
Whose corpse might seem a *constellation*.
O, had he died of old, how great a strife
Had been, who from his death should draw
their life?

Who should, by one rich draught, become
whate'er

Seneca, Cato, Numa, Caesar, were; ^{' 70}
Learn'd, virtuous, pious, great; and have
by this

An universal *metempsuchosis*.

Must all these ag'd sires in one funeral
Expire? all die in one so young, so small?
Who, had he liv'd his life out, his great fame
Had swell'n 'bove any Greek or Roman
name.

But hasty winter, with one blast, hath
brought

The hopes of autumn, summer, spring, to
naught.

Thus fades the oak i' th' sprig, i' th' blade
the corn;

Thus without young, this Phoenix dies, new-
born. ⁸⁰

Must then old three-legg'd graybeards with
their gout,

Cataracts, rheums, ach's, live three ages out?
Time's offal, only fit for th' hospital,
Or t' hang an antiquary's room withal!

Must drunkards, lechers, spent with sinning,
live

With such helps as broths, possets, physic
give?

None live, but such as should die? shall we
meet

With none but ghostly fathers in the street?
Grief makes me rail: sorrow will force its
way;

And show'rs of tears tempestuous sighs best
lay. ⁹⁰

The tongue may fail, but overflowing eyes
Will weep out lasting streams of elegies.

But thou, O *virgin-midow*, left alone,
Now thy belov'd, heaven-ravish'd spouse is
gone,

(Whose skilful sire in vain strove to apply
Med'cines, when thy balm was no remedy.)
With greater then Platonic love, O wed
His soul, tho' not his body, to thy bed:

Let that make thee a mother; bring thou
forth ⁹⁵

Th' *ideas* of his virtue, knowledge, worth;
Transcribe th' original in new copies; give
Hastings o' th' better part: so shall he live
In 's nobler half; and the great grandsire be
Of an heroic divine progeny;

An issue, which t' eternity shall last,
Yet but th' irradiations which he cast.
Erect no *mausoleums*; for his best
Monument is his spouse's marble breast.

TO HIS FRIEND JOHN HODDES- DON, ON HIS DIVINE EPI- GRAMS

[This complimentary poem was prefixed to a little volume entitled, *Sion and Parnassus, or Epigrams on several texts of the Old and New Testament; to which are added a Poem on the Passion, a Hymn on the Resurrection, Ascension, and Feast of Pentecost, by John Hoddesdon, London, 1650; it is signed J. Dryden of Trin. C. and headed To his friend the Authour, on his divine Epigrams. A portrait of Hoddesdon as a youth of about Dryden's years forms the frontispiece to the volume. Dryden's verses distinctly show the influence of the Puritan atmosphere in which he was brought up.]*

THOU hast inspir'd me with thy soul, and I
Who ne'er before could ken of poetry,
Am grown so good proficient, I can lend
A line in commendation of my friend.

Yet 'tis but of the second hand; if aught
There be in this, 'tis from thy fancy brought.
Good thee, who dar'st, Prometheus-like,
aspire,

And fill thy poems with celestial fire:
Enliv'n'd by these sparks divine, their rays
Add a bright luster to thy crown of bays. ¹⁰

Young eaglet, who thy nest thus soon forsook,
So lofty and divine a course hast took
As all admire, before the down begin
To peep, as yet, upon thy smother chin;
And, making heaven thy aim, hast had the
grace

To look the Sun of Righteousness i' th' face.
What may we hope, if thou go'st on thus fast!
Scriptures at first; enthusiasms at last!
Thou hast commene'd, betimes, a saint, go
on,

Mingling diviner streams with Helicon. 20
That they who view what Epigrams here be,
May learn to make like, in just praise of thee.

Reader, I've done, nor longer will withhold
Thy greedy eyes; looking on this pure gold
Thou'lt know adulterate copper, which, like
this,

Will only serve to be a foil to his.

LETTER TO MADAME HONOR DRYDEN

[This letter was written by Dryden, while a student at Cambridge, to his cousin Honor Dryden, who was then about eighteen years old. She never married, and in her later years is said to have lived with her brother, John Dryden of Chesterton, to whom our author, in 1690, addressed one of his best poetical epistles. See p. 784, below.

The letter was first printed by Malone, from the original manuscript, now lost. The transcript below follows strictly Malone's text, which very properly preserves Dryden's vagaries of spelling.]

TO THE FAIRE HANDS OF MADAME HONOR DRYDEN THESE CRAVE ADMITTANCE

Camb. May. 23, 16[55].

MADAME,

If you have received the lines I sent by the reverend Levite, I doubt not but they have exceedingly wrought upon you; for being so long in a clergy-man's pocket, assuredly they have acquired more sanctity than their author meant them. Alasse, Madame! for ought I know, they may become a sermon ere they could arrive at you; and believe it, having you for the text, it could scarcely prove bad, if it light upon one that could handle it indifferently. But I am so miserable a preacher, that though I have so sweet and copious a subject, I still fall short in my expressions; and instead of an use of thanksgiving, I am always making one of comfort, that I may one day

again have the happiness to kiss your faire hand; but that is a message I would not so willingly do by letter, as by word of mouth.

This is a point, I must confesse, I could willingly dwell longer on; and in this case what ever I say you may confidently take for gospel. But I must hasten. And indeed, Madame, (*belov'd* I had almost sayd,) hee had need hasten who treats of you; for to speake fully to every part of your excellencies, requires a longer houre then most persons have allotted them. But, in a word, your selfe hath been the best expositor upon the text of your own worth, in that admirable comment you wrote upon it; I meane your incomparable letter. By all that's good, (and you, Madame, are a great part of my oath,) it hath put mee so farre besides my selfe, that I have scarce patience to write prose, and my pen is stealing into verse every time I kisse your letter. I am sure the poor paper smartes for my idolatry; which by wearing it continually neere my brest, will at last be burnt and martyrd in those flames of adoration which it hath kindled in mee. But I forgett, Madame, what rarities your letter came fraught with, besides words. You are such a deity that commands worship by providing the sacrifices. You are pleas'd, Madame, to force me to write by sending me materials, and compell me to my greatest happinesse. Yet, though I highly value your magnificent presente, pardon mee, if I must tell the world they are imperfect emblems of your beauty; for the white and red of waxe and paper are but shaddowes of that vermillion and snow in your lips and forehead; and the silver of the inkehorne, if it presume to vye whitenesse with your purer skime, must confesse it selfe blacker then the liquor it contains. What then do I more then retrieve your own gifts, and present you with that paper, adulterated with blotts, which you gave spotlesse?

For, since 't was mine, the white hath lost
its hiew,
To show 't was n'ere it selfe, but whilst in
you:

The virgin waxe hath blusht it selfe to red,
Since it with mee hath lost its maydenhead.
You, fairest nymph, are waxe: oh! may you
bee

As well in softnesse, as in purity!
Till fate and your own happy choice reveale,
Whom you so farre shall blesse, to make
your seale.

Fairest Valentine, the unfeigned wishe of your
humble votary.

JO. DRYDEN.

HEROIC STANZAS

CONSECRATED TO THE GLORIOUS MEMORY OF HIS MOST SERENE AND
RENEWN'D HIGHNESS OLIVER, LATE LORD PROTECTOR OF THIS COMMON-
WEALTH, &c. WRITTEN AFTER THE CELEBRATION OF HIS FUNERAL

[Cromwell died on September 3, 1658, and was buried with great pomp on November 23. Dryden therefore wrote the following poem, his first important work, at the close of 1658, when he was already in his twenty-eighth year. By his choice of stanza, and by his comparatively simple style, he shows that he is now influenced by Davenant quite as much as by Cowley.

This poem was published twice in 1659: separately, with a title-page reading, *A Poem upon the Death of his Late Highness Oliver, Lord Protector of England, Scotland, & Ireland*, written by Mr. Dryden. London. Printed for William Wilson; and, with poems by Waller and Sprat, in a volume entitled, *Three Poems upon the Death of his late Highnesse Oliver, Lord Protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland*, printed by the same publisher. General probability, confirmed by one significant variation in text (see note on line 56), points to the separate edition as the original one; the poem would be likely to appear first by itself rather than together with work by other authors. In 1682 some enemies of Dryden reprinted the *Three Poems* volume, with a title-page reading, *Three Poems upon the Death of the Late Usurper Oliver Cromwel*.

The above heading is taken from the original *Three Poems* volume, the text of which was probably revised by Dryden from the earlier edition.]

I

AND now 't is time; for their officious haste,
Who would before have borne him to the
sky,
Like eager Romans, ere all rites were past,
Did let too soon the sacred eagle fly.

II

Tho' our best notes are treason to his
fame,
Join'd with the loud applause of public
voice;
Since Heav'n, what praise we offer to his
name,
Hath render'd too authentic by its
choice.

III

Tho' in his praise no arts can liberal be,
Since they, whose Muses have the highest
flown,
Add not to his immortal memory,
But do an act of friendship to their
own.

IV

Yet 't is our duty, and our interest too,
Such monuments as we can build, to
raise;
Lest all the world prevent what we should
do,
And claim a title in him by their praise.

V

How shall I then begin, or where con-
clude,
To draw a fume so truly circular?
For in a round what order can be shew'd,
Where all the parts so equal-perfect are?

VI

His grandeur he deriv'd from heav'n alone;
For he was great ere fortune made him
so:
And wars, like mists that rise against the
sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater
grow.

VII

No borrow'd rays his temples did adorn,
But to our crown he did fresh jewels
bring;
Nor was his virtue poison'd, soon as born,
With the too early thoughts of being
king.

VIII

Fortune (that easy mistress of the young,
But to her ancient servants coy and
hard)
Him, at that age, her favorites rank'd
among,
When she her best-lov'd Pompey did dis-
card.

IX

He, private, mark'd the faults of others' sway,
 And set as sea-marks for himself to shun:
 Not like rash monarchs, who their youth
 betray
 By acts their age too late would wish un-
 done.

X

And yet dominion was not his design;
 We owe that blessing not to him, but
 Heaven,
 Which to fair acts unsought rewards did
 join;
 Rewards that less to him than us were
 given. 40

XI

Our former chiefs, like sticklers of the war,
 First sought t' inflame the parties, then
 to poise:
 The quarrel lov'd, but did the cause abhor;
 And did not strike to hurt, but make a
 noise.

XII

War, our consumption, was their gainful
 trade:
 We inward bled, whilst they prolong'd
 our pain;
 He fought to end our fighting, and assay'd
 To staunch the blood by breathing of the
 vein.

XIII

Swift and resistless thro' the land he pass'd,
 Like that bold Greek who did the East
 subdue, 50
 And made to battles such heroic haste,
 As if on wings of victory he flew.

XIV

He fought secure of fortune as of fame;
 Till, by new maps, the island might be
 shown,
 Of conquests, which he strew'd where'er he
 came,
 Thick as the galaxy with stars is sown.

XV

His palms, tho' under weights they did not
 stand,
 Still thriv'd; no winter could his laurels
 fade:

Heav'n in his portrait shew'd a workman's
 hand,
 And drew it perfect, yet without a shade. 59

XVI

Peace was the prize of all his toils and care,
 Which war had banish'd, and did now
 restore:
 Bologna's walls thus mounted in the air,
 To seat themselves more surely then be-
 fore.

XVII

Her safety, rescued Ireland to him owes;
 And treacherous Scotland, to no int'rest
 true,
 Yet bless'd that fate which did his arms dis-
 pose
 Her land to civilize, as to subdue.

XVIII

Nor was he like those stars which only shine
 When to pale mariners they storms por-
 tend: 70
 He had his calmer influence, and his mien
 Did love and majesty together blend.

XIX

'T is true, his count'nance did imprint an
 awe;
 And naturally all souls to his did bow,
 As wands of divination downward draw,
 And point to beds where sov'reign gold
 doth grow.

XX

When past all offerings to Feretrian Jove,
 He Mars depos'd, and arms to gowns
 made yield;
 Successful counsels did him soon approve
 As fit for close intrigues, as open field. 80

XXI

To suppliant Holland he vouchsaf'd a
 peace,
 Our once bold rival in the British main,
 Now tamely glad her unjust claim to cease,
 And buy our friendship with her idol,
 gain.

XXII

Fame of th' asserted sea, thro' Europe
 blown,
 Made France and Spain ambitious of his
 love;

Each knew that side must conquer he would
own;
And for him fiercely, as for empire,
strove.

XXIII

No sooner was the Frenchman's cause embrac'd,
Than the light Mounsire the grave Don
outweigh'd:
His fortune turn'd the scale where it was
cast;
Tho' Indian mines were in the other laid.

XXIV

When absent, yet we conquer'd in his right:
For too some meaner artist's skill were
shown
In mingling colors, or in placing light;
Yet still the fair design was his own.

XXV

For from all tempers he could service draw;
The worth of each with its alloy he knew,
And, as the confident of Nature, saw
How she complexions did divide and
brew.

XXVI

Or he their single virtues did survey,
By intuition, in his own large breast,
Where all the rich *ideas* of them lay,
That were the rule and measure to the
rest.

XXVII

When such heroic virtue Heav'n sets out,
The stars, like commons, sullenly obey;
Because it drains them, when it comes about,
And therefore is a tax they seldom pay.

XXVIII

From this high spring our foreign conquests
flow,
Which yet more glorious triumphs do
portend;
Since their commencement to his arms they
owe,
If springs as high as fountains may ascend.

XXIX

He made us freemen of the continent,
Whom Nature did like captives treat before;

To nobler preys the English lion sent,
And taught him first in Belgium walks
to roar.

XXX

That old unquestion'd pirate of the land,
Proud Rome, with dread, the fate of
Dunkirk heard;
And trembling, wish'd behind more Alps to
stand,
Altho' an Alexander were her guard.

XXXI

By his command we boldly cross'd the line,
And bravely fought where southern stars
arise;
We trac'd the far-fetch'd gold unto the
mine,
And that which brib'd our fathers made
our prize.

XXXII

Such was our prince; yet own'd a soul
above
The highest acts it could produce to
show:
Thus poor mechanic arts in public move,
Whilst the deep secrets beyond practice
go.

XXXIII

Nor died he when his ebbing fame went
less,
But when fresh laurels courted him to
live:
He seem'd but to prevent some new success,
As if above what triumphs earth could
give.

XXXIV

His latest victories still thickest came,
As near the center motion does increase;
Till he, press'd down by his own weighty
name,
Did, like the vestal, under spoils de cease.

XXXV

But first the ocean, as a tribute, sent
That giant prince of all her watery
herd;
And th' isle, when her protecting genius
went,
Upon his obsequies loud sighs conferr'd.

XXXVI

No civil broils have since his death arose,
But faction now by habit does obey;
And wars have that respect for his repose,
As wars for *halcyons*, when they breed at sea.

XXXVII

His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest;
His name a great example stands, to show
How strangely high endeavors may be blest,
Where piety and valor jointly go.

ASTRÆA REDUX

A POEM ON THE HAPPY RESTORATION AND RETURN OF HIS SACRED
MAJESTY CHARLES THE SECOND

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna. — VIRGIL.

[Charles landed at Dover on May 25, 1660, and Dryden's poem must have been composed soon after that date. It was published in the same year by Herringman, who remained Dryden's publisher until 1679. In 1688 this poem was reprinted for Herringman, in a quarto volume, together with *To his Sacred Majesty, To my Lord Chancellor, and Annus Mirabilis*. There are no significant variant readings. The present edition follows the text of 1680.]

Now with a general peace the world was
blest,
While ours, a world divided from the rest,
A dreadful quiet felt, and worse far
Then arms, a sullen interval of war:
Thus when black clouds draw down the
lab'ring skies,
Ere yet abroad the winged thunder flies,
An horrid stillness first invades the ear,
And in that silence we the tempest fear.
Th' ambitious Swede, like restless billows
toss'd,
On this hand gaining what on that he
lost,
Tho' in his life he blood and ruin breath'd,
To his now guideless kingdom peace be-
queath'd.
And Heaven, that seem'd regardless of our
fate,
For France and Spain did miracles create;
Such mortal quarrels to compose in peace,
As nature bred, and int'rest did encrease.
We sigh'd to hear the fair Iberian bride
Must grow a lily to the lily's side,
While our cross stars denied us Charles his
bed,
Whom our first flames and virgin love did
wed.
For his long absence Church and State did
groan;
Madness the pulpit, faction seiz'd the
throne:
Experienc'd age in deep despair was lost,
To see the rebel thrive, the loyal cross'd:

Youth, that with joys had unacquainted
been,
Envied gray hairs that once good days had
seen;
We thought our sires, not with their own
content,
Had, ere we came to age, our portion spent.
Nor could our nobles hope their bold at-
tempt,
Who ruin'd crowns, would coronets ex-
empt:
For when by their designing leaders taught
To strike at pow'r which for themselves
they sought,
The vulgar, gull'd into rebellion, arm'd;
Their blood to action by the prize was
warm'd.
The sacred purple then and scarlet gown,
Like sanguine dye, to elephants was shown.
Thus when the bold Typhoeus seal'd the
sky,
And forc'd great Jove from his own heaven
to fly,
(What king, what crown from treason's
reach is free,
If Jove and heaven can violated be?)
The lesser gods, that shar'd his prosp'rous
state,
All suffer'd in the exil'd Thund'rer's fate.
The rabble now such freedom did enjoy,
As winds at sea, that use it to destroy:
Blind as the Cyclops, and as wild as he,
They own'd a lawless salvage liberty,
Like that our painted ancestors so priz'd

Ere empire's arts their breasts had civiliz'd.
How great were then our Charles his woes,
who thus

Was forc'd to suffer for himself and us ! 50
He, toss'd by fate, and hurried up and
down,

Heir to his father's sorrows, with his
crown,

Could taste no sweets of youth's desired
age;

But found his life too true a pilgrimage.

Unconquer'd yet in that forlorn estate,

His manly courage overcame his fate.

His wounds he took, like Romans, on his
breast,

Which by his virtue were with laurels
dress'd.

As souls reach heav'n while yet in bodies
pent,

So did he live above his banishment. 60

That sun, which we beheld with cozen'd eyes

Within the water, mov'd along the skies.

How easy 't is, when Destiny proves kind,

With full-spread sails to run before the
wind !

But those that 'gainst stiff gales lavingering
go,

Must be at once resolv'd and skilful too.

He would not, like soft Otho, hope prevent,

But stay'd and suffer'd Fortune to repent.

These virtues Galba in a stranger sought,

And Piso to adopted empire brought. 70

How shall I then my doubtful thoughts
express,

That must his suff'rings both regret and
bless !

For when his early valor Heav'n had
cross'd,

And all at Wore'ster but the honor lost,
Forc'd into exile from his rightful throne,

He made all countries where he came his
own;

And viewing monarchs' secret arts of sway,
A royal factor for their kingdoms lay.

Thus banish'd David spent abroad his time,

When to be God's anointed was his crime; 80

And, when restor'd, made his proud neigh-
bors rue

Those choice remarks he from his travels
drew.

Nor is he only by afflictions shown

To conquer others' realms, but rule his own:

Recover'ing hardly what he lost before,

His right indears it much; his purchase
more.

Inur'd to suffer ere he came to reign,
No rash procedure will his actions stain.

To bus'ness ripen'd by digestive thought,

His future rule is into method brought; 90

As they who first proportion understand,

With easy practice reach a master's hand.

Well might the ancient poets then confer

On Night the honor'd name of *Counselor*,

Since struck with rays of prosperous fortune
blind,

We light alone in dark afflictions find.

In such adversities to scepters train'd,

The name of *Great* his famous grandsire
gain'd;

Who yet a king alone in name and right,

With hunger, cold, and angry Jove did
fight; 100

Shock'd by a Covenanting League's vast
pow'rs,

As holy and as catholic as ours:

Till Fortune's fruitless spite had made it
known,

Her blows not shook but riveted his throne.

Some lazy ages, lost in sleep and ease,

No action leave to busy chronicles:

Such, whose supine felicity but nukes

In story *chasmus*, in *epoches* mistakes:

O'er whom Time gently shakes his wings of
down, 109

Till with his silent sickle they are mown.

Such is not Charles his too too active age,

Which, govern'd by the wild distemper'd
rage

Of some black star infecting all the skies,

Made him at his own cost like Adam wise.

Tremble, ye nations, who, secure before,

Laugh'd at those arms that 'gainst our-
selves we bore:

Rous'd by the lash of his own stubborn
tail,

Our lion now will foreign foes assail.

With *alga* who the sacred altar strows ?

To all the sea-gods Charles an offering
owes: 120

A bull to thee, Portunus, shall be slain,

A lamb to you, the tempests of the main:

For those loud storms that did against him
roar

Have cast his shipwreck'd vessel on the
shore.

Yet as wise artists mix their colors so,

That by degrees they from each other go:

Black steals unheeded from the neighbor'ing
white,

Without offending the well-cozen'd sight:

So on us stole our blessed change, while
 Th' effect did feel, but scarce the manner
 see.
 Frosts that constrain the ground, and birth
 deny
 To flow'rs that in its womb expecting lie,
 Do seldom their usurping pow'r withdraw,
 But raging floods pursue their hasty thaw.
 Our thaw was mild, the cold not chas'd
 away,
 But lost in kindly heat of lengthen'd day.
 Heav'n would no bargain for its blessings
 drive,
 But what we could not pay for, freely give.
 The Prince of Peace would, like himself,
 confer
 A gift unhop'd without the price of war: ¹⁴⁰
 Yet, as he knew his blessing's worth, took
 care,
 That we should know it by repeated pray'r;
 Which storm'd the skies, and ravish'd
 Charles from thence,
 As heav'n itself is took by violence.
 Booth's forward valor only serv'd to show
 He durst that duty pay we all did owe:
 Th' attempt was fair; but Heav'n's prefixed
 hour
 Not come: so, like the watchful traveller
 That by the moon's mistaken light did rise,
 Lay down again, and clos'd his weary eyes.
 'T was Monk whom Providence design'd to
 loose ¹⁵¹
 Those real bonds false freedom did impose.
 The blessed saints that watch'd this turning
 scene,
 Did from their stars with joyful wonder
 lean,
 To see small clues draw vastest weights
 along,
 Not in their bulk, but in their order strong.
 Thus pencils can by one slight touch restore
 Smiles to that changed face that wept be-
 fore.
 With ease such fond *chimeras* we pursue
 As fancy frames for fancy to subdue; ¹⁶⁰
 But when ourselves to action we betake,
 It shuns the mint like gold that chymists
 make.
 How hard was then his task, at once to be
 What in the body natural we see.
 Man's architect distinctly did ordain
 The charge of muscles, nerves, and of the
 brain,
 Thro' viewless conduits spirits to dispense,

The springs of motion from the seat of sense.
 'T was not the hasty product of a day,
 But the well-ripen'd fruit of wise delay. ¹⁷⁰
 He, like a patient angler, ere he strook,
 Would let them play a while upon the hook.
 Our healthful food the stomach labors thus,
 At first embracing what it straight doth
 crush.
 Wise leeches will not vain receipts obtrude,
 While growing pains pronounce the humors
 crude;
 Deaf to complaints, they wait upon the ill,
 Till some safe *crisis* authorize their skill.
 Nor could his acts too close a vizard wear,
 To scape their eyes whom guilt had taught
 to fear, ¹⁸⁰
 And guard with caution that polluted nest,
 Whence Legion twice before was dispos-
 sess'd:
 Once sacred house; which when they enter'd
 in,
 They thought the place could sanctify a sin;
 Like those that vainly hop'd kind Heav'n
 would wink,
 While to excess on martyrs' tombs they
 drink.
 And as devouter Turks first warn their souls
 To part, before they taste forbidden bowls;
 So these, when their black crimes they went
 about,
 First timely charm'd their useless conscience
 out. ¹⁹⁰
 Religion's name against itself was made;
 The shadow serv'd the substance to invade:
 Like zealous missions, they did care pretend
 Of souls in shew, but made the gold their end.
 Th' incens'd pow'rs beheld with scorn from
 high
 An heaven so far distant from the sky,
 Which durst, with horses' hoofs that beat
 the ground,
 And martial brass, bely the thunder's sound.
 'T was hence at length just vengeance
 thought it fit
 To speed their ruin by their impious wit. ²⁰⁰
 Thus Sforza, curst with a too fertile brain,
 Lost by his wiles the pow'r his wit did gain.
 Henceforth their fogue must spend at lesser
 rate
 Then in its flames to wrap a nation's fate.
 Suffer'd to live, they are like Helots set,
 A virtuous shame within us to beget.
 For by example most we sinn'd before,
 And glass-like clearness mix'd with frailty
 bore.

While rich ideas there are only caught ?
 Sure that 's not all: this is a piece too fair
 To be the child of chance, and not of care.
 No atoms casually together hurl'd ³¹
 Could e'er produce so beautiful a world.
 Nor dare I such a doctrine here admit,
 As would destroy the providence of wit.
 'Tis your strong genius then which does
 not feel

Those weights would make a weaker spirit
 reel.

To carry weight, and run so lightly too,
 Is what alone your Pegasus can do.
 Great Hercules himself could ne'er do
 more,

Than not to feel those heav'ns and gods he
 bore. ⁴⁰

Your easier odes, which for delight were
 penn'd,

Yet our instruction make their second end:
 We're both enrich'd and pleas'd, like them
 that woo

At once a beauty and a fortune too.
 Of moral knowledge Poesy was queen,
 And still she might, had wanton wits not
 been;

Who, like ill guardians, liv'd themselves at
 large,

And, not content with that, debauch'd their
 charge.

Like some brave captain, your successful pen
 Restores the exil'd to her crown again; ⁵⁰
 And gives us hope, that having seen the
 days

When nothing flourish'd but fanatic bays,
 All will at length in this opinion rest:
 "A sober prince's government is best."
 This is not all; your art the way has
 found

To make improvement of the richest
 ground,

That soil which those immortal laurels
 bore,

That once the sacred Maro's temples wore.
 Elisa's griefs are so express'd by you,
 They are too eloquent to have been true. ⁶⁰
 Had she so spoke, Æneas had obey'd
 What Dido, rather than what Jove, had
 said.

If funeral rites can give a ghost repose,
 Your muse so justly has discharged those,
 Elisa's shade may now its wand'ring cease,
 And claim a title to the fields of peace.
 But if Æneas be oblig'd, no less
 Your kindness great Achilles doth confess;

Who, dress'd by Statius in too bold a look,
 Did ill become those virgin's robes he
 took. ⁷⁰

To understand how much we owe to you,
 We must your numbers with your author's
 view;

Then we shall see his work was lamely
 rough,

Each figure stiff, as if design'd in buff;
 His colors laid so thick on every place,
 As only shew'd the paint, but hid the face.
 But as in perspective we beauties see,
 Which in the glass, not in the picture, be;
 So here our sight obligingly mistakes
 That wealth which his your bounty only
 makes. ⁸⁰

Thus vulgar dishes are by cooks disguis'd,
 More for their dressing than their sub-
 stance priz'd.

Your curious notes * so search <sup>* Annotations
on Statius.</sup>
 into that age,

When all was fable but the sacred page,
 That, since in that dark night we needs
 must stray,

We are at least misled in pleasant way.
 But what we most admire, your verse no less
 The prophet than the poet doth confess.
 Ere our weak eyes discern'd the doubtful
 streak

Of light, you saw great Charles his morn-
 ing break. ⁹⁰

So skilful seamen ken the land from far,
 Which shews like mists to the dull pas-
 senger.

To Charles your Muse first pays her dutious
 love,

As still the ancients did begin from Jove.
 With Monk you end, whose name preserv'd
 shall be,

As Rome recorded Rufus' * *Hic situs est
Rufus, qui
pulsus Vindice
quondam,
Imperium as-
servit non sibi
sed patriæ.*

Who thought it greater honor
 to obey

His country's interest than the
 world to sway.

But to write worthy things of worthy men,
 Is the peculiar talent of your pen: ¹⁰⁰
 Yet let me take your mantle up, and I
 Will venture in your right to prophesy.

"This work, by merit first of fame secure,
 Is likewise happy in its geniture:

For, since 't is born when Charles ascends
 the throne,

It shares at once his fortune and its own."

TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY

A PANEGYRIC ON HIS CORONATION

[Charles II was crowned on St. George's Day, April 23, 1661. This poem was published in 1661 and reprinted in 1688: see note on *Astræa Redux*, p. 7, above. There are no significant variant readings. The present edition follows the text of 1661.]

In that wild deluge where the world was
drown'd,
When life and sin one common tomb had
found,

The first small prospect of a rising hill
With various notes of joy the ark did fill:
Yet when that flood in its own depths was
drown'd,

It left behind it false and slipp'ry ground;
And the more solemn pomp was still de-
ferr'd

Till new-born nature in fresh looks appear'd.
Thus, royal sir, to see you landed here,
Was cause enough of triumph for a year; 10
Nor would your care those glorious joys
repeat,

Till they at once might be secure and great;
Till your kind beams by their continued stay
Had warm'd the ground, and call'd the
damps away.

Such vapors, while your pow'rful influence
dries,

Then soonest vanish when they highest rise.
Had greater haste these sacred rights pre-
par'd,

Some guilty months had in your triumphs
shar'd;

But this untainted year is all your own;
Your glories may without our crimes be
shown. 20

We had not yet exhausted all our store,
When you refresh'd our joys by adding
more:

As Heav'n, of old, dispens'd celestial dew,
You give us manna, and still give us new.

Now our sad ruins are remov'd from
sight,

The season too comes fraught with new
delight;

Time seems not now beneath his years to
stoop,

Nor do his wings with sickly feathers droop:
Soft western winds waft o'er the gaudy
spring,

And open'd scenes of flow'rs and blossoms
bring, 30

To grace this happy day, while you appear
Not king of us alone, but of the year.

All eyes you draw, and with the eyes the
heart,

Of your own pomp yourself the greatest
part:

Loud shouts the nation's happiness proclaim,
And heav'n this day is feasted with your
name.

Your cavalcade the fair spectators view
From their high standings, yet look up to
you.

From your brave train each singles out a
prey,

And longs to date a conquest from your
day. 40

Now charg'd with blessings while you seek
repose,

Officious slumbers haste your eyes to close;
And glorious dreams stand ready to restore
The pleasing shapes of all you saw before.

Next, to the sacred temple you are led,
Where waits a crown for your more sacred
head:

How justly from the Church that crown is
due,

Preserv'd from ruin, and restor'd by you!
The grateful choir their harmony employ,

Not to make greater, but more solemn
joy. 50

Wrapp'd soft and warm your name is sent
on high,

As flames do on the wings of incense fly:
Music herself is lost, in vain she brings

Her choicest notes to praise the best of
kings;

Her melting strains in you a tomb have
found,

And lie like bees in their own sweetness
drown'd.

He that brought peace, and discord could
atone,

His name is music of itself alone.
Now while the sacred oil anoints your head,

And fragrant scents, begun from you, are
spread 60

Thro' the large dome, the people's joyful
 sound,
 Sent back, is still preserv'd in hallow'd
 ground;
 Which in one blessing mix'd descends on
 you,
 As heighten'd spirits fall in richer dew.
 Not that our wishes do increase your store:
 Full of yourself, you can admit no more;
 We add not to your glory, but employ
 Our time, like angels, in expressing joy.
 Nor is it duty, or our hopes alone,
 Create that joy, but full fruition: 70
 We know those blessings which we must
 possess,
 And judge of future by past happiness.
 No promise can oblige a prince so much
 Still to be good, as long to have been such.
 A noble emulation heats your breast,
 And your own fame now robs you of your
 rest:
 Good actions still must be maintain'd with
 good,
 As bodies nourish'd with resembling food.
 You have already quench'd sedition's
 brand;
 And zeal, (which burnt it,) only warms
 the land. 80
 The jealous sects, that dare not trust their
 cause
 So far from their own will as to the laws,
 You for their empire and their synod take,
 And their appeal alone to Caesar make.
 Kind Heav'n so rare a temper did provide,
 That guilt repenting might in it confide.
 Among our crimes oblivion may be set;
 But 't is our king's perfection to forget.
 Virtues unknown to these rough northern
 climes
 From milder heav'n's you bring, without
 their crimes; 90
 Your calmness does no after-storms pro-
 vide,
 Nor seeming patience mortal anger hide.
 When empire first from families did spring,
 Then every father govern'd as a king;
 But you, that are a sovereign prince, allay
 Imperial pow'r with your paternal sway.
 From those great cares when ease your
 soul unbends,
 Your pleasures are design'd to noble ends:
 Born to command the Mistress of the Seas,
 Your thoughts themselves in that blue em-
 pire please. 100
 Either in summer ev'nings you repair

To take the fraischeur of the purer air:
 Undaunted here you ride when winter
 raves,
 With Caesar's heart that rose above the
 waves.
 More I could sing, but fear my numbers
 stays;
 No loyal subject dares that courage praise.
 In stately frigates most delight you find,
 Where well-drawn battles fire your martial
 mind.
 What to your cares we owe is learnt from
 hence,
 When ev'n your pleasures serve for our de-
 fence. 110
 Beyond your court flows in th' admitted tide,
 Where in new depths the wond'ring fishes
 glide:
 Here in a royal bed the waters sleep;
 When tir'd at sea, within this bay they
 creep.
 Here the mistrustful fowl no harm sus-
 pects,
 So safe are all things which our king pro-
 tects.
 From your lov'd Thames a blessing yet is
 due,
 Second alone to that it brought in you;
 A queen, from whose chaste womb, or-
 dain'd by fate, 119
 The souls of kings unborn for bodies wait.
 It was your love before made discord cease:
 Your love is destin'd to your country's
 peace.
 Both Indies, (rivals in your bed,) provide
 With gold or jewels to adorn your bride.
 This to a mighty king presents rich ore,
 While that with incense does a god implore.
 Two kingdoms wait your doom, and, as you
 choose,
 This must receive a crown, or that must
 lose.
 Thus from your Royal Oak, like Jove's of
 old,
 Are answers sought, and destinies fore-
 told: 130
 Propitious oracles are begg'd with vows,
 And crowns that grow upon the sacred
 boughs.
 Your subjects, while you weigh the nations'
 fate,
 Suspend to both their doubtful love or hate:
 Choose only, sir, that so they may possess
 With their own peace their children's hap-
 piness.

TO MY LORD CHANCELLOR

PRESENTED ON NEW YEAR'S DAY

[The person addressed in this poem is Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, the greatest statesman of the earlier years of Charles the Second's reign. The poem was published in 1662 and reprinted in 1688: see note on *Astræa Redux*, p. 7, above. There are only small variations between the two copies; the 1662 text is the basis of the present edition.]

MY LORD,
 WHILE flattering crowds officiously appear,
 To give themselves, not you, an happy year;
 And by the greatness of their presents prove
 How much they hope, but not how well
 they love;
 The Muses, who your early courtship boast,
 Tho' now your flames are with their beauty
 lost,
 Yet watch their time, that, if you have for-
 got
 They were your mistresses, the world may
 not:
 Decay'd by time and wars, they only prove
 Their former beauty by your former love;¹⁰
 And now present as ancient ladies do,
 That courted long, at length are forc'd to
 woo.
 For still they look on you with such kind
 eyes,
 As those that see the Church's sovereign rise;
 From their own order chose, in whose high
 state
 They think themselves the second choice of
 fate.
 When our great monarch into exile went,
 Wit and religion suffer'd banishment.
 Thus once, when Troy was wrapp'd in fire
 and smoke,
 The helpless gods their burning shrines for-
 sook;²⁰
 They with the vanquish'd prince and party
 go,
 And leave their temples empty to the foe.
 At length the Muses stand, restor'd again
 To that great charge which Nature did or-
 dain;
 And their lov'd Druids seem reviv'd by fate,
 While you dispense the laws and guide the
 State.
 The nation's soul (our monarch) does dis-
 pense,
 Tho' you to us his vital influence;
 You are the channel where those spirits flow,
 And work them higher, as to us they go.³⁰

In open prospect nothing bounds our eye,
 Until the earth seems join'd unto the sky:
 So in this hemisphere our utmost view
 Is only bounded by our king and you;
 Our sight is limited where you are join'd,
 And beyond that no farther heav'n can find.
 So well your virtues do with his agree,
 That, tho' your orbs of different greatness
 be,
 Yet both are for each other's use dispos'd,
 His to inclose, and yours to be inclos'd.⁴⁰
 Nor could another in your room have been,
 Except an emptiness had come between.
 Well may he then to you his cares impart,
 And share his burden where he shares his
 heart.
 In you his sleep still wakes; his pleasures
 find
 Their share of bus'ness in your lab'ring
 mind:
 So, when the weary sun his place resigns,
 He leaves his light and by reflection shines.
 Justice, that sits and frowns where public
 laws
 Exclude soft Mercy from a private cause,⁵⁰
 In your tribunal most herself does please;
 There only smiles because she lives at ease;
 And, like young David, finds her strength
 the more,
 When disincumber'd from those arms she
 wore.
 Heav'n would your royal master should ex-
 ceed
 Most in that virtue which we most did
 need;
 And his mild father (who too late did find
 All mercy vain but what with pow'r was
 join'd)
 His fatal goodness left to fitter times,
 Not to increase, but to absolve our
 crimes:⁶⁰
 But when the heir of this vast treasure
 knew
 How large a legacy was left to you,
 (Too great for any subject to retain,)

He wisely tied it to the crown again:
 Yet passing thro' your hands it gathers
 more,
 As streams, thro' mines, bear tincture of
 their ore.
 While empiric politicians use deceit,
 Hide what they give, and cure but by a
 cheat;
 You boldly show that skill which they
 pretend,
 And work by means as noble as your end;
 Which should you veil, we might unwind
 the clue,
 As men do nature, till we came to you.
 And as the Indies were not found before
 Those rich perfumes, which from the happy
 shore
 The winds upon their balmy wings con-
 vey'd,
 Whose guilty sweetness first their world
 betray'd;
 So by your counsels we are brought to view
 A rich and undiscover'd world in you.
 By you our monarch does that fame assure
 Which kings must have, or cannot live
 secure:
 For prosperous princes gain their subjects'
 heart,
 Who love that praise in which themselves
 have part.
 By you he fits those subjects to obey,
 As heaven's eternal monarch does convey
 His pow'r unseen, and man to his designs
 By his bright ministers the stars inclines.
 Our setting sun from his declining seat
 Shot beams of kindness on you, not of
 heat;
 And, when his love was bounded in a few,
 That were unhappy that they might be
 true,
 Made you the fav'rite of his last sad times,
 That is, a sufferer in his subjects' crimes:
 Thus those first favors you receiv'd were
 sent,
 Like Heav'n's rewards, in earthly punish-
 ment.
 Yet Fortune, conscious of your destiny,
 Ev'n then took care to lay you softly by;
 And wrapp'd your fate among her precious
 things,
 Kept fresh to be unfolded with your king's.
 Shown all at once, you dazzled so our eyes,
 As newborn Pallas did the gods surprise;
 When, springing forth from Jove's new-
 closing wound,

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She struck the warlike spear into the
 ground;
 Which sprouting leaves did suddenly in-
 close,
 And peaceful olives shaded as they rose.
 How strangely active are the arts of
 peace,
 Whose restless motions less than war's do
 cease!
 Peace is not freed from labor, but from
 noise;
 And war more force, but not more pains
 employs:
 Such is the mighty swiftness of your mind,
 That, like the earth's, it leaves our sense
 behind,
 While you so smoothly turn and roll our
 sphere,
 That rapid motion does but rest appear.
 For as in nature's swiftness, with the
 throng
 Of flying orbs while ours is borne along,
 All seems at rest to the deluded eye,
 (Mov'd by the soul of the same harmony,)
 So carried on by your unwearied care,
 We rest in peace, and yet in motion share.
 Let Envy then those crimes within you see
 From which the happy never must be free;
 (Envy, that does with Misery reside,
 The joy and the revenge of ruin'd Pride.)
 Think it not hard, if at so cheap a rate
 You can secure the constancy of Fate,
 Whose kindness sent what does their malice
 seem,
 By lesser ills the greater to redeem.
 Nor can we this weak show'r a tempest
 call,
 But drops of heat, that in the sunshine fall.
 You have already wearied Fortune so,
 She cannot farther be your friend or foe;
 But sits all breathless, and admires to feel
 A fate so weighty that it stops her wheel.
 In all things else above our humble fate,
 Your equal mind yet swells not into state;
 But like some mountain in those happy
 isles,
 Where in perpetual spring young nature
 smiles,
 Your greatness shows: no horror to af-
 fright,
 But trees for shade, and flow'rs to court the
 sight:
 Sometimes the hill submits itself a while
 In small descents, which do its height be-
 guile;

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And sometimes mounts, but so as billows
 play,
 Whose rise not hinders but makes short our
 way.
 Your brow, which does no fear of thunder
 know,
 Sees rolling tempests vainly beat below;
 And, (like Olympus' top,) th' impression
 wears
 Of love and friendship writ in former years.
 Yet, unimpair'd with labors or with time,

Your age but seems to a new youth to climb.
 Thus heav'nly bodies do our time beget,
 And measure change, but share no part of
 it.
 And still it shall without a weight increase,
 Like this new-year, whose motions never
 cease:
 For since the glorious course you have begun
 Is led by CHARLES, as that is by the sun,
 It must both weightless and immortal prove,
 Because the center of it is above.

POEMS WRITTEN BETWEEN 1662 AND 1665

[Dryden's career as a dramatist began with the production of *The Wild Gallant* early in 1663. From that time until the publication of *Absalom and Achitophel* in November, 1681, his work, with the relatively unimportant exceptions of *Annus Mirabilis* (1666), the translations from *Ovid's Epistles* (1680), and possibly a few songs, was exclusively concerned with the theater; and hence, since the text of the dramas is excluded from this volume, can be here represented only in the scantiest manner.]

TO MY HONOR'D FRIEND, DR.
CHARLETON

ON HIS LEARNED AND USEFUL WORKS;
 AND MORE PARTICULARLY THIS OF
 STONEHENGE, BY HIM RESTOR'D TO
 THE TRUE FOUNDERS

[This epistle is prefixed to *Chorea Gigantum; or, The Most Famous Antiquity of Great Britain, vulgarly called Stonehenge, standing on Salisbury Plain, restored to the Danes: by Walter Charleton, Dr. in Physic, and Physician in Ordinary to His Majesty.* London, 1663. Dryden's poem follows another epistle by Sir Robert Howard. Charleton, who was a man of mark both as physician and author, here presents an argument against the architect Inigo Jones. His summaries of his adversary's theory, and of his own, are as follows:

"Mr. Jones his opinion, then, of the founders, antiquity, and design of Stonehenge, is: that it was a work of the Romans, built by them when they flourished here in greatest peace and prosperity . . . not as a sepulchral monument, but as a temple, and particularly consecrated to the imaginary deity of *Cœlus*, or *Cœlum*, from whence their superstitious belief derived the original of all things." (P. 17.)

"I am apt to believe that having then overrun the whole kingdom, except only Somersetshire, and encamping their main army in Wiltshire, for near upon two years together, and setting up their rest in a confidence to perpetuate their

newly acquired power; they [the Danes] employed themselves, during that time of leisure and jollity, in erecting Stonehenge, as a place wherein to elect and inaugurate their supreme commander King of England." (P. 64.)

The censor's *imprimatur* in Charleton's volume is dated 11 Sept. 1662, and the book was probably published before the close of that year, though dated in the following. Of this edition two issues are known, one of them lacking the above *imprimatur*. There are a few variant readings in Dryden's epistle as printed in the two issues; the text below is that of the issue without the *imprimatur*, which is probably the later. A reprint in *Poetical Miscellanies, the Fifth Part*, 1704, introduces further variants, which may possibly be due to Dryden himself. The poem is principally important as showing Dryden's early enthusiasm for natural science.]

The longest tyranny that ever sway'd
 Was that wherein our ancestors betray'd
 Their free-born reason to the Stagirite,
 And made his torch their universal light.
 So truth, while only one supplied the state,
 Grew scarce, and dear, and yet sophisticate.
 Until 't was bought, like empiric wares, or
 charms,
 Hard words seal'd up with Aristotle's arms.
 Columbus was the first that shook his
 throne,
 And found a tempe'rate in a torrid zone:
 The fev'rish air fann'd by a cooling breeze,

The fruitful vales set round with shady
trees;
And guiltless men, who danc'd away their
time,
Fresh as their groves, and happy as their
clime.

Had we still paid that homage to a name,
Which only God and nature justly claim,
The western seas had been our utmost
bound,

Where poets still might dream the sun was
drown'd:

And all the stars that shine in southern skies
Had been admir'd by none but salvage eyes.

Among th' asserters of free reason's
claim,

Th' English are not the least in worth or
fame.

The world to Bacon does not only owe
Its present knowledge, but its future too.
Gilbert shall live, till loadstones cease to
draw,

Or British fleets the boundless ocean awe;
And noble Boyle, not less in nature seen,
Than his great brother read in states and
men.

The circling streams, once thought but
pools, of blood

(Whether life's fuel, or the body's food) ³⁰
From dark oblivion Harvey's name shall
save;

While Ent keeps all the honor that he gave.
Nor are *you*, learned friend, the least re-
nown'd;

Whose fame, not circumscrib'd with Eng-
lish ground,

Flies like the nimble journeys of the light;
And is, like that, unspent too in its flight.
Whatever truths have been, by art or
chance,

Redeem'd from error, or from ignorance,
Thin in their authors, like rich veins of ore,
Your works unite, and still discover more. ⁴⁰

Such is the healing virtue of your pen,
To perfect cures on books, as well as men.
Nor is this work the least: you well may
give

To men new vigor, who make stones to live.
Thro' you, the Danes, their short dominion
lost,

A longer conquest than the Saxons boast.
Stonehenge, once thought a temple, you
have found

A throne, where kings, our earthly gods,
were crown'd;

Where by their wond'ring subjects they
were seen,

Joy'd with their stature, and their princely
mien. ⁵⁰

Our sovereign here above the rest might
stand,

And here be chose again to rule the land.

These ruins shelter'd once his sacred
head,

Then when from Wor'ster's fatal field he
fled;

Watch'd by the genius of this royal place,
And mighty visions of the Danish race.

His refuge then was for a temple shown;

But, he restor'd, 't is now become a throne.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE WILD GALLANT AS IT WAS FIRST ACTED

[This, Dryden's first play, was produced on February 5, 1663, as is evident from the *Prologue*, line 15, and from an entry in Evelyn's *Diary* of that date. It was unsuccessful: see note before the poem *To the Lady Castlemaine*, p. 20, below. It was later revived, with some changes by the author, probably in 1697, since it was entered on the *Stationers' Register* for publication on August 7 of that year (Malone, I, 1, 60). The first edition, dated 1669, contains both the original prologue and epilogue and those written for the revival. See p. 52, below.]

PROLOGUE

Is it not strange to hear a poet say,
He comes to ask you how you like the
play?

You have not seen it yet! alas! 't is true;
But now your love and hatred judge, not you;
And cruel factions, brib'd by interest, come,
Not to weigh merit, but to give their doom.
Our poet therefore, jealous of th' event,
And (tho' much boldness takes) not confi-
dent,

Has sent me whither you, fair ladies, too,
Sometimes upon as small occasions go, ¹⁰
And from this scheme, drawn for the hour
and day,

Bid me inquire the fortune of his play.

[The curtain drawn discovers two ASTROLOGERS; the
PROLOGUE is presented to them.]

First *Astrol.* [Reads.] A figure of the
heavenly bodies in their several apartments,

Feb. the 5th, half an hour after three after noon, from whence you are to judge the success of a new play call'd *The Wild Gallant*.¹⁸

2 *Astrol.* Who must judge of it, we, or these gentlemen? — We'll not meddle with it, so tell your poet. Here are in this house the ablest mathematicians in Europe for his purpose.

They will resolve the question ere they part.

1 *Astrol.* Yet let us judge it by the rules of art.

First Jupiter, the ascendant's lord disgrac'd,

In the twelfth house, and near grim Saturn plac'd,

Denote short life unto the play.

2 *Astrol.* Jove yet,

In his apartment Sagittary set,
Under his own roof, cannot take much wrong.³⁰

1 *Astrol.* Why then the life's not very short, nor long.

2 *Astrol.* The luck not very good, nor very ill.

Prolo. That is to say, 't is as 't is taken still.

1 *Astrol.* But, brother, Ptolemy the learned says,

'T is the fifth house from whence we judge of plays.

Venus, the lady of that house, I find
Is peregrine: your play is ill design'd;
It should have been but one continued song,
Or at the least a dance of three hours long.

2 *Astrol.* But yet the greatest mischief does remain,⁴⁰

The twelfth apartment bears the lord of Spain;

Whence I conclude, it is your author's lot,
To be indanger'd by a Spanish plot.

Prolo. Our poet yet protection hopes from you,

But bribes you not with anything that's new.

Nature is old, which poets imitate,
And for wit, those that boast their own estate,

Forget Fletcher and Ben before them went,

Their elder brothers, and that vastly spent:
So much, 't will hardly be repair'd again,⁵⁰
Not tho' supplied with all the wealth of Spain.

This play is English, and the growth your own;

As such, it yields to English plays alone.

He could have wish'd it better for your sakes,

But that in plays he finds you love mistakes:

Besides, he thought it was in vain to mend

What you are bound in honor to defend,
That English wit, (howe'er despis'd by some,)
Like English valor, still may overcome.

EPILOGUE

The Wild Gallant has quite play'd out his game;

He's married now, and that will make him tame;

Or, if you think marriage will not reclaim him,

The critics swear they'll damn him, but they'll tame him.

Yet, tho' our poet's threaten'd most by these,

They are the only people he can please,
For he, to humor them, has shown to-day
That which they only like, a wretched play.

But, tho' his play be ill, here have been shown

The greatest wits and beauties of the town;¹⁰

And his occasion having brought you here,
You are too grateful to become severe.

There is not any person here so mean
But he may freely judge each act and scene;

But if you bid him choose, his judges then,
He boldly names true English gentlemen;

For he ne'er thought a handsome garb or dress

So great a crime to make their judgment less;

And with these gallants he these ladies joins,

To judge that language their converse refines.²⁰

But if their censures should condemn his play,

Far from disputing, he does only pray

He may Leander's destiny obtain:

Now spare him, drown him when he comes again.

TO THE LADY CASTLEMAINE, UPON HER INCOURAGING HIS FIRST PLAY

[In his preface to *The Wild Gallant* Dryden says that it had "but indifferent success in the action. . . . Yet it was receiv'd at court; and was more than once the divertisement of his Majesty, by his own command." This probably does not refer to the revival of 1667; but, in part at least, to a court performance on February 23, 1663, which Pepys attended, and which may well have been procured for Dryden by the influence of the Countess of Castlemaine, then at the height of her power as the favorite mistress of Charles II. This woman was born Barbara Villiers, daughter of William Villiers, second Viscount Grandison; in 1670 she was created Duchess of Cleveland.

This poem was first printed in *Examen Poeticum*, 1693.]

As seamen, shipwreck'd on some happy
shore,
Discover wealth in lands unknown before;
And, what their art had labor'd long in
vain,
By their misfortunes happily obtain:
So my much-envied Muse, by storms long
toss'd,

Is thrown upon your hospitable coast,
And finds more favor by her ill success,
Than she could hope for by her happiness.
Once Cato's virtue did the gods oppose;
While they the victor, he the vanquish'd
chose:

But you have done what Cato could not do,
To choose the vanquish'd, and restore him
too.

Let others still triumph, and gain their
cause

By their deserts, or by the world's applause,
Let merit crowns, and justice laurels give,
But let me happy by your pity live.
True poets empty fame and praise despise,
Fame is the trumpet, but your smile the
prize.

You sit above, and see vain men below
Contend for what you only can bestow; 20
But those great actions others do by chance
Are, like your beauty, your inheritance:
So great a soul, such sweetness join'd in
one,

Could only spring from noble Grandison.
You, like the stars, not by reflection bright,
Are born to your own heav'n, and your own
light;

Like them are good, but from a nobler
cause,
From your own knowledge, not from na-
ture's laws.

Your pow'r you never use but for defense,
To guard your own, or others' innocence: 30
Your foes are such, as they, not you, have
made,

And virtue may repel, tho' not invade.
Such courage did the ancient heroes show,
Who, when they might prevent, would wait
the blow;

With such assurance as they meant to say:
"We will o'come, but scorn the safest
way."

What further fear of danger can there be?
Beauty, which captives all things, sets me
free.

Posterity will judge by my success,
I had the Grecian poet's happiness, 40
Who, waiving plots, found out a better way;
Some God descended, and preserv'd the play.
When first the triumphs of your sex were
sung

By those old poets, Beauty was but young,
And few admir'd the native red and white;
Till poets dress'd them up to charm the
sight;

So Beauty took on trust, and did engage
For sums of praises till she came to age.
But this long-growing debt to poetry 40
You justly, madam, have discharg'd to me,
When your applause and favor did infuse
New life to my condemn'd and dying Muse.

PROLOGUE TO THE RIVAL LADIES

[This tragi-comedy, Dryden's first attempt at the poetic drama, was acted late in 1663 or early in 1664. It was entered on the *Stationers' Register* June 5, 1664 (Malone, I. i, 57); two separate editions were printed in that year. No epilogue appears in any early edition.]

'Tis much desir'd, you judges of the town
Would pass a vote to put all prologues
down:

For who can show me, since they first were
writ,

They e'er converted one hard-hearted wit?
Yet the world's mended well: in former
days

Good prologues were as scarce as now good
plays.

For the reforming poets of our age,

In this first charge, spend their poetic rage;
Expect no more when once the prologue's done;

The wit is ended ere the play's begun.¹⁰
You now have habits, dances, scenes, and rhymes;

High language often; aye, and sense, sometimes.

As for a clear contrivance, doubt it not;
They blow out candles to give light to th' plot.

And for surprise, two bloody-minded men
Fight till they die, then rise and dance again.
Such deep intrigues you're welcome to this day:

But blame yourselves, not him who writ the play;

Tho' his plot's dull, as can be well desir'd,
Wit stiff as any you have e'er admir'd:²⁰
He's bound to please, not to write well; and knows

There is a mode in plays as well as clothes;
Therefore, kind judges —

A second PROLOGUE enters.

2. Hold; would you admit
For judges all you see within the pit?

1. Whom would he then except, or on what score?

2. All who (like him) have writ ill plays before;

For they, like thieves condemn'd, are hangmen made,

To execute the members of their trade.

All that are writing now he would disown,
But then he must except — ev'n all the town;
All chol'ric, losing gamesters, who, in spite,
Will damn to-day, because they lost last night;³²

All servants, whom their mistress' scorn upbraids;

All maudlin lovers, and all slighted maids;
All who are out of humor, or severe;

All that want wit, or hope to find it here.

PROLOGUE, EPILOGUE, AND SONG FROM THE INDIAN EM- PEROR

OR, THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO BY THE
SPANIARDS

[This, Dryden's first independent heroic play, was acted late in 1664 or early in 1665. It was entered on the *Stationers' Register*

May 26, 1665 (Malone, I, 1, 218), but was not printed until 1667. It was a sequel to *The Indian Queen*, a play written by Sir Robert Howard with some assistance from Dryden: see *Appendix I*, p. 903, below.]

PROLOGUE

ALMIGHTY critics! whom our Indians here
Worship, just as they do the Devil, for fear;
In reverence to your pow'r I come this day
To give you timely warning of our play.
The scenes are old, the habits are the same
We wore last year, before the Spaniards came;

[Our prologue, th' old-cast too —

For to observe the new it should at least
Be spoke by some ingenious bird or beast.]
Now if you stay, the blood that shall be shed¹⁰

From this poor play, be all upon your head.
We neither promise you one dance, or show,
Then plot and language they are wanting too:

But you, kind wits, will those light faults excuse;

Those are the common frailties of the Muse,
Which who observes, he buys his place too dear;

For 't is your business to be cozen'd here.
These wretched spies of wit must then confess

They take more pains, to please themselves the less.

Grant us such judges, Phœbus, we request,
As still mistake themselves into a jest;²¹
Such easy judges, that our poet may
Himself admire the fortune of his play;
And arrogantly, as his fellows do,
Think he writes well, because he pleases you.

This he conceives not hard to bring about,
If all of you would join to help him out;
Would each man take but what he understands,

And leave the rest upon the poet's hands.

EPILOGUE

BY A MERCURY

To all and singular in this full meeting,
Ladies and gallants, Phœbus sends me greeting.

To all his sons, by whate'er title known,
Whether of court, of coffee-house, or town;

From his most mighty sons, whose confidence

Is plac'd in lofty sound, and humble sense,
Ev'n to his little infants of the time,
Who write new songs, and trust in tune and rhyme;

Be't known, that Phœbus (being daily griev'd

To see good plays condemn'd, and bad receive'd)

Ordains your judgment upon every cause,
Henceforth, be limited by wholesome laws.
He first thinks fit no sonneteer advance
His censure farther than the song or dance.

Your wit burlesque may one step higher climb,

And in his sphere may judge all dogg'rel rhyme;

All proves, and moves, and loves, and honors too;

All that appears high sense, and scarce is low.

As for the coffee wits, he says not much;
Their proper business is to damn the Dutch:

For the great dons of wit —

Phœbus gives them full privilege alone,
To damn all others, and cry up their own.

Last, for the ladies, 'tis Apollo's will,
They should have power to save, but not to kill:

For love and he long since have thought it fit,

Wit live by beauty, beauty reign by wit.

SONG

I

An fading joy, how quickly art thou past!

Yet we thy ruin haste.

As if the cares of human life were few,

We seek out new:

And follow fate, which would too fast pursue.

II

See how on every bough the birds express

In their sweet notes their happiness.

They all enjoy, and nothing spare;

But on their mother Nature lay their care:

Why then should man, the lord of all below,

Such troubles choose to know,

As none of all his subjects undergo?

III

Hark, hark, the waters fall, fall, fall,

And with a murmuring sound

Dash, dash upon the ground,

To gentle slumbers call.

ANNUS MIRABILIS

THE YEAR OF WONDERS, 1666

AN HISTORICAL POEM

CONTAINING

THE PROGRESS AND VARIOUS SUCCESSES OF OUR NAVAL WAR WITH HOLLAND,
UNDER THE CONDUCT OF HIS HIGHNESS PRINCE RUPERT, AND HIS GRACE THE
DUKE OF ALBEMARLE

AND DESCRIBING

THE FIRE OF LONDON

Multum interest res poscent, an homines latius imperare velint.
TRAJAN IMPERATOR ad Plin.

Urbs antiqua ruit, multos dominata per annos. — VIRG.

[*Annus Mirabilis* was licensed for the press on November 22, 1666, and was published in a tiny octavo, date 1667, the title-page of which reads as above. Different copies of this edition apparently show at least one variation in the text: see note on line 267. The poem was reprinted

in 1688: see note on *Astræa Redux*, p. 7, above. The present edition follows the text of 1688, which was apparently slightly revised by Dryden.

The *Verses to the Duchess* were later published by themselves in *Poetical Miscellanies, the Fifth Part*, 1704, and have since usually been printed as a separate poem. They are here restored, at the cost of a slight violation of the chronological order, to the position in which Dryden chose to print them. They were addressed to Anne Hyde, first wife of James, Duke of York (afterwards King James II), and daughter of the Earl of Clarendon, in whose honor Dryden had written his poem *To my Lord Chancellor* (see p. 15, above).]

TO THE
METROPOLIS OF GREAT BRITAIN,

THE MOST RENOWN'D AND LATE FLOUR-
ISHING CITY OF LONDON, IN ITS REPRESENTATIVES THE LORD MAYOR AND COURT OF ALDERMEN, THE SHERIFFS, AND COMMON COUNCIL OF IT

AS perhaps I am the first who ever presented a work of this nature to the metropolis of any nation; so it is likewise consonant to justice, that he who was to give the first example of such a dedication should begin it with that city, which has set a pattern to all others of true loyalty, invincible courage, and unshaken constancy. Other cities have been prais'd for the same virtues, but I am much deceiv'd if any have so dearly purchas'd their reputation; their fame has been won them by cheaper trials than an expensive, tho' necessary war, a consuming pestilence, and a more consuming fire. To submit yourselves with that humility to the judgments of Heaven, and at the same time to raise yourselves with that vigor above all human enemies; to be combated at once from above and from below, to be struck down and to triumph; I know not whether such trials have been ever parallel'd in any nation: the resolution and successes of them never can be. Never had prince or people more mutual reason to love each other, if suffering for each other can induce affection. You have come together a pair of matchless lovers, thro' many difficulties; he, thro' a long exile, various traverses of fortune, and the interposition of many rivals, who violently ravish'd and withheld you from him: and certainly you have had your share in sufferings. But Providence has cast upon you want of trade, that you might appear bountiful to your country's necessities; and the rest of your afflictions are not more the effects of God's displeasure, (frequent examples of them having been in the reign of the most excellent princes,) than occasions for the manifesting of your Christian and civil virtues. To you, therefore, this *Year of Wonders* is justly dedicated, because you have made it so. You, who are to stand a wonder to all years and ages, and who have built yourselves an immortal

monument on your own ruins. You are now a Phoenix in her ashes, and, as far as humanity can approach, a great emblem of the suffering Deity. But Heaven never made so much piety and virtue to leave it miserable. I have heard, indeed, of some virtuous persons who have ended unfortunately, but never of any virtuous nation: Providence is engag'd too deeply, when the cause becomes so general. And I cannot imagine it has resolv'd the ruin of that people at home which it has blest abroad with such successes. I am therefore to conclude that your sufferings are at an end; and that one part of my poem has not been more an history of your destruction, than the other a prophecy of your restoration. The accomplishment of which happiness, as it is the wish of all true Englishmen, so is by none more passionately desir'd than by,

The greatest of your admirers, and
Most humble of your servants,

JOHN DRYDEN.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ENSUING
POEM

IN A LETTER TO THE HONORABLE SIR
ROBERT HOWARD

SIR,

I AM so many ways oblig'd to you, and so little able to return your favors, that, like those who owe too much, I can only live by getting farther into your debt. You have not only been careful of my fortune, which was the effect of your nobleness, but you have been solicitous of my reputation, which is that of your kindness. It is not long since I gave you the trouble of perusing a play for me, and now, instead of an acknowledgment, I have given you a greater, in the correction of a poem. But since you are to bear this persecution, I will at least give you the encouragement of a martyr; you could never suffer in a nobler cause. For I have chosen the most heroic subject which any poet could desire; I have taken upon me to describe the motives, the beginning, progress, and successes, of a most just and necessary war: in it, the care, management, and prudence of our king; the conduct and valor of a royal admiral, and of two incomparable generals; the invincible courage of our captains and seamen; and

three glorious victories, the result of all. After this, I have, in the fire, the most deplorable, but withal the greatest, argument that can be imagin'd: the destruction being so swift, so sudden, so vast, and miserable, as nothing can parallel in story. The former part of this poem, relating to the war, is but a due expiation for my not serving my king and country in it. All gentlemen are almost oblig'd to it; and I know no reason we should give that advantage to the commonalty of England, to be foremost in brave actions, which the nobles of France would never suffer in their peasants. I should not have written this but to a person who has been ever forward to appear in all employments whither his honor and generosity have call'd him. The later part of my poem, which describes the fire, I owe first to the piety and fatherly affection of our monarch to his suffering subjects; and, in the second place, to the courage, loyalty, and magnanimity of the city; both which were so conspicuous, that I have wanted words to celebrate them as they deserve. I have call'd my poem *historical*, not *epic*, tho' both the actions and actors are as much heroic as any poem can contain. But since the action is not properly one, nor that accomplish'd in the last successes, I have judg'd it too bold a title for a few *stanzas*, which are little more in number than a single *Iliad*, or the longest of the *Æneids*. For this reason (I mean not of length, but broken action, tied too severely to the laws of history) I am apt to agree with those who rank Lucan rather among historians in verse, than epic poets: in whose room, if I am not deceiv'd, Silius Italicus, tho' a worse writer, may more justly be admitted. I have chosen to write my poem in *quatrains*, or *stanzas* of four in alternate rhyme, because I have ever judg'd them more noble, and of greater dignity, both for the sound and number, than any other verse in use amongst us; in which I am sure I have your approbation. The learned languages have certainly a great advantage of us, in not being tied to the slavery of any rhyme; and were less constrain'd in the quantity of every syllable, which they might vary with *spondees* or *dactiles*, besides so many other helps of grammatical figures, for the lengthening or abbreviation of them, than the modern are in the close of that one syllable, which often confines, and more often corrupts, the sense of all the rest. But in this necessity of our rhymes, I have always found the couplet verse most easy, (tho' not so proper for this occasion,) for there the work is sooner at an end, every two lines concluding the labor of the poet; but in *quatrains* he is to carry it farther on, and not only so, but to bear along in his head the troublesome sense of four lines together. For those

who write correctly in this kind must needs acknowledge that the last line of the *stanza* is to be consider'd in the composition of the first. Neither can we give ourselves the liberty of making any part of a verse for the sake of rhyme, or concluding with a word which is not current English, or using the variety of female rhymes; all which our fathers practis'd: and for the female rhymes, they are still in use amongst other nations; with the Italian in every line, with the Spaniard promiscuously, with the French alternately; as those who have read the *Alarique*, the *Pucelle*, or any of their later poems, will agree with me. And besides this, they write in *Alexandrins*, or verses of six feet; such as amongst us is the old translation of Homer, by Chapman; all which, by lengthning of their chain, makes the sphere of their activity the larger. I have dwelt too long upon the choice of my *stanza*, which you may remember is much better defended in the preface to *Gondibert*; and therefore I will hasten to acquaint you with my endeavors in the writing. In general I will only say, I have never yet seen the description of any naval fight in the proper terms which are us'd at sea; and if there be any such in another language, as that of Lucan in the third of his *Pharsalia*, yet I could not prevail myself of it in the English; the terms of art in every tongue bearing more of the idiom of it than any other words. We hear indeed among our poets, of the thund'ring of guns, the smoke, the disorder, and the slaughter; but all these are common notions. And certainly as those who, in a logical dispute, keep in general terms, would hide a fallacy, so those who do it in any poetical description would veil their ignorance:

Descriptas servare vices operumque colores,
Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, poeta salutor?

For my own part, if I had little knowledge of the sea, yet I have thought it no shame to learn; and if I have made some few mistakes, 'tis only, as you can bear me witness, because I have wanted opportunity to correct them; the whole poem being first written, and now sent you, from a place where I have not so much as the converse of any seaman. Yet, tho' the trouble I had in writing it was great, it was more than recompens'd by the pleasure: I found myself so warm in celebrating the praises of military men, two such especially as the prince and general, that it is no wonder if they inspir'd me with thoughts above my ordinary level. And I am well satisfied that, as they are incomparably the best subject I have ever had, excepting only the royal family; so also, that this I have written of them is much better than what I have perform'd on any

other. I have been fore'd to help out other arguments; but this has been bountiful to me: they have been low and barren of praise, and I have exalted them, and made them fruitful; but here — *Omnia sponte sua reddidit justissima tellus*. I have had a large, a fair, and a pleasant field; so fertile that without my cultivating it has given me two harvests in a summer, and in both oppress'd the reaper. All other greatness in subjects is only counterfeit; it will not endure the test of danger; the greatness of arms is only real: other greatness burdens a nation with its weight; this supports it with its strength. And as it is the happiness of the age, so it is the peculiar goodness of the best of kings, that we may praise his subjects without offending him. Doubtless it proceeds from a just confidence of his own virtue, which the luster of no other can be so great as to darken in him; for the good or the valiant are never safely prais'd under a bad or a degenerate prince.

But to return from this digression to a farther account of my poem; I must crave leave to tell you, that as I have endeavor'd to adorn it with noble thoughts, so much more to express those thoughts with elocution. The composition of all poems is, or ought to be, of wit; and wit in the poet, or wit writing (if you will give me leave to use a school-distinction) is no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer, which, like a nimble spaniel, beats over and ranges thro' the field of memory, till it springs the quarry it hunted after; or, without metaphor, which searches over all the memory for the species or ideas of those things which it designs to represent. Wit written is that which is well defin'd, the happy result of thought, or product of imagination. But to proceed from wit, in the general notion of it, to the proper wit of an heroic or historical poem, I judge it chiefly to consist in the delightful imaging of persons, actions, passions, or things. 'Tis not the jerk or sting of an epigram, nor the seeming contradiction of a poor antithesis, (the delight of an ill-judging audience in a play of rhyme,) nor the jingle of a more poor *paronomasia*; neither is it so much the morality of a grave sentence, affected by Lucan, but more sparingly us'd by Virgil; but it is some lively and apt description, dress'd in such colors of speech that it sets before your eyes the absent object as perfectly and more delightfully than nature. So then, the first happiness of the poet's imagination is properly invention, or finding of the thought; the second is fancy, or the variation, deriving, or molding of that thought, as the judgment represents it proper to the subject; the third is elocution, or the art of clothing and adorning that thought, so found and varied, in apt, significant, and sounding words: the quick-

ness of the imagination is seen in the invention, the fertility in the fancy, and the accuracy in the expression. For the two first of these, Ovid is famous amongst the poets; for the later, Virgil. Ovid images more often the movements and affections of the mind, either combating between two contrary passions, or extremely compos'd by one: his words therefore are the least part of his care; for he pictures nature in disorder, with which the study and choice of words is inconsistent. This is the proper wit of dialogue or discourse, and consequently of the *drama*, where all that is said is to be suppos'd the effect of sudden thought; which, tho' it excludes not the quickness of wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent allusions, or use of tropes, or in fine anything that shews remoteness of thought or labor in the writer. On the other side, Virgil speaks not so often to us in the person of another, like Ovid, but in his own: he relates almost all things as from himself, and thereby gains more liberty than the other, to express his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confess as well the labor as the force of his imagination. Tho' he describes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her passions, yet he must yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althea, of Ovid; for, as great an admirer of him as I am, I must acknowledge, that if I see not more of their souls than I see of Dido's, at least I have a greater concernment for them: and that convinces me that Ovid has touch'd those tender strokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when action or persons are to be describ'd, when any such image is to be set before us, how bold, how masterly are the strokes of Virgil! We see the objects he represents us with in their native figures, in their proper motions; but so we see them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them so beautiful in themselves. We see the soul of the poet, like that universal one of which he speaks, informing and moving thro' all his pictures:

— Totamque infusa per artus

Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.

We behold him embellishing his images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her son Æneas:

— Immenque juvenem

Purpureum, et hetos oculis afflatat honores:

Quæ manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo

Argentum Parieuve lapis circumdatur auro.

See his tempest, his funeral sports, his combat of Turnus and Æneas: and in his *Georgics*, which I esteem the divinest part of all his writings, the plague, the country, the battle of bulls, the labor of the bees, and those many other excellent images of nature, most of which are nei-

ther great in themselves, nor have any natural ornament to bear them up; but the words wherewith he describes them are so excellent, that it might be well applied to him, which was said by Ovid, *Mulierum superabat opus*: the very sound of his words has often somewhat that is connatural to the subject; and while we read him, we sit, as in a play, beholding the scenes of what he represents. To perform this, he made frequent use of tropes, which you know change the nature of a known word by applying it to some other signification; and this is it which Horace means in his epistle to the Pisos:

Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum
Reddidit junctura novum —

But I am sensible I have presum'd too far, to entertain you with a rude discourse of that art which you both know so well, and put into practice with so much happiness. Yet before I leave Virgil, I must own the vanity to tell you, and by you the world, that he has been my master in this poem: I have follow'd him everywhere, I know not with what success, but I am sure with diligence enough: my images are many of them copied from him, and the rest are imitations of him. My expressions also are as near as the idioms of the two languages would admit of in translation. And this, sir, I have done with that boldness for which I will stand accountable to any of our little critics, who, perhaps, are not better acquainted with him than I am. Upon your first perusal of this poem, you have taken notice of some words which I have innovated (if it be too bold for me to say refin'd) upon his Latin; which, as I offer not to introduce into English prose, so I hope they are neither improper, nor altogether unelegant in verse; and, in this, Horace will again defend me:

Et nova, fictaque nuper, habebunt verba fidem, si
Græco fonte cudent, parce detorta —

The inference is exceeding plain: for if a Roman poet might have liberty to coin a word, supposing only that it was deriv'd from the Greek, was put into a Latin termination, and that he us'd this liberty but seldom, and with modesty; how much more justly may I challenge that privilege to do it with the same prerequisites, from the best and most judicious of Latin writers? In some places where either the fancy or the words were his, or any other's, I have noted it in the margin, that I might not seem a plagiarist; in others I have neglected it, to avoid as well tediousness, as the affectation of doing it too often. Such descriptions or images, well wrought, which I promise not for mine, are, as I have said, the adequate delight of heroic poesy; for they beget admiration,

which is its proper object; as the images of the burlesque, which is contrary to this, by the same reason beget laughter; for the one shows nature beautified, as in the picture of a fair woman, which we all admire; the other shews her deform'd, as in that of a leazar, or of a fool with distorted face and antic gestures, at which we cannot forbear to laugh, because it is a deviation from nature. But tho' the same images serve equally for the epic poesy, and for the historic and panegyric, which are branches of it, yet a several sort of sculpture is to be us'd in them. If some of them are to be like those of Juvenal, *Stantes in curribus Æmiliai*, heroes drawn in their triumphal chariots, and in their full proportion; others are to be like that of Virgil, *Spirantia mollius æra*: there is somewhat more of softness and tenderness to be shewn in them. You will soon find I write not this without concern. Some, who have seen a paper of verses which I wrote last year to her Highness the Duchess, have accus'd them of that only thing I could defend in them; they said, I did *humi serpere*, that I wanted not only height of fancy, but dignity of words to set it off. I might well answer with that of Horace, *Nunc non erat his locus*; I knew I address'd them to a lady, and accordingly I affected the softness of expression, and the smoothness of measure, rather than the height of thought; and in what I did endeavor, it is no vanity to say I have succeeded. I detest arrogance; but there is some difference betwixt that and a just defense. But I will not farther bribe your candor or the reader's. I leave them to speak for me; and, if they can, to make out that character, not pretending to a greater, which I have given them.

VERSES TO HER HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS

ON THE MEMORABLE VICTORY GAIN'D
BY THE DUKE AGAINST THE HOL-
LANDERS, JUNE THE 3D, 1665; AND
ON HER JOURNEY AFTERWARDS INTO
THE NORTH

MADAM,
WHEN for our sakes your *hero* you re-
sign'd
To swelling seas, and every faithless wind;
When you releas'd his courage, and set free
A valor fatal to the enemy;
You lodg'd your country's cares within your
breast,
(The mansion where soft love should only
rest:)
And, ere our foes abroad were overcome,

The noblest conquest you had gain'd at home.
 Ah, what concerns did both your souls divide!
 Your honor gave us what your love denied:
 And 't was for him much easier to subdue
 Those foes he fought with, than to part from you.
 That glorious day, which two such navies saw,
 As each, unmatch'd, might to the world give law,
 Neptune yet doubtful whom he should obey,
 Held to them both the trident of the sea:
 The winds were hush'd, the waves in ranks were cast,
 As awfully as when God's people pass'd:
 Those, yet uncertain on whose sails to blow,
 These, where the wealth of nations ought to flow.
 Then with the duke your Highness rul'd the day:
 While all the brave did his command obey,
 The fair and pious under you did pray.
 How pow'rful are chaste vows! the wind and tide
 You brib'd to combat on the English side.
 Thus to your much-lov'd lord you did convey
 An unknown succor, sent the nearest way.
 New vigor to his wearied arms you brought,
 (So Moses was upheld while Israel fought)
 While, from afar, we heard the cannon play,
 Like distant thunder on a shiny day.
 For absent friends we were asham'd to fear,
 When we consider'd what you ventur'd there.
 Ships, men, and arms, our country might restore,
 But such a leader could supply no more.
 With generous thoughts of conquest he did burn,
 Yet fought not more to vanquish than return.
 Fortune and victory he did pursue,
 To bring them, as his slaves, to wait on you.
 Thus beauty ravish'd the rewards of fame,
 And the fair triumph'd when the brave o'er-came.

Then, as you meant to spread another way
 By land your conquests, far as his by sea,
 Leaving our southern clime, you march'd along
 The stubborn North, ten thousand Cupids strong.
 Like commons the nobility resort,
 In crowding heaps, to fill your moving court:
 To welcome your approach the vulgar run,
 Like some new envoy from the distant sun,
 And country beauties by their lovers go,
 Blessing themselves, and wond'ring at the show.
 So when the newborn Phoenix first is seen,
 Her feather'd subjects all adore their queen;
 And, while she makes her progress thro' the East,
 From every grove her numerous train's increas'd:
 Each poet of the air her glory sings,
 And round him the pleas'd audience clap their wings.

And now, sir, 't is time I should relieve you from the tedious length of this account. You have better and more profitable employment for your hours, and I wrong the public to detain you longer. In conclusion, I must leave my poem to you with all its faults, which I hope to find fewer in the printing by your emendations. I know you are not of the number of those of whom the younger Pliny speaks: *Nec sunt parum multi, qui carpere amicos suos judicium vocant*: I am rather too secure of you on that side. Your candor in pardoning my errors may make you more remiss in correcting them; if you will not withal consider that they come into the world with your approbation, and thro' your hands. I beg from you the greatest favor you can confer upon an absent person, since I repose upon your management what is dearest to me, my fame and reputation; and therefore I hope it will stir you up to make my poem fairer by many of your blots; if not, you know the story of the gamester who married the rich man's daughter, and when her father denied the portion, christen'd all the children by his surname, that if, in conclusion, they must beg, they should do so by one name, as well as by the other. But since the reproach of my faults will light on you, 't is but reason I should do you that justice to the readers, to let them know, that if there be anything tolerable in this poem, they owe the argument to your

choice, the writing to your encouragement, the correction to your judgment, and the care of it to your friendship, to which he must ever acknowledge himself to owe all things, who is,

Sir,
The most obedient, and most
Faithful of your Servants,
JOHN DRYDEN.

From Charlton in Wiltshire,
Nov. 10, 1666.

ANNUS MIRABILIS

THE YEAR OF WONDERS, MDCLXVI

I

In thriving arts long time had Holland
grown,
Crouching at home and cruel when
abroad;
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our
own;
Our king they courted, and our merchants
aw'd.

II

Trade, which like blood should circularly
flow,
Stopp'd in their channels, found its freedom
lost:
Thither the wealth of all the world did
go,
And seem'd but shipwreck'd on so base
a coast.

III

For them alone the heav'n's
had kindly heat;
(a) In eastern quarries ripen-
ing precious dew: 10
For them the Idumean balm
did sweat,
And in hot Ceylon spicy for-
ests grew.

(a) In eastern
quarries, &c.
Precious
stones at first
are dew, con-
den'd and hard-
en'd by the
warmth of the
sun or subter-
anean fires.

IV

The sun but seem'd the lab'rer
of their year;
(b) Each waxing moon sup-
plied her wat'ry store,
To swell those tides, which
from the line did bear
Their brim-full vessels to the
Belgian shore.

(b) Each wax-
ing, &c.
According to
their opinion,
who think that
great heap of
waters under
the line is de-
press'd into
tides by the
moon, towards
the poles.

V

Thus mighty in her ships stood Carthage
long,
And swept the riches of the world from
far;
Yet stoop'd to Rome, less wealthy, but more
strong;
And this may prove our second Punic
war.

VI

What peace can be, where both to one pre-
tend?
(But they more diligent, and we more
strong)
Or if a peace, it soon must have an end;
For they would grow too pow'ful were
it long.

VII

Behold two nations then, ingag'd so far,
That each sev'n years the fit must shake
each land:
Where France will side to weaken us by
war,
Who only can his vast designs withstand.

VIII

See how he feeds (c) th' Ibe- (c) Th' Iberian.
rian with delays, The Spaniard.
To render us his timely friendship
vain: 30
And while his secret soul on Flanders preys,
He rocks the cradle of the babe of Spain.

IX

Such deep designs of empire does he lay
O'er them whose cause he seems to take
in hand;
And, prudently, would make them lords at
sea,
To whom with ease he can give laws by
land.

X

This saw our king; and long within his
breast
His pensive counsels balanc'd to and fro:
He griev'd the land he freed should be op-
press'd,
And he less for it than usurpers do. 40

XI

His gen'rous mind the fair ideas drew
Of fame and honor, which in dangers lay;

Where wealth, like fruit on precipices,
grew,
Not to be gather'd but by birds of prey.

XII

The loss and gain each fatally were great;
And still his subjects call'd aloud for
war;
But peaceful kings, o'er martial people set,
Each other's poise and counterbalance are.

XIII

He, first, survey'd the charge with careful
eyes,
Which none but mighty monarchs could
maintain;
Yet judg'd, like vapors that from limbecs
rise,
It would in richer showers descend again.

XIV

At length resolv'd t' assert the wat'ry ball,
He in himself did whole armados bring:
Him aged seamen might their master call,
And choose for general, were he not their
king.

XV

It seems as every ship their sovereign
knows,
His awful summons they (d) When Proteus blows or: Cereus Proteus immania ponti Armenia et utiqnas poscit sub gurgite phorus. — Virgil.
so soon obey;
So hear the scaly herd when
(d) Proteus blows,
And so to pasture follow thro'
the sea. 60

XVI

To see this fleet upon the ocean move,
Angels drew wide the curtains of the
skies;
And Heav'n, as if there wanted lights above,
For tapers made two glaring comets rise;

XVII

Whether they unctuous exhalations are,
Fir'd by the sun, or seeming so alone;
Or each some more remote and slippery star,
Which loses footing when to mortals
shown;

XVIII

Or one, that bright companion of the sun,
Whose glorious aspect seal'd our new-
born king, 70

And now, a round of greater years begun,
New influence from his walks of light did
bring.

XIX

Victorious York did first, with fam'd suc-
cess,
To his known valor make the Dutch give
place:
Thus Heav'n our monarch's fortune did
confess,
Beginning conquest from his royal race.

XX

But since it was decreed, auspicious king,
In Britain's right that thou shouldst wed
the main,
Heav'n, as a gage, would cast some pre-
cious thing,
And therefore doom'd that Lawson should
be slain. 80

XXI

Lawson amongst the foremost met his fate,
Whom sea-green Sirens from the rocks
lament:
Thus as an off'ring for the Grecian state,
He first was kill'd who first to battle
went.

XXII

(e) Their chief blown up, in (e) The Admi-
air, not waves, expir'd, rat of Holland.
To which his pride presum'd to give the
law:
The Dutch confess'd Heav'n present, and
retir'd,
And all was Britain the wide ocean saw.

XXIII

To nearest ports their shatter'd ships repair,
Where by our dreadful cannon they lay
aw'd: 90
So reverently men quit the open air,
When thunder speaks the angry gods
abroad.

XXIV

And now approach'd their fleet from India,
fraught
With all the riches of the The attempt at
rising sun: Berghen.
And precious sand from (f) southern cit-
mates. Guinea.
(f) southern climates brought,
(The fatal regions where the war begun.)

XXV

Like hunted castors, conscious of their store,
 Their waylaid wealth to Norway's coasts
 they bring;
 There first the North's cold bosom spices
 bore,
 And winter brooded on the eastern spring.

XXVI

By the rich scent we found our perfum'd
 prey,
 Which, flank'd with rocks, did close in
 covert lie;
 And round about their murdering cannon
 lay,
 At once to threaten and invite the eye.

XXVII

Fiercer than cannon, and than rocks more
 hard,
 The English undertake th' unequal war:
 Seven ships alone, by which the port is
 barr'd,
 Besiege the Indies, and all Denmark
 dare.

XXVIII

These fight like husbands, but like lovers
 those:
 These fain would keep, and those more
 fain enjoy;
 And to such height their frantic passion
 grows,
 That what both love, both hazard to de-
 stroy.

XXIX

Amidst whole heaps of spices lights a ball,
 And now their odors arm'd against them
 fly:
 Some preciously by shatter'd porcelain fall,
 And some by aromatic splinters die.

XXX

And tho' by tempests of the prize bereft,
 In heaven's inclemency some ease we
 find:
 Our foes we vanquish'd by our valor left,
 And only yielded to the seas and wind.

XXXI

Nor wholly lost we so deserv'd a prey;
 For storms, repenting, part of it restor'd:
 Which, as a tribute from the Baltic sea,
 The British ocean sent her mighty lord.

XXXII

Go, mortals, now, and vex yourselves in vain
 For wealth, which so uncertainly must
 come:
 When what was brought so far, and with
 such pain,
 Was only kept to lose it nearer home.

XXXIII

The son, who twice three months on th'
 ocean toss'd,
 Prepar'd to tell what he had pass'd before,
 Now sees in English ships the Holland coast,
 And parents' arms in vain stretch'd from
 the shore.

XXXIV

This careful husband had been long away,
 Whom his chaste wife and little children
 mourn;
 Who on their fingers learn'd to tell the day
 On which their father promis'd to return.

XXXV

(g) Such are the proud designs (g) *Such are,*
 of humankind, *See. From*
 And so we suffer shipwreck *Petranius: Si*
 everywhere! *hinc calculum*
 Alas, what port can such a pilot *ponas, ubique*
 find, *fit nau-*
 Who in the night of fate must blindly *fragium.*
 steer! 140

XXXVI

The undistinguish'd seeds of good and ill,
 Heav'n, in his bosom, from our know-
 ledge hides;
 And draws them in contempt of human
 skill,
 Which oft for friends mistaken foes pro-
 vides.

XXXVII

Let Munster's prelate ever be accurst,
 In whom we seek (h) the *(h) The Ger-*
 German faith in vain: *man faith.*
 Alas, that he should teach the *Tactius saith*
 English first, *of them: Nul-*
 That fraud and avarice in *los mortaliū*
 the Church could reign! *fide aut armis*
ante Germani
esse.

XXXVIII

Happy, who never trust a stranger's will,
 Whose friendship's in his interest unde-
 stood!

Since money giv'n but tempts him to be ill,
When pow'r is too remote to make him good.

XXXIX

Till now, alone the mighty nations strove;
The rest, at gaze, without the lists did stand:
And threat'ning France, plac'd War declar'd by France.
like a painted Jove,
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

XL

That cunuch guardian of rich Holland's trade,
Who envies us what he wants pow'r t' enjoy;
Whose noiseful valor does no foe invade,
And weak assistance will his friends destroy: 160

XLI

Offended that we fought without his leave,
He takes this time his secret hate to show;
Which Charles does with a mind so calm receive,
As one that neither seeks nor shuns his foe.

XLII

With France, to aid the Dutch, the Danes unite:
France as their tyrant, Denmark as their slave.
But when with one three nations join to fight,
They silently confess that one more brave.

XLIII

Lewis had chas'd the English from his shore,
But Charles the French as subjects does invite: 170
Would Heav'n for each some Solomon restore,
Who, by their mercy, may decide their right!

XLIV

Were subjects so but only by their choice,
And not from birth did forc'd dominion take,

Our prince alone would have the public voice;
And all his neighbors' realms would desarts make.

XLV

He without fear a dangerous war pursues,
Which without rashness he began before:
As honor made him first the danger choose,
So still he makes it good on virtue's score. 180

XLVI

The doubled charge his subjects' love supplies,
Who, in that bounty, to themselves are kind:
So glad Egyptians see their Nilus rise,
And in his plenty their abundance find.

XLVII

With equal pow'r he does two chiefs create,
Two such as each seem'd Prince Rupert and Duke Albemarle sent to sea.
worthiest when alone;
Each able to sustain a nation's fate,
Since both had found a greater in their own.

XLVIII

Both great in courage, conduct, and in fame,
Yet neither envious of the other's praise; 190
Their duty, faith, and int'rest too the same,
Like mighty partners equally they raise.

XLIX

The prince long time had courted Fortune's love,
But once possess'd did absolutely reign:
Thus with their *Amazons* the *heroes* strove,
And conquer'd first those beauties they would gain.

L

The duke beheld, like Scipio, with disdain,
That Carthage which he ruin'd rise once more;
And shook aloft the fasces of the main,
To fright those slaves with what they felt before. 200

LI

Together to the wat'ry camp they haste,
 Whom matrons passing to
 their children show: (i) *Future peo-*
ple. Examina
 Infants' first vows for them to *infantium fu-*
turusque popu-
lus. — PLIN.
 And (i) future people bless *JUN. in Pan.*
 them as they go. *ad Troj.*

LII

With them no riotous pomp, nor Asian
 train,
 T' infect a navy with their gaudy fears;
 To make slow fights, and victories but vain;
 But war, severely, like itself, appears.

LIII

Diffusive of themselves, where'er they pass,
 They make that warmth in others they
 expect; 210
 Their valor works like bodies on a glass,
 And does its image on their men project.

LIV

Our fleet divides, and straight the Dutch
 appear,
 In number, and a fam'd *Duke of*
 commander, hold: *Albemarle's*
 The narrow seas can scarce *battle, first*
 their navy bear, *day.*
 Or crowded vessels can their soldiers
 hold.

LV

The duke, less numerous, but in courage
 more,
 On wings of all the winds to combat flies:
 His murdering guns a loud defiance roar,
 And bloody crosses on his flagstaffs
 rise. 220

LVI

Both furl their sails, and strip them for
 the fight,
 Their folded sheets dismiss the useless
 air:
 (j) Th' Elean plains could (j) *Th' Elean,*
&c. Where the
 boast no nobler sight, *Olympic games*
 When struggling champions *were cele-*
 did their bodies bare. *brated.*

LVII

Borne each by other in a distant line,
 The sea-built forts in dreadful order
 move:

So vast the noise, as if
 fleets did join, *not (k) Lands me-*
 But (k) lands unfix'd about *ast, from*
 floating nations strove. *Vagit: Credit*
more credit
the Epithet
etc.

LVIII

Now pass'd, on either side they *minutely*
 tack;
 Both strive to intercept and guide the
 wind: 230
 And, in its eye, more closely they come
 back,
 To finish all the deaths they left be-
 hind.

LIX

On high-rai'd decks the haughty Belgians
 ride,
 Beneath whose shade our humble frigates
 go:
 Such port the elephant bears, and so de-
 fied
 By the rhinoceros her unequal foe.

LX

And as the built, so different is the
 fight;
 Their mounting shot is on our sails de-
 sign'd:
 Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light,
 And thro' the yielding planks a passage
 find. 240

LXI

Our dreaded admiral from far they threat,
 Whose batter'd rigging their whole war
 receives:
 All bare, like some old oak which tempests
 beat,
 He stands, and sees below his scatter'd
 leaves.

LXII

Heroes of old, when wounded, shelter
 sought;
 But he, who meets all danger with dis-
 dain,
 Ev'n in their face his ship to anchor brought,
 And steeple-high stood propp'd upon the
 main.

LXIII

At this excess of courage, all amaz'd,
 The foremost of his foes a while with-
 draw: 250

With such respect in enter'd Rome they
gaze'd,
Who on high chairs the godlike fathers
saw.

LXIV

And now, as where Patroclus' body lay,
Here Trojan chiefs advance'd, and there
the Greek;
Ours o'er the duke their pious wings display,
And theirs the noblest spoils of Britain
seek.

LXV

Meantime his busy mariners he hastes,
His shatter'd sails with rigging to restore;
And willing pines ascend his broken masts,
Whose lofty heads rise higher than before. 260

LXVI

Straight to the Dutch he turns his dreadful
prow,
More fierce th' important quarrel to decide:
Like swans, in long array his vessels show,
Whose crests, advancing, do the waves
divide.

LXVII

They charge, recharge, and all along the
sea
They drive, and squander the huge Belgian
fleet.
Berkeley alone, who nearest danger lay,
Did a like fate with lost Creüsa meet.

LXVIII

The night comes on, we eager to pursue
The combat still, and they ashamed to
leave: 270
Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew,
And doubtful moonlight did our rage deceive.

LXIX

In th' English fleet each ship resounds with
joy,
And loud applause of their great leader's
fame:
In fiery dreams the Dutch they still destroy,
And, slumbering, smile at the imagin'd
flame.

LXX

Not so the Holland fleet, who, tir'd and done,
Stretch'd on their decks like weary oxen
lie:
Faint sweats all down their mighty members run,
(Vast bulks, which little souls but ill supply.) 280

LXXI

In dreams they fearful precipices tread;
Or, shipwreck'd, labor to some distant
shore:
Or in dark churches walk among the dead;
They wake with horror, and dare sleep no
more.

LXXII

The morn they look on with unwilling eyes,
Till from their maintop joyful news
they hear Second day's
Of ships, which by their mold battle.
bring new supplies,
And in their colors Belgian lions bear.

LXXIII

Our watchful general had discern'd from far (1) His face,
This mighty succor, which &c. *Spem*
made glad the foe; *vultu simulat, premit*
He sigh'd, but, like a father of 290 *alto corde*
the war, *dolorem.* —
(1) His face spake hope, while deep his
sorrows flow. *Vnam.*

LXXIV

His wounded men he first sends off to shore,
(Never, till now, unwilling to obey:)
They not their wounds, but want of strength
deplore,
And think them happy who with him can
stay.

LXXV

Then to the rest: "Rejoice," said he, "to-day;
In you the fortune of Great Britain lies:
Among so brave a people, you are they
Whom Heav'n has chose to fight for such
a prize. 300

LXXVI

"If number English courages could quell,
We should at first have shunn'd, not met,
our foes,

Whose numerous sails the fearful only tell:

Courage from hearts, and not from numbers, grows."

LXXXVII

He said, nor needed more to say: with haste

To their known stations cheerfully they go;

And all at once, disdaining to be last,
Solicit every gale to meet the foe.

LXXXVIII

Nor did th' incurrag'd Belgians long delay,

But bold in others, not themselves, they stood:

So thick, our navy scarce could steer their way,

But seem'd to wander in a moving wood.

LXXXIX

Our little fleet was now engag'd so far,
That, like the swordfish in the whale, they fought:

The combat only seem'd a civil war,
Till thro' their bowels we our passage wrought.

LXXX

Never had valor, no, not ours, before
Done aught like this upon the land or main,

Where not to be o'ercome was to do more
Than all the conquests former kings did gain.

LXXXI

The mighty ghosts of our great Harries rose,

And armed Edwards look'd, with anxious eyes,

To see this fleet among unequal foes,
By which fate promis'd them their Charles should rise.

LXXXII

Meantime the Belgians tack upon our rear,

And raking chase-guns thro' our sterns they send:

Close by, their fire-ships, like jackals, appear,

Who on their lions for the prey attend.

LXXXIII

Silent in smoke of cannons they come on:
(Such vapors once did fiery Cacus hide:)
In these the height of pleas'd revenge is shown,

Who burn contented by another's side.

LXXXIV

Sometimes, from fighting squadrons of each fleet,

(Deceiv'd themselves, or to preserve some friend,)

Two grappling Ætnas on the ocean meet,
And English fires with Belgian flames contend.

LXXXV

Now, at each tack, our little fleet grows less;

And, like main'd fowl, swim lagging on the main;

Their greater loss their numbers scarce confess,

While they lose cheaper than the English gain.

LXXXVI

Have you not seen, when, whistled from the fist,

Some falcon stoops at what her eye design'd,

And, with her eagerness the quarry miss'd,
Straight flies at check, and clips it down the wind;

LXXXVII

The dastard crow, that to the wood made wing,

And sees the groves no shelter can afford,
With her loud caws her craven kind does bring,

Who, safe in numbers, cuff the noble bird?

LXXXVIII

Among the Dutch thus Albemarle did fare:
He could not conquer, and disdain'd to fly;

Past hope of safety, 't was his latest care,
Like falling Cæsar, decently to die.

LXXXIX

Yet pity did his manly spirit move,
To see those perish who so well had fought;

And generously with his despair he strove,
Resolv'd to live till he their safety
wrought.

XC

Let other Muses write his prosp'rous fate,
Of conquer'd nations tell, and kings restor'd;

But mine shall sing of his eclips'd estate,
Which, like the sun's, more wonders does
afford. 360

XCII

He drew his mighty frigates all before,
On which the foe his fruitless force employs:

His weak ones deep into his rear he bore,
Remote from guns, as sick men from the
noise.

XCIII

His fiery cannon did their passage guide,
And foll'wing smoke obscur'd them from
the foe:

Thus Israel safe from the Egyptian's pride,
By flaming pillars, and by clouds did go.

XCIII

Elsewhere the Belgian force we did defeat,

But here our courages did theirs subdue; 370

So Xenophon once led that fam'd retreat,
Which first the Asian empire overthrew.

XCIV

The foe approach'd; and one, for his bold
sin,

Was sunk; (as he that touch'd the ark
was slain:)

The wild waves master'd him and suck'd
him in,

And smiling eddies dimpled on the main.

XCV

This seen, the rest at awful distance stood;
As if they had been there as servants
set,

To stay, or to go on, as he thought good, 379
And not pursue, but wait on his retreat.

XCVI

So Libyan huntsmen, on some sandy plain,
From shady coverts rous'd, the lion
chase:

The kingly beast roars out with (m) The
loud disdain, simile is Vir-
gil's: *Vesti-*
(m) And slowly moves, un- *gia rura im-*
knowing to give place. *propere im-*
peret, &c.

XCVII

But if some one approach to dare his force,
He swings his tail, and swiftly turns him
round;

With one paw seizes on his trembling horse,
And with the other tears him to the
ground.

XCVIII

Amidst these toils succeeds the (n) *Weary*
balmy night; 389 *waves: from*
Statius, Syl-

Now hissing waters the *vae: Nec tru-*
quench'd guns restore; *cibus fluviis*

And (n) weary waves, with- *idem sonus:*
drawing from the fight, *occidit horror*

Lie lull'd and panting on the *Æquora, an-*
silent shore. *tenis maria*
occlinata
quiescent.

XCIX

The moon shone clear on the becalmed
flood,

Where, while her beams like glittering
silver play,

Upon the deck our careful gen- (o) The
eral stood, third of

And deeply mus'd on the *Juno, famous*
(o) succeeding day. *for two for-*
mer victories.

C

"That happy sun," said he, "will rise
again,

Who twice victorious did our navy see;
And I alone must view him rise in vain,

Without one ray of all his star for me. 400

CI

"Yet like an English gen'ral will I die,
And all the ocean make my spacious
grave:

Women and cowards on the land may lie;
The sea's a tomb that's proper for the
brave."

CII

Restless he pass'd the remnants of the
night,

Till the fresh air proclaim'd the morning
nigh;

And burning ships, the martyrs of the fight,
With paler fires beheld the eastern sky.

CIII

But now, his stores of ammunition spent,
 His naked valor is his only guard; ⁴³⁰
 Rare thunders are from his dumb cannon
 sent,
 And solitary guns are scarcely ^{Third day.}
 heard.

CIV

Thus far had Fortune pow'r, here fore'd to
 stay,
 Nor longer durst with virtue be at strife:
 This, as a ransom, Albemarle did pay
 For all the glories of so great a life.

CV

For now brave Rupert from afar appears,
 Whose waving streamers the glad gen-
 eral knows:
 With full-spread sails his eager navy steers,
 And every ship in swift proportion grows.

CVI

The anxious prince had heard the cannon
 long, ⁴²¹
 And from that length of time dire omens
 drew
 Of English overmatch'd, and Dutch too
 strong,
 Who never fought three days, but to pur-
 sue.

CVII

Then, as an eagle, who with pious care
 Was beating widely on the wing for prey,
 To her now silent *eyry* does repair,
 And finds her callow infants fore'd away;

CVIII

Stung with her love, she stoops upon the
 plain,
 The broken air loud whistling as she
 flies, ⁴³⁰
 She stops and listens, and shoots forth
 again,
 And guides her pinions by her young
 ones' cries:

CIX

With such kind passion hastes the prince
 to fight,
 And spreads his flying canvas to the sound;
 Him, whom no danger, were he there,
 could fright,
 Now, absent, every little noise can wound.

CX

As in a drought the thirsty creatures cry,
 And gape upon the gather'd clouds for
 rain;
 And first the martlet meets it in the sky,
 And with wet wings joys all the fea-
 ther'd train. ⁴⁴⁰

CXI

With such glad hearts did our despairing
 men
 Salute th' appearance of the prince's fleet;
 And each ambitiously would claim the ken
 That with first eyes did distant safety
 meet.

CXII

The Dutch, who came like greedy hinds
 before,
 To reap the harvest their ripe ears did
 yield;
 Now look like those, when rolling thunders
 roar,
 And sheets of lightning blast the stand-
 ing field.

CXIII

Full in the prince's passage, hills of sand
 And dang'rous flats in secret ambush lay,
 Where the false tides skim o'er the cov-
 er'd land, ⁴⁵¹
 And seamen with dissembled depths be-
 tray.

CXIV

The wily Dutch, who, like fall'n angels,
 fear'd
 This new *Messiah's* coming, there did
 wait,
 And round the verge their braving vessels
 steer'd,
 To tempt his courage with so fair a bait.

CXV

But he, unmov'd, contemns their idle threat,
 Secure of fame when'er he please to
 fight:
 His cold experience tempers all his heat,
 And inbred worth doth boasting valor
 slight. ⁴⁶⁰

CXVI

Heroic virtue did his actions guide,
 And he the substance, not the appearance
 chose;

To rescue one such friend he took more
pride
Than to destroy whole thousands of such
foes.

CXVII

But when approach'd, in strict embraces
bound,
Rupert and Albemarle together grow;
He joys to have his friend in safety found,
Which he to none but to that friend
would owe.

CXVIII

The cheerful soldiers, with new stores sup-
plied,
Now long to execute their spleenful
will;
And in revenge for those three days they
tried,
Wish one, like Joshua's, when the sun
stood still.

CXIX

Thus reinforce'd, against the adverse fleet,
Still doubling ours, brave Rupert leads
the way:
With the first blushes of the ^{Fourth day's} battle
morn they meet,
And bring night back upon the new-born
day.

CXX

His presence soon blows up the kindling
fight,
And his loud guns speak thick like angry
men:
It seem'd as slaughter had been breath'd
all night,
And Death new pointed his dull dart
again. ⁴⁸⁰

CXXI

The Dutch too well his mighty conduct
knew,
And matchless courage, since the former
fight:
Whose navy like a stiff-stretch'd cord did
shew,
Till he bore in and bent them into flight.

CXXII

The wind he shares, while half their fleet
offends
His open side, and high above him shows:

Upon the rest at pleasure he descends,
And, doubly harm'd, he double harms
bestows.

CXXIII

Behind, the gen'ral mends his ^{(p) So glides,}
weary pace ^{&c. From Vir-}
And sullenly to his revenge ^{gil: Quon me-}
he sails; ^{dis nemus, ex-}
^{(p) So glides some trodden} ⁴⁹⁰ ^{tremaeque ag-}
serpent on the grass, ^{mina caude}
And long behind his wounded ^{Solvuntur; tar-}
volume trails. ^{dosque trahit}
^{sinus ultimus}
^{orbes, &c.}

CXXIV

Th' increasing sound is borne to either
shore,
And for their stakes the throwing nations
fear:
Their passion double with the cannons' roar,
And with warm wishes each man combats
there.

CXXV

Plied thick and close as when the fight be-
gun,
Their huge unwieldy navy wastes away;
So sicken waning moons too near the sun,
And blunt their crescents on the edge of
day. ⁵⁰⁰

CXXVI

And now reduc'd on equal terms to fight,
Their ships like wasted patrimonies show;
Where the thin scatt'ring trees admit the
light,
And shun each other's shadows as they
grow.

CXXVII

The warlike princee had sever'd from the
rest
Two giant ships, the pride of all the
main;
Which with his one so vigorously he press'd,
And flew so home they could not rise
again.

CXXVIII

Already batter'd, by his lee they lay;
In vain upon the passing winds they call:
The passing winds thro' their torn canvas
play, ⁵¹¹
And flagging sails on heartless sailors
fall.

CXXIX

Their open'd sides receive a gloomy light,
Dreadful as day let in to shades below;
Without, grim Death rides barefac'd in
their sight,
And urges enter'ing billows as they flow.

CXXX

When one dire shot, the last they could
supply,
Close by the board the prince's mainmast
bore;
All three now, helpless, by each other lie,
And this offends not, and those fear no
more. 520

CXXXI

So have I seen some fearful hare main-
tain
A course, till tir'd before the dog she
lay;
Who, stretch'd behind her, pants upon the
plain,
Past pow'r to kill, as she to get away:

CXXXII

With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his
prey;
His warm breath blows her flix up as she
lies;
She, trembling, creeps upon the ground
away,
And looks back to him with beseeching
eyes.

CXXXIII

The prince unjustly does his stars accuse,
Which hinder'd him to push his fortune
on; 530
For what they to his courage did refuse,
By mortal valor never must be done.

CXXXIV

This lucky hour the wise Batavian takes,
And warns his tatter'd fleet to follow
home:
Proud to have so got off with (q) From
equal stakes, *Rorace: Quas*
(q) Where 't was a triumph *optinus Pallero*
not to be o'ercome. *et effugere*
est triumphus.

CXXXV

The general's force, as kept alive by fight,
Now, not oppos'd, no longer can pur-
sue:

Lasting till Heav'n had done his courage
right;
When he had conquer'd, he his weakness
knew. 540

CXXXVI

He casts a frown on the departing foe,
And sighs to see him quit the wat'ry
field:
His stern fix'd eyes no satisfaction show
For all the glories which the fight did
yield.

CXXXVII

Tho', as when fiends did miracles avow,
He stands confess'd ev'n by the boastful
Dutch;
He only does his conquest disavow,
And thinks too little what they found too
much.

CXXXVIII

Return'd, he with the fleet resolv'd to stay;
No tender thoughts of home his heart
divide; 550
Domestic joys and cares he puts away;
For realms are households which the
great must guide.

CXXXIX

As those who unripe veins in mines explore,
On the rich bed again the warm turf lay,
Till time digests the yet imperfect ore,
And know it will be gold another day:

CXL

So looks our monarch on this early fight,
Th' essay and rudiments of great success;
Which all-maturing time must bring to
light,
While he, like Heav'n, does each day's
labor bless. 560

CXLI

Heav'n ended not the first or second day,
Yet each was perfect to the work de-
sign'd:
God and kings work, when they their work
survey,
And passive aptness in all subjects find.

CXLI

In burden'd vessels first, with speedy care,
His plenteous stores do season'd timber
send:

Thither the brawny carpenters
 repair,
 And as the surgeons of
 main'd ships attend.

His Majesty
 repairs the
 fleet.

CXLIII

With cord and canvas from rich Hamburg
 sent,
 His navies' molted wings he imps once
 more;
 Tall Norway fir, their masts in battle spent,
 And English oak, sprung leaks and
 planks, restore.

570

CXLIV

All hands employ'd, (r) the (r) *Fersel*
 royal work grows *opus*: the same
 warm: *similitude in*
 Like laboring bees on a long summer's
 day,
 Some sound the trumpet for the rest to
 swarm,
 And some on bells of tasted lilies play;

Virgil.

CXLV

With gluey wax some new foundations lay
 Of virgin combs, which from the roof
 are hung;
 Some arm'd within doors upon duty stay,
 Or tend the sick, or educate the
 young.

580

CXLVI

So here, some pick out bullets from the
 sides,
 Some drive old oakum thro' each seam
 and rift:
 Their left hand does the calking-iron guide,
 The rattling mallet with the right they
 lift.

CXLVII

With boiling pitch another near at hand,
 From friendly Sweden brought, the
 seams instops:
 Which well paid o'er, the salt sea waves
 withstand,
 And shakes them from the rising beak in
 drops.

CXLVIII

Some the gall'd ropes with dauby marling
 bind,
 Or searcloth masts with strong tarpauling
 coats:

590

To try new shrouds one mounts into the
 wind,
 And one, below, their ease or stiffness
 notes.

CXLIX

Our careful monarch stands in person by,
 His new-cast caunons' firmness to ex-
 plore:
 The strength of big-corn'd powder loves to
 try,
 And ball and cartrage sorts for every
 bore.

CL

Each day brings fresh supplies of arms
 and men,
 And ships which all last winter were
 abroad;
 And such as fitted since the fight had
 been,
 Or new from stocks were fall'n into the
 road.

600

CLI

The goodly London in her gal- *Loyal London*
 lant trim, *describ'd.*
 (The Phoenix daughter of the vanish'd
 old.)
 Like a rich bride does to the ocean swim,
 And on her shadow rides in floating
 gold.

CLII

Her flag aloft, spread ruffling to the
 wind,
 And sanguine streamers seem the flood
 to fire:
 The weaver, charm'd with what his loom
 design'd,
 Goes on to sea, and knows not to retire.

CLIII

With roomy decks, her guns of mighty
 strength,
 Whose low-laid mouths each mounting
 billow laves:
 Deep in her draught, and warlike in her
 length,
 She seems a sea-wasp flying on the
 waves.

610

CLIV

This martial present, piously design'd,
 The loyal city give their best-lov'd king:

And, with a bounty ample as the wind,
Built, fitted, and maintain'd, to aid him
bring.

CLV

By viewing Nature, Nature's
handmaid Art
Makes mighty things from
small beginnings grow:
Thus fishes first to shipping did impart
Their tail the rudder, and their head the
prow.

*Digression
concerning
shipping and
navigation.*

620

CLVI

Some log, perhaps, upon the waters swam,
An useless drift, which, rudely cut
within,
And hollow'd, first a floating trough be-
came,
And cross some riv'let passage did begin.

CLVII

In shipping such as this, the Irish *kern*,
And untaught Indian, on the stream did
glide:
Ere sharp-keel'd boats to stem the flood
did learn,
Or fin-like oars did spread from either
side.

CLVIII

Add but a sail, and Saturn so appear'd,
When from lost empire he to exile
went,
And with the golden age to Tiber steer'd,
Where coin and first commerce he did
invent.

630

CLIX

Rude as their ships was navigation then;
No useful compass or meridian known;
Coasting, they kept the land within their
ken,
And knew no North but when the Pole-
star shone.

CLX

Of all who since have us'd the open
sea,
Than the bold English none more fame
have won;
(s) Beyond the year, and out *(s) Extra
anni solitque
vias. — VIRG.*
of heav'n's high way,
They make discoveries
where they see no sun.

640

CLXI

But what so long in vain, and yet unknown,
By poor mankind's benighted wit is
sought,
Shall in this age to Britain first be shown,
And hence be to admiring nations
taught.

CLXII

The ebbs of tides and their mysterious
flow,
We, as arts' elements, shall understand,
And as by line upon the ocean go,
Whose paths shall be familiar as the
land.

CLXIII

(t) Instructed ships shall sail (t) By a
to quick commerce, more exact
By which remotest regions measure of
are allied; longitude.
Which makes one city of the universe;
Where some may gain, and all may be
supplied.

650

CLXIV

Then, we upon our globe's last verge shall
go,
And view the ocean leaning on the sky:
From thence our rolling neighbors we shall
know,
And on the lunar world securely pry.

CLXV

This I foretell from your auspicious care,
Who great in search of God and Nature
grow;
Who best your wise Creator's
praise declare,
Since best to praise his works
is best to know.

*Apostrophe to
the Royal
Society.*

660

CLXVI

O truly Royal! who behold the law
And rule of beings in your Maker's mind;
And thence, like limbees, rich ideas draw,
To fit the level'd use of humankind.

CLXVII

But first the toils of war we must endure,
And from th' injurious Dutch redeem
the seas.
War makes the valiant of his right secure,
And gives up fraud to be chastis'd with
ease.

CLXVIII

Already were the Belgians on our coast,
 Whose fleet more mighty every day be-
 came⁶⁷⁰
 By late success, which they did falsely
 boast,
 And now by first appearing seem'd to
 claim.

CLXIX

Designing, subtle, diligent, and close,
 They knew to manage war with wise de-
 lay:
 Yet all those arts their vanity did cross,
 And, by their pride, their prudence did
 betray.

CLXX

Nor stay'd the English long; but, well sup-
 plied,
 Appear as numerous as th' insulting foe:
 The combat now by courage must be tried,
 And the success the braver nation show.

CLXXI

There was the Plymouth squadron now
 come in,⁶⁸¹
 Which in the Straits last winter was
 abroad;
 Which twice on Biscay's working bay had
 been,
 And on the midland sea the French had
 aw'd.

CLXXII

Old expert Allen, loyal all along,
 Fam'd for his action on the Smyrna
 fleet;
 And Holmes, whose name shall live in epic
 song,
 While music numbers, or while verse
 has feet;

CLXXIII

Holmes, the Achates of the gen'ral's fight,
 Who first bewitch'd our eyes with Guinea
 gold,⁶⁹⁰
 As once old Cato in the Romans' sight
 The tempting fruits of Afric did unfold.

CLXXIV

With him went Sprag, as bountiful as
 brave,
 Whom his high courage to command had
 brought;

Harman, who did the twice-fir'd Harry save,
 And in his burning ship undaunted fought;

CLXXV

Young Hollis, on a Muse by Mars begot,
 Born, Caesar-like, to write and act great
 deeds:
 Impatient to revenge his fatal shot,
 His right hand doubly to his left succeeds.

CLXXVI

Thousands were there in darker fame that
 dwell,⁷⁰¹
 Whose deeds some nobler poem shall
 adorn;
 And tho' to me unknown, they, sure, fought
 well,
 Whom Rupert led, and who were British
 born.

CLXXVII

Of every size an hundred fighting sail,
 So vast the navy now at anchor rides,
 That underneath it the press'd waters fail,
 And with its weight it shoulders off the
 tides.

CLXXVIII

Now, anchors weigh'd, the seamen shout so
 shrill,
 That heav'n, and earth, and the wide
 ocean rings;⁷¹⁰
 A breeze from westward waits their sails to
 fill,
 And rests in those high beds his downy
 wings.

CLXXIX

The wary Dutch this gathering storm fore-
 saw,
 And durst not bide it on the English
 coast:
 Behind their treach'rous shallows they with-
 draw,
 And there lay snares to catch the British
 host.

CLXXX

So the false spider, when her nets are
 spread,
 Deep ambush'd in her silent den does lie,
 And feels far off the trembling of her
 thread,
 Whose filmy cord should bind the strug-
 gling fly;⁷²⁰

CLXXXI

Then, if at last she find him fast beset,
 She issues forth, and runs along her loom:
 She joys to touch the captive in her net,
 And drags the little wretch in triumph
 home.

CLXXXII

The Belgians hop'd that, with disorder'd
 haste,
 Our deep-cut keels upon the sands might
 run;
 Or, if with caution leisurely were pass'd,
 Their numerous gross might charge us
 one by one.

CLXXXIII

But with a fore-wind pushing them above,
 And swelling tide that heav'd them from
 below, ⁷³⁰
 O'er the blind flats our warlike squadrons
 move,
 And with spread sails to welcome battle
 go.

CLXXXIV

It seem'd as there the British Neptune
 stood,
 With all his hosts of waters at command,
 Beneath them to submit th' ^{(v) Levat ipse}
 officious flood, ^{trident,}
^(u) And with his trident ^{Et vastus aper-}
 shov'd them off the sand. — ^{rit syrtis, &c.} ^{Vna.}

CLXXXV

To the pale foes they suddenly draw near,
 And summon them to unexpected fight;
 They start like murderers when ghosts ap-
 pear,
 And draw their curtains in the dead of
 night. ⁷⁴⁰

CLXXXVI

Now van to van the foremost ^{Second battle.}
 squadrons meet,
 The midmost battles hast'ning up behind;
 Who view, far off, the storm of falling
 sleet,
 And hear their thunder rattling in the
 wind.

CLXXXVII

At length the adverse admirals appear;
 (The two bold champions of each coun-
 try's right:)

Their eyes describe the lists as they come
 near,
 And draw the lines of death before they
 fight.

CLXXXVIII

The distance judg'd for shot of every
 size,
 The linestocks touch, the pond'rous ball
 expires: ⁷⁵⁰
 The vig'rous seaman every porthole plies,
 And adds his heart to every gun he fires.

CLXXXIX

Fierce was the fight on the proud Belgians'
 side,
 For honor, which they seldom sought be-
 fore;
 But now they by their own vain boasts were
 tied,
 And forc'd at least in shew to prize it
 more.

CXC

But sharp remembrance on the English
 part,
 And shame of being match'd by such a
 foe,
 Rouse conscious virtue up in ^{(v) Possunt,}
 every heart, ^{quia posse}
^(v) And seeming to be ^{videretur. —}
 stronger makes them so. ^{Vna.}

CXCI

Nor long the Belgians could that fleet sus-
 tain, ⁷⁶⁰
 Which did two gen'ral's fates, and
 Cæsar's bear:
 Each several ship a victory did gain,
 As Rupert or as Albemarle were there.

CXCI

Their batter'd admiral too soon withdrew,
 Unthank'd by ours for his unfinish'd fight;
 But he the minds of his Dutch masters
 knew,
 Who call'd that providence which we
 call'd flight.

CXCI

Never did men more joyfully obey,
 Or sooner understood the sign to fly: ⁷⁷⁰
 With such alacrity they bore away,
 As if to praise them all the States stood
 by.

CXCIV

O famous leader of the Belgian fleet,
Thy monument inscrib'd such praise shall
wear,
As Varro, timely flying, once did meet,
Because he did not of his Rome despair.

CXCIV

Behold that navy, which a while before
Provok'd the tardy English close to fight,
Now draw their beaten vessels close to
shore,
As larks lie dar'd to shun the hobby's
flight. 780

CXCVI

Whoe'er would English monuments survey,
In other records may our courage know:
But let them hide the story of this day,
Whose fame was blemish'd by too base a
foe.

CXCVII

Or if too busily they will enquire
Into a victory which we dis-
dain;
Then let them know, the Bel-
gians did retire
(w) Before the patron saint of injur'd Spain. *(w) Patron saint: St. James, on whose day this victory was gain'd.*

CXCVIII

Repenting England this revengeful
day
(x) To Philip's manes did au-
off'ring bring: 790 *(x) Philip's manes: Philip the Second of Spain, against whom the Hollanders, rebelling, were aided by Queen Elizabeth.*
England, which first, by lead-
ing them astray,
Hatch'd up rebellion to de-
stroy her king.

CXCIX

Our fathers bent their baneful industry
To check a monarchy that slowly grew;
But not France or Holland's fate fore-
see,
Whose rising pow'r to swift dominion
flew.

CC

In fortune's empire blindly thus we go,
And wander after pathless destiny;
Whose dark resorts since prudence cannot
know, 799
In vain it would provide for what shall be.

CCI

But whate'er English to the blest shall
go,
And the fourth Harry or first Orange
meet;
Find him disowning of a Bourbon foe,
And him detesting a Batavian fleet.

CCII

Now on their coasts our conquering navy
rides,
Waylays their merchants, and their land
besets;
Each day new wealth without their care
provides;
They lie asleep with prizes in their nets.

CCIII

So, close behind some promontory lie 800
The huge leviathans t' attend their prey;
And give no chase, but swallow in the
fry,
Which thro' their gaping jaws mistake
the way.

CCIV

Nor was this all: in ports and roads remote,
Destructive fires among whole fleets we
send;
Triumphant flames upon the Burning of the
water float, fleet in the
And outboard ships at home Vile by Sir
their voyage end. Robert
Holmes.

CCV

Those various squadrons, variously de-
sign'd,
Each vessel freighted with a several load,
Each squadron waiting for a several wind,
All find but one, to burn them in the road.

CCVI

Some bound for Guinea, golden sand to find,
Bore all the gauds the simple natives
wear; 822
Some, for the pride of Turkish courts de-
sign'd,
For folded turbans finest Holland bear.

CCVII

Some English wool, vex'd in a Belgian
loom,
And into cloth of spongy softness made,
Did into France or colder Denmark doom,
To ruin with worse ware our staple trade.

CCVIII

Our greedy seamen rummage every hold,
Smile on the booty of each wealthier
chest;
And, as the priests who with their gods
make bold,
Take what they like, and sacrifice the rest.

CCIX

But ah! how unsincere are all our joys!
Which, sent from heav'n, like lightning
make no stay:
Their palling taste the journey's length de-
stroys,
Or grief, sent post, o'ertakes ^{Transit to the}
them on the way. ^{Fire of}
London.

CCX

Swell'd with our late successes on the foe,
Which France and Holland wanted power
to cross,
We urge an unseen fate to lay us low,
And feed their envious eyes with English
loss.

CCXI

Each element his dread command obeys,
Who makes or ruins with a smile or
frown;
Who, as by one he did our nation raise,
So now he with another pulls us down.

CCXII

Yet London, empress of the northern clime,
By an high fate thou greatly
didst expire: ^{(y) Quam}
^{mare, quum}
(y) Great as the world's, which ^{tellus corrup-}
at the death of time ^{taque regia}
Must fall, and rise a nobler ^{erit.}
frame by fire. ^{Ardeat, &c.}
^{— OVID.}

CCXIII

As when some dire usurper Heav'n provides
To scourge his country with a lawless
sway,
His birth perhaps some petty village hides, ⁸⁵⁰
And sets his cradle out of fortune's way,

CCXIV

Till fully ripe his swelling fate breaks out,
And hurries him to mighty mischiefs on;
His prince, surpris'd at first, no ill could
doubt,
And wants the pow'r to meet it when 't is
known.

CCXV

Such was the rise of this prodigious fire,
Which, in mean buildings first obscurely
bred,
From thence did soon to open streets aspire,
And straight to palaces and temples
spread. ⁸⁶⁰

CCXVI

The diligence of trades and noiseful gain,
And luxury, more late, asleep were laid:
All was the Night's, and in her silent reign
No sound the rest of nature did invade.

CCXVII

In this deep quiet, from what source un-
known,
Those seeds of fire their fatal birth dis-
close;
And first, few scatt'ring sparks about were
blown,
Big with the flames that to our ruin rose.

CCXVIII

Then, in some close-pent room it crept along,
And, smould'ring as it went, in silence
fed;
Till th' infant monster, with devouring
strong,
Walk'd boldly upright with exalted head.

CCXIX

Now, like some rich or mighty murderer,
Too great for prison, which he breaks
with gold;
Who fresher for new mischiefs does appear,
And dares the world to tax him with the
old;

CCXX

So scapes th' insulting fire his narrow jail,
And makes small outlets into open air;
There the fierce winds his tender force
assail,
And beat him downward to his first re-
pair. ⁸⁸⁰

CCXXI

(z) The winds, like crafty ^{(z) Like craft-}
courtesans, withheld ^{ty, &c. Ille}
His flames from burning, but ^{arte tracta-}
to blow them more: ^{bat cupidum}
And, every fresh attempt, he is ^{circum, ut}
repell'd ^{illius ani-}
With faint denials, weaker than before. ^{ma non inopia}
^{accenderet.}

CCXXII

And now, no longer lett'd of his prey,
He leaps up at it with inrag'd desire;
O'erlooks the neighbors with a wide survey,
And nods at every house his threat'ning
fire.

CCXXIII

The ghosts of traitors from the Bridge descend,
With bold fanatic specters to rejoice; ⁸⁹⁰
About the fire into a dance they bend,
And sing their sabbath notes with feeble
voice.

CCXXIV

Our guardian angel saw them where he
sate
Above the palace of our slumb'ring king:
He sigh'd, abandoning his charge to fate,
And, drooping, oft look'd back upon the
wing.

CCXXV

At length the crackling noise and dreadful
blaze
Call'd up some waking lover to the sight;
And long it was ere he the rest could
raise,
Whose heavy eyelids yet were full of
night. ⁹⁰⁰

CCXXVI

The next to danger, hot pursu'd by fate,
Half-cloth'd, half-naked, hastily retire;
And frightened mothers strike their breasts,
too late,
For helpless infants left amidst the fire.

CCXXVII

Their cries soon waken all the dwellers
near;
Now murmuring noises rise in every
street;
The more remote run stumbling with their
fear,
And in the dark men jostle as they meet.

CCXXVIII

So weary bees in little cells repose;
But if night-robbers lift the well-stor'd
hive, ⁹¹⁰
An humming thro' their waxen city grows,
And out upon each other's wings they
drive.

CCXXIX

Now streets grow throng'd and busy as by
day:
Some run for buckets to the hallow'd choir:
Some cut the pipes, and some the engines
play;
And some more bold mount ladders to
the fire.

CCXXX

In vain; for from the East a Belgian wind
His hostile breath thro' the dry rafters
sent;
The flames impell'd soon left their foes be-
hind,
And forward with a wanton fury went. ⁹²⁰

CCXXXI

A key of fire ran all along the shore,
(a) And lighten'd all the river ^{(a) *Sigara igni*}
with a blaze; ^{*frete lala re-*}
The waken'd tides began again ^{*lucent. —*}
to roar, ^{*Vina.*}
And wond'ring fish in shining waters gaze.

CCXXXII

Old father Thames rais'd up his reverend
head,
But fear'd the fate of Simoeis would re-
turn:
Deep in his ooze he sought his sedgy bed,
And shrunk his waters back into his urn.

CCXXXIII

The fire, meantime, walks in a broader
gross;
To either hand his wings he opens wide:
He wades the streets, and straight he
reaches cross, ⁹³¹
And plays his longing flames on th' other
side.

CCXXXIV

At first they warm, then scorch, and then
they take;
Now with long necks from side to side
they feed;
At length, grown strong, their mother-fire
forsake,
And a new colony of flames succeed.

CCXXXV

To every nobler portion of the town
The curling billows roll their restless
tide:

In parties now they struggle up and down,
As armies, unoppos'd, for prey divide. ⁹⁴⁰

CCXXXVI

One mighty squadron, with a side-wind
sped,
Thro' narrow lanes his cumber'd fire
does haste,
By pow'rful charms of gold and silver led,
The Lombard bankers and the Change to
waste.

CCXXXVII

Another backward to the Tow'r would go,
And slowly eats his way against the
wind;
But the main body of the marching foe
Against th' imperial palace is design'd.

CCXXXVIII

Now day appears, and with the day the
king,
Whose early care had robb'd him of his
rest: ⁹⁵⁰
Far off the cracks of falling houses ring,
And shrieks of subjects pierce his tender
breast.

CCXXXIX

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of
smoke
With gloomy pillars cover all the place;
Whose little intervals of night are broke
By sparks that drive against his sacred
face.

CCXL

More than his guards his sorrows made
him known,
And pious tears, which down his cheeks
did show'r:
The wretched in his grief forgot their own;
(So much the pity of a king has pow'r.)

CCXLI

He wept the flames of what he lov'd so
well, ⁹⁶¹
And what so well had merited his love:
For never prince in grace did more excel,
Or royal city more in duty strove.

CCXLII

Nor with an idle care did he behold:
(Subjects may grieve, but monarchs
must redress;)

He cheers the fearful, and commends the
bold,
And makes despairers hope for good
success.

CCXLIII

Himself directs what first is to be done,
And orders all the succors which they
bring: ⁹⁷⁰
The helpful and the good about him run,
And form an army worthy such a king.

CCXLIV

He sees the dire contagion spread so fast,
That, where it seizes, all relief is vain;
And therefore must unwillingly lay waste
That country which would, else, the foe
maintain.

CCXLV

The powder blows up all before the fire:
Th' amazed flames stand gather'd on a
heap;
And from the precipice's brink retire,
Afraid to venture on so large a leap. ⁹⁸⁰

CCXLVI

Thus fighting fires a while themselves con-
sume,
But straight, like Turks, forc'd on to win
or die,
They first lay tender bridges of their fume,
And o'er the breach in unctuous vapors
fly.

CCXLVII

Part stays for passage, till a gust of wind
Ships o'er their forces in a shining sheet:
Part, creeping under ground, their journey
blind,
And, climbing from below, their fellows
meet.

CCXLVIII

Thus to some desert plain, or old wood-side,
Dire night-hags come from far to dance
their round; ⁹⁹⁰
And o'er broad rivers on their fiends they
ride,
Or sweep in clouds above the blasted
ground.

CCXLIX

No help avails: for, *hydra*-like, the fire
Lifts up his hundred heads to aim his way;

And scarce the wealthy can one half re-
tire,
Before he rushes in to share the prey.

CCLI

The rich grow suppliant, and the poor grow
proud;
Those offer mighty gain, and these ask
more:
So void of pity is th' ignoble crowd,
When others' ruin may increase their
store. 1000

CCLII

As those who live by shores with joy behold
Some wealthy vessel split or stranded
nigh,
And from the rocks leap down for ship-
wrack'd gold,
And seek the tempests which the others
fly:

CCLIII

So these but wait the owners' last despair,
And what's permitted to the flames in-
vade:
Ev'n from their jaws they hungry morsels
tear,
And on their backs the spoils of Vulcan
lade.

CCLIII

The days were all in this lost labor spent;
And when the weary king gave place to
night, 1010
His beams he to his royal brother lent,
And so shone still in his reflective light.

CCLIV

Night came, but without darkness or re-
pose,
A dismal picture of the gen'ral doom;
Where souls distracted, when the trumpet
blows,
And half unready with their bodies come.

CCLV

Those who have homes, when home they do
repair,
To a last lodging call their wand'ring
friends:
Their short uneasy sleeps are broke with
care,
To look how near their own destruction
tends. 1020

CCLVI

Those who have none, sit round where once
it was,
And with full eyes each wonted room re-
quire;
Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,
As murder'd men walk where they did
expire.

CCLVII

Some stir up coals, and watch the vestal fire,
Others in vain from sight of ruin run;
And, while thro' burning lab'rinth they re-
tire,
With loathing eyes repeat what they
would shun.

CCLVIII

The most in fields like herded beasts lie
down,
To dews obnoxious on the grassy floor;
And while their babes in sleep their sorrows
drown, 1031
Sad parents watch the remnants of their
store.

CCLIX

While by the motion of the flames they guess
What streets are burning now, and what
are near,
An infant, waking, to the paps would press,
And meets, instead of milk, a falling
tear.

CCLX

No thought can ease them but their sover-
eign's care,
Whose praise th' afflicted as their com-
fort sing:
Ev'n those whom want might drive to just
despair, 1039
Think life a blessing under such a king.

CCLXI

Meantime he sadly suffers in their grief,
Out-weeps an hermit, and out-prays a
saint:
All the long night he studies their relief,
How they may be supplied, and he may
want.

CCLXII

"O God," said he, "thou pa- King's prayer.
tron of my days,
Guide of my youth in exile and distress !

Who me unfriended brought'st by wondrous
ways,
The kingdom of my fathers to possess:

CCLXIII

"Be thou my judge, with what unwearied
care
I since have labor'd for my people's
good;

To bind the bruises of a civil war,
And stop the issues of their wasting
blood.

CCLXIV

"Thou, who hast taught me to forgive the
ill,
And recompense, as friends, the good
misled;
If mercy be a precept of thy will,
Return that mercy on thy servant's head.

CCLXV

"Or, if my heedless youth has stepp'd
astray,
Too soon forgetful of thy gracious hand;
On me alone thy just displeasure lay,
But take thy judgments from this mourn-
ing land.

CCLXVI

"We all have sinn'd, and thou hast laid us
low,
As humble earth from whence at first we
came:
Like flying shades before the clouds we
show,
And shrink like parchment in consuming
flame.

CCLXVII

"O let it be enough what thou hast done;
When spotted deaths ran arm'd thro'
every street,
With poison'd darts, which not the good
could shun,
The speedy could out-fly, or valiant meet.

CCLXVIII

"The living few, and frequent funerals
then,
Proclaim'd thy wrath on this forsaken
place;
And now those few who are return'd again,
Thy searching judgments to their dwell-
ings trace.

CCLXIX

"O pass not, Lord, an absolute decree,
Or bind thy sentence unconditional;
But in thy sentence our remorse foresee,
And, in that foresight, this thy doom re-
call.

CCLXX

"Thy threatings, Lord, as thine thou mayst
revoke;
But, if immutable and fix'd they stand,
Continue still thyself to give the stroke,
And let not foreign foes oppress thy
land."

CCLXXI

Th' Eternal heard, and from the heav'nly
choir
Chose out the cherub with the flaming
sword;
And bade him swiftly drive th' approaching
fire
From where our naval magazines were
stor'd.

CCLXXII

The blessed minister his wings display'd,
And like a shooting star he cleft the
night;
He charg'd the flames, and those that dis-
obey'd
He lash'd to duty with his sword of
light.

CCLXXIII

The fugitive flames, chastis'd, went forth
to prey
On pious structures, by our fathers
rear'd;
By which to heav'n they did affect the way,
Ere faith in churchmen without works
was heard.

CCLXXIV

The wanting orphans saw with wat'ry eyes
Their founders' charity in dust laid low;
And sent to God their ever-answer'd cries,
(For he protects the poor, who made
them so.)

CCLXXV

Nor could thy fabric, Paul's, defend thee
long,
Tho' thou wert sacred to thy Maker's
praise;

The' made immortal by a poet's song,
And poets' songs the Theban walls could
raise. 1100

CCLXXVI

The daring flames peep'd in, and saw from
far
The awful beauties of the sacred choir;
But, since it was profan'd by civil war,
Heav'n thought it fit to have it purg'd by
fire.

CCLXXVII

Now down the narrow streets it swiftly
came,
And, widely opening, did on both sides
prey:
This benefit we sadly owe the flame,
If only ruin must enlarge our way.

CCLXXVIII

And now four days the sun had seen our
woes;
Four nights the moon beheld th' inces-
sant fire: 1110
It seem'd as if the stars more sickly rose,
And farther from the fev'rish north retire.

CCLXXIX

In th' empyrean heaven, (the blest abode,)
The Thrones and the Dominions pros-
trate lie,
Not daring to behold their angry God;
And an hush'd silence damps the tuneful
sky.

CCLXXX

At length th' Almighty cast a pitying eye,
And mercy softly touch'd his melting
breast:
He saw the town's one half in rubbish lie,
And eager flames drive on to storm the
rest. 1120

CCLXXXI

An hollow crystal pyramid he takes,
In firmamental waters dipp'd above;
Of it a broad extinguisher he makes
And hoods the flames that to their
quarry strove.

CCLXXXII

The vanquish'd fires withdraw from every
place,
Or, full with feeding, sink into a sleep:

Each household genius shews again his face,
And from the hearths the little Lares
creep.

CCLXXXIII

Our king this more than natural change
beholds;
With sober joy his heart and eyes
abound: 1130
To the All-good his lifted hands he folds,
And thanks him low on his redeemed
ground.

CCLXXXIV

As when sharp frosts had long constrain'd
the earth,
A kindly thaw unlocks it with mild rain;
And first the tender blade peeps up to
birth,
And straight the green fields laugh with
promis'd grain:

CCLXXXV

By such degrees the spreading gladness
grew
In every heart which fear had froze be-
fore;
The standing streets with so much joy they
view,
That with less grief the perish'd they
deplore. 1140

CCLXXXVI

The father of the people open'd wide
His stores, and all the poor with plenty
fed:
Thus God's anointed God's own place sup-
plied,
And fill'd the empty with his daily bread.

CCLXXXVII

This royal bounty brought its own reward,
And in their minds so deep did print the
sense,
That if their ruins sadly they regard,
'Tis but with fear the sight might drive
him thence.

CCLXXXVIII

But so may he live long, that town to sway,
Which by his auspice they
will nobler make, 1150 City's request
As he will hatch their ashes by to the king
his stay, not to leave
And not their humble ruins now forsake.

CCLXXXIX

They have not lost their loyalty by fire;
 Nor is their courage or their wealth so
 low,
 That from his wars they poorly would re-
 tire,
 Or beg the pity of a vanquish'd foe.

CCXC

Not with more constancy the Jews of
 old,
 By Cyrus from rewarded exile sent,
 Their royal city did in dust behold,
 Or with more vigor to rebuild it went.

CCXCI

The utmost malice of their stars is past,
 And two dire comets, which have scourg'd
 the town,
 In their own plague and fire have breath'd
 their last,
 Or, dimly, in their sinking sockets frown.

CCXCII

Now frequent trines the happier lights
 among,
 And high-raisd Jove, from his dark
 prison freed,
 (Those weights took off that on his planet
 hung,)
 Will gloriously the new-laid works suc-
 ceed.

CCXCIII

Methinks already, from this chymic flame,
 I see a city of more precious mold, 1170
 Rich as the town which gives (b) Mexico.
 the (b) Indies name,
 With silver pav'd, and all divine with
 gold.

CCXCIV

Already, laboring with a mighty fate,
 She shakes the rubbish from her mount-
 ing brow,
 And seems to have renew'd her charter's
 date,
 Which Heav'n will to the death of time
 allow.

CCXCV

More great than human, now, and more
 (c) august,
 New-deified she from her (c) Augustus,
 fires does rise: the old name
 of London.

Her widening streets on new foundations
 trust,
 And, opening, into larger parts she flies. 1179

CCXCVI

Before, she like some shepherdess did show,
 Who sate to bathe her by a river's side;
 Not answering to her fame, but rude and
 low,
 Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern
 pride.

CCXCVII

Now, like a maiden queen, she will behold,
 From her high turrets, hourly suitors
 come:
 The East with incense, and the West with
 gold,
 Will stand, like suppliants, to receive her
 doom.

CCXCVIII

The silver Thames, her own domestic flood,
 Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping
 train; 1190
 And often wind, (as of his mistress proud,)
 With longing eyes to meet her face
 again.

CCXCIX

The wealthy Tagus, and the wealthier
 Rhine,
 The glory of their towns no more shall
 boast;
 And Seine, that would with Belgian rivers
 join,
 Shall find her luster stain'd, and traffic
 lost.

CCC

The vent'rous merchant, who design'd more
 far,
 And touches on our hospitable shore,
 Charn'd with the splendor of this northern
 star,
 Shall here unlade him, and depart no
 more. 1200

CCCI

Our pow'rful navy shall no longer meet,
 The wealth of France or Holland to in-
 vade;
 The beauty of this town, without a fleet,
 From all the world shall vindicate her
 trade.

CCCH

And, while this fam'd emporium we prepare,
The British ocean shall such triumphs boast,
That those who now disdain our trade to share,
Shall rob like pirates on our wealthy coast.

CCCHH

Already we have conquer'd half the war,
And the less dang'rous part is left behind;

Our trouble now is but to make them dare,
And not so great to vanquish as to find.

CCCHV

Thus to the eastern wealth thro' storms we go,
But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more;
A constant trade-wind will securely blow,
And gently lay us on the spicy shore.

POEMS WRITTEN BETWEEN 1667 AND 1680

PROLOGUE, EPILOGUE, AND
SONG FROM SECRET LOVE

OR, THE MAIDEN QUEEN

[Pepys saw "*The Maiden Queen*, a new play of Dryden's," on March 2, 1667. The play was entered on the *Stationers' Register* on August 7 of that year (Malone, I, 1, 69); the first edition is dated 1668. The epilogue printed with the play was "by a person of honor;" that given below is taken from *The Covent Garden Drollery*, a small miscellany published in 1672, which contains a large number of prologues and epilogues, some of them known to be by Dryden. There is, however, no absolute proof that the present epilogue is his work. The song is one which the *Maiden Queen* "made of" her lover Philocles and "call'd . . . *Secret Love*."]

PROLOGUE

I

He who writ this, not without pains and thought
From French and English theaters has brought
Th' exactest rules by which a play is wrought:

II

The unities of action, place, and time;
The scenes unbroken; and a mingled chime
Of Jonson's humor with Corneille's rhyme.

III

But while dead colors he with care did lay,
He fears his wit or plot he did not weigh,
Which are the living beauties of a play.

IV

Plays are like towns, which, howe'er fortified
By engineers, have still some weaker side¹⁰
By the o'er-seen defendant mespied.

V

And with that art you make approaches now;
Such skilful fury in assaults you show,
That every poet without shame may bow.

VI

Ours therefore humbly would attend your doom,
If, soldier-like, he may have terms to come
With flying colors and with beat of drum.

[*The Prologue goes out, and stays while a tune is play'd, after which he returns again.*]

SECOND PROLOGUE

I had forgot one half, I do protest,¹⁹
And now am sent again to speak the rest.
He bows to every great and noble wit;
But to the little Hectors of the pit
Our poet's sturdy, and will not submit. }
He'll be beforehand with 'em, and not stay
To see each peevish critic stab his play:
Each puny censor, who, his skill to boast,
Is cheaply witty on the poet's cost.
No critic's verdict should of right stand good;
They are excepted all, as men of blood;
And the same law should shield him from their fury³⁰
Which has excluded butchers from a jury.
You'd all be wits —
But writing's tedious, and that way may fail;

The most compendious method is to rail;
Which you so like, you think yourselves ill
us'd

When in smart prologues you are not
abus'd.

A civil prologue is approv'd by no man;
You hate it as you do a civil woman:
Your fancy's pall'd, and liberally you pay
To have it quicken'd, ere you see a play;
Just as old sinners, worn from their de-
light,

Give money to be whipp'd to appetite. ⁴¹
But what a pox keep I so much ado
To save our poet? He is one of you;
A brother judgment, and, as I hear say,
A curs'd critic as e'er damn'd a play.
Good salvage gentlemen, your own kind
spare;

He is, like you, a very wolf or bear.
Yet think not he'll your ancient rights in-
vade,

Or stop the course of your free damning
trade; ⁵⁰

For he, he vows, at no friend's play can sit,
But he must needs find fault to shew his
wit.

Then, for his sake, ne'er stint your own de-
light;

Throw boldly, for he sets to all that write:
With such he ventures on an even lay,
For they bring ready money into play.
Those who write not, and yet all writers
nick,

Are bankrupt gamesters, for they damn on
tick.

EPILOGUE

THE Prologue durst not tell, before 't was
seen,

The plot we had to swinge *The Maiden
Queen*;

For had we then discover'd our intent,
The fop who writ it had not giv'n consent,
Or the new peaching trick at least had
shown,

And brought in others' faults to hide his
own.

That wit he has been by his betters taught,
When he's accus'd to shew another's fault.
When one wit's hunted hard, by joint
consent

Another claps betwixt and does prevent ¹⁰
His death, for many hares still foil the
scent.

Thus our poor poet would have scap'd to-
day,

But from the herd I singled out his play.

Then heigh along with me—

Both great and small, you poets of the
town,

And Nell will love you, [f]or to run him
down.

SONG

I

I FEED a flame within, which so torments
me,

That it both pains my heart, and yet con-
tents me:

'T is such a pleasing smart, and I so love it,
That I had rather die then once remove it.

II

Yet he for whom I grieve shall never
know it;

My tongue does not betray, nor my eyes
show it:

Not a sigh, nor a tear, my pain discloses,
But they fall silently, like dew on roses.

III

Thus to prevent my love from being cruel,
My heart's the sacrifice, as 't is the fuel: ¹⁰
And while I suffer this, to give him quiet,
My faith rewards my love, tho' he deny it.

IV

On his eyes will I gaze, and there delight
me;

Where I conceal my love, no frown can
fright me:

To be more happy, I dare not aspire;
Nor can I fall more low, mounting no
higher.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE WILD GALLANT, REVIV'D

[See note on p. 18, above.]

PROLOGUE

As some raw squire, by tender mother bred,
Till one and twenty keeps his maiden-
head,

(Pleas'd with some sport, which he alone
does find,

And thinks a secret to all humankind,
 Till mightily in love, yet half afraid,
 He first attempts the gentle dairymaid.
 Succeeding there, and led by the renown
 Of Whetstone's Park, he comes at length to
 town,
 Where enter'd, by some school-fellow or
 friend,
 He grows to break glass windows in the
 end:
 His valor too, which with the watch began,
 Proceeds to duel, and he kills his man.
 By such degrees, while knowledge he did
 want,
 Our unfetch'd author writ a *Wild Gallant*.
 He thought him monstrous lewd (I'll lay
 my life)
 Because suspected with his landlord's wife;
 But, since his knowledge of the town be-
 gan,
 He thinks him now a very civil man;
 And, much asham'd of what he was be-
 fore,
 Has fairly play'd him at three wench'es
 more.
 'T is some amends his frailties to confess:
 Pray pardon him his want of wickedness.
 He's towardly, and will come on apace;
 His frank confession shows he has some
 grace.
 You balk'd him when he was a young be-
 ginner,
 And almost spoil'd a very hopeful sinner;
 But, if once more you slight his weak in-
 deavor,
 For aught I know, he may turn tail for
 ever.

EPILOGUE

Of all dramatic writing, comic wit,
 As 't is the best, so 't is most hard to hit,
 For it lies all in level to the eye,
 Where all may judge, and each defect may
 spy.
 Humor is that which every day we meet,
 And therefore known as every public street;
 In which, if e'er the poet go astray,
 You all can point, 't was there he lost his
 way.
 But, what's so common, to make pleasant
 too,
 Is more than any wit can always do.
 For 't is like Turks, with hen and rice to
 treat;

To make regalias out of common meat.
 But, in your diet, you grow salvages:
 Nothing but human flesh your taste can
 please;
 And, as their feasts with slaughter'd slaves
 began,
 So you, at each new play, must have a
 man.
 Hither you come, as to see prizes fought;
 If no blood's drawn, you cry, the prize is
 naught.
 But fools grow wary now; and, when they
 see
 A poet eyeing round the company,
 Straight each man for himself begins to
 doubt;
 They shrink like seamen when a press comes
 out.
 Few of 'em will be found for public use,
 Except you charge an oaf upon each house,
 Like the trainbands, and every man ingage
 For a sufficient fool, to serve the stage.
 And when, with much ado, you get him
 there,
 Where he in all his glory should appear,
 Your poets make him such rare things to
 say,
 That he's more wit than any man i' th'
 play;
 But of so ill a mingle with the rest,
 As when a parrot's taught to break a
 jest.
 Thus, aiming to be fine, they make a show,
 As tawdry squires in country churches
 do.
 Things well consider'd, 't is so hard to make
 A comedy which should the knowing take,
 That our dull poet, in despair to please,
 Does humbly beg, by me, his writ of ease.
 'T is a land tax, which he's too poor to pay;
 You therefore must some other impost
 lay.
 Would you but change, for serious plot and
 verse,
 This motley garniture of fool and farce,
 Nor scorn a mode, because 't is taught at
 home,
 Which does, like vests, our gravity become,
 Our poet yields you should this play re-
 fuse:
 As tradesmen, by the change of fashions,
 lose,
 With some content, their fripperies of
 France,
 In hope it may their staple trade advance.

PROLOGUE, EPILOGUE, AND
SONGS FROM SIR MARTIN
MAR-ALL

OR, THE FEIGN'D INNOCENCE

[This comedy is an adaptation of Molière's *L'Étourdi*. Downes states that the Duke of Newcastle gave Dryden a bare translation from Molière, which our poet adapted for the English stage. Pepys saw the play on August 16, 1667, when he terms it "the new play acted yesterday . . . made by my Lord Duke of Newcastle, but, as everybody says, corrected by Dryden." It was entered on the *Stationers' Register* June 24, 1668 (Malone, I, 1, 93), as the Duke's play, and published anonymously in that year. Dryden's name did not appear on the title-page until 1691.

The first song is printed also in *Westminster Drollery; or, a Choice Collection of the Newest Songs and Poems*, 1671.]

PROLOGUE

FOOLS, which each man meets in his dish
each day,
Are yet the great regalias of a play;
In which to poets you but just appear,
To prize that highest which cost them so
dear.

Fops in the town more easily will pass;
One story makes a statutable ass:
But such in plays must be much thicker
sown,

Like yolks of eggs, a dozen beat to one.
Observing poets all their walks invade,
As men watch woodcocks gliding thro' a
glade; 10

And when they have enough for comedy,
They stow their several bodies in a pie:
The poet's but the cook to fashion it,
For, gallants, you yourselves have found
the wit.

To bid you welcome would your bounty
wrong;

None welcome those who bring their cheer
along.

EPILOGUE

As country vicars, when the sermon's
done,

Run huddling to the benediction;
Well knowing, tho' the better sort may
stay,

The vulgar rout will run unblest away:

So we, when once our play is done, make
haste

With a short epilogue to close your taste.
In thus withdrawing we seem mannerly,
But when the curtain's down we peep and
see

A jury of the wits who still stay late,
And in their club decree the poor play's
fate: 10

Their verdict back is to the boxes brought;
Thence all the town pronounces it their
thought.

Thus, gallants, we like Lilly can foresee;
But if you ask us what our doom will
be,

We by to-morrow will our fortune cast,
As he tells all things when the year is
past.

SONGS

I

i

MAKE ready, fair lady, to-night,
And stand at the door below;
For I will be there
To receive you with care,
And to your true love you shall go.

II

THE LADY'S ANSWER

And when the stars twinkle so bright,
Then down to the door will I creep;
To my love will I fly,
Ere the jealous can spy,
And leave my old daddy asleep.

II

I

BLIND love, to this hour,
Had never, like me, a slave under his
power.

Then blest be the dart
That he threw at my heart,
For nothing can prove
A joy so great as to be wounded with love.

II

My days and my nights
Are fill'd to the purpose with sorrows and
frights:
From my heart still I sigh,
And my eyes are ne'er dry; 10

So that, Cupid be prais'd,
I am to the top of love's happiness rais'd.

III

My soul's all on fire,
So that I have the pleasure to dote and desire:

Such a pretty soft pain
That it tickles each vein;

'T is the dream of a smart,
Which makes me breathe short when it
beats at my heart.

IV

Sometimes in a pet,
When I am despis'd, I my freedom would
get;

But straight a sweet smile
Does my anger beguile,

And my heart does recall;
Then the more I do struggle, the lower I
fall.

V

Heaven does not impart
Such a grace as to love unto ev'ry one's
heart;

For many may wish
To be wounded, and miss:

Then blest be love's fire,
And more blest her eyes that first taught
me desire.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO
THE TEMPEST

OR, THE ENCHANTED ISLAND

[This play was an adaptation and debasement of Shakespeare, by Sir William Davenant and Dryden. It was first acted, as the epilogue shows, in 1667. Pepys saw a first-day production of *The Tempest*, undoubtedly this version, on November 7 of that year. It was not printed until 1670. The style of prologue and epilogue clearly shows them to be the work of the younger adapter.]

PROLOGUE

As, when a tree's cut down, the secret root
Lives under ground, and thence new branches
shoot;

So from old Shakespeare's honor'd dust,
this day

Springs up and buds a new reviving play:
Shakespeare, who (taught by none) did first
impart

To Fletcher wit, to laboring Jonson art.
He, monarch-like, gave those, his subjects,
law;

And is that nature which they paint and
draw.

Fletcher reach'd that which on his heights
did grow,

Whilst Jonson crept, and gather'd all below.
This did his love, and this his mirth digest:
One imitates him most, the other best.

If they have since outwrit all other men,
'T is with the drops which fell from Shake-
speare's pen.

The storm which vanish'd on the neigh-
b'ring shore,

Was taught by Shakespeare's *Tempest* first
to roar.

That innocence and beauty which did smile
In Fletcher, grew on this *Enchanted Isle*.

But Shakespeare's magic could not copied
be;

Within that circle none darst walk but he.
I must confess 't was bold, nor would you
now

That liberty to vulgar wits allow,
Which works by magic supernatural things;

But Shakespeare's pow'r is sacred as a
king's.

Those legends from old priesthood were re-
ceiv'd,

And he then writ, as people then believ'd.
But if for Shakespeare we your grace im-
plore,

We for our theater shall want it more:
Who by our dearth of youths are fore'd
t' employ

One of our women to present a boy;

And that's a transmutation, you will say,
Exceeding all the magic in the play.

Let none expect in the last act to find
Her sex transform'd from man to woman-
kind.

Whate'er she was before the play began,
All you shall see of her is perfect man.

Or if your fancy will be farther led
To find her woman, it must be abed.

EPILOGUE

GALLANTS, by all good signs it does appear
That sixty-seven's a very damning year,
For knaves abroad, and for ill poets here.

Among the Muses there's a gen'ral rot:
The rhyming Mounseieur and the Spanish
plot,
Defy or court, all's one, they go to pot.

The ghosts of poets walk within this place,
And haunt us actors wheresoe'er we pass,
In visions bloodier than King Richard's
was.

For this poor wretch he has not much to say,
But quietly brings in his part o' th' play,
And begs the favor to be damn'd to-day.

He sends me only like a sh'riff's man here,
To let you know the malefactor's near,
And that he means to die *en cavalier*.

For if you should be gracious to his pen,
Th' example will prove ill to other men,
And you'll be troubled with 'em all again.

PROLOGUE TO ALBUMAZAR, REVIV'D

[This play was written by Thomas Tomkis, of Trinity College, Cambridge, where it was acted March 9, 1615, on the occasion of a visit by King James I. Pepys saw a revival of it, doubtless that for which Dryden wrote this prologue, on February 22, 1668. The prologue is printed anonymously in the *Covent Garden Drollery*, 1672; and with Dryden's name in *Miscellany Poems*, 1684, from which this text is taken.

Since *The Alchemist* was acted in 1610, there is no possible truth in Dryden's assertion in lines 5-10.]

To say, this comedy pleas'd long ago,
Is not enough to make it pass you now.
Yet, gentlemen, your ancestors had wit;
When few men censur'd, and when fewer
writ.

And Jonson, of those few the best, chose
this,

As the best model of his masterpiece.

Subtle was got by our Albumazar,
That Alehymist by his Astrologer;
Here he was fashion'd, and we may sup-
pose

He lik'd the fashion well, who wore the
clothes.

But Ben made nobly his what he did mold;
What was another's lead becomes his gold:

Like an unrighteous conqueror he reigns,
Yet rules that well, which he unjustly gains.
But this our age such authors does afford,
As make whole plays, and yet scarce write
one word;

Who, in this anarchy of wit, rob all,
And what's their plunder, their possession
call;

Who, like bold padders, scorn by night to
prey,

But rob by sunshine, in the face of day: 20
Nay, scarce the common ceremony use
Of: "Stand, sir, and deliver up your
Muse;"

But knock the poet down, and, with a
grace,

Mount Pegasus before the owner's face.

Faith, if you have such country Toms
abroad,

'T is time for all true men to leave that
road.

Yet it were modest, could it but be said,
They strip the living, but these rob the
dead;

Dare with the mummies of the Muses play,
And make love to them the Egyptian
way;

Or, as a rhyming author would have said, 30
Join the dead living to the living dead.

Such men in poetry may claim some part:
'They have the license, tho' they want the
art;

And might, where theft was prais'd, for
Laureats stand,

Poets, not of the head, but of the hand.

They make the benefits of others' study-
ing,

Much like the meals of politic Jack-Pud-
ding,

Whose dish to challenge no man has the
courage;

'T is all his own, when once h' has spit i'
th' porridge.

But, gentlemen, you're all concern'd in
this;

You are in fault for what they do amiss:
For they their thefts still undiscover'd
think,

And durst not steal, unless you please to
wink.

Perhaps, you may award by your decree,
They should refund; but that can never be.
For should you letters of reprisal seal,
These men write that which no man else
would steal.

PROLOGUE, EPILOGUE, AND
SONGS FROM AN EVENING'S
LOVE

OR, THE MOCK ASTROLOGER

[Mrs. Pepys saw this "new play" by Dryden on June 19, 1668. It was entered on the *Stationers' Register* on November 20 of that year (Malone, I, 1, 93), but was not printed until 1671, when two slightly different editions appeared. The fourth song is printed also in *Westminster Drollery*; or, *a Choice Collection of the Newest Songs and Poems*, 1671.]

PROLOGUE

WHEN first our poet set himself to write,
Like a young bridegroom on his wedding-
night
He laid about him, and did so bestir him,
His Muse could never lie in quiet for him:
But now his honeymoon is gone and past,
Yet the ungrateful drudgery must last,
And he is bound, as civil husbands do,
To strain himself, in complaisance to you;
To write in pain, and counterfeit a bliss
Like the faint smackings of an after-kiss. 10
But you, like wives ill-pleas'd, supply his
want:
Each writing *Monsieur* is a fresh gallant;
And tho', perhaps, 't was done as well be-
fore,
Yet still there's something in a new amour.
Your several poets work with several tools:
One gets you wits, another gets you fools;
This pleases you with some by-stroke of
wit,
This finds some cranny that was never hit.
But should these jaunty lovers daily come
To do your work, like your good man at
home, 20
Their fine small-timber'd wits would soon
decay:
These are gallants but for a holiday.
Others you had who oft'ner have appear'd,
Whom for mere impotence you have
cashier'd:
Such as at first came on with pomp and
glory,
But, over-straining, soon fell flat before
ye.
Their useless weight with patience long was
borne,
But at the last you threw 'em off with
scorn.

As for the poet of this present night,
Tho' now he claims in you an husband's
right, 30
He will not hinder you of fresh delight.
He, like a seaman, seldom will appear;
And means to trouble home but thrice a
year:
That only time from your gallants he'll
borrow;
Be kind to-day, and cuckold him to-mor-
row.

EPILOGUE

My part being small, I have had time to-
day
To mark your various censures of our play:
First, looking for a judgment or a wit,
Like Jews I saw 'em scatter'd thro' the pit;
And where a knot of smilers lent an ear
To one that talk'd, I knew the foe was
there.
The club of jests went round; he who had
none
Borrow'd o' th' next, and told it for his
own.
Among the rest they kept a fearful stir
In whispering that he stole th' Astrologer; 10
And said, betwixt a French and English plot
He eas'd his half-tir'd Muse, on puce and
trot.
Up starts a *Monsieur*, new come o'er and
warm
In the French stoop, and the pull-back o'
th' arm:
"*Morbleu*," dit-il, and cocks, "I am a rogue,
But he has quite spoil'd *The Feign'd Astro-
logue*."
"Pox," says another, "here's so great a stir
With a son of a whore farce that's regular;
A rule, where nothing must decorum
shock!
Damme 'ts as dull as dining by the clock. 20
An evening! Why the devil should we be
vex'd
Whether he gets the wench this night or
next?"
When I heard this, I to the poet went,
Told him the house was full of discontent,
And ask'd him what excuse he could in-
vent. }
He neither swore nor storm'd as poets do,
But, most unlike an author, vow'd 't was
true;
Yet said, he us'd the French like enemies,

And did not steal their plots, but made 'em
prize.
But should he all the pains and charges
count
Of taking 'em, the bill so high would
mount
That, like prize-goods, which thro' the
office come,
He could have had 'em much more cheap
at home.
He still must write, and, banquier-like, each
day
Accept new bills, and he must break or pay.
When thro' his hands such sums must
yearly run,
You cannot think the stock is all his own.
His haste his other errors might excuse,
But there's no mercy for a guilty Muse; 39
For, like a mistress, she must stand or fall,
And please you to a height, or not at all.

SONGS

I

You charm'd me not with that fair face,
Tho' it was all divine:
To be another's is the grace
That makes me wish you mine.

II

The gods and Fortune take their part,
Who like young monarchs fight,
And boldly dare invade that heart
Which is another's right.

III

First, mad with hope, we undertake
To pull up every bar; 10
But, once possess'd, we faintly make
A dull defensive war.

IV

Now, every friend is turn'd a foe,
In hope to get our store;
And passion makes us cowards grow,
Which made us brave before.

II

I

AFTER the pangs of a desperate lover,
When day and night I have sigh'd all in
vain,

Ah what a pleasure it is to discover,
In her eyes pity, who causes my pain.

II

When with unkindness our love at a stand
is,
And both have punish'd ourselves with
the pain,
Ah what a pleasure the touch of her hand
is,
Ah what a pleasure to press it again!

III

When the denial comes fainter and fainter,
And her eyes give what her tongue does
deny, 10
Ah what a trembling I feel when I ven-
ture,
Ah what a trembling does usher my joy!

IV

When, with a sigh, she accords me the
blessing,
And her eyes twinkle 'twixt pleasure and
pain,
Ah what a joy 'tis, beyond all expressing,
Ah what a joy to hear: "Shall we
again?"

III

I

CALM was the even, and clear was the
sky,
And the new-budding flowers did spring,
When all alone went Amyntas and I
To hear the sweet nightingal sing.
I sate, and he laid him down by me,
But scarcely his breath he could draw;
For when with a fear, he begun to draw
near,
He was dash'd with: "A ha ha ha ha!"

II

He blush'd to himself, and lay still for a
while,
And his modesty curb'd his desire; 10
But straight I convinc'd all his fear with a
smile,
Which added new flames to his fire.
"O Sylvia," said he, "you are cruel,
To keep your poor lover in awe;"
Then once more he press'd with his hand
to my breast,
But was dash'd with: "A ha ha ha ha!"

III

I knew 't was his passion that caus'd all his fears,

And therefore I pitied his case;
I whisper'd him softly: "There's nobody near,"

And laid my cheek close to his face: 20
But as he grew bolder and bolder,

A shepherd came by us and saw,
And just as our bliss we began with a kiss,
He laugh'd out with: "A ha ha ha ha!"

IV

I

Damon. CELIMENA, of my heart,
None shall e'er bereave you:
If with your good leave I may
Quarrel with you once a day,
I will never leave you.

II

Celimenä. Passion's but an empty name
Where respect is wanting:
Damon, you mistake your aim;
Hang your heart, and burn your
flame,
If you must be ranting. 10

III

Damon. Love as dull and muddy is
As decaying liquor:
Anger sets it on the lees,
And refines it by degrees,
Till it works it quicker.

IV

Celimenä. Love by quarrels to beget
Wisely you endeavor;
With a grave physician's wit,
Who, to cure an ague fit,
Put me in a fever. 20

V

Damon. Anger rouses love to fight,
And his only bait is:
'T is the spur to dull delight,
And is but an eager bite,
When desire at height is.

VI

Celimenä. If such drops of heat can fall
In our wooing weather;
If such drops of heat can fall,
We shall have the devil and all
When we come together. 30

PROLOGUE, EPILOGUE, AND
SONG FROM TYRANNIC LOVE

OR, THE ROYAL MARTYR

[This heroic play, by Dryden, was probably acted early in 1689; it was entered on the *Stationers' Register* on July 14 of that year (Malone, I, 1, 34), and published in 1670. The epilogue was spoken by Nell Gwyn, who acted the part of the chaste princess Valeria. The second edition (1672) was "review'd by the author," but the reviewing did not affect the text of the pieces here printed.]

PROLOGUE

SELF-LOVE, which never rightly understood,
Makes poets still conclude their plays are
good,

And malice, in all critics, reigns so high,
That for small errors they whole plays de-
cry;

So that to see this fondness, and that
spite,
You'd think that none but madmen judge
or write.

Therefore our poet, as he thinks not fit
T' impose upon you what he writes for
wit;

So hopes, that leaving you your censures }
free,
You equal judges of the whole will be: 10 }
They judge but half, who only faults will
see.

Poets, like lovers, should be bold and
dare,
They spoil their business with an over-
care;

And he, who servilely creeps after sense,
Is safe, but ne'er will reach an excel-
lence.

Hence 't is, our poet, in his conjuring,
Allow'd his fancy the full scope and swing.
But when a tyrant for his theme he had,
He loos'd the reins, and bid his Muse run
mad:

And tho' he stumbles in a full career, 20
Yet rashness is a better fault than fear.
He saw his way; but in so swift a pace,
To choose the ground might be to lose the
race.

They then, who of each trip th' advantage
take,
Find but those faults which they want wit
to make.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY MRS. ELLEN, WHEN SHE WAS TO
BE CARRIED OFF DEAD BY THE BEARERS

[To the Bearer.] Hold, are you mad?
you damn'd confounded dog,
I am to rise, and speak the epilogue.
[To the Audience.] I come, kind gentlemen,
strange news to tell ye,
I am the ghost of poor departed Nelly.
Sweet ladies, be not frighted, I'll be civil;
I'm what I was, a little harmless devil:
For after death, we sprites have just such
natures

We had for all the world, when human
creatures;

And therefore I that was an actress here,
Play all my tricks in hell, a goblin there. 10
Gallants, look to 't, you say there are no
sprites;

But I'll come dance about your beds at
nights.

And faith you'll be in a sweet kind of taking,
When I surprise you between sleep and
waking.

To tell you true, I walk because I die
Out of my calling in a tragedy.
O poet, damn'd dull poet, who could prove
So senseless! to make Nelly die for love!
Nay, what 's yet worse, to kill me in the
prime

Of Easter term, in tart and cheese-cake
time! 20

I'll fit the fop, for I'll not one word say
T' excuse his godly out-of-fashion play:
A play, which if you dare but twice sit out,
You'll all be as slander'd, and be thought de-
vout.

But farewell, gentlemen, make haste to me;
I'm sure ere long to have your company.
As for my epitaph, when I am gone,
I'll trust no poet, but will write my own:

*Here Nelly lies, who, tho' she liv'd a slattern,
Yet died a princess, acting in St. Cathar'n.* 30

SONG

I

Ah how sweet it is to love!
Ah how gay is young desire!
And what pleasing pains we prove
When we first approach love's fire!
Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are.

II

Sighs which are from lovers blown,
Do but gently heave the heart:
Ev'n the tears they shed alone,
Cure, like trickling balm, their smart. 10
Lovers when they lose their breath,
Bleed away in easy death.

III

Love and time with reverence use,
Treat 'em like a parting friend:
Nor the golden gifts refuse,
Which in youth sincere they send:
For each year their price is more,
And they less simple than before.

IV

Love, like spring-tides full and high,
Swells in every youthful vein;
But each tide does less supply, 20
Till they quite shrink in again:
If a flow in age appear,
'T is but rain, and runs not clear.

PROLOGUES, EPILOGUES, AND
SONGS FROM THE CONQUEST
OF GRANADA BY THE SPAN-
IARDS

[This, Dryden's most famous heroic play, is divided into two parts, which seem to have been presented on successive days. It was first acted at some time between May 8, 1670, when a son was born to Nell Gwyn, the chief actress in the play, and February 20, 1671, when it was entered on the Stationers' Register (Malone, I, 1, 94). The first edition is dated 1672. The second song was printed also in *Westminster Drollery*; or, *the Queen's Collection of the Newest Songs and Songs's I.*, under the title, *A Song at the King's Birth* is the Theatre Royal). The first song was printed in the same collection, on the title, *A Vision*, and once under the title as the other song.]

PROLOGUE

TO THE FIRST PART

SPOKEN BY

MRS. ELLEN GWYN

IN A BROAD-BRIMM'D HAT, AND WAIST-BELT
This jest was first of tother house making,
And, five times tried, has never fail'd of
taking;

For 't were a shame a poet should be kill'd
Under the shelter of so broad a shield.

This is that hat, whose very sight did win ye
To laugh and clap as tho' the devil were
in ye.

As then, for Nokes, so now I hope you'll
be

So dull, to laugh, once more, for love of
me.

"I'll write a play," says one, "for I have
got

A broad-brimm'd hat, and waist-belt,
tow'rds a plot."

Says t'other: "I have one more large than
that."

Thus they out-write each other with a hat!
The brims still grew with every play they
writ;

And grew so large, they cover'd all the
wit.

Hat was the play; 't was language, wit, and
tale:

Like them that find meat, drink, and cloth
in ale.

What dullness do these mungril wits con-
fess,

When all their hope is acting of a dress!
Thus, two the best comedians of the age

Must be worn out, with being blocks o' th'
stage;

Like a young girl who better things has
known,

Beneath their poet's impotence they groan.
See now what charity it was to save!

They thought you lik'd, what only you
forgave;

And brought you more dull sense, dull
sense much worse

Than brisk gay nonsense, and the heavier
course.

They bring old ir'n and glass upon the
stage,

To barter with the Indians of our age.
Still they write on, and like great authors }

show;

But 't is as rollers in wet garden grow }
Heavy with dirt, and gath'ring as they go.

May none, who have so little understood,
To like such trash, presume to praise
what's good!

And may those drudges of the stage, whose
fate

Is dam'd dull farce more dully to trans-
late,

Fall under that excise the State thinks fit

To set on all French wares, whose worst is
wit.

French farce, worn out at home, is sent
abroad;

And, patch'd up here, is made our English
mode.

Henceforth, let poets, ere allow'd to write,
Be search'd, like duellists, before they fight,

For wheel-broad hats, dull humor, all that
chaff

Which makes you mourn, and makes the
vulgar laugh:

For these, in plays, are as unlawful arms,
As, in a combat, coats of mail and charms.

EPILOGUE

SUCCESS, which can no more than beauty
last,

Makes our sad poet mourn your favors
past:

For, since without desert he got a name,
He fears to lose it now with greater shame.

Fame, like a little mistress of the town,
Is gain'd with ease, but then she's lost as
soon:

For as those tawdry misses, soon or late,
Jilt such as keep 'em at the highest rate;

(And oft the lackey, or the brawny clown,
Gets what is hid in the loose-bodied gown,)

So, Fame is false to all that keep her long;
And turns up to the fop that's brisk and
young.

Some wiser poet now would leave Fame
first,

But elder wits are like old lovers curst;
Who, when the vigor of their youth is spent,

Still grow more fond, as they grow impo-
tent.

This, some years hence, our poet's case
may prove;

But yet, he hopes, he's young enough to
love.

When forty comes, if e'er he live to see
That wretched, fumbling age of poetry,

'T will be high time to bid his Muse adieu:
Well he may please himself, but never you.

Till then, he'll do as well as he began,
And hopes you will not find him less a
man.

Think him not duller for this year's de-
lay;

He was prepar'd, the women were away;

And men, without their parts, can hardly
play.

If they, thro' sickness, seldom did appear,
 Pity the virgins of each theater:
 For, at both houses, 't was a sickly year!
 And pity us, your servants, to whose cost,
 In one such sickness, nine whole months
 are lost.

Their stay, he fears, has ruin'd what he
 writ:

Long waiting both disables love and wit.
 They thought they gave him leisure to do
 well;

But, when they forc'd him to attend, he
 fell!

Yet, tho' he much has fail'd, he begs, to-day,
 You will excuse his unperforming play:
 Weakness sometimes great passion does
 express;

He had pleas'd better, had he lov'd you
 less.

PROLOGUE

TO THE SECOND PART

THEY who write ill, and they who ne'er durst
 write,

Turn critics, out of mere revenge and spite:
 A playhouse gives 'em fame; and up there
 starts,

From a mean fifth-rate wit, a man of parts.
 (So common faces on the stage appear;
 We take 'em in, and they turn beauties
 here.)

Our author fears those critics as his fate;
 And those he fears, by consequence, must
 hate,

For they the traffic of all wit invade,
 As scriv'ners draw away the bankers' trade.
 Howe'er, the poet's safe enough to-day,
 They cannot censure an unfinish'd play.
 But, as when vizard-mask appears in pit,
 Straight every man who thinks himself a
 wit

Perks up, and, managing his comb with
 grace,

With his white wig sets off his nut-brown
 face;

That done, bears up to th' prize, and views
 each limb,

To know her by her rigging and her trim;
 Then, the whole noise of fops to wagers go:
 "Pox on her, 't must be she;" and:
 "Damme, no!"—

Just so, I prophesy, these wits to-day
 Will blindly guess at our imperfect play;

With what new plots our Second Part is
 fill'd,

Who must be kept alive, and who be kill'd.
 And as those vizard-masks maintain that
 fashion,

To soothe and tickle sweet imagination;
 So our dull poet keeps you on with masking,
 To make you think there's something worth
 your asking.

But, when 't is shown, that which does now
 delight you

Will prove a dowdy, with a face to fright
 you.

EPILOGUE

THEY who have best succeeded on the
 stage

Have still conform'd their genius to their
 age.

Thus Jonson did mechanic humor show,
 When men were dull, and conversation low.
 Then comedy was faultless, but 't was
 coarse:

Cob's tankard was a jest, and Otter's
 horse.

And, as their comedy, their love was mean;
 Except, by chance, in some one labor'd
 scene

Which must atone for an ill-written play.
 They rose, but at their height could seldom
 stay.

Fame then was cheap, and the first comer
 sped;

And they have kept it since, by being dead.
 But, were they now to write, when critics
 weigh

Each line, and ev'ry word, throughout a
 play,

None of 'em, no, not Jonson in his height,
 Could pass, without allowing grains for
 weight.

Think it not envy, that these truths are
 told;

Our poet's not malicious, tho' he's bold.
 'T is not to brand 'em, that their faults are
 shown,

But, by their errors, to excuse his own.
 If love and honor now are higher rais'd,

'T is not the poet, but the age is prais'd.

Wit's now arriv'd to a more high degree;

Our native language more refin'd and free.

Our ladies and our men now speak more wit

In conversation, than those poets writ.

Then, one of these is, consequently, true;

That what this poet writes comes short of
 you,
 And imitates you ill, (which most he fears,)
 Or else his writing is not worse than theirs.
 Yet, tho' you judge (as sure the critics
 will) ³¹
 That some before him writ with greater
 skill,
 In this one praise he has their fame sur-
 pass'd,
 To please an age more gallant than the
 last.

SONGS

I

THE ZAMBA DANCE

I

BENEATH a myrtle shade,
 Which love for none but happy lovers made,
 I slept; and straight my love before me
 brought
 Phyllis, the object of my waking thought.
 Undress'd she came my flames to meet,
 While love strow'd flow'rs beneath her feet;
 Flow'rs which, so press'd by her, became
 more sweet.

II

From the bright vision's head
 A careless veil of lawn was loosely spread:
 From her white temples fell her shaded
 hair, ¹⁰
 Like cloudy sunshine, not too brown nor
 fair;
 Her hands, her lips, did love inspire;
 Her every grace my heart did fire:
 But most her eyes, which languish'd with
 desire.

III

"Ah, charming fair," said I,
 "How long can you my bliss and yours
 deny?
 By nature and by love this lonely shade
 Was for revenge of suffering lovers made.
 Silence and shades with love agree;
 Both shelter you and favor me: ²⁰
 You cannot blush, because I cannot see."

IV

"No, let me die," she said,
 "Rather than lose the spotless name of
 maid!"

Faintly, methought, she spoke; for all the
 while
 She bid me not believe her, with a smile.
 "Then die," said I: she still denied;
 "And is it thus, thus, thus," she cried,
 "You use a harmless maid?" — and so she
 died!

V

I wak'd, and straight I knew,
 I lov'd so well, it made my dream prove
 true: ³⁰
 Fancy, the kinder mistress of the two,
 Fancy had done what Phyllis would not
 do!
 Ah, cruel nymph, cease your disdain,
 While I can dream, you scorn in vain —
 Asleep or waking, you must ease my pain.

II

I

WHEREVER I am, and whatever I do,
 My Phyllis is still in my mind;
 When angry, I mean not to Phyllis to go,
 My feet, of themselves, the way find:
 Unknown to myself I am just at her door,
 And, when I would rail, I can bring out
 no more,
 Than: "Phyllis too fair and unkind!"

II

When Phyllis I see, my heart bounds in my
 breast,
 And the love I would stifle is shown;
 But asleep, or awake, I am never at rest, ¹⁰
 When from my eyes Phyllis is gone.
 Sometimes a sad dream does delude my sad
 mind;
 But, alas! when I wake, and no Phyllis
 I find,
 How I sigh to myself all alone!

III

Should a king be my rival in her I adore,
 He should offer his treasure in vain:
 O let me alone to be happy and poor,
 And give me my Phyllis again!
 Let Phyllis be mine, and but ever be kind,
 I could to a desert with her be confin'd,
 And envy no monarch his reign. ²¹

IV

Alas! I discover too much of my love,
 And she too well knows her own pow'r!

She makes me each day a new martyrdom
 prove,
 And makes me grow jealous each hour:
 But let her each minute torment my poor
 mind,
 I had rather love Phyllis, both false and
 unkind,
 Than ever be freed from her pow'r.

III

I

He. How unhappy a lover am I,
 While I sigh for my Phyllis in vain;
 All my hopes of delight
 Are another man's right,
 Who is happy, while I am in pain!

II

She. Since her honor allows no relief,
 But to pity the pains which you
 bear,
 'Tis the best of your fate,
 (In a hopeless estate,) 9
 To give o'er, and betimes to despair.

III

He. I have tried the false med'cine in vain;
 For I wish what I hope not to win:
 From without, my desire
 Has no food to its fire;
 But it burns and consumes me within.

IV

She. Yet at least 'tis a pleasure to know
 That you are not unhappy alone:
 For the nymph you adore
 Is as wretched, and more;
 And accounts all your suff'rings her
 own. 20

V

He. O ye gods, let me suffer for both;
 At the feet of my Phyllis I'll lie:
 I'll resign up my breath,
 And take pleasure in death,
 To be pitied by her when I die.

VI

She. What her honor denied you in life,
 In her death she will give to your
 love.
 Such a flame as is true
 After fate will renew, 29
 For the souls to meet closer above.

PROLOGUE SPOKEN THE FIRST
 DAY OF THE KING'S HOUSE
 ACTING AFTER THE FIRE

[The Theater Royal in Drury Lane was burnt on January 25, 1672. (See FitzGerald: *A New History of the English Stage*, 1882; vol. i, p. 137.) The King's Company in their distress moved to the old playhouse in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which had recently been vacated by their rivals, the Duke of York's Company, in favor of a new and gaudy theater in Dorset Gardens; on February 26 they gave a performance of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*, for which Dryden wrote this prologue (Malone, I, i, 76). The piece is printed anonymously in *Westminster Drollery*, the *Second Part*, 1672, and in *Covent Garden Drollery*, 1672; and, with Dryden's name, in *Miscellany Poems*, 1684, from which the present text and heading are taken.]

So shipwrack'd passengers escape to land,
 So look they, when on the bare beach they
 stand

Dropping and cold, and their first fear
 scarce o'er,

Expecting famine on a desert shore.

From that hard climate we must wait for
 bread,

Whence ev'n the natives, forc'd by hunger,
 fled.

Our stage does human chance present to
 view,

But ne'er before was seen so sadly true:
 You are chang'd too, and your pretense to see
 Is but a nobler name for charity. 10
 Your own provisions furnish out our feasts,
 While you the founders make yourselves the
 guests.

Of all mankind beside Fate had some
 care,

But for poor Wit no portion did prepare:
 'Tis left a rent-charge to the brave and
 fair.

You cherish'd it, and now its fall you mourn,
 Which blind unmauner'd zealots make their
 scorn,

Who think that fire a judgment on the stage,
 Which spar'd not temples in its furious rage.
 But as our new-built city rises higher, 20
 So from old theaters may new aspire,
 Since Fate contrives magnificence by fire.

Our great metropolis does far surpass
 Whate'er is now, and equals all that was:
 Our wit as far does foreign wit excel,
 And, like a king, should in a palace dwell.

But we with golden hopes are vainly fed,
Talk high, and entertain you in a shed:
Your presence here, for which we humbly
sue, ²⁹
Will grace old theaters, and build up new.

PROLOGUE TO ARVIRAGUS, REVIV'D

SPOKEN BY MR. HART

[*Arviragus and Philicia*, a tragi-comedy by Lodowick Carlell, was first published in 1639. The revival may be dated soon after the retreat of the King's Company to the old house at Lincoln's Inn Fields. This prologue was first printed, with title as above, in *Miscellany Poems*, 1684.]

With sickly actors and an old house too,
We're match'd with glorious theaters and
new,
And with our alehouse scenes, and clothes
bare worn,
Can neither raise old plays, nor new adorn.
If all these ills could not undo us quite,
A brisk French troop is grown your dear
delight,
Who with broad bloody bills call you each
day,
To laugh and break your buttons at their
play;
Or see some serious piece, which we presume
Is fall'n from some incomparable plume; ¹⁰
And therefore, Messieurs, if you'll do us
grace,
Send lackeys early, to preserve your place.
We dare not on your privilege intrench,
Or ask you why you like 'em. — They are
French.
Therefore some go with courtesy exceeding,
Neither to hear nor see, but show their
breeding;
Each lady striving to out-laugh the rest,
To make it seem they understood the jest.
Their countrymen come in, and nothing pay,
To teach us English where to clap the play:
Civil, igad! our hospitable land ²¹
Bears all the charge, for them to understand:
Meantime we languish, and neglected lie,
Like wives, while you keep better company;
And wish for our own sakes, without a
satire,
You'd less good breeding, or had more
good nature.

PROLOGUE FOR THE WOMEN WHEN THEY ACTED AT THE OLD THEATER IN LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS

[The title proves that this prologue was written between February 26, 1672, when the King's Company began performances in the old theater, and March 26, 1674, when they opened their new house in Drury Lane. It probably came near the beginning of this period; otherwise the jests in it would have lost their savor. It was first printed in *Miscellany Poems*, 1684.]

WERE none of you gallants e'er driven so
hard,
As when the poor kind soul was under
guard,
And could not do 't at home, in some by-
street
To take a lodging, and in private meet?
Such is our ease: we can't appoint our
house,
The lovers' old and wonted rendezvous,
But hither to this trusty nook remove;
The worse the lodging is, the more the love.
For much good pastime, many a dear sweet
hug,
Is stol'n in garrets on the humble rug. ¹⁰
Here's good accommodation in the pit;
The grave demurely in the midst may sit,
And so the hot Burgundian on the side
Ply vizard-mask, and o'er the benches stride:
Here are convenient upper boxes too
For those that make the most triumphant
show;
All that keep coaches must not sit below.
There, gallants, you betwixt the acts retire,
And at dull plays have something to ad-
mire; ¹⁹
We, who look up, can your addresses mark,
And see the creatures coupled in the ark:
So we expect the *lovers, braves, and wits*;
The gaudy house with scenes will serve for
cits.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO [SECRET LOVE, OR] THE MAIDEN QUEEN, WHEN ACTED BY THE WOMEN ONLY

[These two pieces are taken from *Covent Garden Drollery*, 1672. They must be of about the same date as the preceding prologue. Though they were never printed under Dry-

den's name in his lifetime, there seems no reason to doubt his authorship of them. The above heading is due in part to Christie.]

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MRS. BOUTEL

WOMEN like us (passing for men), you'll cry,
Presume too much upon your secrecy.
There's not a fop in town but will pretend
To know the cheat himself, or by his friend.
Then make no words on 't, gallants, 't is e'en

true,
We are condemn'd to look, and strut, like you.

Since we thus freely our hard fate confess,

Accept us these bad times in any dress.
You'll find the sweet on 't, now old pantaloons

Will go as far as formerly new gowns;
And from your own cast wigs expect no frowns.

The ladies we shall not so easily please;
They'll say: "What impudent bold things are these,

That dare provoke, yet cannot do us right,
Like men with huffing looks that dare not fight!"

But this reproach our courage must not daunt:

The bravest soldier may a weapon want;
Let her that doubts us still send her gallant.

Ladies, in us you'll youth and beauty find,
All things, but one, according to your mind;
And when your eyes and ears are feasted here,

Rise up and make out the short meal elsewhere.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY MRS. REEVES

WHAT think you, sirs, was't not all well enough?

Will you not grant that we can strut and huff?

Men may be proud; but faith, for aught I see,

They neither walk nor cock so well as we.
And for the fighting part, we may in time

Grow up to swagger in heroic rhyme;
For tho' we cannot boast of equal force,

Yet at some weapons men have still the worse.

Why should not then we women act alone,

Or whence are men so necessary grown?
Ours are so old, they are as good as none.

Some who have tried 'em, if you'll take their oaths,

Swear they're as arrant tinsel as their clothes.

Imagine us but what we represent,
And we could e'en give you as good content.

Our faces, shapes, all's better than you see,
And for the rest they want as much as we.

O would the highest powers be kind to us,
And grant us to set up a female house!

We'll make ourselves to please both sexes then,

To the men women, to the women men.
Here, we presume, our legs are no ill sight,

And they would give you no ill dreams at night.

In dreams both sexes may their passions ease;

You make us then as civil as you please.
This would prevent the houses joining too,

At which we are as much displeas'd as you;

For all our women most devoutly swear,
Each would be rather a poor actress here

Than to be made a Mamamouchi there.

PROLOGUE, EPILOGUE, AND SONGS FROM MARRIAGE À LA MODE

[The date of this lively comedy, by Dryden, is fixed by the opening lines of the prologue, which apparently "allude to the equipment of the fleet which afterwards engaged the Dutch off Southwold Bay, May 28, 1672" (Malone, I, 1, 100). The play was printed in 1675. The prologue and epilogue, and the second of the two songs, were printed in the *Covent Garden Drollery*, 1672; both songs appear also in *New Court Songs and Poems*, by R. V., Gent., 1672; and the second of them in *Westminster Drollery*, the *Second Part*, 1672.]

PROLOGUE

LORD, how reform'd and quiet are we grown,
Since all our braves and all our wits are gone!

Pop-corner now is free from civil war,
White-wig and vizard make no longer jar.
France, and the fleet, have swept the town
so clear

That we can act in peace, and you can
hear.

[Those that durst fight are gone to get re-
nown,

And those that durst not, blush to stand in
town.]

'T was a sad sight, before they march'd
from home,

To see our warriors in red waistcoats
come,

With hair tuck'd up, into our tiring-room.]

But 't was more sad to hear their last
adieu:

The women sobb'd, and swore they would be
true;

And so they were, as long as e'er they
could,

But powerful guinea cannot be withstood,
And they were made of playhouse flesh
and blood.

Fate did their friends for double use or-
dain;

In wars abroad they grinning honor gain,
And mistresses for all that stay maintain.]

Now they are gone, 't is dead vacation here,
For neither friends nor enemies appear. 21

Poor pensive punk now peeps ere plays be-
gin,

Sees the bare bench, and dares not venture
in;

But manages her last half-crown with care,
And trudges to the Mall, on foot, for air.

Our city friends so far will hardly come,
They can take up with pleasures nearer
home;

And see gay shows and gaudy scenes else-
where;

For we presume they seldom come to hear.
But they have now ta'en up a glorious
trade, 30

And cutting Morecraft struts in masquer-
ade.

There's all our hope, for we shall show
to-day

A masking ball, to recommend our play;
Nay, to endure 'em more, and let 'em see
We scorn to come behind in courtesy,

We 'll follow the new mode which they be-
gin,

And treat 'em with a room, and couch
within:

For that's one way, howe'er the play fall
short,
T' oblige the town, the city, and the court.

EPILOGUE

Thus have my spouse and I inform'd the
nation,

And led you all the way to reformation;
Not with dull morals, gravely writ, like
those

Which men of easy phlegm with care com-
pose —

(Your poets of stiff words and limber sense,
Born on the confines of indifference;)

But by examples drawn, I dare to say,
From most of you who hear and see the
play.

There are more Rhodophils in this theater,
More Palamedes, and some few wives, I
fear: 10

But yet too far our poet would not run;
Tho' 't was well offer'd, there was nothing
done,

He would not quite the woman's frailty
bare,

But stripp'd 'em to the waist, and left 'em
there:

And the men's faults are less severely
shown,

For he considers that himself is one.
Some stabbing wits, to bloody satire bent,
Would treat both sexes with less compli-
ment;

Would lay the scene at home; of husbands
tell,

For wenchies taking up their wives i' th'
Mell; 20

And a brisk bout, which each of them did
want,

Made by mistake of mistress and gallant.
Our modest author thought it was enough
To cut you off a sample of the stuff:

He spar'd my shame, which you, I'm sure,
would not,

For you were all for driving on the plot:
You sigh'd when I came in to break the
sport,

And set your teeth when each design fell
short.

To wives and servants all good wishes lend,
But the poor cuckold seldom finds a friend.

Since, therefore, court and town will take
no pity, 31

I humbly cast myself upon the city.

SONGS

I

I

WHY should a foolish marriage vow,
Which long ago was made,
Oblige us to each other now,
When passion is decay'd?
We lov'd, and we lov'd, as long as we
could,
Till our love was lov'd out in us both;
But our marriage is dead, when the plea-
sure is fled:
'T was pleasure first made it an oath.

II

If I have pleasures for a friend,
And farther love in store, 10
What wrong has he whose joys did end,
And who could give no more?
'T is a madness that he should be jealous
of me,
Or that I should bar him of another:
For all we can gain is to give ourselves
pain,
When neither can hinder the other.

II

I

WHILST Alexis lay press'd
In her arms he lov'd best,
With his hands round her neck, and his
head on her breast,
He found the fierce pleasure too hasty to
stay,
And his soul in the tempest just flying away.

II

When Celia saw this,
With a sigh and a kiss,
She cried: "O my dear, I am robb'd of my
bliss!
'T is unkind to your love, and unfaithfully
done,
To leave me behind you, and die all alone." 9

III

The youth, tho' in haste,
And breathing his last,
In pity died slowly, while she died more
fast;
Till at length she cried: "Now, my dear,
now let us go;
Now die, my Alexis, and I will die too!"

IV

Thus intranc'd they did lie,
Till Alexis did try
To recover new breath, that again he might
die:
Then often they died; but the more they
did so,
The nymph died more quick, and the shep-
herd more slow. 20

A SONG

[This *Song* and the following *Answer* to it are found in *Covent Garden Drollery*, 1672, and *New Court Songs and Poems*, by R. V., *Gent.*, 1672, from the latter of which collections the following texts are taken. They were never published under Dryden's name during his lifetime. A parody of the second stanza of the *Song* appears in the third (1675) and later editions of *The Rehearsal*. The *Key* to that piece, published in 1704, states that the song ridiculed was "made by Mr. Bayes [Dryden] on the death of Captain Digby, son of George, Earl of Bristol, who was a passionate admirer of the Duchess Dowager of Richmond, called by the author Armida: he lost his life in a sea-fight against the Dutch, the twenty-eighth of May, 1672." The *Song* may probably be accepted as Dryden's work; the *Answer* has not so strong evidence in its favor, as it may easily be the work of an imitator.

Christie suggests that another song in the same meter in *Covent Garden Drollery*, addressed to "dear Reveccia," may also be by Dryden, in honor of his mistress Anne Reeve. The piece is given below (see *Appendix I*, p. 304) among *Poems attributed to Dryden*.]

I

FAREWELL, fair Armida, my joy and my
grief;
In vain I have lov'd you, and find no re-
lief;
Undone by your virtue, too strict and se-
vere,
Your eyes gave me love, and you gave me
despair.
Now call'd by my honor, I seek with con-
tent
A fate which in pity you would not pre-
vent:
To languish in love, were to find by de-
lay
A death that's more welcome the speediest
way.

II

On seas and in battles, in bullets and fire,
The danger is less than in hopeless desire; ¹⁰
My death's wound you gave me, tho' far
off I bear

My fate from your sight, not to cost you a
tear.

But if the kind flood on a wave should convey,

And under your window my body should
lay,

The wound on my breast when you happen
to see,

You'll say with a sigh: "It was given by
me."

THE ANSWER

I

BLAME not your Armada, nor call her your
grief;

'T was honor, not she, that denied you relief;
Abuse not her virtue, nor call it severe;

Who loves without honor, must meet with
despair.

Now prompted by pity I truly lament,
And mourn for your fall, which I could
not prevent;

I languish to think that your blood should
defray

The expense of a fate, tho' so noble a way.

II

On seas and in battles that you did expire
Was th' effect of your valor, not hopeless
desire; ¹⁰

Of the fame you acquir'd I greedily hear,
And grieve when I think that it cost you
so dear.

And when dismal fate did your body convey
By my window, your funeral rites for to pay,
I sigh that your fate I could not reverse,
And all my kind wishes I strew on your
hearse.

PROLOGUE, EPILOGUE, AND
SONG FROM THE ASSIGNA-
TION

OR, LOVE IN A NUNNERY

[Ravenscroft, in his prologue to *The Care-
less Lovers*, produced in Lent, 1673, exults
over the failure of Dryden's comedy, *The Assig-*

nation as if it were a recent event. The play
was probably produced late in 1672. It was
entered on the *Stationers' Register* March 18,
1673 (Malone, I, 1, 107), and published in the
same year.]

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUES, like bells to churches, toll you
in

With chiming verse, till the dull plays be-
gin:

With this sad difference, tho', of pit and
pew,

You damn the poet, but the priest damns
you.

But priests can treat you at your own ex-
pense,

And gravely call you fools, without offense.
Poets, poor devils, have ne'er your folly
shown,

But, to their cost, you prov'd it was their
own;

For, when a fop's presented on the stage,
Straight all the coxcombs in the town in-
gage: ¹⁰

For his deliverance and revenge they join,
And grunt, like hogs, about their captive
swine.

Your poets daily split upon this shelf:
You must have fools, yet none will have
himself;

Or, if in kindness you that leave would
give,

No man could write you at that rate you
live;

For some of you grow fops with so much
haste,

Riot in nonsense, and commit such waste,

'T would ruin poets should they spend so
fast.

He who made this, observ'd what farces
hit, ²⁰

And durst not disoblige you now with wit.
But, gentlemen, you overdo the mode;

You must have fools out of the common
road.

Th' unnatural strain'd buffoon is only tak-
ing;

No fop can please you now of God's own
making.

Pardon our poet, if he speaks his mind;
You come to plays with your own follies
lin'd:

Small fools fall on you, like small showers,
in vain;

Your own oil'd coats keep out all common
rain.

You must have Mamamouchi, such a fop
As would appear a monster in a shop:
He'll fill your pit and boxes to the brim,
Where, ramm'd in crowds, you see your-
selves in him.

Sure there's some spell our poet never
knew,

In *hullababillah da*, and *chu, chu, chu*.

But *marabarah sahem* most did touch you;
That is: "O how we love the Mamamou-
chi!"

Grimace and habit sent you pleas'd away:
You damn'd the poet, and cried up the play.

This thought had made our author more
uneasy,

But that he hopes I'm fool enough to
please ye.

But here's my grief: tho' nature, join'd
with art,

Have cut me out to act a fooling part,
Yet, to your praise, the few wits here will
say,

"T was imitating you taught Haynes to play.

EPILOGUE

SOME have expected from our bills to-day,
To find a satire in our poet's play.

The zealous rout from Coleman Street did
run,

To see the story of the Friar and Nun;
Or tales, yet more ridiculous to hear,

Vouch'd by their vicar of ten pounds a year:
Of nuns who did against temptation pray,

And discipline laid on the pleasant way;
Or that, to please the malice of the town,

Our poet should in some close cell have
shown

Some sister, playing at content alone.
This they did hope; the other side did fear;

And both you see alike are cozen'd here.
Some thought the title of our play to blame:

They lik'd the thing, but yet abhorr'd the
name;

Like modest punks, who all you ask afford,
But, for the world, they would not name
that word.

Yet, if you'll credit what I heard him say,
Our poet meant no scandal in his play;

His nuns are good, which on the stage are
shown,

And, sure, behind our scenes you'll look
for none.

SONG

I

LONG betwixt love and fear Phyllis, tor-
mented,

Shunn'd her own wish, yet at last she con-
sented:

But, lo! that day should her blushes dis-
cover,

"Come, gentle night," she said,

"Come quickly to my aid,

And a poor shamefac'd maid

Hide from her lover.

II

"Now cold as ice I am, now hot as fire,
I dare not tell myself my own desire;

But let day fly away, and let night haste her:
Grant, ye kind powers above,

Slow hours to parting love,

But when to bliss we move,

Bid 'em fly faster.

III

"How sweet it is to love, when I discover
That fire which burns my heart, warming
my lover!

'T is pity love so true should be mistaken;

But, if this night he be

False or unkind to me,

Let me die, ere I see

That I'm forsaken."

PROLOGUE, EPILOGUE, AND SONGS FROM AMBOYNA

OR, THE CRUELITIES OF THE DUTCH TO THE ENGLISH MERCHANTS

[This worthless tragedy, the poorest of all
Dryden's dramatic works, must have been per-
formed before the end of 1672, since in a
prologue included in *Covent Garden Drollery*
(p. 33), printed in that year, there is an unmis-
takable reference to it:

But when fierce critics get them in their clutch,
They're crueler than the tyrannic Dutch;
And with more art do dislocate each scene
Than in *Amboyne* they the limbs of men.

It was entered on the *Stationers' Register* June
26, 1673 (Malone, I, 1, 108), and published in
the same year.

Amboyne was written for a political pur-
pose, to stir up the national feeling against the
Dutch, with whom England was then at war.

From this prologue and epilogue a bookseller concocted a *Satire upon the Dutch*, written by Mr. Dryden in the year 1662, which was first printed in *Poems on Affairs of State*, vol. iii, 1704; and was afterwards regularly included in editions of Dryden. Christie called attention to the imposture.]

PROLOGUE

As needy gallants in the scriv'ners' hands,
Court the rich knave that gripes their mort-
gag'd lands,

The first fat buck of all the season's sent,
And keeper takes no fee in compliment:
The dotage of some Englishmen is such,
To fawn on those who ruin them — the
Dutch.

They shall have all, rather than make a war
With those who of the same religion are.
The Straits, the Guinea trade, the herrings
too,

Nay, to keep friendship, they shall pickle
you. ¹⁰

Some are resolv'd not to find out the cheat,
But, cuckold-like, love him who does the feat:
What injuries soe'er upon us fall,
Yet, still the same religion answers all:
Religion wheedled you to civil war,
Drew English blood, and Dutchmen's now
would spare:

Be gull'd no longer, for you 'll find it true,
They have no more religion, faith — then
you;

Interest's the god they worship in their
state; ¹⁹

And you, I take it, have not much of that.
Well monarchies may own religion's name,
But states are atheists in their very frame.
They share a sin, and such proportions fall,
That, like a stink, 't is nothing to 'em all.
How they love England, you shall see this
day;

No map shews Holland truer than our play:
Their pictures and inscriptions well we
know;

We may be bold one medal sure to show.
View then their falsehoods, rapine, cruelty;
And think what once they were, they still
would be; ³⁰

But hope not either language, plot, or art;
'T was writ in haste, but with an English
heart:

And least hope wit; in Dutchmen that would
be

As much improper, as would honesty.

EPILOGUE

A POET once the Spartans led to fight,
And made 'em conquer in the Muses' right:
So would our poet lead you on this day,
Showing your tortur'd fathers in his play.
To one well born th' affront is worse, and
more,

When he's abus'd and baffled by a boor:
With an ill grace the Dutch their mischiefs
do,

They've both ill nature and ill manners
too.

Well may they boast themselves an ancient
nation,

For they were bred ere manners were in
fashion; ¹⁰

And their new commonwealth has set 'em
free

Only from honor and civility.

Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,
Than did their lubber state mankind be-
stride;

Their sway became 'em with as ill a mien,
As their own paunches swell above their
chin:

Yet is their empire no true growth, but
humor.

And only two kings' touch can cure the
tumor.

As Cato did his Afric fruits display,
So we before your eyes their Indies lay: ²⁰
All loyal English will, like him, conclude,
Let Cesar live, and Carthage be subdued!

SONGS

I

EPITHALAMIUM

I

THE day is come, I see it rise,
Betwixt the bride's and bridegroom's eyes;
That golden day they wish'd so long,
Love pick'd it out amidst the throng;
He destin'd to himself this sun,
And took the reins, and drove him on;
In his own beams he dress'd him bright,
Yet bid him bring a better night.

II

The day you wish'd arriv'd at last,
You wish as much that it were past; ¹⁰
One minute more, and night will hide
The bridegroom and the blushing bride.

The virgin now to bed does go:
Take care, O youth, she rise not so:
She pants and trembles at her doom,
And fears and wishes thou wouldst come.

III

The bridegroom comes, he comes apace,
With love and fury in his face;
She shrinks away, he close pursues,
And prayers and threats at once does
use. 20
She, softly sighing, begs delay,
And with her hand puts his away;
Now out aloud for help she cries,
And now despairing shuts her eyes.

II

THE SEA-FIGHT

Who ever saw a noble sight,
That never view'd a brave sea-fight!
Hang up your bloody colors in the air,
Up with your fights, and your nettings pre-
pare;
Your merry mates cheer, with a lusty bold
sprite,
Now each man his brindice, and then to the
fight.
St. George, St. George, we cry,
The shouting Turks reply.
O now it begins, and the gun-room grows
hot;
Ply it with culverin and with small shot; 10
Hark, does it not thunder? no, 't is the guns'
roar,
The neighboring billows are turn'd into
gore;
Now each man must resolve to die,
For here the coward cannot fly.
Drums and trumpets toll the knell,
And culverins the passing bell.
Now, now they grapple, and now board
again;
Blow up the hatches, they're off all
again:
Give 'em a broadside, the dice run at
all;
Down comes the mast and yard, and
tacklings fall. 20
She grows giddy now, like blind Fortune's
wheel,
She sinks there, she sinks, she turns up her
keel.
Who ever beheld so noble a sight,
As this so brave, so bloody sea-fight!

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO
THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

SPOKEN BY MR. HART, AT THE ACTING
OF THE SILENT WOMAN

[These are evidently the pieces to which Dryden refers in a letter to Lord Rochester, dated 1673 by Malone, from internal evidence: "I have sent your lordship a prologue and epilogue which I made for our players, when they went down to Oxford. I hear they have succeeded; and by the event your lordship will judge how easy 'tis to pass any thing upon an university, and how gross flattery the learned will endure" (Malone, I, 2, 11-13). Both poems were first printed in *Miscellany Poems*, 1684.]

PROLOGUE

WHAT Greece, when learning flourish'd,
only knew,
Athenian judges, you this day renew.
Here too are annual rites to Pallas done,
And here poetic prizes lost or won.
Methinks I see you, crown'd with olives, sit,
And strike a sacred horror from the pit.
A day of doom is this of your decree,
Where even the best are but by mercy
free:
A day, which none but Jonson durst have
wish'd to see.
Here they, who long have known the use-
ful stage, 10
Come to be taught themselves to teach the
age.
As your commissioners our poets go,
To cultivate the virtue which you sow;
In your Lyceum first themselves refin'd,
And delegated thence to humankind.
But as ambassadors, when long from home,
For new instructions to their princes come;
So poets, who your precepts have forgot,
Return, and beg they may be better taught:
Follies and faults elsewhere by them are
shown, 20
But by your manners they correct their
own.
Th' illiterate writer, empiric-like, applies
To minds diseas'd, unsafe, chance reme-
dies:
The learn'd in schools, where knowledge
first began,
Studies with care th' anatomy of man;
Sees virtue, vice, and passions in their
cause,

And fame from science, not from fortune,
draws.

So poetry, which is in Oxford made

An art, in London only is a trade.

There haughty dunces, whose unlearned
pen

Could ne'er spell grammar, would be read-
ing men.

Such build their poems the Lucretian way;

So many huddled atoms make a play;

And if they hit in order by some chance,

They call that nature, which is ignorance.

To such a fame let mere town-wits aspire,

And their gay nonsense their own cits ad-
mire.

Our poet, could he find forgiveness here,

Would wish it rather than a *plaudit* there.

He owns no crown from those Prætorian
bands,

But knows *that* right is in this senate's hands.

Not impudent enough to hope your praise,

Low at the Muses' feet his wreath he lays,

And, where he took it up, resigns his bays.

Kings make their poets whom themselves
think fit,

But 't is your suffrage makes authentic wit.

EPILOGUE

No poor Dutch peasant, wing'd with all his
fear,

Flies with more haste, when the French
arms draw near,

Than we with our poetic train come down

For refuge hither, from th' infected town:

Heaven for our sins this summer has
thought fit

To visit us with all the plagues of wit.

A French troop first swept all things in
its way;

But those hot *Monsieurs* were too quick to
stay:

Yet, to our cost, in that short time, we find

They left their itch of novelty behind.

Th' Italian merry-andrews took their
place,

And quite debauch'd the stage with lewd
grimace;

Instead of wit and humors, your delight

Was there to see two hobby-horses fight;

Stout Scaramoucha with rush lance rode in,

And ran a tilt at centaur Arlequin.

For love you heard how amorous asses
bray'd,

And cats in gutters gave their serenade.

Nature was out of countenance, and each
day

Some new-born monster shewn you for a
play.

But when all fail'd, to strike the stage
quite dumb,

Those wicked engines call'd machines are
come.

Thunder and lightning now for wit are
play'd,

And shortly scenes in Lapland will be laid:

Art magic is for poetry profess'd;

And cats and dogs, and each obscene
beast,

To which Egyptian dotards once did bow,

Upon our English stage are worshipp'd
now.

Witchcraft reigns there, and raises to re-
nown

Macbeth, the Simon Magus of the town,

Fletcher's despis'd, your Jonson out of
fashion,

And wit the only drug in all the nation.

In this low ebb our wares to you are
shown;

By you those staple authors' worth is
known;

For wit's a manufacture of your own.

When you, who only can, their scenes have
prais'd,

We'll boldly back, and say their price is
rais'd.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW
HOUSE, MARCH 26, 1674

[These pieces were first printed in *Miscel-
lany Poems*, 1684. The *new house* was the the-
ater in Drury Lane, built for the King's Com-
pany on designs by Sir Christopher Wren.]

PROLOGUE

A PLAIN-BUILT house, after so long a stay,
Will send you half-unsatisfied away;

When, fall'n from your expected pomp,
you find

A bare convenience only is design'd.

You, who each day can theaters behold,

Like Nero's palace, shining all with gold,

Our mean ungilded stage will scorn, we
fear,

And, for the homely room, disdain the cheer.
 Yet now cheap druggets to a mode are
 grown,
 And a plain suit, since we can make
 but one,¹⁰
 Is better than to be by tarnish'd gau-
 dry known.
 They who are by your favors wealthy
 made,
 With mighty sums may carry on the trade:
 We, broken bankers, half destroy'd by
 fire,
 With our small stock to humble roofs
 retire:
 Pity our loss, while you their pomp ad-
 mire.
 For fame and honor we no longer strive,
 We yield in both, and only beg to live:
 Unable to support their vast expense,
 Who build and treat with such magnifi-
 cence;²⁰
 That, like th' ambitious monarchs of the
 age,
 They give the law to our provincial stage:
 Great neighbors enviously promote excess,
 While they impose their splendor on the
 less.
 But only fools, and they of vast estate,
 Th' extremity of modes will imitate,
 The dangling knee-fringe, and the bib-
 cravat.
 Yet if some pride with want may be allow'd,
 We in our plainness may be justly proud:
 Our royal master will'd it should be so;³⁰
 Whate'er he's pleas'd to own, can need no
 show:
 That sacred name gives ornament and grace,
 And, like his stamp, makes basest metals
 pass.
 'T were folly now a stately pile to raise,
 To build a playhouse while you throw
 down plays,
 Whilst scenes, machines, and empty operas
 reign,
 And for the pencil you the pen disdain.
 While troops of famish'd Frenchmen hither
 drive,
 And laugh at those upon whose alms they
 live:
 Old English authors vanish, and give place
 To these new conquerors of the Norman
 race.⁴¹
 More tamely than your fathers you submit:
 You're now grown vassals to 'em in your
 wit.

Mark, when they play, how our fine fops
 advance
 The mighty merits of these men of
 France,
 Keep time, cry *Ben*, and humor the ca-
 dence.
 Well, please yourselves; but sure 't is un-
 derstood
 That French machines have ne'er done
 England good.
 I would not prophesy our house's fate:
 But while vain shows and scenes you over-
 rate,⁵⁰
 'T is to be fear'd —
 That as a fire the former house o'erthrew,
 Machines and tempests will destroy the new.

EPILOGUE

Thro' what our Prologue said was sadly
 true,
 Yet, gentlemen, our homely house is
 new,
 A charm that seldom fails with wicked
 you.
 A country lip may have the velvet touch;
 Tho' she's no lady, you may think her
 such:
 A strong imagination may do much.
 But you, loud sirs, who thro' your curls
 look big,
 Critics in plume and white vallaney wig;
 Who lolling on our foremost benches sit,
 And still charge first, the true forlorn of
 wit;¹⁰
 Whose favors, like the sun, warm where
 you roll,
 Yet you, like him, have neither heat nor
 soul:
 So may your hats your foretops never press,
 Untouch'd your ribbons, sacred be your
 dress;
 So may you slowly to old age advance,
 And have th' excuse of youth for igno-
 rance;
 So may fop-corner full of noise remain,
 And drive far off the dull attentive train;
 So may your midnight scourings happy
 prove,
 And morning batt'ries force your way to
 love;²⁰
 So may not France your warlike hands re-
 call,
 But leave you by each other's swords to fall,
 As you come here to ruffle vizard punk,

When sober, rail, and roar when you are drunk.
 But to the wits we can some merit plead,
 And urge what by themselves has oft been said:
 Our house relieves the ladies from the frights
 Of ill-pav'd streets, and long dark winter nights;
 The Flanders horses from a cold bleak road,
 Where bears in furs dare scarcely look abroad;
 The audience from worn plays and fustian stuff
 Of rhyme, more nauseous than three boys in buff.
 Tho' in their house the poets' heads appear,
 We hope we may presume their wits are here.
 The best which they reserv'd they now will play,
 For, like kind cuckolds, tho' w' have not the way
 To please, we'll find you abler men who may.
 If they should fail, for last recruits we breed
 A troop of frisking Mousieurs to succeed:
 You know the French sure cards at time of need.

When tir'd with following nature, you think fit
 To seek repose in the cool shades of wit,
 And, from the sweet retreat, with joy survey
 What rests, and what is conquer'd, of the way.
 Here, free yourselves from envy, care, and strife,
 You view the various turns of human life:
 Safe in our scene, thro' dangerous courts you go,
 And, undebauch'd, the vice of cities know.
 Your theories are here to practice brought,
 As in mechanic operations wrought;
 And man, the little world, before you set,
 As once the sphere of crystal shew'd the great.
 Blest sure are you above all mortal kind,
 If to your fortunes you can suit your mind:
 Content to see, and shun, those ills we show,
 And crimes on theaters alone to know,
 With joy we bring what our dead authors writ,
 And beg from you the value of their wit:
 That Shakespeare's, Fletcher's, and great Jonson's claim
 May be renew'd from those who gave them fame.
 None of our living poets dare appear;
 For Muses so severe are worshipp'd here,
 That, conscious of their faults, they shun the eye,
 And, as profane, from sacred places fly,
 Rather than see th' offended God, and die.
 We bring no imperfections but our own;
 Such faults as made are by the makers shown:
 And you have been so kind, that we may boast,
 The greatest judges still can pardon most.
 Poets must stoop, when they would please our pit,
 Debas'd even to the level of their wit;
 Disdaining that which yet they know will take,
 Hating themselves what their applause must make.
 But when to praise from you they would aspire,
 Tho' they like eagles mount, your Jove is higher.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO
 THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,
 1674

[The prologue below was first printed in *Miscellany Poems*, 1684, with the heading *Prologue to the University of Oxford, 1674. Spoken by Mr. Hart. Written by Mr. Dryden.* After it follows *Epilogue, Spoken by Mrs. Boutell. Written by Mr. Dryden.* Six pages later the same epilogue is reprinted, with insignificant variations of text, but headed *Epilogue to Oxford: Spoken by Mrs. Marshal, Writ by Mr. Dryden.* The latter text is here followed.]

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. HART

POETS, your subjects, have their parts assign'd
 T' unbend, and to divert their sovereign's mind:

So far your knowledge all their pow'r
transcends
As what *should* be, beyond what *is*, extends.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY MRS. MARSHALL

OFT has our poet wish'd, this happy seat
Might prove his fading Muse's last re-
treat:

I wonder'd at his wish, but now I find
He here sought quiet, and content of mind;
Which noiseful towns and courts can never
know,

And only in the shades like laurels grow.
Youth, ere it sees the world, here studies
rest,

And age returning thence concludes it
best.

What wonder if we court that happiness

Yearly to share, which hourly you pos-
sess,

Teaching ev'n you, while the vex'd world
we show,

Your peace to value more, and better
know?

'T is all we can return for favors past,
Whose holy memory shall ever last,
For patronage from him whose care pre-
sides

O'er every noble art, and every science
guides:

Bathurst, a name the learn'd with rev'rence
know,

And scarcely more to his own Virgil owe;
Whose age enjoys but what his youth de-
serv'd,

To rule those Muses whom before he
serv'd.

His learning, and untainted manners too,

We find, Athenians, are deriv'd to you:

Such ancient hospitality there rests

In yours, as dwelt in the first Grecian
breasts,

Where kindness was religion to their
guests.

Such modesty did to our sex appear,
As, had there been no laws, we need not
fear,

Since each of you was our protector here.
Converse so chaste, and so strict virtue
shown,

As might Apollo with the Muses own. 30
Till our return, we must despair to find
Judges so just, so knowing, and so kind.

EPILOGUE INTENDED TO HAVE
BEEN SPOKEN BY THE LADY
HENR. MAR. WENTWORTH,
WHEN CALISTO WAS ACTED
AT COURT

[This epilogue is by no means certainly the work of Dryden. It was first printed, without any ascription to Dryden, in *Miscellany Poems*, 1684, near the end of the volume, apart from the other prologues and epilogues, and just before the translation of Virgil's *Eclogues*, which is paged separately. It was evidently inserted in the volume as an afterthought; in the table of contents it is put out of its natural order, at the close of the list of prologues and epilogues. Dryden's name was first joined to the piece in 1702, in the third edition of *Miscellany Poems*, the *First Part*.

Calisto, or *The Chaste Nymph*, a masque by John Crowne, was presented at Court in 1675 by a company of ladies and gentlemen. The Lady Mary and the Lady Anne, daughters of the Duke of York, played the parts of Calisto and of her companion, Nyphe (see line 29 below); Lady Wentworth, afterwards mistress of the Duke of Monmouth, who himself was among "the persons of quality of the men that danced," represented Jupiter.]

As Jupiter I made my court in vain;
I'll now assume my native shape again.

I'm weary to be so unkindly us'd,
And would not be a god, to be refus'd.

State grows uneasy when it hinders love;
A glorious burden, which the wise re-
move.

Now, as a nymph, I need not sue, nor try
The force of any lightning but the eye.
Beauty and youth more than a god com-
mand;

No Jove could e'er the force of these with-
stand.

'T is here that sovereign pow'r admits dis-
pute;

Beauty sometimes is justly absolute.

Our sullen Catos, whatsoe'er they say,
Even while they frown and dictate laws,
obey.

You, mighty sir, our bonds more easy
make,

And gracefully, what all must suffer, take:
Above those forms the grave affect to wear;
For 't is not to be wise to be severe.

True wisdom may some gallantry admit,
And soften business with the charms of
wit.

These peaceful triumphs with your cares
 you bought,
 And from the midst of fighting nations
 brought.
 You only hear it thunder from afar,
 And sit in peace the arbiter of war.
 Peace, the loath'd manna, which hot brains
 despise,
 You knew its worth, and made it early
 prize:
 And in its happy leisure sit and see
 The promises of more felicity:
 Two glorious nymphs of your one godlike
 line,
 Whose morning rays like noontide strike
 and shine; 30
 Whom you to suppliant monarchs shall dis-
 pose,
 To bind your friends, and to disarm your
 foes.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO AURENG-ZEBE

[This, the last of Dryden's rhymed heroic plays, was acted in 1675, being entered on the *Stationers' Register* on November 29 of that year (Malone, I, 1, 115). It was published in 1676.]

PROLOGUE

Our author, by experience, finds it true,
 'T is much more hard to please himself than
 you;
 And out of no feign'd modesty, this day
 Damns his laborious trifle of a play:
 Not that it's worse than what before he writ,
 But he has now another taste of wit;
 And, to confess a truth, (tho' out of time,)
 Grows weary of his long-lov'd mistress,
 Rhyme. 8
 Passion's too fierce to be in fetters bound,
 And nature flies him like enchanted ground.
 What verse can do, he has perform'd in this,
 Which he presumes the most correct of his;
 But spite of all his pride, a secret shame
 Invades his breast at Shakespeare's sacred
 name:
 Aw'd when he hears his godlike Romans
 rage,
 He, in a just despair, would quit the stage;
 And to an age less polish'd, more unskill'd,
 Does, with disdain, the foremost honors
 yield.

As with the greater dead he dares not
 strive,
 He would not match his verse with those
 who live: 20
 Let him retire, betwixt two ages cast,
 The first of this, and hindmost of the last.
 A losing gamester, let him sneak away;
 He bears no ready money from the play.
 The fate which governs poets thought it fit
 He should not raise his fortunes by his wit.
 The clergy thrive, and the litigious bar;
 Dull heroes fatten with the spoils of war:
 All southern vices, Heav'n be prais'd, are
 here;
 But wit's a luxury you think too dear. 30
 When you to cultivate the plant are loth,
 'T is a shrewd sign 't was never of your
 growth;
 And wit in northern climates will not blow,
 Except, like orange trees, 't is hous'd from
 snow.
 There needs no care to put a playhouse
 down,
 'T is the most desert place of all the town:
 We and our neighbors, to speak proudly,
 are,
 Like monarchs, ruin'd with expensive war;
 While, like wise English, unconcern'd you
 sit,
 And see us play the tragedy of wit. 40

EPILOGUE

A PRETTY task! and so I told the fool,
 Who needs would undertake to please by
 rule:
 He thought that, if his characters were good,
 The scenes entire, and freed from noise and
 blood,
 The action great, yet circumscrib'd by time,
 The words not forc'd, but sliding into rhyme,
 The passions rais'd and calm'd by just de-
 grees,
 As tides are swell'd, and then retire to seas;
 He thought, in hitting these, his bus'ness
 done,
 Tho' he, perhaps, has fail'd in ev'ry one: 10
 But, after all, a poet must confess,
 His art's like physic, but a happy guess.
 Your pleasure on your fancy must depend:
 The lady's pleas'd, just as she likes her
 friend.
 No song! no dance! no show! he fears
 you'll say
 You love all naked beauties but a play.

He much mistakes your methods to de-
light,
And, like the French, abhors our target
fight,
But those damn'd dogs can never be i' th'
right.
True English hate your Monsieurs' paltry
arts, 20
For you are all silk-weavers in your hearts.
Bold Britons, at a brave Bear Garden fray,
Are rous'd; and, clatt'ring sticks, cry:
"Play, play, play!"
Meantime, your filthy foreigner will stare
And mutter to himself: "*Ha, gens bar-
bare!*"
And, gad, 't is well he mutters; well for
him;
Our butchers else would tear him limb from
limb.
'T is true, the time may come, your sons
may be
Infected with this French civility;
But this in after-ages will be done: 30
Our poet writes a hundred years too soon.
This age comes on too slow, or he too fast;
And early springs are subject to a blast!
Who would excel, when few can make a test
Betwixt indiff'rent writing and the best?
For favors cheap and common who would
strive,
Which, like abandon'd prostitutes, you give?
Yet scatter'd here and there I some behold
Who can discern the tinsel from the gold:
To these he writes; and, if by them allow'd,
'T is their prerogative to rule the crowd. 41
For he more fears, like a presuming man,
Their votes who cannot judge, than theirs
who can.

EPILOGUE TO THE MAN OF MODE

OR, SIR FOPLING FLUTTER

[This comedy, by Sir George Etherege, was acted and published in 1676. Dryden had a hearty admiration for Etherege, as a writer of genuine comic power: see his *Letter to Sir George Etherege*, p. 214, below; and *Mac Flecknoe*, lines 151-154, p. 136, below.]

Most modern wits such monstrous fools
have shown,
They seem'd not of Heav'n's making, but
their own.

Those nauseous harlequins in farce may
pass,
But there goes more to a substantial ass!
Something of man must be expos'd to view,
That, gallants, they may more resemble you.
Sir Fopling is a fool so nicely writ,
The ladies would mistake him for a wit;
And, when he sings, talks loud, and cocks,
would cry:
"I vow, methinks he's a pretty company: 10
So brisk, so gay, so travel'd, so refin'd,
As he took pains to graff upon his kind."
True fops help nature's work, and go to
school,
To file and finish God-A'mighty's fool.
Yet none Sir Fopling him, or him can call;
He's knight o' th' shire, and represents ye
all.
From each he meets he culls whate'er he
can;
Legion's his name, a people in a man.
His bulky folly gathers as it goes,
And, rolling o'er you, like a snowball grows.
His various modes from various fathers
follow; 21
One taught the toss, and one the new
French wallow:
His sword knot this, his crevat this design'd;
And this, the yard-long snake he twirls be-
hind.
From one the sacred periwig he gain'd,
Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat
profan'd.
Another's diving bow he did adore,
Which with a shog casts all the hair before,
Till he with full decorum brings it back,
And rises with a water-spaniel shake. 30
As for his songs (the ladies' dear delight),
Those sure he took from most of you who
write.
Yet every man is safe from what he fear'd;
For no one fool is hunted from the herd.

PROLOGUE TO CIRCE

[This tragedy, by Charles Davenant, son of Sir William, was probably acted late in 1676 or early in 1677; the songs in *Circe* are mentioned in the *Term Catalogue* for Easter Term (May), 1677, the play itself in that for Trinity Term (July) of the same year. Downes terms *Circe* an opera; it is in fact a spectacular heroic play, with many songs interspersed. The prologue is extant in two forms, of which the later (given first below) was printed in

Miscellany Poems, 1684, with the heading, *An Epilogue, written by Mr. Dryden*. The earlier form was printed with the play in 1677.]

WERE you but half so wise as y' are severe,
Our youthful poet should not need to fear:
To his green years your censures you would
suit,

Not blast the blossom, but expect the fruit.
The sex that best does pleasure understand,
Will always choose to err on t'other hand.
They check not him that's awkward in de-
light,

But clap the young rogue's cheek, and set
him right.

Thus hearten'd well and flesh'd upon his prey,
The youth may prove a man another day. ¹⁰
Your Ben and Fletcher, in their first young
flight,

Did no *Volpone*, no *Arbaces* write;
But hopp'd about, and short excursions
made

From bough to bough, as if they were
afraid,

And each were guilty of some *Slighted*
Maid.

Shakespeare's own Muse her *Pericles* first
bore;

The Prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor:
'Tis miracle to see a first good play;
All hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas-
day.

A slender poet must have time to grow, ²⁰
And spread and burnish as his brothers do.
Who still looks lean, sure with some pox
is curst;

But no man can be Falstaff-fat at first.
Then damn not, but indulge his stew'd
essays,

Encourage him, and bloat him up with
praise,

That he may get more bulk before he dies:
He's not yet fed enough for sacrifice.

Perhaps, if now your grace you will not
grudge,

He may grow up to write, and you to judge.

[The Prologue printed in the first edition
agrees with the above for ten lines. It then
continues as follows:]

For your own sakes, instruct him when he's
out;

You'll find him mend his work at every
bout.

When some young lusty thief is pass-
ing by,

How many of your tender kind will cry:
"A proper fellow, pity he should die!"

He might be sav'd and thank us for our
pains:

There's such a stock of love within his
veins."

These arguments the women may persuade,
But move not you, the brothers of the trade;
Who, scattering your infection thro' the

pit, ²⁰
With aching hearts and empty purses sit,
To take your dear five shillings' worth
of wit.

The praise you give him in your kindest
mood

Comes dribbling from you, just like drops
of blood;

And then you clap so civilly, for fear
The loudness might offend your neighbor's
ear,

That we suspect your gloves are lin'd
within,

For silence sake, and cotton'd next the skin.
From these usurpers we appeal to you,

The only knowing, only judging few; ³⁰
You, who in private have this play allow'd,
Ought to maintain your suffrage to the
crowd.

The captive once submitted to your hands
You should protect from death by vulgar
hands.

TO MR. LEE, ON HIS ALEX- ANDER

[This poem was published in 1677, in *The Rival Queens, or The Death of Alexander the Great*, by Nathaniel Lee. The play is entered on the *Term Catalogue* for Michaelmas Term (November). For Lee Dryden had a warm regard, mixed with a trifle of condescension. In a letter to Dennis he writes: "I remember, poor Nat. Lee, who was then upon the verge of madness, yet made a sober and a witty answer to a bad poet, who told him it was an easie thing to write like a madman. 'No,' said he, 'it is very difficult to write like a madman, but it is a very easie matter to write like a fool'" (Malone, I, 2; 35, 36).]

THE blast of common censure could I fear,
Before your play my name should not ap-
pear;

For 't will be thought, and with some color
too,

I pay the bribe I first receiv'd from you;
That mutual vouchers for our fame we
stand,

And play the game into each other's hand;
And as cheap pen'orths to ourselves afford,
As Bessus and the brothers of the sword.
Such libels private men may well endure,
When states and kings themselves are not
secure;

For ill men, conscious of their inward guilt,
Think the best actions on by-ends are built.
And yet my silence had not 'scap'd their
spite;

Then, envy had not suffer'd me to write;
For, since I could not ignorance pretend,
Such worth I must or envy or commend.
So many candidates there stand for wit,
A place in court is scarce so hard to get:
In vain they crowd each other at the door;
For ev'n reversions are all begg'd before: 20
Desert, how known soe'er, is long delay'd;
And then, too, fools and knaves are better
paid.

Yet, as some actions bear so great a name,
That courts themselves are just for fear of
shame;

So has the mighty merit of your play
Extorted praise, and forc'd itself a way.
'T is here as 't is at sea; who farthest goes,
Or dares the most, makes all the rest his
foes.

Yet, when some virtue much outgrows the
rest,

It shoots too fast and high to be oppress'd;
As his heroic worth struck envy dumb, 31
Who took the Dutchman, and who cut the
boom.

Such praise is yours, while you the passions
move,

That 't is no longer feign'd, 't is real love,
Where nature triumphs over wretched art;
We only warm the head, but you the heart.
Always you warm! and if the rising year,
As in hot regions, bring the sun too near,
'T is but to make your fragrant spices blow,
Which in our colder climates will not grow.
They only think you animate your theme 41
With too much fire, who are themselves all
phle'me.

Prizes would be for lags of slowest pace,
Were cripples made the judges of the race.
Despise those drones, who praise, while
they accuse

The too much vigor of your youthful Muse.
That humble style which they their virtue
make,
Is in your pow'r; you need but stoop and
take.

Your beauteous images must be allow'd
By all, but some vile poets of the crowd. 50
But how should any signpost dauber know
The worth of Titian or of Angelo?
Hard features every bungler can command;
To draw true beauty shews a master's hand.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO ALL FOR LOVE

OR, THE WORLD WELL LOST

[This, Dryden's finest tragedy, treats the familiar theme of Antony and Cleopatra in a style that owes much to the study of Shakespeare. It was probably acted in 1677, since it was entered on the *Stationers' Register* on January 31, 1678 (Malone, I, 1, 116), and published in the same year.]

PROLOGUE

WHAT flocks of critics hover here to-day,
As vultures wait on armies for their
prey,
All gaping for the carcass of a play!
With croaking notes they bode some dire
event,

And follow dying poets by the scent.
Ours gives himself for gone; y' have
watch'd your time!

He fights this day unarm'd, — without his
rhyme; —

And brings a tale which often has been
told;

As sad as Dido's; and almost as old.
His hero, whom you wits his bully call, 10
Bates of his mettle, and scarce rants at all:
He's somewhat lewd, but a well-meaning
mind;

Weeps much, fights little, but is wondrous
kind.

In short, a pattern, and companion fit,
For all the keeping Tonies of the pit.
I could name more: a wife, and mistress }
too;

Both (to be plain) too good for most of
you:
The wife well-natur'd, and the mistress
true.

Now, poets, if your fame has been his
care,
Allow him all the candor you can spare. ²⁰
A brave man scorns to quarrel once a day;
Like Hector, in at every petty fray.
Let those find fault whose wit's so very
small,
They've need to show that they can think
at all;
Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive
below.
Fops may have leave to level all they can,
As pignies would be glad to lop a man.
Half-wits are fleas; so little and so light,
We scarce could know they live, but that
they bite. ³⁰
But, as the rich, when tir'd with daily
feasts,
For change, become their next poor ten-
ant's guests,
Drink hearty draughts of ale from plain
brown bowls,
And snatch the homely rasher from the
coals;
So you, retiring from much better cheer,
For once, may venture to do penance here.
And since that plenteous autumn now is
past,
Whose grapes and peaches have indulg'd
your taste,
Take in good part, from our poor poet's
board,
Such rival'd fruits as winter can afford. ⁴⁰

EPILOGUE

POETS, like disputants, when reasons fail,
Have one sure refuge left — and that's to
rail.
Fop, coxcomb, fool, are thunder'd thro' the
pit,
And this is all their equipage of wit.
We wonder how the devil this difference
grows,
Betwix our fools in verse, and yours in
prose:
For, 'faith, the quarrel rightly understood,
'Tis civil war with their own flesh and
blood.
The threadbare author hates the gaudy
coat,
And swears at the gilt coach, but swears
afoot: ¹⁰
For 'tis observ'd of every scribbling man,

He grows a fop as fast as e'er he can;
Prunes up, and asks his oracle, the glass,
If pink or purple best become his face.
For our poor wretch, he neither rails nor
prays;
Nor likes your wit just as you like his
plays;
He has not yet so much of Mr. Bayes.
He does his best; and if he cannot please,
Would quietly sue out his *writ of ease*.
Yet, if he might his own grand jury call, ²⁰
By the fair sex he begs to stand or fall.
Let Cæsar's power the men's ambition
move,
But grace you him who lost the world for
love!
Yet if some antiquated lady say,
The last age is not copied in his play;
Heav'n help the man who for that face
must drudge,
Which only has the wrinkles of a judge.
Let not the young and beauteous join with
those;
For, should you raise such numerous hosts
of foes,
Young wits and sparks he to his aid must
call; ³⁰
'Tis more than one man's work to please
you all.

EPILOGUE TO MITHRIDATES,
KING OF PONTUS

[This tragedy, by Lee, was published in
1678, being licensed for the press on March 28.
The following epilogue is taken from the first
edition. Scott prints another epilogue, from a
broadside, but gives no proof that it is by Dry-
den.]

You've seen a pair of faithful lovers die:
And much you care, for most of you will
cry,
'T was a just judgment on their con-
staney. ¹⁰
For, Heav'n be thank'd, we live in such an
age,
When no man dies for love, but on the
stage:
And ev'n those martyrs are but rare in
plays;
A cursed sign how much true faith decays.
Love is no more a violent desire;
'T is a mere metaphor, a painted fire.
In all our sex, the name, exanin'd well, ²⁰

Is pride to gain, and vanity to tell.
 In woman, 't is of subtle int'rest made:
 Curse on the punk that made it first a trade!
 She first did wit's prerogative remove,
 And made a fool presume to prate of love.
 Let honor and preferment go for gold,
 But glorious beauty is not to be sold:
 Or, if it be, 't is at a rate so high,
 That nothing but adoring it should buy.
 Yet the rich cullies may their boasting
 spare;
 They purchase but sophisticated ware. ²⁰
 'T is prodigality that buys deceit,
 Where both the giver and the taker cheat.
 Men but refine on the old half-crown way;
 And women fight, like Swizzers, for their
 pay.

PROLOGUE, EPILOGUE, AND
 SONG FROM THE KIND
 KEEPER

OR, MR. LIMBERHAM

[In a chronological list of his plays which Dryden printed with *King Arthur* in 1691 (see Malone, I, 1; 56, 218, 219), this comedy is placed between *All for Love* and *Oedipus*. Hence it was probably acted early in 1678; though, perhaps because of its ill success on the stage, it was not published until late in 1679, when it is entered on the *Term Catalogue* for Michaelmas Term (November). The first edition is dated 1680. This play and *Oedipus* were both "printed for R. Bentley and M. Magnes;" Dryden had evidently quarreled with his former publisher Herringman, to whom a little later (1682) he devoted a sarcastic line (line 105) in *Mac Flecknoe*.]

PROLOGUE

TRUE wit has seen its best days long ago;
 It ne'er look'd up, since we were dipp'd in
 show;
 When sense in dog'rel rhymes and clouds
 was lost,
 And dulness flourish'd at the actor's cost.
 Nor stopp'd it here; when tragedy was
 done,
 Satire and humor the same fate have run,
 And comedy is sunk to trick and pun.
 Now our machining lumber will not sell,
 And you no longer care for heav'n or hell;
 What stuff can please you next, the Lord
 can tell. ¹⁰

Let them, who the rebellion first began
 To wit, restore the monarch, if they can;
 Our author dares not be the first bold man.
 He, like the prudent citizen, takes care
 To keep for better marts his staple ware;
 His toys are good enough for Sturbridge
 fair.

Tricks were the fashion; if it now be spent,
 'T is time enough at Easter to invent;
 No man will make up a new suit for Lent.
 If now and then he takes a small pretense,
 To forage for a little wit and sense, ²¹
 Pray pardon him, he meant you no offense.
 Next summer, Nostradamus tells, they say,
 That all the critics shall be shipp'd away,
 And not enow be left to damn a play.
 To every sail beside, good Heav'n, be kind;
 But drive away that swarm with such a
 wind,
 That not one locust may be left behind!

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY LIMBERHAM

I BEG a boon, that, ere you all disband,
 Some one would take my bargain off my
 hand;
 To keep a punk is but a common evil;
 To find her false, and marry — that's the
 devil.
 Well, I ne'er acted part in all my life,
 But still I was fobb'd off with some such
 wife:
 I find the trick; these poets take no pity
 Of one that is a member of the city.
 We cheat you lawfully, and in our trades;
 You cheat us basely with your common
 jades.
 Now I am married, I must sit down by it,
 But let me keep my dear-bought spouse in
 quiet;
 Let none of you damn'd Woodalls of the
 pit
 Put in for shares to mend our breed, in wit:
 We know your bastards from our flesh and
 blood,
 Not one in ten of yours e'er comes to good.
 In all the boys their fathers' virtues shine,
 But all the female fry turn Pugs like
 mine.
 When these grow up, Lord, with what ram-
 pant gadders
 Our counters will be throng'd, and roads
 with padders! ²⁰

This town two bargains has, not worth one farthing,
A Smithfield horse, and wife of Covent Garden.

A SONG FROM THE ITALIAN

By a dismal cypress lying,
Damon cried, all pale and dying:
"Kind is death, that ends my pain,
But cruel she I lov'd in vain.
The mossy fountains
Murmur my trouble,
And hollow mountains
My groans redouble:
Every nymph mourns me,
Thus while I languish; 10
She only scorns me,
Who caus'd my anguish,
No love returning me, but all hope denying."

By a dismal cypress lying,
Like a swan, so sung he dying:
"Kind is death, that ends my pain,
But cruel she I lov'd in vain."

PROLOGUE TO A TRUE WIDOW

[This comedy was by Thomas Shadwell. Two speeches by Lump, in the first act, indicate that it was first acted on March 21, 1678. It was first printed in the next year. After his quarrel with Shadwell, Dryden gave this same prologue to Aphra Behn for her tragic-comedy *The Widow Ranter*, or *The History of Bacon in Virginia*, published in 1690. The present text is from the first edition of Shadwell's play.]

HEAV'N save ye, gallants, and this hopeful age!
Y' are welcome to the downfall of the stage:
The fools have labor'd long in their vocation;
And vice (the manufacture of the nation)
O'erstocks the town so much, and thrives so well,
That fops and knaves grow drugs and will not sell.
In vain our wares on theaters are shown,
When each has a plantation of his own.
His cruse ne'er fails; for whatsoever he spends,

There's still God's plenty for himself and friends. 10

Should men be rated by poetic rules,
Lord, what a poll would there be rais'd from fools!

Meantime poor wit prohibited must lie,
As if 't were made some French commodity.
Fools you will have, and rais'd at vast expense;

And yet, as soon as seen, they give offense.
Time was, when none would cry: "That oaf was me!"

But now you strive about your pedigree:
Baubles and caps no sooner are thrown down,
But there's a muss of more than half the town. 20

Each one will challenge a child's part at least,

A sign the family is well increas'd.
Of foreign cattle there's no longer need,
When we are supplied so fast with English breed.

Well! flourish, countrymen; drink, swear, and roar;

Let every freeborn subject keep his whore;
And, wand'ring in the wilderness about,
At end of forty years not wear her out.
But when you see these pictures, let none dare

To own beyond a limb or single share; 30
For where the punk is common, he's a sot
Who needs will father what the parish got.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO ŒDIPUS

[This tragedy, by Dryden and Lee, was probably acted in August, 1678, since the Woolen Act (30th Charles II cap. 3), mentioned in the last line of the prologue, went into effect on the first of that month. It was printed the next year. The prologue and epilogue are without doubt by Dryden.]

PROLOGUE

WHEN Athens all the Grecian state did guide,

And Greece gave laws to all the world beside;

Then Sophocles with Socrates did sit,
Supreme in wisdom one, and one in wit:
And wit from wisdom differ'd not in those,
But as 't was sung in verse, or said in prose.
Then, Œdipus, on crowded theaters,

Drew all admiring eyes and list'ning ears:
The pleas'd spectator shouted every line,
The noblest, manliest, and the best design !
And every critic of each learned age, 11
By this just model has reform'd the stage.
Now, should it fail, (as Heav'n avert our
fear !)

Damn it in silence, lest the world should
hear.

For were it known this poem did not please,
You might set up for perfect salvages:
Your neighbors would not look on you as
men,

But think the nation all turn'd Piets again.
Faith, as you manage matters, 't is not fit
You should suspect yourselves of too much
wit: 20

Drive not the jest too far, but spare this
piece;

And, for this once, be not more wise than
Greece.

See twice ! do not pellmell to damning fall,
Like true-born Britons, who ne'er think at
all:

Pray be advis'd; and tho' at Mons you won,
On pointed cannon do not always run.

With some respect to ancient wit proceed;
You take the four first councils for your
creed.

But, when you lay tradition wholly by, }
And on the private spirit alone rely, 30 }
You turn fanatics in your poetry. }

If, notwithstanding all that we can say, }
You needs will have your pen'worths of }
the play, }

And come resolv'd to damn, because you
pay, }

Record it, in memorial of the fact,
The first play buried since the Woolen Act.

EPILOGUE

WHAT Sophocles could undertake alone,
Our poets found a work for more than one;
And therefore two lay tugging at the piece,
With all their force, to draw the pond'rous
mass from Greece;

A weight that bent ev'n Seneca's strong
Muse,

And which Corneille's shoulders did refuse.
So hard it is th' Athenian harp to string !
So much two consuls yield to one just king.

Terror and pity this whole poem sway;
The mightiest machines that can mount a
play: 10

How heavy will those vulgar souls be found,
Whom two such engines cannot move from
ground !

When Greece and Rome have smil'd upon
this birth,

You can but damn for one poor spot of
earth:

And when your children find your judgment
such,

They 'll scorn their sires, and wish them-
selves born Dutch;

Each haughty poet will infer with ease,
How much his wit must underwrite to
please.

As some strong churl would, brandishing,
advance

The monumental sword that conquer'd
France; 20

So you, by judging this, your judgments
teach:

Thus far you like, that is, thus far you
reach.

Since then the vote of full two thousand
years

Has crown'd this plot, and all the dead are
theirs,

Think it a debt you pay, not alms you give,
And, in your own defense, let this play live.

Think 'em not vain, when Sophocles is
shown,

To praise his worth, they humbly doubt
their own.

Yet, as weak states each other's pow'r as-
sure,

Weak poets by conjunction are secure. 30

Their treat is what your palates relish most.
Charm ! song ! and show ! a murder and a
ghost !

We know not what you can desire or hope,
To please you more, but burning of a pope.

PROLOGUE, EPILOGUE, AND SONG FROM TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

OR, TRUTH FOUND TOO LATE

[In this adaptation from Shakespeare Dryden transformed Cressida into a faithful and unjustly accused maiden. The play was probably acted late in 1678, since it was entered on the *Stationers' Register* April 14, 1679 (Malone, I, 1, 119) and published late in the same year, being entered in the *Term Catalogue* for Michaelmas Term (November). This was

the first of Dryden's works to be "printed for Jacob Tonson," who from this time on published nearly all his writings.]

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON, REPRESENTING
THE GHOST OF SHAKESPEARE

SEE, my lov'd Britons, see your Shake-
spear^e rise,
An awful ghost confess'd to human eyes !
Unnam'd, methinks, distinguish'd I had
been
From other shades, by this eternal green,
About whose wreaths the vulgar poets
strive,
And with a touch their wither'd bays re-
vive.

Untaught, unpractic'd, in a barbarous age,
I found not, but created first the stage;
And, if I drain'd no Greek or Latin store,
'T was that my own abundance gave me
more. ¹⁰

On foreign trade I needed not rely,
Like fruitful Britain, rich without supply.
In this my rough-drawn play you shall be-
hold

Some master-strokes, so manly and so
bold,

That he who meant to alter, found 'em
such,

He shook, and thought it sacrilege to
touch.

Now, where are the successors to my
name ?

What bring they to fill out a poet's fame ?
Weak, short-liv'd issues of a feeble age;
Scarce living to be christen'd on the
stage ! ²⁰

For humor farce, for love they rhyme dis-
pense,

That tolls the knell for their departed
sense.

Dulness might thrive in any trade but
this:

'T would recommend to some fat benefice.
Dulness, that in a playhouse meets dis-
grace,

Might meet with reverence in its proper
place.

The fulsome clench, that nauseates the
town,

Would from a judge or alderman go
down,

Such virtue is there in a robe and gown !

And that insipid stuff which here you
hate, ³⁰
Might somewhere else be call'd a grave
debate;
Dulness is decent in the Church and
State.

But I forget that still 't is understood
Bad plays are best decried by showing
good.

Sit silent then, that my pleas'd soul may
see

A judging audience once, and worthy me;
My faithful scene from true records shall
tell

How Trojan valor did the Greek excel;
Your great forefathers shall their fame
regain,

And Homer's angry ghost repine in vain. ⁴⁰

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY THERSITES

THESE cruel critics put me into passion,
For in their low'ring looks I read damna-
tion:

Ye expect a satire, and I seldom fail;
When I'm first beaten, 'tis my part to
rail.

You British fools, of the old Trojan stock,
That stand so thick one cannot miss the
flock,

Poets have cause to dread a keeping pit,
When women's cullies come to judge of
wit.

As we strow ratsbane when we vermin fear,
'T were worth our cost to scatter fool-bane
here; ¹⁰

And, after all our judging fops were
serv'd,

Dull poets too should have a dose reserv'd;
Such reprobates, as, past all sense of
shaming,

Write on, and ne'er are satisfied with
damning:

Next, those, to whom the stage does not
belong,

Such whose vocation only is to song;
At most to prologue, when, for want of
time,

Poets take in for journeywork in rhyme.
But I want curses for those mighty shoals
Of scribbling Chlorisses and Phyllis fools:

Those oafs should be restrain'd, during
their lives, ²¹

From pen and ink, as madmen are from
knives.
I could rail on, but 't were a task as vain
As preaching truth at Rome, or wit in
Spain:
Yet to huff out our play was worth my
trying;
John Lilburne seap'd his judges by defying:
If guilty, yet I'm sure o' th' Church's
blessing,
By suffering for the plot, without confess-
ing.

SONG

I

CAN life be a blessing,
Or worth the possessing,
Can life be a blessing, if love were away?
Ah, no! tho' our love all night keep us
waking,
And tho' he torment us with cares all the
day,
Yet he sweetens, he sweetens our pains
in the talking;
There's an hour at the last, there's an
hour to repay.

II

In every possessing,
The ravishing blessing,
In every possessing the fruit of our pain, 10
Poor lovers forget long ages of anguish,
Whate'er they have suffer'd and done to
obtain;
'T is a pleasure, a pleasure to sigh and
to languish,
When we hope, when we hope to be happy
again.

PROLOGUE TO CÆSAR BORGIA,
SON OF POPE ALEXANDER
THE SIXTH

[This tragedy, by Nathaniel Lee, was prob-
ably acted in 1679. It is entered on the *Term
Catalogue* for Michaelmas Term (November)
of that year, though the first edition is dated
1680.]

TH' unhappy man, who once has trail'd a
pen,
Lives not to please himself, but other men;
Is always drudging, wastes his life and
blood,

Yet only eats and drinks what you think
good:

What praise soe'er the poetry deserve,
Yet every fool can bid the poet starve.
That fumbling lecher to revenge is bent,
Because he thinks himself or whose is
meant:

Name but a cuckold, all the city swarms;
From Leadenhall to Ludgate is in arms. 10
Were there no fear of Antichrist, or
France,

In the best times poor poets live by chance.

Either you come not here, or, as you
grace

Some old acquaintance, drop into the
place,

Careless and qualmish with a yawning
face:

You sleep o'er wit, and by my troth you
may;

Most of your talents lie another way.

You love to hear of some prodigious tale,

The bell that toll'd alone, or Irish whale.

News is your food, and you enough pro-
vide, 20

Both for yourselves, and all the world be-
side.

One theater there is of vast resort,
Which whilom of Requests was call'd the
Court;

But now the great Exchange of News 't is
light,

And full of hum and buzz from noon till
night.

Upstairs and down you run, as for a race,
And each man wears three nations in his
face.

So big you look, tho' claret you retrench,
That, arm'd with bottled ale, you huff the
French;

But all your entertainment still is fed 30
By villains in our own dull island bred:

Would you return to us, we dare engage
To show you better rogues upon the stage.

You know no poison but plain ratsbane
here;

Death's more refin'd, and better bred else-
where.

They have a civil way in Italy,
By smelling a perfume to make you die;

A trick would make you lay your snuff-
box by.

Murder's a trade — so known and practie'd
there,

That 't is infallible as is the chair — 40

But mark their feasts, you shall behold
such pranks;
The Pope says grace, but 't is the Devil
gives thanks.

PROLOGUE TO THE LOYAL GENERAL

[This tragedy, by Nahum Tate, was probably acted in 1679; it was published in 1680, being entered on the *Term Catalogue* for Hilary Term (February) of that year. Dryden's prologue was reprinted in the third edition (1702) of *Miscellany Poems, the First Part*, where it is called simply *A Prologue written by Mr. Dryden*.]

If yet there be a few that take delight
In that which reasonable men should
write,

To them alone we dedicate this night.
The rest may satisfy their curious itch
With city gazettes, or some factious speech,
Or whate'er libel, for the public good,
Stirs up the Shrovetide crew to fire and
 blood!

Remove your benches, you apostate pit,
And take, above, twelve pennyworth of
wit:

Go back to your dear dancing on the
rope,

Or see what's worse, the Devil and the Pope!

The plays that take on our corrupted stage,
Methinks, resemble the distracted age;
Noise, madness, all unreasonable things,
That strike at sense, as rebels do at kings !
The style of forty-one our poets write,
And you are grown to judge like forty-
eight.

Such censures our mistaking audience
make,

That 'tis almost grown scandalous to take !
They talk of fevers that infect the brains, ²⁰
But nonsense is the new disease that reigns.
Weak stomachs, with a long disease oppress'd.

Cannot the cordials of strong wit digest.
Therefore thin nourishment of farce ye
choose.

Decoctions of a barley-water Muse:
A meal of tragedy would make ye sick,
Unless it were a very tender chick.

Some scenes in sippets would be worth our time:

Those would go down; some love that's
poach'd in rhyme;

If these should fail — 30

We must lie down, and, after all our cost,
Keep holiday, like watermen in frost;

Whilst you turn players on the world's
great stage,

And act yourselves the farce of your own
age.

THE PROLOGUE AT OXFORD,
1680

[This prologue is here reprinted from *Miscellany Poems*, 1684. It was written for an Oxford production of Lee's *Sophonisba*, or *Hannibal's Overthrow*, a tragedy first published in 1675 (see *Term Catalogue* for Michaelmas Term (November), 1675; the edition is dated 1676), and appeared in an edition of that play in 1681. This text varies somewhat from that included in *Miscellany Poems*, which Dryden probably revised for publication.]

THESPIS, the first professor of our art,
At country wakes sung ballads from a cart.
To prove this true, if Latin be no trespass,
Dicitur et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis.
But Æschylus, says Horace in some page,
Was the first mountebank that trod the
stage:

Yet Athens never knew your learned sport
Of tossing poets in a tennis court.

But 't is the talent of our English nation,
Still to be plotting some new reformation:

And few years hence, if anarchy goes on,
Jack Presbyter shall here erect his
throne.

Knock out a tub with preaching once a day.

And every prayer be longer than a play.

Then all your heathen wits shall go to pot,
For disbelieving of a Popish Plot:

Your poets shall be us'd like infidels,
And worst, the author of *The Oxford*
Bells:

Nor should we scape the sentence, to depart,

Ev'n in our first original, a cart. 20

No zealous brother there would want a stone.

To maul us cardinals, and pelt Pope Joan:
Religion, learning, wit, would be sup-
press'd,

Rags of the whore, and trappings of the
beast.

Scot, Suarez, Tom of Aquin, must go down,
As chief supporters of the triple crown;

And Aristotle's for destruction ripe;
Some say, he call'd the soul an organ-pipe,
Which, by some little help of derivation,
Shall then be prov'd a pipe of inspiration. 30

TRANSLATIONS FROM OVID'S EPISTLES

*Vel tibi composita cantetur epistola voco :
Ignotum hoc aliis ille novavit opus. — OVID.*

[The following translations, Dryden's first experiment in a sort of work which was later to become his main occupation, were first published in a small octavo entitled, *Ovid's Epistles*, translated by several hands [motto as above], London, 1680. It contains twenty-three pieces, the epistles from Dido to Æneas and from Phyllis to Demophon appearing in two different translations. Among the contributors, besides Dryden, were Tate, Aphra Behn, Duke, Rymer, Otway, Butler, and, queerly enough, Dryden's arch-enemy Settle. Lord Mulgrave appears only as collaborating with Dryden on the epistle from Helen to Paris.]

THE PREFACE TO OVID'S EPISTLES

THE life of Ovid being already written in our language, before the translation of his *Metamorphoses*, I will not presume so far upon myself, to think I can add anything to Mr. Sandys his undertaking. The English reader may there be satisfied, that he flourish'd in the reign of Augustus Cæsar; that he was extracted from an ancient family of Roman Knights; that he was born to the inheritance of a splendid fortune; that he was design'd to the study of the law, and had made considerable progress in it, before he quitted that profession for this of poetry, to which he was more naturally form'd. The cause of his banishment is unknown; because he was himself unwilling further to provoke the emperor, by ascribing it to any other reason than what was pretended by Augustus, which was the lasciviousness of his *Elegies*, and his *Art of Love*. 'Tis true, they are not to be excus'd in the severity of manners, as being able to corrupt a larger empire, if there were any, than that of Rome: yet this may be said in behalf of Ovid, that no man has ever treated the passion of love with so much delicacy of thought, and of expression, or search'd into the nature of it more philosophically than he. And the emperor who condemn'd him had as little reason as another man to punish that fault with so much severity, if at least he were the author of a certain epigram which is ascrib'd to him, relating to the cause of the first civil war betwixt himself and Mark Anthony the triumvir, which is more fulsome than any passage I have met with in our poet. To pass by the naked familiarity of his expressions to Horace, which are cited in that author's life, I need only mention

one notorious act of his, in taking Livia to his bed, when she was not only married, but with child by her husband then living. But deeds, it seems, may be justified by arbitrary power, when words are question'd in a poet. There is another guess of the grammarians, as far from truth as the first from reason: they will have him banish'd for some favours, which, they say, he receiv'd from Julia, the daughter of Augustus, whom they think he celebrates under the name of Corinna in his *Elegies*: but he who will observe the verses which are made to that mistress, may gather from the whole contexture of them, that Corinna was not a woman of the highest quality. If Julia were then married to Agrippa, why should our poet make his petition to Isis for her safe delivery, and afterwards condole her miscarriage; which, for aught he knew, might be by her own husband? Or, indeed, how durst he be so bold to make the least discovery of such a crime, which was no less than capital, especially committed against a person of Agrippa's rank? Or, if it were before her marriage, he would surely have been more discreet than to have publish'd an accident which must have been fatal to them both. But what most confirms me against this opinion is, that Ovid himself complains that the true person of Corinna was found out by the fame of his verses to her: which, if it had been Julia, he durst not have own'd; and, besides, an immediate punishment must have follow'd. He seems himself more truly to have touch'd at the cause of his exile in those obscure verses:

Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia lumina feci? &c.

Namely, that he had either seen, or was conscious to, somewhat which had procur'd him

his disgrace. But neither am I satisfied that this was the incest of the emperor with his own daughter: for Augustus was of a nature too vindictive to have contented himself with so small a revenge, or so unsafe to himself, as that of simple banishment; and would certainly have secur'd his crimes from public notice by the death of him who was witness to them. Neither have histories given us any sight into such an action of this emperor: nor would he (the greatest politician of his time), in all probability, have manag'd his crimes with so little secrecy, as not to shun the observation of any man. It seems more probable, that Ovid was either the confident of some other passion, or that he had stumbled by some inadvertency upon the privacies of Livia, and seen her in a bath; for the words:

Nudam sine veste Dianam

agree better with Livia, who had the fame of chastity, than with either of the Julias, who were both noted of incontinency. The first verses which were made by him in his youth, and recited publicly, according to the custom, were, as he himself assures us, to Corinna; his banishment happen'd not till the age of fifty: from which it may be deduc'd, with probability enough, that the love of Corinna did not occasion it. Nay, he tells us plainly, that his offense was that of error only, not of wickedness: and in the same paper of verses also, that the cause was notoriously known at Rome, tho' it be left so obscure to after ages.

But to leave conjectures on a subject so incertain, and to write somewhat more authentic of this poet: that he frequented the court of Augustus, and was well receiv'd in it, is most undoubted: all his poems bear the character of a court, and appear to be written, as the French call it, *cavalièrement*. Add to this, that the titles of many of his *Elegies*, and more of his *Letters* in his banishment, are address'd to persons well known to us, even at this distance, to have been considerable in that court.

Nor was his acquaintance less with the famous poets of his age, than with the noblemen and ladies. He tells you himself, in a particular account of his own life, that Mæcer, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, and many others of them, were his familiar friends, and that some of them communicated their writings to him; but that he had only seen Virgil.

If the imitation of nature be the business of a poet, I know no author who can justly be compar'd with ours, especially in the description of the passions. And, to prove this, I shall need no other judges than the generality of his readers; for all passions being inborn with us, we are almost equally judges, when we are concern'd in the representation of them. Now I

will appeal to any man who has read this poet, whether he find not the natural emotion of the same passion in himself, which the poet describes in his feign'd persons? His thoughts, which are the pictures and results of those passions, are generally such as naturally arise from those disorderly motions of our spirits. Yet, not to speak too partially in his behalf, I will confess that the copiousness of his wit was such that he often writ too pointedly for his subject, and made his persons speak more eloquently than the violence of their passion would admit; so that he is frequently witty out of season; leaving the imitation of nature, and the cooler dietates of his judgment, for the false applause of fancy. Yet he seems to have found out this imperfection in his riper age, for why else should he complain that his *Metamorphoses* was left unfinished? Nothing sure can be added to the wit of that poem, or of the rest; but many things ought to have been retrench'd; which I suppose would have been the business of his age, if his misfortunes had not come too fast upon him. But take him uncorrected, as he is transmitted to us, and it must be acknowledg'd, in spite of his Dutch friends, the commentators, even of Julius Scaliger himself, that Seneca's censure will stand good against him:

Nescivit quod bene cessit relinquere;

he never knew how to give over, when he had done well; but, continually varying the same sense an hundred ways, and taking up in another place what he had more than enough inculcated before, he sometimes cloy's his readers instead of satisfying them; and gives occasion to his translators, who dare not cover him, to blush at the nakedness of their father. This then is the allay of Ovid's writing, which is sufficiently recompens'd by his other excellencies: nay, this very fault is not without its beauties; for the most severe censor cannot but be pleas'd with the prodigality of his wit, tho' at the same time he could have wish'd that the master of it had been a better manager. Everything which he does becomes him; and, if sometimes he appear too gay, yet there is a secret gracefulness of youth which accompanies his writings, tho' the staidness and sobriety of age be wanting. In the most material part, which is the conduct, 't is certain that he seldom has miscarried; for if his elegies be compar'd with those of Tibullus and Propertius, his contemporaries, it will be found that those poets seldom design'd before they writ; and tho' the language of Tibullus be more polish'd, and the learning of Propertius, especially in his fourth book, more set out to ostentation; yet their common practice was to look no further before them than the next line; whence (t

will inevitably follow that they can drive to no certain point, but ramble from one subject to another, and conclude with somewhat which is not of a piece with their beginning:

Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus et alter
Assuitur pennis,

as Horace says: tho' the verses are golden, they are but patch'd into the garment. But our poet has always the goal in his eye, which directs him in his race; some beautiful design, which he first establishes, and then contrives the means which will naturally conduct it to his end. This will be evident to judicious readers in this work of his *Epistles*, of which somewhat, at least in general, will be expected.

The title of them in our late editions is *Epistole Heroidum*, the *Letters of the Heroines*. But Heinsius has judg'd more truly, that the inscription of our author was barely, *Epistles*; which he concludes from his cited verses, where Ovid asserts this work as his own invention, and not borrow'd from the Greeks, whom (as the masters of their learning) the Romans usually did imitate. But it appears not from their writers, that any of the Grecians ever touch'd upon this way, which our poet therefore justly has vindicated to himself. I quarrel not at the word *Heroidum*, because 'tis us'd by Ovid in his *Art of Love*:

Jupiter ad veteres supplex Heroidas ibat.

But, sure, he could not be guilty of such an oversight, to call his work by the name of *Heroines*, when there are divers men or heroes, as, namely, Paris, Leander, and Acontius, join'd in it. Except Sabinus, who writ some answers to Ovid's *Letters*:

(Quam celer e toto rediit meus orbe Sabinus)

I remember not any of the Romans who have treated this subject, save only Propertius, and that but once, in his *Epistle of Arethusa to Lycotas*, which is written so near the style of Ovid, that it seems to be but an imitation; and therefore ought not to defraud our poet of the glory of his invention.

Concerning this work of the *Epistles*, I shall content myself to observe these few particulars: first, that they are generally granted to be the most perfect piece of Ovid, and that the style of them is tenderly passionate and courtly; two properties well agreeing with the persons, which were heroines and lovers. Yet, where the characters were lower, as in Ceneone and Hero, he has kept close to nature, in drawing his images after a country life, tho', perhaps, he has romaniz'd his Grecian dames too much, and made them speak, sometimes, as if they had been born in the city of Rome, and under the empire of Augustus. There seems

to be no great variety in the particular subjects which he has chosen; most of the *Epistles* being written from ladies who were forsaken by their lovers; which is the reason that many of the same thoughts come back upon us in divers letters; but of the general character of women, which is modesty, he has taken a most becoming care; for his amorous expressions go no further than virtue may allow, and therefore may be read, as he intended them, by matrons without a blush.

Thus much concerning the poet: whom you find translated by divers hands, that you may at least have that variety in the English, which the subject denied to the author of the Latin. It remains that I should say somewhat of poetical translations in general, and give my opinion (with submission to better judgments) which way of version seems to me most proper.

All translation, I suppose, may be reduc'd to these three heads:

First, that of metaphrase, or turning an author word by word, and line by line, from one language into another. Thus, or near this manner, was Horace his *Art of Poetry* translated by Ben Jonson. The second way is that of paraphrase, or translation with latitude, where the author is kept in view by the translator, so as never to be lost, but his words are not so strictly follow'd as his sense; and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not alter'd. Such is Mr. Waller's translation of Virgil's *Fourth Æneid*. The third way is that of imitation, where the translator (if now he has not lost that name) assumes the liberty, not only to vary from the words and sense, but to forsake them both as he sees occasion; and, taking only some general hints from the original, to run division on the groundwork, as he pleases. Such is Mr. Cowley's practice in turning two odes of Pindar, and one of Horace, into English.

Concerning the first of these methods, our master Horace has given us this caution:

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus
Interpres —

Nor word for word too faithfully translate,

as the Earl of Roscommon has excellently render'd it. Too faithfully is, indeed, pedantically: 'tis a faith like that which proceeds from superstition, blind and zealous. Take it in the expression of Sir John Denham to Sir Richard Fanshawe, on his version of the *Pastor Fido*:

That servile path thou nobly dost decline,
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
To make translations and translators too;
They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame.

'T is almost impossible to translate verbally and well at the same time; for the Latin (a most severe and compendious language) often expresses that in one word, which either the barbarity, or the narrowness, of modern tongues cannot supply in more. 'T is frequent also that the conceit is couch'd in some expression, which will be lost in English.

Atque hildem venti vola fidemque ferent.

What poet of our nation is so happy as to express this thought literally in English, and to strike wit, or almost sense, out of it?

In short, the verbal copier is incumber'd with so many difficulties at once, that he can never disintangle himself from all. He is to consider, at the same time, the thought of his author, and his words, and to find out the counterpart to each in another language; and, besides this, he is to confine himself to the compass of numbers, and the slavery of rhyme. 'T is much like dancing on ropes with fetter'd legs: a man may shun a fall by using caution; but the gracefulness of motion is not to be expected: and when we have said the best of it, 't is but a foolish task; for no sober man would put himself into a danger for the applause of seeping without breaking his neck. We see Ben Jonson could not avoid obscurity in his literal translation of Horace, attempted in the same compass of lines; nay, Horace himself could scarce have done it to a Greek poet:

Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio :

either perspicuity or gracefulness will frequently be wanting. Horace has, indeed, avoided both these rocks in his translation of the three first lines of Homer's *Odyssees*, which he has contracted into two:

Dic mihi, musa, virum, capto post tempora Troja
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.

Muse, speak the man, who, since the siege of Troy,
So many towns, such change of manners saw.

EARL OF ROSC.

But then the sufferings of Ulysses, which are a considerable part of that sentence, are omitted:

Ὅς μάλα πολλά πάγχθη :

The consideration of these difficulties in a servile, literal translation, not long since made two of our famous wits, Sir John Denham and Mr. Cowley, to contrive another way of turning authors into our tongue, call'd, by the latter of them, imitation. As they were friends, I suppose they communicated their thoughts on this subject to each other; and, therefore, their reasons for it are little different, tho' the practice of one is much more moderate. I take imitation of an author, in their sense, to be an

endeavor of a later poet to write like one who has written before him, on the same subject: that is, not to translate his words, or to be confin'd to his sense, but only to set him as a pattern, and to write as he supposes that author would have done, had he liv'd in our age, and in our country. Yet I dare not say that either of them have carried this libertine way of rend'ring authors (as Mr. Cowley calls it) so far as my definition reaches. For, in the *Pindaric Odes*, the customs and ceremonies of ancient Greece are still preserv'd. But I know not what mischief may arise hereafter from the example of such an innovation, when writers of unequal parts to him shall imitate so bold an undertaking. To add and to diminish what we please, which is the way avow'd by him, ought only to be granted to Mr. Cowley, and that too only in his translation of Pindar; because he alone was able to make him amends, by giving him better of his own, whenever he refus'd his author's thoughts. Pindar is generally known to be a dark writer, to want connection, (I mean as to our understanding,) to soar out of sight, and leave his reader at a gaze. So wild and ungovernable a poet cannot be translated literally; his genius is too strong to bear a chain, and, Samson-like, he shakes it off. A genius so elevated and unconfin'd as Mr. Cowley's was but necessary to make Pindar speak English, and that was to be perform'd by no other way than imitation. But if Virgil or Ovid, or any regular intelligible authors be thus us'd, 't is no longer to be call'd their work, when neither the thoughts nor words are drawn from the original; but instead of them there is something new produc'd, which is almost the creation of another hand. By this way, 't is true, somewhat that is excellent may be invented, perhaps more excellent than the first design; tho' Virgil must be still excepted, when that perhaps takes place. Yet he who is inquisitive to know an author's thoughts, will be disappointed in his expectation. And 't is not always that a man will be contented to have a present made him, when he expects the payment of a debt. To state it fairly: imitation of an author is the most advantageous way for a translator to shew himself, but the greatest wrong which can be done to the memory and reputation of the dead. Sir John Denham, who advis'd more liberty than he took himself, gives this reason for his innovation, in his admirable preface before the translation of the *Second Æneid*: "Poetry is of so subtle a spirit, that, in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate; and, if a new spirit be not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum*." I confess this argument holds good against a literal translation; but who defends it? Imitation and

verbal version are, in my opinion, the two extremes which ought to be avoided; and therefore, when I have propos'd the mean betwixt them, it will be seen how far his argument will reach.

No man is capable of translating poetry, who, besides a genius to that art, is not a master both of his author's language, and of his own; nor must we understand the language only of the poet, but his particular turn of thoughts and of expression, which are the characters that distinguish, and as it were individuate him from all other writers. When we are come thus far, 't is time to look into ourselves, to conform our genius to his, to give his thought either the same turn, if our tongue will bear it, or, if not, to vary but the dress, not to alter or destroy the substance. The like care must be taken of the more outward ornaments, the words. When they appear (which is but seldom) literally graceful, it were an injury to the author that they should be chang'd; but, since every language is so full of its own proprieties, that what is beautiful in one, is often barbarous, nay, sometimes nonsense, in another, it would be unreasonable to limit a translator to the narrow compass of his author's words: 't is enough if he choose out some expression which does not vitiate the sense. I suppose he may stretch his chain to such a latitude; but, by innovation of thoughts, methinks he breaks it. By this means the spirit of an author may be transfus'd, and yet not lost; and thus 't is plain that the reason alleg'd by Sir John Denham has no farther force than to expression: for thought, if it be translated truly, cannot be lost in another language; but the words that convey it to our apprehension (which are the image and ornament of that thought) may be so ill chosen as to make it appear in an unhandsome dress, and rob it of its native luster. There is, therefore, a liberty to be allow'd for the expression; neither is it necessary that words and lines should be confin'd to the measure of their original. The sense of an author, generally speaking, is to be sacred and inviolable. If the fancy of Ovid be luxuriant, 't is his character to be so; and if I retrench it, he is no longer Ovid. It will be replied that he receives advantage by this lopping of his superfluous branches; but I rejoin that a translator has no such right. When a painter copies from the life, I suppose he has no privilege to alter features and lineaments under pretense that his picture will look better; perhaps the face which he has drawn would be more exact, if the eyes or nose were alter'd; but 't is his business to make it resemble the original. In two cases only there may a seeming difficulty arise; that is, if the thought be notoriously trivial, or dishonest; but the same answer will

serve for both, that then they ought not to be translated:

— Et quoniam
Desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinquis.

Thus I have ventur'd to give my opinion on this subject against the authority of two great men, but I hope without offense to either of their memories; for I both lov'd them living, and reverence them now they are dead. But if, after what I have urg'd, it be thought by better judges that the praise of a translation consists in adding new beauties to the piece, thereby to recompense the loss which it sustains by change of language, I shall be willing to be taught better, and to recant. In the mean time, it seems to me that the true reason why we have so few versions which are tolerable, is not from the too close pursuing of the author's sense, but because there are so few who have all the talents which are requisite for translation, and that there is so little praise, and so small encouragement, for so considerable a part of learning.

To apply in short what has been said, to this present work, the reader will here find most of the translations with some little latitude or variation from the author's sense. That of *Enone* to *Paris* is in Mr. Cowley's way of imitation only. I was desir'd to say that the author, who is of the fair sex, understood not Latin. But if she does not, I am afraid she has given us occasion to be asham'd, who do.

For my own part, I am ready to acknowledge that I have transgress'd the rules which I have given, and taken more liberty than a just translation will allow. But so many gentlemen whose wit and learning are well known being join'd in it, I doubt not but that their excellencies will make you ample satisfaction for my errors.

J. DRYDEN.

CANACE TO MACAREUS

THE ARGUMENT

Macareus and *Canace*, son and daughter to *Æolus*, god of the winds, lov'd each other incestuously: *Canace* was deliver'd of a son, and committed him to her nurse, to be secretly convey'd away. The infant, crying out, by that means was discover'd to *Æolus*, who, inrag'd at the wickedness of his children, commanded the babe to be expos'd to wild beasts on the mountains; and, withal, sent a sword to *Canace*, with this message, that her crimes would instruct her how to use it. With this sword she slew herself; but, before she died, she writ the following letter to her brother *Macareus*, who had taken sanctuary in the temple of *Apollo*.

If streaming blood my fatal letter stain,
Imagine, ere you read, the writer slain;
One hand the sword, and one the pen employs,

And in my lap the ready paper lies.
Think in this posture thou behold'st me write:

In this my cruel father would delight.
O, were he present, that his eyes and hands

Might see and urge the death which he commands!

Than all his raging winds more dreadful, he,

Unmov'd, without a tear, my wounds would see. ¹⁰

Jove justly plac'd him on a stormy throne,
His people's temper is so like his own.
The North and South, and each contending blast,

Are underneath his wide dominion cast:
Those he can rule; but his tempestuous mind
Is, like his airy kingdom, unconfin'd.

Ah! what avail my kindred gods above,
That in their number I can reckon Jove?

What help will all my heav'nly friends afford,

When to my breast I lift the pointed sword? ²⁰

That hour which join'd us came before its time:

In death we had been one without a crime.
Why did thy flames beyond a brother's move?

Why lov'd I thee with more than sister's love?

For I lov'd too; and, knowing not my wound,

A secret pleasure in thy kisses found:
My cheeks no longer did their color boast,
My food grew loathsome, and my strength I lost:

Still ere I spoke, a sigh would stop my tongue;

Short were my slumbers, and my nights were long. ³⁰

I knew not from my love these griefs did grow,

Yet was, alas, the thing I did not know.
My wily nurse, by long experience, found,

And first discover'd to my soul its wound.
"T is love," said she; and then my down-cast eyes,

And guilty dumbness, witness'd my surprise.

Forc'd at the last, my shameful pain I tell;
And, O, what follow'd we both know too well!

'When half denying, more than half content,

'Embraces warm'd me to a full consent, ⁴⁰
'Then with tumultuous joys my heart did beat,

'And guilt, that made them anxious, made them great.

But now my swelling womb heav'd up my breast,

And rising weight my sinking limbs oppress'd.

What herbs, what plants, did not my nurse produce,

To make abortion by their pow'rful juice?
What medicines tried we not, to thee unknown?

Our first crime common; this was mine alone.

But the strong child, secure in his dark cell,

With nature's vigor did our arts repel. ⁵⁰
And now the pale-fac'd empress of the night
Nine times had fill'd her orb with borrow'd light:

Not knowing 't was my labor, I complain
Of sudden shootings, and of grinding pain:
My throes came thicker, and my cries increas'd,

Which with her hand the conscious nurse suppress'd.

To that unhappy fortune was I come,
Pain urg'd my clamors, but fear kept me dumb.

With inward straggling I restrain'd my cries,

And drunk the tears that trickled from my eyes. ⁶⁰

Death was in sight, Lucina gave no aid;
And ev'n my dying had my guilt betray'd.

Thou cam'st, and in thy count'nance sate despair;

Rent were thy garments all, and torn thy hair:

Yet, feigning comfort, which thou couldst not give,

(Press'd in thy arms, and whispering me to live:)

"For both our sakes," saidst thou, "preserve thy life;

Live, my dear sister, and my dearer wife."
Rais'd by that name, and my last pangs I strove:

Such pow'r have words, when spoke by
 those we love.
 The babe, as if he heard what thou hadst
 sworn,
 With hasty joy sprung forward to be born.
 What helps it to have weather'd out one
 storm?
 Fear of our father does another form.
 High in his hall, rock'd in a chair of state,
 The king with his tempestuous council sate.
 Thro' this large room our only passage lay,
 By which we could the newborn babe convey.
 Swath'd, in her lap, the bold nurse bore
 him out,
 With olive branches cover'd round about;
 And, mutt'ring pray'rs, as holy rites she
 meant,
 Thro' the divided crowd unquestion'd went.
 Just at the door, th' unhappy infant cried:
 The grandsire heard him, and the theft he
 spied.
 Swift as a whirlwind to the nurse he flies,
 And deafs his stormy subjects with his
 cries.
 With one fierce puff he blows the leaves
 away:
 Expos'd the self-discover'd infant lay.
 The noise reach'd me, and my presaging
 mind
 Too soon its own approaching woes divin'd.
 Not ships at sea with winds are shaken
 more,
 Nor seas themselves, when angry tempests
 roar,
 Than I, when my loud father's voice I
 hear:
 The bed beneath me trembled with my
 fear.
 He rush'd upon me, and divulg'd my stain;
 Scarce from my murder could his hands
 refrain.
 I only answer'd him with silent tears:
 They flow'd; my tongue was frozen up
 with fears.
 His little grandchild he commands away,
 To mountain wolves and every bird of
 prey.
 The babe cried out, as if he understood,
 And begg'd his pardon with what voice he
 could.
 By what expressions can my grief be
 shown?
 (Yet you may guess my anguish by your
 own)

To see my bowels, and, ought not to be
 worse,
 Your bowels too, condemn, relinquo.
 curse!
 Out went the king; my voice & opinion on
 found,
 My breasts I beat, my blubber'd ^{living,} ^{But} ¹¹⁰
 wound.
 And now appear'd the messenger by
 death;
 Sad were his looks, and scarce he drew his
 breath,
 To say: "Your father sends you" — with
 that word
 His trembling hands presented me a sword —
 "Your father sends you this; and lets you
 know,
 That your own crimes the use of it will
 show."
 Too well I know the sense those words im-
 part:
 His present shall be treasur'd in my heart.
 Are these the nuptial gifts a bride re-
 ceives?
 And this the fatal dow'r a father gives?
 Thou god of marriage, shun thy own dis-
 grace,
 And take thy torch from this detested
 place:
 Instead of that, let furies light their
 brands,
 And fire my pile with their infernal hands.
 With happier fortune may my sisters wed;
 Warn'd by the dire example of the dead.
 For thee, poor babe, what crime could they
 pretend?
 How could thy infant innocence offend?
 A guilt there was; but, O, that guilt was
 mine!
 Thou suffer'st for a sin that was not thine.
 Thy mother's grief and crime! but just
 enjoy'd,
 Shown to my sight, and born to be de-
 stroy'd!
 Unhappy offspring of my teeming womb,
 Dragg'd headlong from thy cradle to thy
 tomb!
 Thy unoffending life I could not save,
 Nor weeping could I follow to thy grave!
 Nor on thy tomb could offer my shorn
 hair;
 Nor show the grief which tender mothers
 bear!
 Yet long thou shalt not from my arms be
 lost;

For soon I will o'ertake thy infant ghost.
 But thou, my love, and now my love's despair,
 Perform his funerals with paternal care:
 His scatter'd limbs with my dead body
 burn; ¹⁴¹
 And once more join us in the pious urn.
 If on my wounded breast thou dropp'st a
 tear,
 Think for whose sake my breast that wound
 did bear;
 And faithfully my last desires fulfil
 As I perform my cruel father's will.

HELEN TO PARIS

BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARL
 OF MULGRAVE AND MR. DRYDEN

THE ARGUMENT

Helen, having receiv'd the foregoing epistle
 from Paris, returns the following answer:
 wherein she seems at first to chide him for
 his presumption in writing as he had done,
 which could only proceed from his low opinion
 of her virtue; then owns herself to be
 sensible of the passion which he had express'd
 for her, tho' she much suspect his
 constancy; and at last discovers her inclinations
 to be favorable to him: the whole letter
 shewing the extreme artifice of womankind.

WHEN loose epistles violate chaste eyes,
 She half consents, who silently denies.
 How dares a stranger, with designs so vain,
 Marriage and hospitable rights profane?
 Was it for this, your fate did shelter find
 From swelling seas, and every faithless
 wind?
 (For tho' a distant country brought you
 forth,
 Your usage here was equal to your worth.)
 Does this deserve to be rewarded so?
 Did you come here a stranger or a foe? ¹⁰
 Your partial judgment may perhaps complain,
 And think me barbarous for my just disdain.
 Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaste,*
 Nor my clear fame with any spot defac'd.
 Tho' in my face there's no affected frown,
 Nor in my carriage a feign'd niceness
 shown,
 I keep my honor still without a stain,

Nor has my love made any coxcomb vain.
 Your boldness I with admiration see;
 What hope had you to gain a queen like
 me? ²⁰
 Because a hero forc'd me once away,
 Am I thought fit to be a second prey?
 Had I been won, I had deserv'd your
 blame,
 But sure my part was nothing but the
 shame.
 Yet the base theft to him no fruit did
 bear,
 I scap'd unhurt by anything but fear.
 Rude force might some unwilling kisses
 gain,
 But that was all he ever could obtain.
 You on such terms would ne'er have let me
 go;
 Were he like you, we had not parted so. ³⁰
 Untouch'd the youth restor'd me to my
 friends,
 And modest usage made me some amends.
 'Tis virtue to repent a vicious deed:
 Did he repent, that Paris might succeed?
 Sure 'tis some fate that sets me above
 wrongs,
 Yet still exposes me to busy tongues.
 I'll not complain; for who's displeas'd with
 love,
 If I sincere, discreet, and constant prove?
 But that I fear; not that I think you base,
 Or doubt the blooming beauties of my
 face; ⁴⁰
 But all your sex is subject to deceive,
 And ours, alas, too willing to believe.
 Yet others yield, and love o'ercomes the
 best:
 But why should I not shine above the rest?
 Fair Leda's story seems at first to be
 A fit example ready found for me.
 But she was cozen'd by a borrow'd shape,
 And under harmless feathers felt a rape.
 If I should yield, what reason could I use?
 By what mistake the loving crime excuse?
 Her fault was in her pow'rful lover lost; ⁵¹
 But of what Jupiter have I to boast?
 Tho' you to heroes and to kings succeed,
 Our famous race does no addition need;
 And great alliances but useless prove
 To one that's come herself from mighty
 Jove.
 Go then, and boast in some less haughty
 place
 Your Phrygian blood, and Priam's ancient
 race;

Which I would shew I valued, if I durst;
 You are the fifth from Jove, but I the first.
 The crown of Troy is pow'rful, I confess; 61
 But I have reason to think ours no less.
 Your letter, fill'd with promises of all
 That men can good, or women pleasant
 call,

Gives expectation such an ample field,
 As would move goddesses themselves to
 yield.

But if I e'er offend great Juno's laws,
 Yourself shall be the dear, the only cause:
 Either my honor I'll to death maintain,
 Or follow you, without mean thoughts of
 gain. 70

Not that so fair a present I despise;
 We like the gift, when we the giver prize.
 But 'tis your love moves me, which made
 you take
 Such pains, and run such hazards for my
 sake.

I have perceiv'd (tho' I dissembled too)
 A thousand things that love has made you
 do.

Your eager eyes would almost dazzle mine,
 In which, wild man, your wanton thoughts
 would shine.

Sometimes you'd sigh, sometimes disorder'd
 stand,

And with unusual ardor press my hand; so
 Contrive just after me to take the glass,
 Nor would you let the least occasion pass:
 Which oft I fear'd, I did not mind alone,
 And blushing sate for things which you
 have done:

Then murmur'd to myself: "He'll for my
 sake

Do anything" — I hope 't was no mistake!
 Oft have I read within this pleasing grove,
 Under my name, those charming words, "I
 love."

I, frowning, seem'd not to believe your
 flame;

But now, alas, am come to write the same. 90
 If I were capable to do amiss,

I could not but be sensible of this.

For O, your face has such peculiar charms,
 That who can hold from flying to your
 arms!

But what I ne'er can have without offense,
 May some blest maid possess with inno-
 cence.

Pleasure may tempt, but virtue more should
 move;

O learn of me to want the thing you love!

What you desire is sought by all mankind:
 As you have eyes, so others are not blind. 100
 Like you they see, like you my charms
 adore;

They wish not less, but you dare venture
 more.

O, had you then upon our coasts been
 brought,

My virgin love when thousand rivals sought,
 You had I seen, you should have had my
 voice;

Nor could my husband justly blame my
 choice!

For both our hopes, alas, you come too
 late!

Another now is master of my fate.
 More to my wish I could have liv'd with
 you,

And yet my present lot can undergo. 110
 Cease to solicit a weak woman's will,

And urge not her you love to so much ill.

But let me live contented as I may,
 And make not my unspotted fame your
 prey.

Some right you claim, since naked to your
 eyes

Three goddesses disputed beauty's prize:
 One offer'd valor, t'other crowns; but she
 Obtain'd her cause, who, smiling, promis'd
 me.

But first, I am not of belief so light,
 To think such nymphs would shew you
 such a sight. 120

Yet, granting this, the other part is feign'd;
 A bribe so mean your sentence had not
 gain'd.

With partial eyes I should myself regard,
 To think that Venus made me her reward:
 I humbly am content with human praise;
 A goddess's applause would envy raise.

But be it as you say; for, 't is confess'd,
 The men who flatter highest please us best.
 That I suspect it, ought not to displease;

For miracles are not believ'd with ease. 130
 One joy I have, that I had Venus' voice;

A greater yet, that you confirm'd her choice;
 That proffer'd laurels, promis'd sov'reignty,
 Juno and Pallas you contemn'd for me.

Am I your empire then, and your renown?
 What heart of rock, but must by this be
 won?

And yet bear witness, O you pow'rs above,
 How rude I am in all the arts of love!

My hand is yet untaught to write to men:
 This is th' essay of my unpractic'd pen. 140

Happy those nymphs, whom use has perfect made!

I think all crime, and tremble at a shade.
Ev'n while I write, my fearful conscious eyes

Look often back, misdoubting a surprise.
For now the rumor spreads among the crowd,

At court in whispers, but in town aloud.
Dissemble you, whate'er you hear 'em say: }
To leave off loving were your better way; }
Yet if you will dissemble it, you may. }
Love secretly; the absence of my lord ¹⁵⁰
More freedom gives, but does not all afford:
Long is his journey, long will be his stay;
Call'd by affairs of consequence away.

To go, or not, when unresolv'd he stood,
I bid him make what swift return he could:
Then kissing me, he said: "I recommend
All to thy care, but most my Trojan friend."

I smil'd at what he innocently said,
And only answer'd: "You shall be obey'd."
Propitious winds have borne him far from hence, ¹⁶⁰

But let not this secure your confidence.
Absent he is, yet absent he commands:
You know the proverb: "Princes have long hands."

My fame's my burden: for the more I'm prais'd,

A juster ground of jealousy is rais'd.
Were I less fair, I might have been more blest:

Great beauty thro' great danger is possess'd.
To leave me here his venture was not hard,
Because he thought my virtue was my guard.

He fear'd my face, but trusted to my life; ¹⁷⁰
The beauty doubted, but believ'd the wife.
You bid me use th' occasion while I can,
Put in our hands by the good easy man.
I would, and yet I doubt, 'twixt love and fear;

One draws me from you, and one brings me near.

Our flames are mutual, and my husband's gone:

The nights are long; I fear to lie alone.
One house contains us, and weak walls divide,

And you're too pressing to be long denied.
Let me not live, but everything conspires ¹⁸⁰
To join our loves, and yet my fear retires.
You court with words, when you should force employ:

A rape is requisite to shame-fac'd joy.
Indulgent to the wrongs which we receive,
Our sex can suffer what we dare not give.
What have I said? for both of us 'twere best,

Our kindling fires if each of us suppress'd.
The faith of strangers is too prone to change,

And, like themselves, their wand'ring passions range.

Hypsipyle, and the fond Minoian maid, ¹⁹⁰
Were both by trusting of their guests betray'd.

How can I doubt that other men deceive,
When you yourself did fair Ænone leave?
But lest I should upbraid your treachery,
You make a merit of that crime to me.
Yet grant you were to faithful love inclin'd,

Your weary Trojans wait but for a wind.
Should you prevail; while I assign the night,

Your sails are hoisted, and you take your flight:

Some bawling mariner our love destroys, ²⁰⁰
And breaks asunder our unfinish'd joys.
But I with you may leave the Spartan port,
To view the Trojan wealth and Priam's court:

Shown while I see, I shall expose my fame,
And fill a foreign country with my shame.
In Asia what reception shall I find?
And what dishonor leave in Greece behind?
What will your brothers, Priam, Hecuba,
And what will all your modest matrons say?

Ev'n you, when on this action you reflect, ²¹⁰
My future conduct justly may suspect;
And whate'er stranger lands upon your coast,

Conclude me, by your own example, lost.
I from your rage a strumpet's name shall hear,

While you forget what part in it you bear.
You, my crime's author, will my crime upbraid:

Deep under ground, O let me first be laid!

You boast the pomp and plenty of your land,

And promise all shall be at my command:
Your Trojan wealth, believe me, I despise; ²²⁰

My own poor native land has dearer ties.
Should I be injur'd on your Phrygian shore,

What help of kindred could I there im-
plore?
Medea was by Jason's flatt'ry won:
I may, like her, believe, and be undone.
Plain honest hearts, like mine, suspect no
cheat,
And love contributes to its own deceit.
The ships, about whose sides loud tempests
roar,
With gentle winds were wafted from the
shore.
Your teeming mother dreamt a flaming
brand,
Sprung from her womb, consum'd the Tro-
jan land.
To second this, old prophecies conspire,
That Ilium shall be burnt with Grecian fire.
Both give me fear; nor is it much allay'd,
That Venus is oblig'd our loves to aid:
For they, who lost their cause, revenge will
take;
And for one friend two enemies you make.
Nor can I doubt, but, should I follow you,
The sword would soon our fatal crime pur-
sue:
A wrong so great my husband's rage would
rouse,
And my relations would his cause espouse.
You boast your strength and courage; but,
alas!
Your words receive small credit from your
face.
Let heroes in the dusty field delight:
Those limbs were fashion'd for another
fight.
Bid Hector sally from the walls of Troy;
A sweeter quarrel should your arms em-
ploy.
Yet fears like these should not my mind
perplex,
Were I as wise as many of my sex.
But time and you may bolder thoughts in-
spire;
And I perhaps may yield to your desire.
You last demand a private conference:
These are your words, but I can guess your
sense.
Your unripe hopes their harvest must at-
tend:
Be rul'd by me, and time may be your
friend.
This is enough to let you understand,
For now my pen has tir'd my tender hand:
My woman knows the secret of my heart,
And may hereafter better news impart.

DIDO TO ÆNEAS

THE ARGUMENT

Æneas, the son of Venus and Anchises, having,
at the destruction of Troy, sav'd his gods,
his father, and son Ascanius, from the fire,
put to sea with twenty sail of ships; and,
having bin long toss'd with tempests, was at
last cast upon the shore of Libya, where
Queen Dido, flying from the cruelty of Pyg-
malion, her brother, who had kill'd her hus-
band Sichæus, had lately built Carthage.
She entertain'd Æneas and his fleet with
great civility, fell passionately in love with
him, and in the end denied him not the last
favors. But Mercury admonishing Æneas to
go in search of Italy, (a kingdom promis'd to
him by the gods,) he readily prepar'd to obey
him. Dido soon perceiv'd it, and having
in vain tried all other means to engage him to
stay, at last in despair writes to him as fol-
lows.

So, on Mæander's banks, when death is nigh,
The mournful swan sings her own elegy.
Not that I hope (for, O, that hope were
vain!)

By words your lost affection to regain:
But, having lost whate'er was worth my
care,

Why should I fear to lose a dying pray'r?
'Tis then resolv'd poor Dido must be left,
Of life, of honor, and of love bereft!

While you, with loosen'd sails, and vows,
prepare

To seek a land that flies the searcher's
care.

Nor can my rising tow'rs your flight re-
strain,

Nor my new empire, offer'd you in vain.
Built walls you shun, unbuilt you seek;
that land

Is yet to conquer, but you this command.
Suppose you landed where your wish de-
sign'd,

Think what reception foreigners would find.
What people is so void of common sense,
To vote succession from a native prince?

Yet there new scepters and new loves you
seek,

New vows to plight, and plighted vows to
break.

When will your tow'rs the height of Car-
thage know?

Or when your eyes discern such crowds
below?

If such a town and subjects you could see,
Still would you want a wife who lov'd like
me.

For, O, I burn, like fires with incense
bright:

Not holy tapers flame with purer light.
Æneas is my thoughts' perpetual theme;
Their daily longing, and their nightly
dream.

Yet he ungrateful and obdurate still:
Fool that I am, to place my heart so ill! ³⁰
Myself I cannot to myself restore;
Still I complain, and still I love him more.
Have pity, Cupid, on my bleeding heart,
And pierce thy brother's with an equal
dart.

I rave: nor canst thou Venus' offspring be,
Love's mother could not bear a son like
thee.

From harden'd oak, or from a rock's cold
womb,
At least thou art from some fierce tigress
come;

Or on rough seas, from their foundation
torn,

Got by the winds, and in a tempest born, ⁴⁰
Like that which now thy trembling sailors
fear;

Like that whose rage should still detain
thee here.

Behold how high the foamy billows ride!
The winds and waves are on the juster
side.

To winter weather and a stormy sea
I'll owe, what rather I would owe to thee.
Death thou deserv'st from heav'n's aveng-
ing laws,

But I'm unwilling to become the cause.
To shun my love, if thou wilt seek thy fate,
'Tis a dear purchase, and a costly hate. ⁵⁰
Stay but a little, till the tempest cease,
And the loud winds are hush'd into a peace.
May all thy rage, like theirs, unconstant
prove!

And so it will, if there be pow'r in love.
Know'st thou not yet what dangers ships
sustain?

So often wrack'd, how dar'st thou tempt
the main?

Which were it smooth, were every wave
asleep,

Ten thousand forms of death are in the
deep.

In that abyss the gods their vengeance
store,

For broken vows of those who falsely
swore. ⁶⁰

There winged storms on sea-born Venus
wait,

To vindicate the justice of her state.
Thus I to thee the means of safety show;
And, lost myself, would still preserve my
foe.

False as thou art, I not thy death design:
O rather live, to be the cause of mine!
Should some avenging storm thy vessel
tear,

(But Heav'n forbid my words should omen
bear!)

Then in thy face thy perjur'd vows would
fly,

And my wrong'd ghost be present to thy
eye. ⁷⁰

With threat'ning looks think thou behold'st
me stare,

Gasping my mouth, and clotted all my hair.
Then, should fork'd lightning and red thun-
der fall,

What couldst thou say, but: "I deserv'd
'em all"?

Lest this should happen, make not haste
away;

To shun the danger will be worth thy stay.
Have pity on thy son, if not on me:
My death alone is guilt enough for thee.

What has his youth, what have thy gods
deserv'd,

To sink in seas, who were from fires pre-
serv'd? ⁸⁰

But neither gods nor parent didst thou bear;
(Smooth stories all, to please a woman's
ear.)

False was the tale of thy romantic life,
Nor yet am I thy first deluded wife:
Left to pursuing foes Creïsa stay'd,
By thee, base man, forsaken and betray'd.
This, when thou told'st me, struck my
tender heart,

That such requital follow'd such desert.
Nor doubt I but the gods, for crimes like
these,

Sev'n winters kept thee wand'ring on the
seas. ⁹⁰

Thy starv'd companions, cast ashore, I fed,
Thyself admitted to my crown and bed.
To harbor strangers, succor the distress'd,
Was kind enough; but, O, too kind the
rest!

Curst be the cave which first my ruin
brought,

Where, from the storm, we common shelter sought!

A dreadful howling echoed round the place:
"The mountain nymphs," thought I, "my nuptials grace."

I thought so then, but now too late I know
The Furies yell'd my funerals from below.
O chastity and violated fame, ¹⁰¹
Exact your dues to my dead husband's name!

By death redeem my reputation lost,
And to his arms restore my guilty ghost!
Close by my palace, in a gloomy grove,
Is rais'd a chapel to my murder'd love;
There, wreath'd with boughs and wool, his statue stands,

The pious monument of artful hands.
Last night, methought, he call'd me from the dome,

And thrice, with hollow voice, cried: "Dido, come!" ¹¹⁰

She comes; thy wife thy lawful summons hears,

But comes more slowly, clogg'd with conscious fears.

Forgive the wrong I offer'd to thy bed;
Strong were his charms, who my weak faith misled.

His goddess mother, and his aged sire,
Borne on his back, did to my fall conspire.
O, such he was, and is, that, were he true,
Without a blush I might his love pursue!
But cruel stars my birthday did attend;
And, as my fortune open'd, it must end. ¹²⁰
My plighted lord was at the altar slain,
Whose wealth was made my bloody brother's gain.

Friendless, and follow'd by the murder's hate,

To foreign countries I remov'd my fate;
And here, a suppliant, from the natives' hands

I bought the ground on which my city stands,

With all the coast that stretches to the sea;

Ev'n to the friendly port that shelter'd thee:

Then rais'd these walls, which mount into the air,

At once my neighbors' wonder, and their fear. ¹³⁰

For now they arm; and round me leagues are made,

My scarce establish'd empire to invade.

To man my new-built walls I must prepare,

An helpless woman, and unskill'd in war.
Yet thousand rivals to my love pretend,
And for my person would my crown defend;

Whose jarring votes in one complaint agree,

That each unjustly is disdain'd for thee.

To prond Hyarbas give me up a prey;
(For that must follow, if thou go'st away):
Or to my husband's murder' leave my life, ¹⁴¹

That to the husband he may add the wife.
Go then, since no complaints can move thy mind;

Go, perjur'd man, but leave thy gods behind.

Touch not those gods, by whom thou art forsworn,

Who will in impious hands no more be borne:

Thy sacrilegious worship they disdain,
And rather would the Grecian fires sustain.
Perhaps my greatest shame is still to come,
And part of thee lies hid within my womb.
The babe unborn must perish by thy hate,
And perish guiltless in his mother's fate. ¹⁵²
Some god, thou say'st, thy voyage does command;

Would the same god had barr'd thee from my land!

The same, I doubt not, thy departure steers,
Who kept thee out at sea so many years;
Where thy long labors were a price so great,
As thou to purchase Troy wouldst not repeat.

But Tiber now thou seek'st, to be at best,
When there arriv'd, a poor, precarious guest. ¹⁶⁰

Yet it deludes thy search: perhaps it will
To thy old age lie undiscover'd still.

A ready crown and wealth in dow'r I bring,
And, without conqu'ring, here thou art a king.

Here thou to Carthage may'st transfer thy Troy:

Here young Ascanius may his arms employ;
And, while we live secure in soft repose,
Bring many laurels home from conquer'd foes.

By Cupid's arrows, I adjure thee, stay;
By all the gods, companions of thy way. ¹⁷⁰
So may thy Trojans, who are yet alive,
Live still, and with no future fortune strive;

So may thy youthful son old age attain,
And thy dead father's bones in peace remain;

As thou hast pity on unhappy me,
Who know no crime, but too much love of thee.

I am not born from fierce Achilles' line,
Nor did my parents against Troy combine.
To be thy wife if I unworthily prove,
By some inferior name admit my love. 180
To be secur'd of still possessing thee,
What would I do, and what would I not be !
Our Libyan coasts their certain seasons know,

When free from tempests passengers may go:

But now with northern blasts the billows roar,

And drive the floating seaweed to the shore.

Leave to my care the time to sail away;
When safe, I will not suffer thee to stay.

Thy weary men would be with ease content;

Their sails are tatter'd, and their masts are spent. 190

If by no merit I thy mind can move,

What thou deny'st my merit, give my love.
Stay, till I learn my loss to undergo;
And give me time to struggle with my woe.
If not, know this, I will not suffer long;
My life's too loathsome, and my love too strong.

Death holds my pen, and dictates what I say,

While cross my lap thy Trojan sword I lay.
My tears flow down; the sharp edge cuts their flood,

And drinks my sorrows, that must drink my blood. 200

How well thy gift does with my fate agree !
My funeral pomp is cheaply made by thee.

To no new wounds my bosom I display;
The sword but enters where love made the way.

But thou, dear sister, and yet dearer friend,
Shalt my cold ashes to their urn attend.

Sichæus' wife let not the marble boast;
I lost that title, when my fame I lost.

This short inscription only let it bear:
" Unhappy Dido lies in quiet here. 210

The cause of death, and sword by which she died,

Æneas gave: the rest her arm supplied."

FOUR EPITAPHS

[The exact dates of the following epitaphs are unknown. The poems are grouped at this point for convenience in printing.]

UPON YOUNG MR. ROGERS OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE

[These verses were first printed, with title as above, in *Poetical Miscellanies, the Fifth Part*, published by Tonson in 1704, after Dryden's death. The miserable conceit in the last couplet suggests an early date of composition, perhaps before 1666, when Dryden wrote *Annus Mirabilis*. Nothing definite is known of the subject of the epitaph.]

Of gentle blood, his parents' only treasure,
Their lasting sorrow, and their vanish'd pleasure,

Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,

A large provision for so short a race;
More mod'rate gifts might have prolong'd his date,

Too early fitted for a better state;

But, knowing heav'n his home, to shun delay,

He leap'd o'er age, and took the shortest way.

EPITAPH ON THE MONUMENT OF THE MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER

[John Paulet, fifth Marquis of Winchester, was among the most noted adherents of Charles I. After the siege of his mansion, Basing House, in Hampshire, by the Parliamentarians, from August, 1643, to October, 1645, and its final capture by Cromwell, he was called "the great loyalist." He died on March 5, 1675, and was buried at Englefield in Berkshire, where he had lived since the Restoration. Dryden's lines are engraved on his monument, followed by the inscription: "The Lady Marchionesse Dowager (in testimony of her love

and sorrow) gave this Monument to the memory of a most affectionate tender husband."

This epitaph was first printed, with title as above, in *Miscellaneous Poems and Translations*, published by Lintot in 1712. This volume, which contained the first form of *The Rape of the Lock*, and some minor poems by Pope, is commonly known as *Pope's Miscellany*. The present text is from a copy of the inscription on the monument.]

He who in impious times untainted stood,
And midst rebellion durst be just and good;
Whose arms asserted, and whose sufferings

more
Confirm'd the cause for which he fought before,

Rests here, rewarded by an heav'nly prince,
For what his earthly could not recompense.
Pray, reader, that such times no more appear;

Or, if they happen, learn true honor here.

Ark of thy age's faith and loyalty,
Which, to preserve them, Heav'n confin'd in thee,

Few subjects could a king like thine deserve;

And fewer, such a king so well could serve.
Blest king, blest subject, whose exalted state
By sufferings rose, and gave the law to fate.
Such souls are rare, but mighty patterns given

To earth, were meant for ornaments to heaven.

EPITAPH ON MRS. MARGARET PASTON

OF BARNINGHAM IN NORFOLK

[This epitaph was first printed, with title as above, in the same volume as the preceding. Nothing definite is known of the subject of the verses.]

So fair, so young, so innocent, so sweet,
So ripe a judgment, and so rare a wit,
Require at least an age in one to meet.
In her they met; but long they could not stay,

'T was gold too fine to fix without allay.
Heav'n's image was in her so well express'd,
Her very sight upbraided all the rest;
Too justly ravish'd from an age like this,
Now she is gone, the world is of a piece.

AN EPITAPH ON SIR PALMES FAIRBORNE'S TOMB IN WEST- MINSTER ABBEY

[This epitaph was first printed, with title as above, in *Examen Poeticum*, 1633. It is here reprinted from a copy of the inscription on the tomb, which varies very slightly from the text in *Examen Poeticum*. Dryden presumably did not write the prose introduction.]

Sacred to the immortal memory of Sir Palmes Fairborne, Knight, Governor of Tangier; in execution of which command he was mortally wounded by a shot from the Moors, then besieging the town, in the forty-sixth year of his age, October 24th, 1680.

YE sacred relies, which your marble keep,
Here, undisturb'd by wars, in quiet sleep:
Discharge the trust, which, when it was

below,
Fairborne's undaunted soul did undergo,
And be the town's Palladium from the foe.

Alive and dead these walls he will defend;

Great actions great examples must attend.
The Candian siege his early valor knew,
Where Turkish blood did his young hands imbue.

From thence returning with deserv'd applause,

Against the Moors his well-flesh'd sword he draws;

The same the courage, and the same the cause.

His youth and age, his life and death combine,

As in some great and regular design,
All of a piece throughout, and all divine.

Still nearer heaven his virtue shone more bright,

Like rising flames expanding in their height;

The martyr's glory crown'd the soldier's fight.

More bravely British general never fell,
Nor general's death was e'er reveng'd so well;

Which his pleas'd eyes beheld before their close

Follow'd by thousand victims of his foes.

To his lamented loss for times to come
His pious widow consecrates this tomb.

PROLOGUE AND SONG FROM
THE SPANISH FRIAR

OR, THE DOUBLE DISCOVERY

[This play, one of Dryden's best comedies, was probably acted late in 1680 or early in 1681; it was first printed in the latter year, being entered in the *Term Catalogue* for Trinity Term (June). The epilogue was "by a friend of the author's." The song is sung by Teresa, woman to Queen Leonora, the heroine of the play, in response to a request from her mistress:

To soothe my sadness,
Sing me the song which poor Olympia made,
When false Bireno left her.]

PROLOGUE

Now, luck for us, and a kind hearty pit;
For he, who pleases, never fails of wit:
Honor is yours;
And you, like kings, at city-treats bestow it;
The writer kneels, and is bid rise a poet;
But you are fickle sovereigns, to our sorrow;
You dub to-day, and hang a man to-morrow:
You cry the same sense up, and down again,
Just like brass money once a year in Spain:
Take you i' th' mood, whate'er base metal
come, 10

You coin as fast as groats at Bromingham:
Tho' 't is no more like sense, in ancient plays,
Than Rome's religion like St. Peter's days.
In short, so swift your judgments turn and
wind,

You cast our fleetest wits a mile behind.
'T were well your judgments but in plays
did range,

But ev'n your follies and debauches change
With such a whirl, the poets of your age
Are tir'd, and cannot score 'em on the stage;
Unless each vice in shorthand they indict,
Ev'n as notch'd prentices whole sermons
write. 21

The heavy Hollanders no vices know,
But what they us'd a hundred years ago; }
Like honest plants, where they were
stuck, they grow. }

They cheat, but still from cheating sires
they come;

They drink, but they were christen'd first
in mum.

Their patrimonial sloth the Spaniards keep,
And Philip first taught Philip how to sleep.
The French and we still change; but here's
the curse,

They change for better, and we change for
worse; 30

They take up our old trade of conquering,
And we are taking theirs, to dance and sing:
Our fathers did for change to France re-
pair,

And they, for change, will try our English
air;

As children, when they throw one toy away,
Straight a more foolish gewgaw comes in
play:

So we, grown penitent, on serious thinking,
Leave whoring, and devoutly fall to drink-
ing.

Scow'ring the watch grows out-of-fashion
wit:

Now we set up for tilting in the pit, 40
Where 't is agreed by bullies, chicken-
hearted,

To fright the ladies first, and then be parted.
A fair attempt has twice or thrice been
made,

To hire night-murth'rs, and make death
a trade.

When murth'rs out, what vice can we ad-
vance,

Unless the new-found pois'ning trick of
France?

And, when their art of ratsbane we have
got,

By way of thanks, we'll send 'em o'er our
Plot.

SONG

I

FAREWELL, ungrateful traitor!
Farewell, my perjur'd swain!
Let never injur'd creature
Believe a man again.
The pleasure of possessing
Surpasses all expressing,
But 't is too short a blessing,
And love too long a pain.

II

'T is easy to deceive us,
In pity of your pain;
But when we love, you leave us 10
To rail at you in vain.
Before we have descried it,
There is no bliss beside it;
But she that once has tried it,
Will never love again.

III

The passion you pretended,
Was only to obtain;
But when the charm is ended,
The charmer you disdain. 20
Your love by ours we measure,
Till we have lost our treasure;
But dying is a pleasure,
When living is a pain.

EPILOGUE TO TAMERLANE THE GREAT

[This tragedy, by Charles Saunders, was probably acted late in 1680 or early in 1681; it was printed in 1681, being entered in the *Term Catalogue* for Easter Term (May) of that year. Dryden's epilogue was reprinted in the third edition (1702) of *Miscellany Poems, the First Part*, where it is called simply *An Epilogue by Mr. Dryden*. Langhaine says that Saunders was "a young gentleman whose wit began to bud as early as that of the incomparable Cowley, and was like him a King's Scholar [at Westminster School] when he writ a play called *Tamerlane the Great*." The young man seems not to have followed this first performance by any further work.]

LADIES, the beardless author of this day
Commends to you the fortune of his
play.

A woman wit has often grac'd the stage,
But he's the first boy poet of our age.

Early as is the year his fancies blow,
Like young Narcissus peeping thro' the
snow:
Thus Cowley blossom'd soon, yet flourish'd
long;
This is as forward, and may prove as
strong.
Youth with the fair should always favor
find,
Or we are damn'd dissemblers of our
kind. 10
What's all this love they put into our
parts?
'Tis but the pit-a-pat of two young hearts.
Should hag and graybeard make such tender
moan,
Faith, you'd e'en trust 'em to themselves
alone,
And cry: "Let's go, here's nothing to
be done."
Since love's our business, as 'tis your de-
light,
The young, who best can practice, best can
write.
What tho' he be not come to his full
pow'r?
He's mending and improving every hour.
You sly she-jockeys of the box and pit 20
Are pleas'd to find a hot unbroken wit.
By management he may in time be made,
But there's no hopes of an old batter'd jade:
Faint and unnerv'd he runs into a sweat,
And always fails you at the second heat.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1681

PROLOGUE

[The date and occasion of this prologue are unknown. It was not printed until 1693, when it appeared in *Examen Poeticum* with the heading, *Prologue by Mr. Dryden*. Christie places it in 1681 on account of its resemblance in style to the *Epilogue to Tamerlane the Great*, and this guess is as likely to be right as any other.]

GALLANTS, a bashful poet bids me say
He's come to lose his maidenhead to-day.
Be not too fierce, for he's but green of age,
And ne'er, till now, debauch'd upon the
stage.

He wants the suffering part of resolution,
And comes with blushes to his execution.

E'er you deflow'r his Muse, he hopes the
pit
Will make some settlement upon his wit.
Promise him well, before the play begin,
For he would fain be cozen'd into sin. 10
'T is not but that he knows you mean to
fail;
But, if you leave him after being frail,
He'll have, at least, a fair pretense to
rail;
To call you base, and swear you us'd him
ill,
And put you in the new Deserters' Bill.
Lord, what a troop of perjurd men we see,
Enow to fill another *Mercury*!
But this the ladies may with patience brook:
Theirs are not the first colors you forsook!

He would be loth the beauties to offend; ²⁰
 But, if he should, he's not too old to mend.
 He's a young plant, in his first year of
 bearing;
 But his friend swears he will be worth the
 rearing.
 His gloss is still upon him; tho' 't is true
 He's yet unripe, yet take him for the blue.
 You think an apricot half green is best:
 There's sweet and sour, and one side good
 at least.
 Mangoes and limes, whose nourishment is
 little,
 Tho' not for food, are yet preserv'd for
 pickle.
 So this green writer may pretend, at least,
 To whet your stomachs for a better feast. ³¹
 He makes this difference in the sexes too:
 He sells to men, he gives himself to you.
 To both he would contribute some delight,
 A mere poetical hermaphrodite.
 Thus he's equipp'd, both to be woo'd and
 woo,
 With arms offensive and defensive too:
 'T is hard, he thinks, if neither part will do.

PROLOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY
 OF OXFORD

[This prologue was first printed in *Miscellany Poems*, 1684. Scott's note upon it is of peculiar interest:

"This prologue must have been spoken at Oxford during the residence of the Duke of York in Scotland, in 1681-82. [More exactly, from October, 1680, to March, 1682.] The humor turns upon a part of the company having attended the duke to Scotland, where, among other luxuries little known to my countrymen, he introduced, during his residence at Holyrood House, the amusements of the theater. I can say little about the actors commemorated in the following verses, excepting that their stage was erected in the tennis court of the palace, which was afterwards converted into some sort of manufactory, and finally burned down many years ago. Besides these deserters, whom Dryden has described very ludicrously, he mentions a sort of strolling company, composed, it would seem, of Irishmen, who had lately acted at Oxford."]

DISCORD and plots, which have undone our
 age,
 With the same ruin have o'erwhelm'd the
 stage.

Our house has suffer'd in the common
 woe,
 We have been troubled with Scotch rebels
 too.
 Our brethren are from Thames to }
 Tweed departed,
 And of our sisters all the kinder-hearted }
 To Edenborough gone, or coach'd, or }
 carted.
 With bonny bluecap there they act all
 night
 For Scotch half-crown, in English three-
 pence high.
 One nymph, to whom fat Sir John Fal-
 staff's lean, ¹⁰
 There with her single person fills the
 scene.
 Another, with long use and age decay'd,
 Div'd here old woman, and rose there a
 maid.
 Our trusty doorkeepers of former time
 There strut and swagger in heroic rhyme.
 Tack but a copper lace to druggert suit,
 And there's a hero made without dis-
 pute;
 And that which was a capon's tail before,
 Becomes a plume for Indian Emperor.
 But all his subjects, to express the care ²⁰
 Of imitation, go, like Indians, bare:
 Lac'd linen there would be a dangerous
 thing;
 It might perhaps a new rebellion bring;
 The Scot who wore it would be chosen
 king.
 But why should I these renegades de-
 scribe,
 When you yourselves have seen a lewder
 tribe?
 Teg has been here, and, to this learned
 pit,
 With Irish action slander'd English wit:
 You have beheld such barb'rous Maes ap-
 pear,
 As merited a second massacre: ³⁰
 Such as, like Cain, were branded with dis-
 grace,
 And had their country stamp'd upon their
 face.
 When strollers durst presume to pick your
 purse,
 We humbly thought our broken troop not
 worse.
 How ill soe'er our action may deserve,
 Oxford's a place where wit can never
 sterve.

PROLOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

[The date and occasion of this prologue are unknown. It was first published in *Miscellany Poems*, 1684, where it immediately succeeds the prologue just printed. The present editor follows Christie in retaining this arrangement.]

Tho' actors cannot much of learning boast,
Of all who want it, we admire it most:
We love the praises of a learned pit,
As we remotely are allied to wit.
We speak our poet's wit, and trade in ore,
Like those who touch upon the golden shore:

Betwixt our judges can distinction make,
Discern how much, and why, our poems take:

Mark if the fools, or men of sense, rejoice;
Whether th' applause be only sound or voice.

When our fop gallants, or our city folly
Clap over-loud, it makes us melancholy;
We doubt that scene which does their wonder raise,

And, for their ignorance, condemn their praise.

Judge then, if we who act, and they who write,

Should not be proud of giving you delight.
London likes grossly; but this nicer pit
Examines, fathoms all the depths of wit;
The ready finger lays on every blot;
Knows what should justly please, and what should not.

Nature herself lies open to your view;
You judge by her, what draught of her is true,

Where outlines false, and colors seem too faint,

Where bunglers daub, and where true poets paint.

But, by the sacred genius of this place,
By every Muse, by each domestic grace,
Be kind to wit, which but endeavors well,
And, where you judge, presumes not to excel.

Our poets hither for adoption come,
As nations sued to be made free of Rome: so
Not in the suffragating tribes to stand,
But in your utmost, last, provincial band.
If his ambition may those hopes pursue,
Who with religion loves your arts and you,

Oxford to him a dearer name shall be,
Than his own mother-university.
Thebes did his green, unknowing youth in-
gage;
He chooses Athens in his riper age.

PROLOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1681

[This prologue was first printed, with the above heading, in *Examen Poeticum*, 1693. From the reference in lines 19, 20, it seems to have been delivered shortly after the dissolution of the Oxford Parliament on March 28, 1681.]

THE fam'd Italian Muse, whose rhymes advance

Orlando and the Paladins of France,
Records that, when our wit and sense is flown,

'Tis lodg'd within the circle of the moon
In earthen jars, which one, who thither soar'd,

Set to his nose, snuff'd up, and was restor'd.
Whate'er the story be, the moral's true;
The wit we lost in town we find in you.

Our poets their fled parts may draw from hence,

And fill their windy heads with sober sense.

When London votes with Southwark's disagreee,

Here may they find their long-lost loyalty.
Here busy senates, to th' old cause inclin'd,
May snuff the votes their fellows left behind:

Your country neighbors, when their grain grows dear,

May come, and find their last provision here:

Whereas we cannot much lament our loss,
Who neither carried back, nor brought one cross.

We look'd what representatives would bring;

But they help'd us, just as they did the king.

Yet we despair not, for we now lay forth
The Sibyl's books to those who know their worth;

And tho' the first was sacrific'd before,
These volumes doubly will the price restore.

Our poet bade us hope this grace to find,

To whom by long prescription you are kind.
 He whose undaunted Muse, with loyal rage,
 Has never spar'd the vices of the age,
 Here finding nothing that his spleen can
 raise,
 Is forc'd to turn his satire into praise. 30

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE UNHAPPY FAVORITE

OR, THE EARL OF ESSEX

[This tragedy, by John Banks, was probably acted in the spring or summer of 1681, since it was published late in that year, being entered in the *Term Catalogue* for Michaelmas Term (November). According to Langbaine, this edition was dated 1682. As it has been inaccessible, the text of the prologue is taken from the second edition of the play, 1685. The epilogue is also printed, with some variations of text, and with the heading, *An Epilogue for the King's House, in Miscellaneous Poems, 1684*, from which the present text is taken.]

The date of the royal visit referred to in the prologue is unknown. It seems to have been at the fifth performance of the play, since in the printed copy Dryden's prologue is preceded by a *Prologue spoken by Major Mohun, the first four days*. Perhaps it was upon the return of the king to London after the Oxford Parliament.]

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN TO THE KING AND QUEEN AT THEIR
 COMING TO THE HOUSE, AND WRITTEN ON
 PURPOSE BY MR. DRYDEN

WHEN first the ark was landed on the
 shore,
 And Heaven had vow'd to curse the ground
 no more;
 When tops of hills the longing patriarch
 saw,
 And the new scene of earth began to draw;
 The dove was sent to view the waves de-
 crease,
 And first brought back to man the pledge
 of peace.

'Tis needless to apply, when those appear,
 Who bring the olive, and who plant it here.
 We have before our eyes the royal dove;
 Still Innocence is harbinger to Love: 10
 The ark is open'd to dismiss the train,
 And people with a better race the plain.

Tell me, you powers, why should vain
 man pursue,
 With endless toil, each object that is
 new,
 And for the seeming substance leave the
 true?
 Why should he quit for hopes his certain
 good,
 And loathe the manna of his daily food?
 Must England still the scene of changes
 be,
 Toss'd and tempestuous, like our ambient
 sea?
 Must still our weather and our wills
 agree? 20

Without our blood our liberties we have:
 Who that is free would fight to be a slave?
 Or, what can wars to aftertimes assure,
 Of which our present age is not secure?
 All that our monarch would for us ordain,
 Is but t' enjoy the blessings of his reign.
 Our land's an Eden, and the main's our
 fence,

While we preserve our state of innocence:
 That lost, then beasts their brutal force
 employ,
 And first their lord, and then themselves
 destroy. 30

What civil broils have cost we knew too
 well;

O let it be enough that once we fell,
 And every heart conspire with every
 tongue,

Still to have such a king, and this king
 long!

EPILOGUE

WE act by fits and starts, like drowning
 men,

But just peep up, and then dop down again.
 Let those who call us wicked change their
 sense,

For never men liv'd more on Providence.
 Not lott'ry cavaliers are half so poor,
 Nor broken city, nor a vacation whore;
 Nor courts, nor courtiers living on the
 rents

Of the three last ungiving parliaments:
 So wretched, that, if Pharaoh could di-
 vine,

He might have spar'd his dream of seven
 lean kine, 10
 And chang'd his vision for the Muses
 nine.

The comet, which, they say, portends a
dearth,
Was but a vapor drawn from playhouse
earth:
Pent there since our last fire, and, Lilly
says,
Foreshews our change of state, and thin
third-days.
'Tis not our want of wit that keeps us poor;
For then the printer's press would suffer
more.
Their pamphleteers each day their venom
spit;
They thrive by treason, and we starve by
wit.
Confess the truth, which of you ^{Looking}
has not laid ^{above.} ²⁰
Four farthings out to buy *The Hatfield*
Maid?
Or, which is duller yet, and more would
spite us,
Democritus his wars with *Heracitus*?

Such are the authors who have run us down,
And exercis'd you critics of the town.
Yet these are pearls to your lampooning
rhymes,
Y' abuse yourselves more dully than the
times.
Scandal, the glory of the English nation,
Is worn to rags, and scribbled out of fashion;
Such harmless thrusts, as if, like fencers
wise,
They had agreed their play before their
prize.
Faith, they may hang their harps upon the
willows;
'Tis just like children when they box with
pillows.
Then put an end to civil wars for shame;
Let each knight-errant, who has wrong'd a
dame,
Throw down his pen, and give her, as he
can,
The satisfaction of a gentleman.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL

A POEM

*Si propius stes
Te capiet magis.*

[According to a note by Jacob Tonson, "in the year 1680 Mr. Dryden undertook the poem of *Absalom and Achitophel*, upon the desire of King Charles the Second:" see p. 137, below. The poem was printed as a folio pamphlet in 1681. A note on the copy of the satire owned by Narcissus Luttrell, "17th November, *ex dono amici Jacobi Tonson*," fixes the time of publication as on or shortly before that date: see note by Scott in Scott-Saintsbury edition, ix, 204. The poem was evidently meant to appear at the psychological moment for exciting public sentiment against Shaftesbury, who was brought before the grand jury, on a charge of high treason, on November 24. This first edition was anonymous; and, though the authorship of the satire at once became known, and was acknowledged by Dryden in his *Discourse concerning Satire*, 1692 (see pp. 303, 313, below), Dryden's name was never directly joined to it during his lifetime. The second edition, in quarto, which appeared before the close of 1681, besides making some minor changes in the text, adds two important passages, lines 180-191 and 957-960. Seven other editions seem to have appeared before Dryden's death; the sixth is included in *Miscellany Poems*, 1684; the tenth in the collected *Poems and Translations*, 1701. These editions are apparently mere printers' reprints, containing no variations for which Dryden can be held responsible. The present text follows the second edition.]

Dryden seems to have taken the general idea of applying to contemporary politics the scriptural story of the revolt of Absalom (2 Samuel xiii-xviii), from an anonymous tract, published in 1680, *Absalom's Conspiracy, or The Tragedy of Treason*. This is reprinted by Scott: see Scott-Saintsbury edition, ix, 206-208.]

TO THE READER

'Tis not my intention to make an apology for my poem: some will think it needs no excuse, and others will receive none. The de-

sign, I am sure, is honest; but he who draws his pen for one party must expect to make enemies of the other. For wit and fool are consequents of Whig and Tory; and every man is a knave or an ass to the contrary side. There's

a treasury of merits in the Fanatic Church, as well as in the Papist; and a pennyworth to be had of saintship, honesty, and poetry, for the lewd, the factious, and the blockheads; but the longest chapter in Deuteronomy has not curses enough for an anti-Bromingham. My comfort is, their manifest prejudice to my cause will render their judgment of less authority against me. Yet if a poem have a genius, it will force its own reception in the world; for there's a sweetness in good verse, which tickles even while it hurts, and no man can be heartily angry with him who pleases him against his will. The commendation of adversaries is the greatest triumph of a writer, because it never comes unless extorted. But I can be satisfied on more easy terms: if I happen to please the more moderate sort, I shall be sure of an honest party, and, in all probability, of the best judges; for the least concern'd are commonly the least corrupt. And, I confess, I have laid in for those, by rebating the satire (where justice would allow it) from carrying too sharp an edge. They who can criticise so weakly, as to imagine I have done my worst, may be convinc'd, at their own cost, that I can write severely with more ease than I can gently. I have but laugh'd at some men's follies, when I could have declaim'd against their vices; and other men's virtues I have commended, as freely as I have tax'd their crimes. And now, if you are a malicious reader, I expect you should return upon me that I affect to be thought more impartial than I am. But if men are not to be judg'd by their professions, God forgive you Commonwealth's-men for professing so plausibly for the government. You cannot be so unconscionable as to charge me for not subscribing of my name; for that would reflect too grossly upon your own party, who never dare, tho' they have the advantage of a jury to secure them. If you like not my poem, the fault may, possibly, be in my writing (tho' 't is hard for an author to judge against himself); but, more probably, 't is in your morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The violent, on both sides, will condemn the character of Absalom, as either too favorably or too hardly drawn. But they are not the violent whom I desire to please. The fault on the right hand is to extenuate, palliate, and indulge; and, to confess freely, I have endeavor'd to commit it. Besides the respect which I owe his birth, I have a greater for his heroic virtues; and David himself could not be more tender of the young man's life than I would be of his reputation. But since the most excellent natures are always the most easy, and, as being such, are the soonest perverted by ill counsels, especially when baited with fame and glory; 't is no more a wonder that he withstood

not the temptations of Achitophel, than it was for Adam not to have resisted the two devils, the serpent and the woman. The conclusion of the story I purposely forbore to prosecute, because I could not obtain from myself to shew Absalom unfortunate. The frame of it was cut out but for a picture to the waist, and if the draught be so far true, 't is as much as I design'd.

Were I the inventor, who am only the historian, I should certainly conclude the piece with the reconciliation of Absalom to David. And who knows but this may come to pass? Things were not brought to an extremity where I left the story; there seems yet to be room left for a composure; hereafter there may only be for pity. I have not so much as an uncharitable wish against Achitophel, but am content to be accus'd of a good-natur'd error, and to hope with Origen, that the Devil himself may at last be sav'd. For which reason, in this poem, he is neither brought to set his house in order, nor to dispose of his person afterwards as he in wisdom shall think fit. God is infinitely merciful; and his vicegerent is only not so, because he is not infinite.

The true end of satire is the amendment of vices by correction. And he who writes honestly is no more an enemy to the offender, than the physician to the patient, when he prescribes harsh remedies to an inveterate disease; for those are only in order to prevent the surgeon's work of an *ense rescindendum*, which I wish not to my very enemies. To conclude all; if the body politic have any analogy to the natural, in my weak judgment, an act of oblivion were as necessary in a hot, distemper'd state, as an opiate would be in a raging fever.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL

IN pious times, ere priestcraft did begin,
Before polygamy was made a sin;
When man on many multiplied his kind,
Ere one to one was cursedly confin'd;
When nature prompted, and no law denied
Promiscuous use of concubine and bride;
Then Israel's monarch after Heaven's own
heart,
His vigorous warmth did variously impart
To wives and slaves; and, wide as his command,
Scatter'd his Maker's image thro' the land.
Michal, of royal blood, the crown did wear;
A soil ungrateful to the tiller's care:
Not so the rest; for several mothers bore
To godlike David several sons before.
But since like slaves his bed they did ascend,

No true succession could their seed attend.
 Of all this numerous progeny was none
 So beautiful, so brave, as Absalon:
 Whether, inspir'd by some diviner lust,
 His father got him with a greater gust; ²⁰
 Or that his conscious destiny made way,
 By manly beauty, to imperial sway.
 Early in foreign fields he won renown,
 With kings and states allied to Israel's
 crown:

In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,

And seem'd as he were only born for love.
 Whate'er he did, was done with so much
 ease,

In him alone 't was natural to please:
 His motions all accompanied with grace;
 And paradise was open'd in his face. ³⁰
 With secret joy indulgent David view'd
 His youthful image in his son renew'd:
 To all his wishes nothing he denied;
 And made the charming Annabel his bride.
 What faults he had, (for who from faults is
 free?)

His father could not, or he would not see.
 Some warm excesses which the law forbore,
 Were construed youth that purg'd by boiling
 o'er,

And Amnon's murder, by a specious name,
 Was call'd a just revenge for injur'd fame.
 Thus prais'd and lov'd the noble youth remain'd,

While David, undisturb'd, in Sion reign'd. ⁴¹
 But life can never be sincerely blest;
 Heav'n punishes the bad, and proves the
 best.

The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murmur'ing
 race,

As ever tried th' extent and stretch of
 grace;

God's pamper'd people, whom, debauch'd
 with ease,

No king could govern, nor no God could
 please;

(Gods they had tried of every shape and
 size,

That god-smiths could produce, or priests
 devise:)

These Adam-wits, too fortunately free, ⁵⁰
 Began to dream they wanted liberty;

And when no rule, no precedent was found,
 Of men by laws less circumscrib'd and
 bound;

They led their wild desires to woods and
 caves,

And thought that all but savages were
 slaves.

They who, when Saul was dead, without a
 blow,

Made foolish Ishbosheth the crown forego;
 Who banish'd David did from Hebron
 bring;

And with a general shout proclaim'd him
 king: ⁶⁰

Those very Jews, who, at their very best,
 Their humor more than loyalty express'd,
 Now wonder'd why so long they had obey'd
 An idol monarch, which their hands had
 made;

Thought they might ruin him they could
 create,

Or melt him to that golden calf, a State.
 But these were random bolts; no form'd
 design,

Nor interest made the factious crowd to
 join:

The sober part of Israel, free from stain,
 Well knew the value of a peaceful reign; ⁷⁰
 And, looking backward with a wise af-
 fright,

Saw seams of wounds, dishonest to the
 sight:

In contemplation of whose ugly scars
 They curs'd the memory of civil wars.
 The moderate sort of men, thus qualified,
 Inclined the balance to the better side;
 And David's mildness manag'd it so well,
 The bad found no occasion to rebel.
 But when to sin our bias'd nature leans,
 The careful Devil is still at hand with
 means; ⁸⁰

And providently pimps for ill desires:
 The Good Old Cause reviv'd, a plot re-
 quires.

Plots, true or false, are necessary things,
 To raise up commonwealths, and ruin kings.

Th' inhabitants of old Jerusalem
 Were Jebusites; the town so call'd from
 them;

And theirs the native right —
 But when the chosen people grew more
 strong,

The rightful cause at length became the
 wrong;

And every loss the men of Jebus bore, ⁹⁰
 They still were thought God's enemies the
 more.

Thus worn and weaken'd, well or ill content,
 Submit they must to David's government:
 Impoverish'd and depriv'd of all command,

Their taxes doubled as they lost their land;
And, what was harder yet to flesh and
blood,

Their gods disgrac'd, and burnt like common wood.

This set the heathen priesthood in a flame;
For priests of all religions are the same:
Of whatso'er descent their godhead be,¹⁰⁰
Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,
In his defense his servants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten gold.
The Jewish rabbins, tho' their enemies,
In this conclude them honest men and
wise:

For 't was their duty, all the learned think,
T' espouse his cause, by whom they eat
and drink.

From hence began that Plot, the nation's
curse,

Bad in itself, but represented worse;
Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes de-
cried;¹¹⁰

With oaths affirm'd, with dying vows de-
nied;

Not weigh'd or winnow'd by the multitude;
But swallow'd in the mass, unchew'd and
crude.

Some truth there was, but dash'd and
brew'd with lies,

To please the fools, and puzzle all the
wise.

Succeeding times did equal folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all.
Th' Egyptian rites the Jebusites embrac'd;
Where gods were recommended by their
taste.

Such sav'ry deities must needs be good,¹²⁰
As serv'd at once for worship and for food.
By force they could not introduce these
gods,

For ten to one in former days was odds;
So fraud was us'd (the sacrificer's trade):
Fools are more hard to conquer than per-
suade.

Their busy teachers mingled with the Jews,
And rak'd for converts even the court and
stews:

Which Hebrew priests the more unkindly
took,

Because the fleece accompanies the flock.
Some thought they God's anointed meant
to slay¹³⁰

By guns, invented since full many a day:
Our author swears it not; but who can
know

How far the Devil and Jebusites may go?
This Plot, which fail'd for want of common
sense,

Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence:
For, as when raging fevers boil the blood,
The standing lake soon floats into a flood,
And ev'ry hostile humor, which before
Slept quiet in its channels, bubbles o'er;
So several factions from this first fer-
ment¹⁴⁰

Work up to foam, and threat the govern-
ment.

Some by their friends, more by themselves
thought wise,
Oppos'd the pow'r to which they could not
rise.

Some had in courts been great, and thrown
from thence,

Like fiends were harden'd in impenitence.
Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy,
grown

From pardon'd rebels kinsmen to the
throne,

Were rais'd in pow'r and public office high;
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men
could tie.

Of these the false Achitophel was first;¹⁵⁰
A name to all succeeding ages curst:

For close designs, and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;
In pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace:
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay. }

A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves
went high,¹⁶⁰

He sought the storms; but, for a calm un-
fit,

Would steer too nigh the sands, to boast
his wit.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honor
blest,

Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he
won,

To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a
son;¹⁷⁰

Got, while his soul did huddled notions try;
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.

In friendship false, implacable in hate;
 Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the State.
 To compass this the triple bond he broke; }
 The pillars of the public safety shook;
 And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke:
 Then seiz'd with fear, yet still affecting
 fame,

Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.
 So easy still it proves in factious times, 180
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
 How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
 Where none can sin against the people's
 will!

Where crowds can wink, and no offense be
 known,

Since in another's guilt they find their own!
 Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge;
 The statesman we abhor, but praise the
 judge.

In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin
 With more discerning eyes, or hands more
 clean;

Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to re-
 dress; 190

Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
 O, had he been content to serve the crown,
 With virtues only proper to the gown;
 Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
 From cockle, that oppress'd the noble
 seed;

David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
 And Heav'n had wanted one immortal song.
 But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
 And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
 Achitophel, grown weary to possess 200
 A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
 Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
 And lent the crowd his arm to shake the
 tree.

Now, manifest of crimes contriv'd long
 since,

He stood at bold defiance with his prince;
 Held up the buckler of the people's cause
 Against the crown, and skulk'd behind the
 laws.

The wish'd occasion of the Plot he takes;
 Some circumstances finds, but more he
 makes.

By buzzing emissaries fills the ears 210
 Of list'ning crowds with jealousies and
 fears

Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
 And proves the king himself a Jebusite.
 Weak arguments! which yet he knew full
 well

Were strong with people easy to rebel.
 For, govern'd by the moon, the giddy Jews
 Tread the same track when she the prime
 renews;

And once in twenty years, their scribes re-
 cord,

By natural instinct they change their lord.
 Achitophel still wants a chief, and none 220
 Was found so fit as warlike Absalon:
 Not that he wish'd his greatness to create,
 (For politicians neither love nor hate,)
 But, for he knew his title not allow'd,
 Would keep him still depending on the
 crowd:

That kingly pow'r, thus ebbing out, might
 be

Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
 Him he attempts with studied arts to please,
 And sheds his venom in such words as
 these:

"Auspicious prince, at whose nativity 230
 Some royal planet rul'd the southern sky;
 Thy longing country's darling and desire;
 Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire:
 Their second Moses, whose extended wand
 Divides the seas, and shews the promis'd
 land;

Whose dawning day in every distant age
 Has exercis'd the sacred prophets' rage:
 The people's pray'r, the glad diviners'
 theme,

The young men's vision, and the old men's
 dream!

Thee, Savior, thee, the nation's vows con-
 fess, 240

And, never satisfied with seeing, bless:
 Swift unspoken pomps thy steps proclaim,
 And stammering babes are taught to lip
 thy name.

How long wilt thou the general joy detain,
 Starve and defraud the people of thy
 reign?

Content ingloriously to pass thy days
 Like one of Virtue's fools that feeds on
 praise;

Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so
 bright,

Grow stale and tarnish with our daily sight.
 Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must
 be 250

Or gather'd ripe, or rot upon the tree.
 Heav'n has to all allotted, soon or late,
 Some lucky revolution of their fate;
 Whose motions if we watch and guide with
 skill,

(For human good depends on human will.)

Our Fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
And from the first impression takes the bent:

But, if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting Folly far behind.

Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
And spreads her locks before her as she flies.

Had thus old David, from whose loins you spring,

Not dar'd, when Fortune call'd him, to be king,

At Gath an exile he might still remain,
And Heaven's anointing oil had been in vain.

Let his successful youth your hopes engage;
But shun th' example of declining age:

Behold him setting in his western skies,
The shadows lengthening as the vapors rise.

He is not now, as when on Jordan's sand
The joyful people throng'd to see him land,
Cov'ring the beach, and black'ning all the strand;

But, like the Prince of Angels, from his height

Comes tumbling downward with diminish'd light;

Betray'd by one poor plot to public scorn,

(Our only blessing since his curst return;)
Those heaps of people which one sheaf did bind,

Blown off and scatter'd by a puff of wind.
What strength can he to your designs oppose,

Naked of friends, and round beset with foes?

If Pharaoh's doubtful succor he should use,
A foreign aid would more incense the Jews:

Proud Egypt would dissembled friendship bring;

Foment the war, but not support the king:
Nor would the royal party e'er unite

With Pharaoh's arms t' assist the Jebusite;
Or if they should, their interest soon would break,

And with such odious aid make David weak.
All sorts of men by my successful arts,

Abhorring kings, estrange their alter'd hearts

From David's rule: and 't is the general cry,
'Religion, commonwealth, and liberty.'

If you, as champion of the public good,
Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,
What may not Israel hope, and what applause

Might such a general gain by such a cause?
Not barren praise alone, that gaudy flow'r
Fair only to the sight, but solid pow'r;
And nobler is a limited command,
Giv'n by the love of all your native land,
Than a successive title, long and dark,
Drawn from the moldy rolls of Noah's ark."

What cannot praise effect in mighty minds,

When flattery soothes, and when ambition blinds!

Desire of pow'r, on earth a vicious weed,
Yet, sprung from high, is of celestial seed:

In God 't is glory; and when men aspire,
'T is but a spark too much of heavenly fire.

Th' ambitious youth, too covetous of fame,
Too full of angels' metal in his frame,

Unwarily was led from virtue's ways,
Made drunk with honor, and debauch'd with praise.

Half loth, and half consenting to the ill,
(For loyal blood within him struggled still,)

He thus replied: "And what pretense have I

To take up arms for public liberty?
My father governs with unquestion'd right;

The faith's defender, and mankind's delight;
Good, gracious, just, observant of the laws:

And Heav'n by wonders has espous'd his cause.

Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful reign?

Who sues for justice to his throne in vain?
What millions has he pardon'd of his foes,

Whom just revenge did to his wrath expose?

Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good;
Enclin'd to mercy, and averse from blood;

If mildness ill with stubborn Israel suit,
His crime is God's beloved attribute.

What could he gain, his people to betray,
Or change his right for arbitrary sway?

Let haughty Pharaoh curse with such a reign

His fruitful Nile, and yoke a servile train.
If David's rule Jerusalem displease,

The Dog-star heats their brains to this disease.

Why then should I, encouraging the bad,
Turn rebel and run popularly mad?

Were he a tyrant, who, by lawless might

Opress'd the Jews, and rais'd the Jebu-
site,

Well might I mourn; but nature's holy
bands

Would curb my spirits and restrain my
hands: 340

The people might assert their liberty;
But what was right in them were crime in
me.

His favor leaves me nothing to require,
Prevents my wishes, and outruns desire.
What more can I expect while David lives ?
All but his kingly diadem he gives:
And that " — But there he paus'd; then
sighing, said —

" Is justly destin'd for a worthier head.
For when my father from his toils shall rest,
And late augment the number of the blest,
His lawful issue shall the throne ascend, 351
Or the *collat'ral* line, where that shall end.
His brother, tho' oppress'd with vulgar spite,
Yet dauntless, and secure of native right,
Of every royal virtue stands possess'd;
Still dear to all the bravest and the best.
His courage foes, his friends his truth pro-
claim;

His loyalty the king, the world his fame.
His mercy ev'n th' offending crowd will
find;

For sure he comes of a forgiving kind. 360
Why should I then repine at Heaven's de-
cree,

Which gives me no pretense to royalty ?
Yet O that fate, propitiously inclin'd,
Had rais'd my birth, or had debas'd my
mind;

To my large soul not all her treasure lent,
And then betray'd it to a mean descent !
I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,
And David's part disdains my mother's
mold.

Why am I scanted by a niggard birth ? 369
My soul disclaims the kindred of her earth;
And, made for empire, whispers me within,
" Desire of greatness is a godlike sin."

Him staggering so when hell's dire agent
found,

While fainting Virtue scarce maintain'd her
ground,

He pours fresh forces in, and thus replies:
" Th' eternal God, supremely good and
wise,

Imparts not these prodigious gifts in vain:
What wonders are reserv'd to bless your
reign !

Against your will, your arguments have
shown, 379

Such virtue's only giv'n to guide a throne.
Not that your father's mildness I contemn;
But manly force becomes the diadem.

'T is true he grants the people all they
crave;

And more, perhaps, than subjects ought to
have:

For lavish grants suppose a monarch tame,
And more his goodness than his wit pro-
claim.

But when should people strive their bonds
to break,

If not when kings are negligent or weak ?
Let him give on till he can give no more,
The thrifty Sanhedrin shall keep him poor;
And every shekel which he can receive, 391
Shall cost a limb of his prerogative.

To ply him with new plots shall be my care;
Or plunge him deep in some expensive war;
Which when his treasure can no more sup-
ply,

He must, with the remains of kingship, buy.
His faithful friends, our jealousies and fears
Call Jebusites, and Pharaoh's pensioners;
Whom when our fury from his aid has
torn,

He shall be naked left to public scorn. 400
The next successor, whom I fear and hate,
My arts have made obnoxious to the State;
Turn'd all his virtues to his overthrow,
And gain'd our elders to pronounce a foe.
His right, for sums of necessary gold,
Shall first be pawn'd, and afterwards be
sold;

Till time shall ever-wanting David draw,
To pass your doubtful title into law:
If not, the people have a right supreme
To make their kings; for kings are made
for them. 410

All empire is no more than pow'r in trust,
Which, when resum'd, can be no longer
just.

Succession, for the general good design'd,
In its own wrong a nation cannot bind;
If altering that the people can relieve,
Better one suffer than a nation grieve.

The Jews well know their pow'r: ere Saul
they chose,

God was their king, and God they durst
depose.

Urge now your piety, your filial name,
A father's right, and fear of future fame;
The public good, that universal call, 421

To which even Heav'n submitted, answers
all.
Nor let his love enchant your generous
mind;
'Tis Nature's trick to propagate her kind.
Our fond begetters, who would never die,
Love but themselves in their posterity.
Or let his kindness by th' effects be tried,
Or let him lay his vain pretense aside.
God said he lov'd your father; could he
bring
A better proof, than to anoint him king?
It surely shew'd he lov'd the shepherd
well, 431
Who gave so fair a flock as Israel.
Would David have you thought his dar-
ling son?
What means he then, to alienate the
crown?
The name of godly he may blush to bear:
'Tis after God's own heart to cheat his
heir.
He to his brother gives supreme command,
To you a legacy of barren land:
Perhaps th' old harp, on which he thrums
his lays,
Or some dull Hebrew ballad in your praise.
Then the next heir, a prince severe and
wise, 441
Already looks on you with jealous eyes;
Sees thro' the thin disguises of your arts,
And marks your progress in the people's
hearts.
Tho' now his mighty soul its grief contains,
He meditates revenge who least complains;
And, like a lion, slumb'ring in the way,
Or sleep dissembling, while he waits his
prey,
His fearless foes within his distance draws,
Constrains his roaring, and contracts his
paws; 450
Till at the last, his time for fury found,
He shoots with sudden vengeance from the
ground;
The prostrate vulgar passes o'er and spares,
But with a lordly rage his hunters tears.
Your ease no tame expedients will afford:
Resolve on death, or conquest by the sword,
Which for no less a stake than life you
draw;
And self-defense is nature's eldest law.
Leave the warm people no considering
time;
For then rebellion may be thought a
crime. 460

Prevail yourself of what occasion gives,
But try your title while your father lives;
And that your arms may have a fair pre-
tense,
Proclaim you take them in the king's de-
fense;
Whose sacred life each minute would ex-
pose
To plots, from seeming friends, and secret
foes.
And who can sound the depth of David's
soul?
Perhaps his fear his kindness may con-
trol.
He fears his brother, tho' he loves his son,
For plighted vows too late to be undone. 470
If so, by force he wishes to be gain'd;
Like women's lechery, to seem constrain'd.
Doubt not: but, when he most affects the
frown,
Commit a pleasing rape upon the crown.
Secure his person to secure your cause:
They who possess the prince, possess the
laws. 480
He said, and this advice above the rest,
With Absalom's mild nature suited best:
Unblam'd of life, (ambition set aside,)
Not stain'd with cruelty, nor puff'd with
pride; 480
How happy had he been, if destiny
Had higher plac'd his birth, or not so high!
His kingly virtues might have claim'd a
throne,
And blest all other countries but his own.
But charming greatness since so few re-
fuse,
'Tis juster to lament him than accuse.
Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
With blandishments to gain the public
love;
To head the faction while their zeal was
hot,
And popularly prosecute the Plot. 490
To farther this, Achitophel unites
The malcontents of all the Israelites;
Whose differing parties he could wisely
join,
For several ends, to serve the same design:
The best, (and of the princes some were
such,)
Who thought the pow'r of monarchy too
much;
Mistaken men, and patriots in their hearts;
Not wicked, but seduc'd by impious arts.
By these the springs of property were bent,

And wound so high, they crack'd the govern-
ment.⁵⁰⁰
The next for interest sought t' embroil the
State,
To sell their duty at a dearer rate;
And make their Jewish markets of the
throne,
Pretending public good, to serve their
own.
Others thought kings an useless heavy
load,
Who cost too much, and did too little good.
These were for laying honest David by,
On principles of pure good husbandry.
With them join'd all th' haranguers of the
throne,
That thought to get preferment by the
tongue.⁵¹⁰
Who follow next, a double danger bring,
Not only hating David, but the king:
The Solymean rout, well-vers'd of old
In godly faction, and in treason bold;
Cow'ring and quaking at a conqueror's
sword;
But lofty to a lawful prince restor'd;
Saw with disdain an Ethnic plot begun,
And scorn'd by Jebusites to be outdone.
Hot Levites headed these; who, pull'd be-
fore
From th' ark, which in the Judges' days
they bore,⁵²⁰
Resum'd their cant, and with a zealous cry
Pursued their old belov'd Theocracy:
Where Sanhedrin and priest enslav'd the
nation,
And justified their spoils by inspiration:
For who so fit for reign as Aaron's race,
If once dominion they could found in
grace?
These led the pack; tho' not of surest
scent,
Yet deepest mouth'd against the govern-
ment.
A numerous host of dreaming saints suc-
ceed,
Of the true old enthusiastic breed:⁵³⁰
'Gainst form and order they their pow'r
imply,
Nothing to build, and all things to destroy.
But far more numerous was the herd of
such,
Who think too little, and who talk too
much.
These, out of mere instinct, they knew not
why,

Ador'd their fathers' God and property;
And, by the same blind benefit of fate,
The Devil and the Jebusite did hate:
Born to be sav'd, even in their own despite,
Because they could not help believing
right.⁵⁴⁰
Such were the tools; but a whole Hydra
more
Remains, of sprouting heads too long to
score.
Some of their chiefs were princes of the
land:
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was everything by starts, and nothing
long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buf-
foon:⁵⁵⁰
Then all for women, painting, rhyming,
drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in
thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour em-
ploy,
With something new to wish, or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes;
And both (to shew his judgment) in ex-
tremes:
So over-violent, or over-civil,
That every man, with him, was God or
Devil.
In squand'ring wealth was his peculiar art:
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.⁵⁶⁰
Beggard by fools, whom still he found too
late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laugh'd himself from court; then
sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be
chief;
For, spite of him, the weight of business
fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.
Titles and names 't were tedious to re-
hearse
Of lords, below the dignity of verse.⁵⁷⁰
Wits, warriors, Commonwealth's-men, were
the best;
Kind husbands, and mere nobles, all the
rest.

And therefore, in the name of dulness, be
The well-hung Balaam and cold Caleb,
free;

And canting Nadab let oblivion damn,
Who made new porridge for the paschal
lamb.

Let friendship's holy band some names as-
sure;

Some their own worth, and some let scorn
secure.

Nor shall the rascal rabble here have place,
Whom kings no titles gave, and God no
grace:

Not bull-fac'd Jonas, who could statutes
draw

To mean rebellion, and make treason law.
But he, tho' bad, is follow'd by a worse,
The wretch who Heav'n's anointed dar'd to
curse:

Shimei, whose youth did early promise
bring

Of zeal to God and hatred to his king,
Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
And never broke the Sabbath, but for gain;
Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
Or curse, unless against the government.

Thus heaping wealth, by the most ready
way

Among the Jews, which was to cheat and
pray,

The city, to reward his pious hate
Against his master, chose him magistrate.

His hand a vane of justice did uphold;
His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.

During his office, treason was no crime;
The sons of Belial had a glorious time;

For Shimei, tho' not prodigal of pelf,
Yet lov'd his wicked neighbor as him-
self.

When two or three were gather'd to de-
claim

Against the monarch of Jerusalem,
Shimei was always in the midst of them;

And if they curs'd the king when he was
by,

Would rather curse than break good com-
pany.

If any durst his factious friends accuse,
He pack'd a jury of dissenting Jews;

Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause
Would free the suffering saint from human
laws.

For laws are only made to punish those
Who serve the king, and to protect his
foes.

If any leisure time he had from pow'r,
(Because 't is sin to misemploy an hour,) His business was, by writing, to persuade
That kings were useless, and a clog to
trade;

And, that his noble style he might refine,
No Rechabite more shunn'd the fumes of
wine.

Chaste were his cellars, and his shrieval
board

The grossness of a city feast abhorr'd:
His cooks, with long disuse, their trade

forgot;

Cool was his kitchen, tho' his brains were
hot.

Such frugal virtue malice may accuse,
But sure 't was necessary to the Jews;

For towns once burnt such magistrates re-
quire

As dare not tempt God's providence by
fire.

With spiritual food he fed his servants
well,

But free from flesh that made the Jews
rebel;

And Moses' laws he held in more account,
For forty days of fasting in the mount.

To speak the rest, who better are for-
got,

Would tire a well-breath'd witness of the
Plot.

Yet, Corah, thou shalt from oblivion pass:
Erect thyself, thou monumental brass,

High as the serpent of thy metal made,
While nations stand secure beneath thy
shade.

What tho' his birth were base, yet comets
rise

From earthy vapors, ere they shine in
skies.

Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's issue, as by prince's son.

This arch-attester for the public good

By that one deed ennobles all his blood.

Who ever ask'd the witnesses' high race,
Whose oath with martyrdom did Stephen
grace?

Ours was a Levite, and as times went then,
His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.

Smk were his eyes, his voice was harsh
and loud,

Sure signs he neither choleric was nor
proud:

His long chin prov'd his wit; his saintlike
grace

A church vermilion, and a Moses' face.
His memory, miraculously great, ⁶⁵⁰
Could plots, exceeding man's belief, repeat;

Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,
For human wit could never such devise.
Some future truths are mingled in his book;

But where the witness fail'd, the prophet spoke:

Some things like visionary flights appear;
The spirit caught him up, the Lord knows where;

And gave him his rabbinical degree,
Unknown to foreign university.

His judgment yet his mem'ry did excel; ⁶⁶⁰
Which piec'd his wondrous evidence so well,

And suited to the temper of the times,
Then groaning under Jebusite crimes.
Let Israel's foes suspect his heav'nly call,
And rashly judge his writ apocryphal;
Our laws for such affronts have forfeits made:

He takes his life, who takes away his trade.

Were I myself in witness Corah's place,
The wretch who did me such a dire disgrace,

Should what my memory, tho' once forgot, ⁶⁷⁰

To make him an appendix of my plot.
His zeal to Heav'n made him his prince despise,

And load his person with indignities;
But zeal peculiar privilege affords,
Indulging latitude to deeds and words;
And Corah might for Agag's murder call,
In terms as coarse as Samuel us'd to Saul.
What others in his evidence did join,
(The best that could be had for love or coin,)

In Corah's own predicament will fall; ⁶⁸⁰
For witness is a common name to all.

Surrounded thus with friends of every sort,

Deluded Absalom forsakes the court;
Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with renown,

And fir'd with near possession of a crown.
Th' admiring crowd are dazzled with surprise,

And on his goodly person feed their eyes.
His joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show,
On each side bowing popularly low;

His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames, ⁶⁹⁰

And with familiar ease repeats their names.
Thus form'd by nature, furnish'd out with arts,

He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.
Then, with a kind compassionating look,
And sighs, bespeaking pity ere he spoke,
Few words he said; but easy those and fit,
More slow than Hybla-drops, and far more sweet.

"I mourn, my countrymen, your lost estate;

Tho' far unable to prevent your fate:
Behold a banish'd man, for your dear cause
Expos'd a prey to arbitrary laws! ⁷⁰⁰

Yet O! that I alone could be undone,
Cut off from empire, and no more a son!
Now all your liberties a spoil are made;
Egypt and Tyros intercept your trade,
And Jebusites your sacred rites invade. }

My father, whom with reverence yet I name,

Charm'd into ease, is careless of his fame;
And, brib'd with petty sums of foreign gold,

Is grown in Bathsheba's embraces old; ⁷¹⁰
Exalts his enemies, his friends destroys;
And all his pow'r against himself employs.
He gives, and let him give, my right away;
But why should he his own and yours betray?

He, only he, can make the nation bleed,
And he alone from my revenge is freed.
Take then my tears, (with that he wip'd his eyes,)

'T is all the aid my present pow'r supplies:
No court-informer can these arms accuse;
These arms may sons against their fathers use: ⁷²⁰

And 't is my wish, the next successor's reign
May make no other Israelite complain."

Youth, beauty, graceful action seldom fail;

But common interest always will prevail;
And pity never ceases to be shown
To him who makes the people's wrongs his own.

The crowd, that still believe their kings oppress,

With lifted hands their young Messiah bless:

Who now begins his progress to ordain
With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train; ⁷³⁰

From east to west his glories he displays,
And, like the sun, the promis'd land surveys.

Fame runs before him as the morning star,
And shouts of joy salute him from afar:
Each house receives him as a guardian god,
And consecrates the place of his abode.
But hospitable treats did most commend
Wise Issachar, his wealthy western friend.
This moving court, that caught the people's
eyes,

And seem'd but pomp, did other ends disguise: 740

Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
To sound the depths, and fathom, where it
went,

The people's hearts; distinguish friends
from foes,

And try their strength, before they came
to blows.

Yet all was color'd with a smooth pretense
Of specious love, and duty to their prince.
Religion, and redress of grievances,
Two names that always cheat and always
please,

Are often urg'd; and good King David's
life

Endanger'd by a brother and a wife. 750

Thus in a pageant shew a plot is made,
And peace itself is war in masquerade.
O foolish Israel! never warn'd by ill!

Still the same bait, and circumvented still!
Did ever men forsake their present ease,

In midst of health imagine a disease;
Take pains contingent mischiefs to foresee,

Make heirs for monarchs, and for God decree?

What shall we think! Can people give
away,

Both for themselves and sons, their native
sway? 760

Then they are left defenseless to the sword
Of each unbounded, arbitrary lord:

And laws are vain, by which we right enjoy,

If kings unquestion'd can those laws destroy.

Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and just,
And kings are only officers in trust,

Then this resuming cov'nant was declar'd
When kings were made, or is for ever
barr'd.

If those who gave the scepter could not tie
By their own deed their own posterity, 770

How then could Adam bind his future race?

How could his forfeit on mankind take
place?

Or how could heavenly justice damn us all,
Who ne'er consented to our father's fall?

Then kings are slaves to those whom they
command,

And tenants to their people's pleasure stand.
Add, that the pow'r for property allow'd

Is mischievously seated in the crowd;
For who can be secure of private right,

If sovereign sway may be dissolv'd by
might? 780

Nor is the people's judgment always true:
The most may err as grossly as the few;

And faultless kings run down, by common
cry,

For vice, oppression, and for tyranny.
What standard is there in a fickle rout,

Which, flowing to the mark, runs faster
out?

Nor only crowds, but Sanhedrins may be
Infected with this public lunacy,

And share the madness of rebellious times,
To murder monarchs for imagin'd
crimes. 790

If they may give and take whene'er they
please,

Not kings alone, (the Godhead's images,)
But government itself at length must fall

To nature's state, where all have right to
all.

Yet, grant our lords the people kings
can make,

What prudent men a settled throne would
shake?

For whatsoe'er their sufferings were be-
fore,

That change they covet makes them suf-
fer more.

All other errors but disturb a state,
But innovation is the blow of fate. 800

If ancient fabrics nod, and threat to fall,
To patch the flaws, and buttress up the
wall,

Thus far 't is duty: but here fix the mark;
For all beyond it is to touch our ark.

To change foundations, cast the frame
anew,

Is work for rebels, who base ends pursue,
At once divine and human laws control,

And mend the parts by ruin of the whole.
The tampering world is subject to this curse,

To physic their disease into a worse. 810

Now what relief can righteous David
bring?

How fatal 't is to be too good a king !
 Friends he has few, so high the madness
 grows:

Who dare be such, must be the people's
 foes.

Yet some there were, ev'n in the worst of
 days;

Some let me name, and naming is to praise.

In this short file Barzillai first appears;
 Barzillai, crown'd with honor and with
 years.

Long since, the rising rebels he withstood
 In regions waste, beyond the Jordan's
 flood: 820

Unfortunately brave to buoy the State;
 But sinking underneath his master's fate:
 In exile with his godlike prince he mourn'd;
 For him he suffer'd, and with him return'd.
 The court he practis'd, not the courtier's
 art:

Large was his wealth, but larger was his
 heart,

Which well the noblest objects knew to
 choose,

The fighting warrior, and recording Muse.
 His bed could once a fruitful issue boast;
 Now more than half a father's name is
 lost. 830

His eldest hope, with every grace adorn'd,
 By me (so Heav'n will have it) always
 mourn'd,

And always honor'd, snatch'd in manhood's
 prime

B' unequal fates, and Providence's crime;
 Yet not before the goal of honor won,
 All parts fulfill'd of subject and of son:
 Swift was the race, but short the time
 to run. }

O narrow circle, but of pow'r divine,
 Scanted in space, but perfect in thy line !
 By sea, by land, thy matchless worth was
 known, 840

Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own:
 Thy force, infus'd, the fainting Tyrians
 propp'd;

And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune
 stopp'd.

O ancient honor ! O unconquer'd hand,
 Whom foes unpunish'd never could with-
 stand !

But Israel was unworthy of thy name;
 Short is the date of all immoderate fame.
 It looks as Heav'n our ruin had design'd,
 And durst not trust thy fortune and thy
 mind.

Now, free from earth, thy disencumber'd
 soul 850

Mounts up, and leaves behind the clouds
 and starry pole:

From thence thy kindred legions mayst
 thou bring,

To aid the guardian angel of thy king.

Here stop, my Muse, here cease thy painful
 flight;

No pinions can pursue immortal height:
 Tell good Barzillai thou canst sing no more,
 And tell thy soul she should have fled be-
 fore.

Or fled she with his life, and left this verse
 To hang on her departed patron's hearse ?

Now take thy steepy flight from heav'n,
 and see 860

If thou canst find on earth another *he* :

Another *he* would be too hard to find;
 See then whom thou canst see not far be-
 hind.

Zadoc the priest, whom, shunning pow'r
 and place,

His lowly mind advanc'd to David's grace.

With him the Sagan of Jerusalem,
 Of hospitable soul, and noble stem;

Him of the western dome, whose weighty
 sense

Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.

The prophets' sons, by such example led, 870
 To learning and to loyalty were bred:

For colleges on bounteous kings depend,
 And never rebel was to arts a friend.

To these succeed the pillars of the laws;
 Who best could plead, and best can judge
 a cause.

Next them a train of loyal peers ascend;
 Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muses' friend;
 Himself a Muse — in Sanhedrin's debate
 True to his prince, but not a slave of state—
 Whom David's love with honors did adorn,
 That from his disobedient son were torn. 880
 Jotham of piercing wit, and pregnant
 thought;

Endued by nature, and by learning taught
 To move assemblies, who but only tried

The worse a while, then chose the better
 side:

Nor chose alone, but turn'd the balance
 too;

So much the weight of one brave man can
 do.

Hushai, the friend of David in distress;

In public storms, of manly steadfastness:

By foreign treaties he inform'd his youth,

And join'd experience to his native truth. 891
His frugal care supplied the wanting throne;

Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:
'Tis easy conduct when exchequers flow,
But hard the task to manage well the low;
For sovereign power is too depress'd or high,
When kings are forc'd to sell, or crowds to buy.

Indulge one labor more, my weary Muse,
For Amiel: who can Amiel's praise refuse?
Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet 900
In his own worth, and without title great:
The Sanhedrin long time as chief he rul'd,
Their reason guided, and their passion cool'd:

So dext'rous was he in the crown's defense,
So form'd to speak a loyal nation's sense,
That, as their band was Israel's tribes in small,

So fit was he to represent them all.
Now rasher charioteers the seat ascend,
Whose loose careers his steady skill commend:

They, like th' unequal ruler of the day, 910
Misguide the seasons, and mistake the way;
While he withdrawn at their mad labor smiles,

And safe enjoys the sabbath of his toils.

These were the chief, a small but faithful band
Of worthies, in the breach who dar'd to stand,

And tempt th' united fury of the land.
With grief they view'd such powerful engines bent,

To batter down the lawful government:
A numerous faction, with pretended frights,
In Sanhedrins to plume the regal rights; 920
The true successor from the court remov'd;
The Plot, by hiring witnesses, improv'd.
These ills they saw, and, as their duty bound,

They shew'd the king the danger of the wound;

That no concessions from the throne would please,

But lenitives fomented the disease;
That Absalom, ambitious of the crown,
Was made the lure to draw the people down;

That false Achitophel's pernicious hate
Had turn'd the Plot to ruin Church and State; 930

The council violent, the rabble worse;
That Shimei taught Jerusalem to curse.

With all these loads of injuries oppress'd,
And long revolving in his careful breast
Th' event of things, at last, his patience tir'd,

Thus from his royal throne, by Heav'n inspir'd,

The godlike David spoke: with awful fear
His train their Maker in their master hear.

"Thus long have I, by native mercy sway'd,

My wrongs dissembled, my revenge delay'd: 940

So willing to forgive th' offending age;
So much the father did the king assuage.
But now so far my clemency they slight,
Th' offenders question my forgiving right.
That one was made for many, they contend;

But 'tis to rule; for that's a monarch's end.

They call my tenderness of blood, my fear;
Tho' manly tempers can the longest bear.

Yet, since they will divert my native course,
'Tis time to shew I am not good by force.

Those heap'd affronts that haughty subjects bring, 951

Are burthens for a camel, not a king.
Kings are the public pillars of the State,
Born to sustain and prop the nation's weight;

If my young Samson will pretend a call
To shake the column, let him share the fall:
But O that yet he would repent and live!

How easy 'tis for parents to forgive!
With how few tears a pardon might be won
From nature, pleading for a darling son! 960
Poor pitied youth, by my paternal care
Rais'd up to all the height his frame could bear!

Had God ordain'd his fate for empire born,
He would have giv'n his soul another turn:
Gull'd with a patriot's name, whose modern sense

Is one that would by law supplant his prince;

The people's brave, the politician's tool;
Never was patriot yet, but was a fool.

Whence comes it that religion and the laws
Should more be Absalom's than David's cause? 970

His old instructor, ere he lost his place,
Was never thought indued with so much grace.

Good heav'n's, how faction can a patriot
paint !

My rebel ever proves my people's saint.
Would *they* impose an heir upon the throne ?
Let Sanhedrins be taught to give their own.
A king 's at least a part of government,
And mine as requisite as their consent;
Without my leave a future king to choose,
Infers a right the present to depose. ⁹⁸⁰
True, they petition me t' approve their
choice;

But Esau's hands suit ill with Jacob's voice.
My pious subjects for my safety pray;
Which to secure, they take my pow'r away.
From plots and treasons Heav'n preserve
my years,

But save me most from my petitioners !
Unsate the as the barren womb or grave;
God cannot grant so much as they can
crave.

What then is left, but with a jealous eye
To guard the small remains of royalty ? ⁹⁹⁰
The law shall still direct my peaceful sway,
And the same law teach rebels to obey:
Votes shall no more establish'd pow'r con-
trol —

Such votes as make a part exceed the
whole:

No groundless clamors shall my friends
remove,

Nor crowds have pow'r to punish ere they
prove;

For gods and godlike kings their care ex-
press,

Still to defend their servants in distress.

O that my pow'r to saving were confin'd !

Why am I forc'd, like Heav'n, against my
mind, ¹⁰⁰⁰

To make examples of another kind ?

Must I at length the sword of justice draw ?
O curst effects of necessary law !

How ill my fear they by my mercy scan !
Beware the fury of a patient man.

Law they require, let Law then shew her
face;

They could not be content to look on Grace,
Her hinder parts, but with a daring eye
To tempt the terror of her front and die.

By their own arts, 't is righteously decreed,
Those dire artificers of death shall bleed.

Against themselves their witnesses will
swear, ¹⁰¹²

Till viper-like their mother Plot they tear;
And suck for nutriment that bloody gore,
Which was their principle of life before.

Their Belial with their Belzebub will fight;
Thus on my foes, my foes shall do me
right.

Nor doubt th' event; for factious crowds
engage,

In their first onset, all their brutal rage.

Then let 'em take an unresisted course;
Retire, and traverse, and delude their
force; ¹⁰²¹

But, when they stand all breathless, urge
the fight,

And rise upon 'em with redoubled might;
For lawful pow'r is still superior found;
When long driv'n back, at length it stands
the ground."

He said. Th' Almighty, nodding, gave
consent;

And peals of thunder shook the firmament.
Henceforth a series of new time began,

The mighty years in long procession ran:
Once more the godlike David was re-
stor'd, ¹⁰³⁰

And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE LOYAL BROTHER

OR, THE PERSIAN PRINCE

[This tragedy, the first play of Thomas South-
erne (1680-1746), was printed in 1682, being en-
tered in the *Term Catalogue* for Easter Term
(May). If we may judge from the description
of the annual pope-burning on "Queen Bess's
night," November 17 (see Prologue, line 18),
it was probably acted late in the preceding
year. The play had a political object: Tach-

mas, "the loyal brother," suggesting the Duke
of York; and Ismael, "a villainous favorite,"
the Earl of Shaftesbury.

Pope, in his lines *To Mr. Thomas Southerne, on
his Birthday, 1742*, alludes to him as:

Tom, whom Heav'n sent down to raise
The price of prologues and of plays.

On this Warburton remarks:

"This alludes to a story Mr. Southerne told
about the same time to Mr. P[ope] and Mr.
W[arburton] of Dryden; who, when South-
erne first wrote for the stage, was so famous
for his prologues that the players would act

nothing without that decoration. His usual price till then had been four guineas; but when Southerne came to him for the prologue he had bespoke, Dryden told him he must have six guineas for it; 'which,' said he, 'young man, is out of no disrespect to you, but the players have had my goods too cheap.'

Dr. Johnson tells the same anecdote in his *Life of Dryden*; but, probably by a mere slip of memory, alters the figures to two guineas and three.]

PROLOGUE

POETS, like lawful monarchs, rul'd the stage,
Till critics, like damn'd Whigs, debauch'd
our age.

Mark how they jump: critics would regulate

Our theaters, and Whigs reform our state:
Both pretend love, and both (plague rot
'em!) hate.

The critic humbly seems advice to bring;
The fawning Whig petitions to the king:
But one's advice into a satire slides;
T'other's petition a remonstrance hides.
These will no taxes give, and those no
pence;

Critics would starve the poet, Whigs the
prince.

The critic all our troops of friends discards;
Just so the Whig would fain pull down the
guards.

Guards are illegal, that drive foes away,
As watchful shepherds, that fright beasts
of prey.

Kings, who disband such needless aids as
these,

Are safe—as long as e'er their subjects
please:

And that would be till next Queen Bess's
night,

Which thus grave penny chroniclers indite.
Sir Edmund-berry first, in woful wise, 20
Leads up the show, and milks their mandlin
eyes.

There's not a butcher's wife but dribs her
part,

And pities the poor pageant from her heart;
Who, to provoke revenge, rides round the
fire,

And, with a civil congee, does retire.
But guiltless blood to ground must never
fall;

There's Antichrist behind, to pay for all.
The punk of Babylon in pomp appears,

A lewd old gentleman of seventy years;
Whose age in vain our mercy would im-
plore, 30

For few take pity on an old cast whore.
The Devil, who brought him to the shame,
takes part;

Sits cheek by jowl, in black, to cheer his
heart;

Like thief and parson in a Tyburn cart.
The word is giv'n, and with a loud huzza

The miter'd moppet from his chair they draw:
On the slain corpse contending nations fall:

Alas! what's one poor pope among 'em all!
He burns; now all true hearts your tri-
umphs ring:

And next (for fashion) cry: "God save
the king!" 40

A needful cry in midst of such alarms,
When forty thousand men are up in arms.

But after he's once sav'd, to make
amends,

In each succeeding health they damn
his friends:

So God begins, but still the Devil ends.
What if some one, inspir'd with zeal, should
call:

"Come, let's go cry: 'God save him at
Whitehall,'" 50

His best friends would not like this overcare,
Or think him e'er the safer for that pray'r.

Five praying saints are by an act allow'd;
But not the whole Church-militant, in
crowd.

Yet, should Heav'n all the true peti-
tions drain 51

Of Presbyterians who would kings main-
tain,

Of forty thousand, five would scarce re-
main.

EPILOGUE

A VIRGIN poet was serv'd up to-day,
Who till this hour ne'er cackled for a play.

He's neither yet a Whig nor Tory boy;
But, like a girl whom several would en-
joy,

Begs leave to make the best of his own
natural toy.

Were I to play my callow author's game,
The King's House would instruct me, by the
name.

There's loyalty to one: I wish no more;
A commonwealth sounds like a common
whore.

Let husband or gallant be what they will,
 One part of woman is true Tory still. 11
 If any factious spirit should rebel,
 Our sex, with ease, can every rising quell.
 Then, as you hope we should your failings

hide,
 An honest jury for our play provide.
 Whigs at their poets never take offense;
 They save dull culprits who have murder'd
 sense:

Tho' nonsense is a nauseous heavy mass;
 The vehicle call'd faction makes it pass.
 Faction in play's the Commonwealth's
 man's bribe, 20

The leaden farthing of the canting tribe;
 Tho' void in payment laws and statutes
 make it,

The neighborhood, that knows the man,
 will take it.

'Tis faction buys the votes of half the pit;
 Theirs is the pension-parliament of wit.
 In city clubs their venom let 'em vent,
 For there 'tis safe, in its own element:
 Here, where their madness can have no pre-
 tense,

Let 'em forget themselves an hour in sense.
 In one poor isle why should two fac-
 tions be? 30

Small difference in your vices I can see:
 In drink and drabs both sides too well
 agree. }

Would there were more preferments in the
 land;

If places fell, the party could not stand.
 Of this damn'd grievance ev'ry Whig com-
 plains:

They grunt like hogs, till they have got
 their grains.

Meantime you see what trade our plots ad-
 vance:

We send each year good money into France;
 And they, that know what merchandise we
 need,

Send o'er true Protestants to mend our
 breed. 40

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE PRINCESS OF CLEVES

[This tragi-comedy, by Lee, would seem, from
 the reference to *Absalom* and *Achitophel*
 (Prologue, line 25), which would have most
 point when that poem was in its first heyday
 of success, probably to have been acted late

in 1681 or early in 1682. Dryden's prologue
 and epilogue were first printed in *Miscellany
 Poems*, 1684. The early editions of the play,
 of which the first appeared in 1689, do not con-
 tain either piece, but instead of them a pro-
 logue and epilogue apparently written by Lee
 himself. The play is called *The Princess of
 Cleve* in the early editions; the spelling *Cleves*
 is found, however, in *Miscellany Poems*, 1684.]

PROLOGUE

LADIES! (I hope there's none behind to
 hear)

I long to whisper something in your ear:
 A secret, which does much my mind per-
 plex —

There's treason in the play against our sex.
 A man that's false to love, that vows and
 cheats,

And kisses every living thing he meets!
 A rogue in mode — I dare not speak too
 broad —

One that does something to the very bawd.
 Out on him, traitor, for a filthy beast! 9
 Nay, and he's like the pack of all the rest:
 None of 'em stick at mark; they all de-
 ceive. }

Some Jew has chang'd the text, I half
 believe;
 Their Adam cozen'd our poor grandame
 Eve. }

To hide their faults they rap out oaths and
 tear:

Now tho' we lie, we're too well bred to
 swear.

So we compound for half the sin we owe,
 But men are dipp'd for soul and body too,
 And when found out excuse themselves, pox
 cant 'em!

With Latin stuff, *perjuria ridet amantum*.
 I'm not book-learn'd, to know that word in
 vogue, 20

But I suspect 'tis Latin for a rogue.
 I'm sure I never heard that scritch-owl
 hollow'd

In my poor ears, but separation follow'd.
 How can such perjurd villains e'er be saved!
 Achitophel's not half so false to David.

With vows and soft expressions to allure,
 They stand like foremen of a shop, de-
 mure;

No sooner out of sight, but they are gad-
 ding,

And for the next new face ride out a-pad-
 ding.

Yet, by their favor when they have bin kiss-
ing,³⁰
We can perceive the ready money missing.
Well! we may rail, but 'tis as good e'en
wink;
Something we find, and something they
will sink.
But since they 're at renouncing, 't is our
parts
To trump their diamonds, as they trump our
hearts.

EPILOGUE

A QUALM of conscience brings me back
again
To make amends to you bespatter'd men!
We women love like cats, that hide their
joys
By growling, squalling, and a hideous noise.
I rail'd at wild young sparks, but, without
lying,
Never was man worse thought on for high-
flying;
The prodigal of love gives each her part,
And squand'ring shows, at least, a noble
heart.
I've heard of men, who, in some lewd
lampoon,
Have hir'd a friend to make their valor
known.¹⁰

That accusation straight this question
brings:
What is the man that does such naughty
things?
The spaniel lover, like a sneaking fop,
Lies at our feet; he's scarce worth tak-
ing up.
'T is true, such heroes in a play go far;
But chamber practice is not like the bar.
When men such vile, such faint petitions
make,
We fear to give, because they fear to take;
Since modesty 's the virtue of our kind,
Pray let it be to our own sex confin'd.²⁰
When men usurp it from the female nation,
'T is but a work of supererogation. —
We shou'd a princess in the play, 't is true,
Who gave her Cæsar more than all his due;
Told her own faults; but I should much
abhor
To choose a husband for my confessor.
You see what fate follow'd the saintlike
fool,
For telling tales from out the nuptial
school.
Our play a merry comedy had prov'd,
Had she confess'd as much to him she
lov'd.³⁰
True Presbyterian wives the means
would try,
But damn'd confessing is flat Popery.

THE MEDAL

A SATIRE AGAINST SEDITION

BY THE AUTHOR OF ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL

*Per Graium populos, medique per Elidis urbem
Ibat ovans, divumque sibi posebat honores.*

[On November 24, 1681, the government sought to indict the Earl of Shaftesbury of high treason, but the London grand jury rejected the bill. What followed is well described by Sir Walter Scott:

"The triumph of the Whigs was unbounded; and, among other symptoms of exultation, it displayed itself in that which gave rise to this poem of Dryden. This was a medal of Lord Shaftesbury, struck by William [*sic*, really George] Bower, an artist who had executed some popular pieces allusive to the Roman Catholic Plot. The obverse presented the bust of the Earl, with the legend, *Antonio Comiti de Shaftesbury*; the reverse, a view of London, the Bridge, and the Tower; the sun is rising above the Tower, and just in the act of dispersing a cloud; the legend around the exergue is *Latamur*, and beneath is the date of his acquittal, *24th November, 1681*. The partisans of the acquitted patriot wore these medals at their breasts, and care was taken that this emblem should be made as general as possible.

"The success of *Absalom and Achitophel* made the Tories look to our author as the only poet whose satire might check, or ridicule, the popular triumph of Shaftesbury. If the following

anecdote, which Spence has given on the authority of a Catholic priest, a friend of Pope, be absolutely correct, Charles himself engaged Dryden to write on this theme: "One day as the king was walking in the Mall, and talking with Dryden, he said: "If I was a poet, and I think I am poor enough to be one, I would write a poem on such a subject, in the following manner." He then gave him the plan of *The Medal*. Dryden took the hint, carried the poem, as soon as it was written, to the king, and had a present of a hundred broad pieces for it." [Scott's quotation from Spence is not quite literal.]

The Medal was first published, as is evident from a manuscript note by Luttrell (Malone, I, 1, 163), about March 16, 1682. Of this first edition two issues are known, one of which lacks the quotation from Ovid at the end of the poem. The second edition appeared with *Miscellaneous Poems*, 1684, but has a separate title-page, dated 1683. A third edition was printed in 1692. The present text follows that of the issue lacking the quotation from Ovid, which, however, is added from the other issue of the first edition.]

EPISTLE TO THE WHIGS

FOR to whom can I dedicate this poem, with so much justice as to you? 'Tis the representation of your own hero: 'tis the picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize so much in little. None of your ornaments are wanting; neither the landscap of the Tower, nor the rising sun; nor the Anno Domini of your new sovereign's coronation. This must needs be a grateful undertaking to your whole party; especially to those who have not been so happy as to purchase the original. I hear the graver has made a good market of it: all his kings are bought up already; or the value of the remainder so enhanced, that many a poor Poland-er who would be glad to worship the image, is not able to go to the cost of him, but must be content to see him here. I must confess I am no great artist; but signpost painting will serve the turn to remember a friend by, especially when better is not to be had. Yet for your comfort the lineaments are true; and tho' he sate not five times to me, as he did to B., yet I have consulted history, as the Italian painters do, when they would draw a Nero or a Caligula; tho' they have not seen the man, they can help their imagination by a statue of him, and find out the coloring from Suetonius and Tacitus. Truth is, you might have spar'd one side of your Medal: the head would be seen to more advantage if it were plac'd on a spike of the Tower, a little nearer to the sun, which would then break out to better purpose.

You tell us in your preface to the *No-Protestant Plot*, that you shall be forc'd hereafter to leave off your modesty: I suppose you mean that little which is left you; for it was worn to rags when you put out this Medal. Never was there practis'd such a piece of notorious impudence in the face of an establish'd government. I believe when he is dead you will wear him in thumb-rings, as the Turks did Scanderbeg, as if there were virtue in his bones to preserve you against monarchy. Yet all this while you

pretend not only zeal for the public good, but a due veneration for the person of the king. But all men who can see an inch before them may easily detect those gross fallacies. That it is necessary for men in your circumstances to pretend both, is granted you; for without them there could be no ground to ^{meet} a faction. But I would ask you one civil question, what right has any man among ^{you} to speak to any association of men, (to come near ^{any} bawd who, out of Parliament, cannot ^{be} in a public capacity, to meet as ^{at} a feast! factions clubs, to vilify the gov^{ernment} and the rest: discourses, and to libel it in all ^{ways} all de- Who made you judges in ^{this} text, is it consistent with your zeal ^{to} to promote sedition? Does ^{your} definition of loyal, which is to serve the king according to the laws, allow you the license of traducing the executive power with which you own he is invested? You complain that his Majesty has lost the love and confidence of his people; and by your very urging it you endeavor, what in you lies, to make him lose them. All good subjects abhor the thought of arbitrary power, whether it be in one or many: if you were the patriots you would seem, you would not at this rate incense the multitude to assume it; for no sober man can fear it, either from the king's disposition, or his practice, or even, where you would odiously lay it, from his ministers. Give us leave to enjoy the government and the benefit of laws under which we were born, and which we desire to transmit to our posterity. You are not the trustees of the public liberty; and if you have not right to petition in a crowd, much less have you to intermeddle in the management of affairs, or to arraign what you do not like, which in effect is everything that is done by the king and council. Can you imagine that any reasonable man will believe you respect the person of his Majesty, when 'tis apparent that your seditious pamphlets are stuff'd with particular reflections on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, 'tis easy

to be evinc'd from a thousand passages, which I only forbear to quote, because I desire they should die, and be forgotten. I have perus'd many of your papers, and to show you that I have, the third part of your *No-Protestant Plot* is much of it stolen from your dead author's pamphlet, call'd *The Growth of Popery*; as manifestly as Milton's *Defense of the English People* is from Buchanan, *De Jure Regni apud Scotos*; or your first Covenant and new Association from the Holy League of the French Guisards. Anyone who reads Davila may trace your practices all along. There were the same pretenses for reformation and loyalty, the same aspersions of the king, and the same grounds of a rebellion. I know not whether you will take the historian's word, who says it was reported that Poltrot, a Huguenot, murder'd Francis, Duke of Guise, by the instigations of Theodore Beza, or that it was a Huguenot minister, otherwise call'd a Presbyterian, (for our Church abhors so devilish a tenet,) who first writ a treatise of the lawfulness of deposing and murdering kings of a different persuasion in religion; but I am able to prove, from the doctrine of Calvin, and principles of Buchanan, that they set the people above the magistrate; which, if I mistake not, is your own fundamental, and which carries your loyalty no farther than your liking. When a vote of the House of Commons goes on your side, you are as ready to observe it as if it were pass'd into a law; but when you are pinch'd with any former, and yet unrepal'd act of parliament, you declare that in some cases you will not be oblig'd by it. The passage is in the same third part of the *No-Protestant Plot*, and is too plain to be denied. The late copy of your intended Association, you neither wholly justify nor condemn; but as the Papists, when they are unoppos'd, fly into all the pageantries of worship; but in times of war, when they are hard press'd by arguments, lie close intrench'd behind the Council of Trent: so now, when your affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal combination, but whensoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintain'd and justified to purpose. For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the sword; 't is the proper time to say anything, when men have all things in their power.

In the mean time, you would fain be nibbling at a parallel betwixt this Association and that in the time of Queen Elizabeth. But there is this small difference betwixt them, that the ends of the one are directly opposite to the other: one with the queen's approbation and conjunction, as head of it; the other without either the consent or knowledge of the king, against whose authority it is manifestly design'd. Therefore you do well to have recourse

to your last evasion, that it was contriv'd by your enemies, and shuffled into the papers that were seiz'd; which yet you see the nation is not so easy to believe as your own jury; but the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in Newgate who would acquit a malefactor.

I have one only favor to desire of you at parting, that when you think of answering this poem, you would employ the same pens against it, who have combated with so much success against *Absalom* and *Achitophel*; for then you may assure yourselves of a clear victory, without the least reply. Rail at me abundantly; and, not to break a custom, do it without wit: by this method you will gain a considerable point, which is, wholly to waive the answer of my arguments. Never own the bottom of your principles, for fear they should be treason. Fall severely on the miscarriages of government; for if scandal be not allow'd, you are no freeborn subjects. If God has not blest you with the talent of rhyming, make use of my poor stock and welcome: let your verses run upon my feet; and, for the utmost refuge of notorious blockheads, reduc'd to the last extremity of sense, turn my own lines upon me, and, in utter despair of your own satire, make me satirize myself. Some of you have been driven to this bay already; but, above all the rest, commend me to the Non-conformist parson, who writ the *Whip and Key*. I am afraid it is not read so much as the piece deserves, because the bookseller is every week crying help at the end of his gazette, to get it off. You see I am charitable enough to do him a kindness, that it may be publish'd as well as printed; and that so much skill in Hebrew derivations may not lie for waste paper in the shop. Yet I half suspect he went no farther for his learning, than the index of Hebrew names and etymologies, which is printed at the end of some English Bibles. If Achitophel signify the brother of a fool, the author of that poem will pass with his readers for the next of kin. And perhaps 't is the relation that makes the kindness. Whatever the verses are, buy 'em up, I beseech you, out of pity; for I hear the conventicle is shut up, and the brother of Achitophel out of service.

Now footmen, you know, have the generosity to make a purse for a member of their society, who has had his livery pull'd over his ears; and even Protestant socks are bought up among you, out of veneration to the name. A dissenter in poetry from sense and English will make as good a Protestant rhymers, as a dissenter from the Church of England a Protestant parson. Besides, if you encourage a young beginner, who knows but he may elevate his style a little above the vulgar epithets of profane, and saucy Jack, and atheistic scrib-

bler, with which he treats me, when the fit of enthusiasm is strong upon him; by which well-manner'd and charitable expressions I was certain of his sect before I knew his name. What would you have more of a man? He has damn'd me in your cause from Genesis to the Revelations; and has half the texts of both the Testaments against me, if you will be so civil to yourselves as to take him for your interpreter, and not to take them for Irish whimsies. After all, perhaps you will tell me that you retain'd him only for the opening of your cause, and that your main lawyer is yet behind. Now if it so happen he meet with no more reply than his predecessors, you may either conclude that I trust to the goodness of my cause, or fear my adversary, or disdain him, or what you please, for the short on 't is, 't is indifferent to your humble servant, whatever your party says or thinks of him.

THE MEDAL

Of all our antic sights and pageantry,
Which English idiots run in crowds to
see,

The Polish Medal bears the prize alone: }
A monster, more the favorite of the town }
Than either fairs or theaters have shown. }
Never did art so well with nature strive,
Nor ever idol seem'd so much alive:
So like the man; so golden to the sight,
So base within, so counterfeit and light.
One side is fill'd with title and with face; 10
And, lest the king should want a regal place,
On the reverse, a tow'r the town surveys;
O'er which our mounting sun his beams
displays.

The word, pronounc'd aloud by shrivell'd
voice,

Lætatur, which, in Polish, is *rejoice*.

The day, month, year, to the great act are
join'd;

And a new canting holiday design'd.
Five days he sate for every cast and look;
Four more than God to finish Adam took.
But who can tell what essence angels are, 20
Or how long Heav'n was making Lucifer?

O could the style that copied every grace,
And plow'd such furrows for an eunuch
face,

Could it have form'd his ever-changing
will,

The various piece had tir'd the graver's
skill!

A martial hero first, with early care,

Blown, like a pigmy by the winds, to war.
A beardless chief, a rebel, ere a man:
(So young his hatred to his prince began.)
Next this, (how wildly will ambition steer!)
A vermin wriggling in th' usurper's ear. 31
Bart'ring his venal wit for suns of gold,
He cast himself into the saintlike mold;
Groan'd, sigh'd, and pray'd, while godliness
was gain,

The loudest bagpipe of the squeaking train.
But, as 't is hard to cheat a juggler's eyes,
His open lewdness he could ne'er disguise.
There split the saint; for hypocritic zeal
Allows no sins but those it can conceal.

Whoring to scandal gives too large a scope;
Saints must not trade, but they may inter-
lope. 41

Th' ungodly principle was all the same;
But a gross cheat betrays his partner's
game.

Besides, their pace was formal, grave, and
slack;

His nimble wit outran the heavy pack.
Yet still he found his fortune at a stay;
Whole droves of blockheads choking up his
way:

They took, but not rewarded, his advice;
Villain and wit exact a double price.

Pow'r was his aim; but, thrown from
that pretense, 50

The wretch turn'd loyal in his own de-
fense,

And malice reconcil'd him to his prince.
Him in the anguish of his soul he serv'd,
Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd.

Behold him now exalted into trust;
His counsel's oft convenient, seldom just.

Ev'n in the most sincere advice he gave,
He had a grudging still to be a knave.

The frauds he learnt in his fanatic years
Made him uneasy in his lawful gears: 60

At best as little honest as he could,
And, like white witches, mischievously
good;

To his first bias longingly he leans,
And rather would be great by wicked
means.

Thus, fram'd for ill, he loos'd our triple
hold;

(Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold.)
From hence those tears! that Ilium of our
woe!

Who helps a pow'rful friend, forearms a
foe.

What wonder if the waves prevail so far,

When he cut down the banks that made
the bar ? ⁷⁰

Seas follow but their nature to invade,
But he by art our native strength betray'd.
So Samson to his foe his force confess'd;
And, to be shorn, lay slumb'ring on her
breast.

But when this fatal counsel, found too
late,

Expos'd its author to the public hate;
When his just sovereign, by no impious
way,

Could be seduc'd to arbitrary sway;
Forsaken of that hope, he shifts the sail,
Drives down the current with a pop'lar
gale; ⁸⁰

And shews the fiend confess'd without a
veil.

He preaches to the crowd that pow'r is
lent,

But not convey'd to kingly government;
That claims successive bear no binding
force,

That coronation oaths are things of course;
Maintains the multitude can never err,
And sets the people in the papal chair.

The reason's obvious: *int'rest never lies*;
The most have still their int'rest in their
eyes;

The pow'r is always theirs, and pow'r is
ever wise. ⁹⁰

Almighty crowd, thou shorten'st all dis-
pute;

Pow'r is thy essence, wit thy attribute !
Nor faith nor reason make thee at a stay,
Thou leap'st o'er all eternal truths in thy
Pindaric way !

Athens no doubt did righteously decide,
When Phocion and when Socrates were
tried;

As righteously they did those dooms re-
pent;

Still they were wise, whatever way they
went.

Crowds err not, tho' to both extremes they
run;

To kill the father and recall the son. ¹⁰⁰
Some think the fools were most, as times
went then;

But now the world's o'erstock'd with pruden-
dent men.

The common cry is ev'n religion's test:
The Turk's is at Constantinople best;
Idols in India; Popery at Rome;
And our own worship only true at home.

And true, but for the time; 'tis hard to
know

How long we please it shall continue so.
This side to-day, and that to-morrow burns;
So all are God-a'mighties in their turns. ¹¹⁰
A tempting doctrine, plausible and new:
What fools our fathers were, if this be
true !

Who, to destroy the seeds of civil war,
Inherent right in monarchs did declare;
And, that a lawful pow'r might never cease,
Secur'd succession, to secure our peace.
Thus property and sovereign sway, at last,
In equal balances were justly cast:
But this new Jehu spurs the hot-mouth'd
horse; ¹¹⁹

Instructs the beast to know his native force,
To take the bit between his teeth, and fly
To the next headlong steep of anarchy.
Too happy England, if our good we knew,
Would we possess the freedom we pursue !
The lavish government can give no more;
Yet we repine, and plenty makes us poor.
God tried us once: our rebel fathers fought;
He glutted 'em with all the pow'r they
sought:

Till, master'd by their own usurping brave,
The freeborn subject sunk into a slave. ¹³⁰
We loathe our manna, and we long for
quails;

Ah, what is man, when his own wish pre-
vails !

How rash, how swift to plunge himself in
ill;

Proud of his pow'r, and boundless in his
will !

That kings can do no wrong we must be-
lieve;

None can they do, and must they all re-
ceive ?

Help, Heaven ! or sadly we shall see an
hour,

When neither wrong nor right are in their
pow'r !

Already they have lost their best defense,
The benefit of laws which they dispense: ¹⁴⁰
No justice to their righteous cause allow'd;
But baffled by an arbitrary crowd;
And medals grav'd, their conquest to record,
The stamp and coin of their adopted lord.

The man who laugh'd but once, to see an
ass

Mumbling to make the crossgrain'd thistles
pass,

Might laugh again, to see a jury chaw

The prickles of unpalatable law.
The witnesses that, leech-like, liv'd on blood,

Sucking for them were med'inally good;
But when they fasten'd on *their* fester'd
sore, 151

Then justice and religion they forswore;
Their maiden oaths debauch'd into a
whore.

Thus men are rais'd by factions, and de-
cried;

And rogue and saint distinguish'd by their
side.

They rack ev'n scripture to confess their
cause,

And plead a call to preach in spite of laws.
But that's no news to the poor injur'd page:
It has been us'd as ill in every age;
And is constrain'd, with patience, all to
take; 160

For what defense can Greek and Hebrew
make?

Happy who can this talking trumpet seize;
They make it speak whatever sense they
please!

'T was fram'd at first our oracle t' en-
quire;

But since our sects in prophecy grow
higher,

The text inspires not them, but they the
text inspire.

London, thou great *emporium* of our isle,
O thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful Nile!
How shall I praise or curse to thy desert;
Or separate thy sound from thy corrupted
part! 170

I call'd thee Nile; the parallel will stand:
Thy tides of wealth o'erflow the fatten'd
land;

Yet monsters from thy large increase we
find,

Engender'd on the slime thou leav'st be-
hind.

Sedition has not wholly seiz'd on thee,
Thy nobler parts are from infection free.
Of Israel's tribes thou hast a numerous
band,

But still the Canaanite is in the land.
Thy military chiefs are brave and true,
Nor are thy disenchanted burghers few. 180

The head is loyal which thy heart com-
mands,

But what's a head with two such gouty
hands?

The wise and wealthy love the surest way,

And are content to thrive and to obey.
But wisdom is to sloth too great a slave;
None are so busy as the fool and knave.
Those let me curse; what vengeance will
they urge,

Whose ordures neither plague nor fire can
purge;

Nor sharp experience can to duty bring,
Nor angry Heaven, nor a forgiving king! 190
In gospel-phrase their chapmen they be-
tray;

Their shops are dens, the buyer is their prey.
The knack of trades is living on the spoil;
They boast, ev'n when each other they be-
guile.

Customs to steal is such a trivial thing,
That 't is their charter to defraud their king.
All hands unite of every jarring sect;
They cheat the country first, and then in-
fect.

They for God's cause their monarchs dare
dethrone,

And they 'll be sure to make his cause their
own. 200

Whether the plotting Jesuit laid the plan
Of murth'ring kings, or the French Puritan,
Our sacrilegious sects their guides outgo,
And kings and kingly pow'r would murth'ring
too.

What means their trait'rous combination
less,

Too plain t' evade, too shameful to confess!
But treason is not own'd when 't is desier'd:
Successful crimes alone are justified.
The men, who no conspiracy would find,
Who doubts, but had it taken, they had
join'd— 210

Join'd in a mutual cov'nant of defense,
At first without, at last against their
prince?

If sovereign right by sovereign pow'r they
scan,

The same bold maxim holds in God and
man:

God were not safe, his thunder could they
shun,

He should be forc'd to crown another son.
Thus, when the heir was from the vine-
yard thrown,

The rich possession was the murth'ers' own.
In vain to sophistry they have recourse:
By proving theirs no plot, they prove 't is
worse; 220

Unmask'd rebellion, and audacious force;
Which tho' not actual, yet all eyes may see

'Tis working in th' immediate pow'r to be;
 For from pretended grievances they rise,
 First to dislike, and after to despise;
 Then, Cyclop-like, in human flesh to deal,
 Chop up a minister at every meal;
 Perhaps not wholly to melt down the king,
 But clip his regal rights within the ring;
 From thence t' assume the pow'r of peace
 and war; 230

And ease him by degrees of public care.
 Yet, to consult his dignity and fame,
 He should have leave to exercise the
 name, }
 And hold the cards, while commons play'd
 the game. }

For what can pow'r give more than food
 and drink,

To live at ease, and not be bound to think?
 These are the cooler methods of their crime,
 But their hot zealots think 'tis loss of time;
 On utmost bounds of loyalty they stand,
 And grin and whet like a Croatian band,
 That waits impatient for the last com-
 mand. 241 }

Thus outlaws open villainy maintain,
 They steal not, but in squadrons scour the
 plain;

And, if their pow'r the passengers subdue,
 The most have right, the wrong is in the
 few.

Such impious axioms foolishly they show,
 For in some soils republics will not grow:
 Our temp'rate isle will no extremes sustain
 Of pop'lar sway or arbitrary reign,
 But slides between them both into the best,
 Secure in freedom, in a monarch blest; 251
 And tho' the climate, vex'd with various

winds,
 Works thro' our yielding bodies on our
 minds,

The wholesome tempest purges what it
 breeds,

To recommend the calmness that succeeds.

But thou, the pander of the people's
 hearts,

(O crooked soul, and serpentine in arts!)
 Whose blandishments a loyal land have
 whor'd,

And broke the bonds she plighted to her
 lord;

What curses on thy blasted name will
 fall! 260 }

Which age to age their legacy shall call;
 For all must curse the woes that must
 descend on all. }

Religion thou hast none; thy *mercury*
 Has pass'd thro' every sect, or theirs thro'
 thee.

But what thou giv'st, that venom still re-
 mains;

And the pox'd nation feels thee in their
 brains.

What else inspires the tongues and swells
 the breasts

Of all thy bellowing renegade priests,
 That preach up thee for God, dispense thy
 laws,

And with thy stum ferment their fainting
 cause, 270

Fresh fumes of madness raise, and toil and
 sweat

To make the formidable cripple great?

Yet should thy crimes succeed, should law-
 less pow'r

Compass those ends thy greedy hopes de-
 vour,

Thy canting friends thy mortal foes would
 be,

Thy God and theirs will never long agree;
 For thine (if thou hast any) must be one

That lets the world and humankind alone;
 A jolly god, that passes hours too well

To promise heav'n, or threaten us with
 hell; 280

That unconcern'd can at rebellion sit,
 And wink at crimes he did himself commit.

A tyrant theirs; the heav'n their priest-
 hood paints

A conventicle of gloomy sullen saints;
 A heav'n like Bedlam, slovenly and sad,

Foredoom'd for souls with false religion
 mad.

Without a vision poets can foreshow

What all fools by common sense may
 know;

If true succession from our isle should fail,
 And crowds profane with impious arms

prevail, 290

Not thou, nor those thy factious arts in-
 gage,

Shall reap that harvest of rebellious rage,
 With which thou flatter'st thy decrepit
 age. }

The swelling poison of the sev'ral sects,
 Which, wanting vent, the nation's health

infects,

Shall burst its bag; and, fighting out their
 way,

The various venoms on each other prey.
 The presbyter, puff'd up with spiritual pride,

Shall on the necks of the lewd nobles ride,
His brethren damn, the civil pow'r defy, ³⁰⁰
And parcel out republic prelacy.

But short shall be his reign: his rigid yoke
And tyrant pow'r will puny seets provoke;
And frogs and toads, and all the tadpole
train,

Will croak to Heav'n for help from this de-
vouring crane.

The cutthroat sword and clamorous gown
shall jar,

In sharing their ill-gotten spoils of war;
Chiefs shall be grudg'd the part which
they pretend;

Lords envy lords, and friends with every
friend ³⁰⁹

About their impious merit shall contend.

The surly commons shall respect deny,
And justle peerage out with property.
Their gen'ral either shall his trust betray,
And force the crowd to arbitrary sway;
Or they, suspecting his ambitious aim,
In hate of kings shall cast anew the frame;
And thrust out Collatine that bore their
name.

Thus inborn broils the factions would
ingage,
Or wars of exile'd heirs, or foreign rage,
Till halting vengeance overtook our age;
And our wild labors wearied into rest, ³²¹
Reclin'd us on a rightful monarch's breast.

— *Pudet hæc opprobria, vobis
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.*

PROLOGUE TO HIS ROYAL HIGH-
NESS, UPON HIS FIRST AP-
PEARANCE AT THE DUKE'S
THEATER SINCE HIS RETURN
FROM SCOTLAND

SPOKEN BY MR. SMITH

[This prologue was first published as a broad-
side, in 1682; it was reprinted in the third
edition, 1702, of *Sylva*, with the addition of
1682 at the close of the title.

In March, 1682, the Duke of York was re-
called from Scotland, where he had been liv-
ing in honorable exile, as high commissioner,
since October, 1680. His first visit to the the-
ater called by his name was on April 21.
Otway's *Venice Preserv'd*, or *A Plot Discover'd*,
a play of political tendency (first performed in
the preceding February), in which Antonio,
the villain, "a fine speaker in the senate," is
meant to suggest Anthony, Earl of Shaftes-
bury, was represented on this occasion. Date
and play are known to us from the heading
of the special epilogue, published as a broad-
side, which Otway wrote for this performance.
The play was first published in 1682; the
special prologue and epilogue were not printed
with it.]

In those cold regions which no summers
cheer,

When brooding darkness covers half the
year,

To hollow caves the shivering natives go;
Bears range abroad, and hunt in tracks of
snow:

But when the tedious twilight wears away,
And stars grow paler at th' approach of
day,

The longing crowds to frozen mountains
run;

Happy who first can see the glimmering
sun!

The surly salvage offspring disappear,
And curse the bright successor of the
year.

Yet, tho' rough bears in covert seek de-
fense,

White foxes stay, with seeming innocence:
That crafty kind with daylight can dis-
pense.

Still we are throng'd so full with Reynard's
race,

That loyal subjects scarce can find a place:
Thus modest truth is cast behind the crowd;

Truth speaks too low, Hypocrisy too loud.
Let 'em be first to flatter in success;

Duty can stay, but guilt has need to press.
Once, when true zeal the sons of God did
call,

To make their solemn show at heaven's
Whitehall,

The fawning Devil appear'd among the rest,
And made as good a courtier as the best.

The friends of Job, who rail'd at him be-
fore,

Came cap in hand when he had three times
more.

Yet late repentance may, perhaps, be true;
Kings can forgive, if rebels can but sue:

A tyrant's pow'r in rigor is express'd;

The father yearns in the true prince's
breast.
We grant, an o'ergrown Whig no grace
can mend;
But most are babes, that know not they
offend.
The crowd, to restless motion still inclin'd,
Are clouds, that rack according to the wind.
Driv'n by their chiefs, they storms of hail-
stones pour;
Then mourn, and soften to a silent show'r.
O welcome to this much-offending land,
The prince that brings forgiveness in his
hand!
Thus angels on glad messages appear;
Their first salute commands us not to fear:
Thus Heav'n, that could constrain us to
obey,
(With reverence if we might presume to
say,)
Seems to relax the rights of sov'reign
sway;
Permits to man the choice of good and ill,
And makes us happy by our own free will.

TO THE DUCHESS ON HER RE-
TURN FROM SCOTLAND IN
THE YEAR 1682

[This poem was first published as a broad-
side in 1682, with the heading, *Prologue to the
Duchess on her Return from Scotland*. It
was reprinted, with title as above, in *Examen
Poeticum*, 1693. The texts of the two editions
are identical.]

This prologue is addressed to Mary of Este,
Princess of Modena, the second wife of the
Duke of York, whom he had married in 1673.
His first duchess, Anne Hyde, in whose honor
Dryden wrote some earlier verses (see p. 26,
above), died on March 31, 1671. On May 3,
1682, the duke sailed for Scotland to bring
back his wife, and suffered shipwreck on the
Lemmon Ore, off the Yorkshire coast, nearly
losing his life. (See the *Second Part of Absa-
lom and Achitophel*, lines 1081-1084, and *Britan-
nia Rediviva*, line 97.) The duke and duchess
returned in safety to England, reaching Lon-
don on May 27 (Luttrell). The exact date of
the duchess's visit to the theater is unknown.]

WHEN factions rage to cruel exile drove
The Queen of Beauty, and the Court of
Love,
The Muses droop'd, with their forsaken
arts,

And the sad Cupids broke their useless
darts;
Our fruitful plains to wilds and desarts
turn'd,
Like Eden's face when banish'd man it
mourn'd;
Love was no more, when Loyalty was gone,
The great supporter of his awful throne;
Love could no longer after Beauty stay,
But wandered northward to the verge
of day,
As if the sun and he had lost their way.
But now th' illustrious nymph, return'd
again,
Brings every Grace triumphant in her
train.
The wond'ring Nereids, tho' they rais'd no
storm,
Foreslow'd her passage, to behold her form:
Some cried, a Venus; some, a Thetis
pass'd;
But this was not so fair, nor that so chaste.
Far from her sight flew Faction, Strife, and
Pride;
And Envy did but look on her, and died.
Whate'er we suffer'd from our sullen fate,
Her sight is purchas'd at an easy rate. 21
Three gloomy years against this day were
set,
But this one mighty sum has clear'd the
debt;
Like Joseph's dream, but with a better
doom,
The famine past, the plenty still to come.
For her the weeping heav'ns become se-
rene;
For her the ground is clad in cheerful
green;
For her the nightingales are taught to
sing,
And Nature has for her delay'd the spring.
The Muse resumes her long-forgotten
lays,
And Love, restor'd, his ancient realm
surveys,
Recalls our beauties, and revives our
plays;
His waste dominions peoples once again,
And from her presence dates his second
reign.
But awful charms on her fair forehead sit,
Dispensing what she never will admit;
Pleasing, yet cold, like Cynthia's silver
beam,
The people's wonder and the poet's theme.

Distemper'd Zeal, Sedition, canker'd Hate,
 No more shall vex the Church, and tear the
 State:
 No more shall Faction civil discords move,
 Or only discords of too tender love:

Discord, like that of music's various parts;
 Discord, that makes the harmony of hearts;
 Discord, that only this dispute shall bring,
 Who best shall love the duke, and serve the
 king.

MAC FLECKNOE

OR, A SATIRE UPON THE TRUE-BLUE-PROTESTANT POET

T. S.

BY THE AUTHOR OF ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL

[Thomas Shadwell, once Dryden's friend (see note, p. 83, above), now his enemy, and an ardent Whig, had published an answer to *The Medal*, entitled, *The Medal of John Bayes, a Satire against Folly and Knavery*, in which he assailed Dryden with foul and scurrilous abuse. Dryden's reply was the following poem, published, according to Malone (I, 1, 169), who probably had some authority for his statement, on October 4, 1682. It was "printed for D. Green," instead of for Tonson; part of the title-page is reproduced above. A second edition, with numerous changes in the text, appeared as the first piece in *Miscellany Poems*, 1684, from which the present text is taken.

In the preface to his translation of the *Tenth Satire of Juvenal*, 1687, Shadwell says that Dryden, when charged by him with writing *Mac Flecknoe*, denied the fact, "with all the execrations he could think of." This story deserves no attention; if true; it merely shows that Dryden was jesting at Shadwell's expense. Dryden admits the authorship in his *Discourse concerning Satire*, 1693: see p. 303, below. After the Revolution Shadwell was created poet laureate; Dr. Johnson wrongly states that Dryden wrote *Mac Flecknoe* to celebrate that occasion.]

ALL human things are subject to decay,
 And when fate summons, monarchs must
 obey.
 This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus,
 young
 Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd
 long;
 In prose and verse, was own'd, without dis-
 pute,
 Thro' all the realms of *Nonsense*, absolute.
 This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
 And blest with issue of a large increase;
 Worn out with business, did at length de-
 bate
 To settle the succession of the State; 10
 And, pond'ring which of all his sons was
 fit
 To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
 Cried: "Tis resolv'd; for nature pleads,
 that he
 Should only rule, who most resembles me.
 Sh—— alone my perfect image bears,
 Mature in dulness from his tender years:
 Sh—— alone, of all my sons, is he
 Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.

The rest to some faint meaning make pre-
 tense,
 But Sh—— never deviates into sense. 20
 Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
 Strike thro', and make a lucid interval;
 But Sh——'s genuine night admits no ray,
 His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
 Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
 And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty;
 Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade
 the plain,
 And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
 Heywood and Shirley were but types of
 thee,
 Thou last great prophet of tautology. 30
 Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
 Was sent before but to prepare thy way;
 And, coarsely clad in Norwich druggat,
 came
 To teach the nations in thy greater name.
 My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,
 When to King John of Portugal I sung,
 Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
 When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy
 way,

With well-tin'd oars before the royal
 barge,
 Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial
 charge;
 And big with hymn, commander of a host,
 The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets toss'd.
 Methinks I see the new Arion sail,
 The lute still trembling underneath thy
 nail.
 At thy well-sharpen'd thumb from shore
 to shore
 The treble squeaks for fear, the basses
 roar;
 Echoes from Pissing Alley Sh—— call,
 And Sh—— they resound from Aston Hall.
 About thy boat the little fishes throng,
 As at the morning toast that floats along.
 Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious
 band,
 Thou wield'st thy papers in thy threshing
 hand.
 St. André's feet ne'er kept more equal
 time,
 Not ev'n the feet of thy own *Psyche's*
 rhyme;
 Tho' they in number as in sense excel:
 So just, so like tautology, they fell,
 That, pale with envy, Singleton forswore
 The lute and sword, which he in triumph
 bore,
 And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius
 more."
 Here stopp'd the good old sire, and wept
 for joy
 In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
 All arguments, but most his plays, per-
 suade,
 That for anointed dulness he was made.
 Close to the walls which fair Augusta
 bind,
 (The fair Augusta much to fears inclin'd,)
 An ancient fabric rais'd t' inform the sight,
 There stood of yore, and Barbican it
 hight:
 A watchtower once; but now, so fate or-
 dains,
 Of all the pile an empty name remains.
 From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,
 Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
 Where their vast courts the mother-strum-
 pets keep,
 And, undisturb'd by watch, in silence sleep.
 Near these a Nursery erects its head,
 Where queens are form'd, and future heroes
 bred;

Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and
 cry,
 Where infant punks their tender voices
 try,
 And little Maximins the gods defy.
 Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
 Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear;
 But gentle Simkin just reception finds
 Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds:
 Pure clinches the suburban Muse affords,
 And Panton waging harmless war with
 words.
 Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well
 known,
 Ambitiously design'd his Sh——'s throne;
 For ancient Dekker prophesied long since,
 That in this pile should reign a mighty
 prince,
 Born for a scourge of wit, and flail of sense;
 To whom true dulness should some *Psyches*
 owe,
 But worlds of *Misers* from his pen should
 flow;
Humorists and hypocrites it should produce,
 Whole Raymond families, and tribes of
 Bruce.
 Now Empress Fame had publish'd the
 renown
 Of Sh——'s coronation thro' the town.
 Rous'd by report of Fame, the nations meet,
 From near Bunhill, and distant Watling
 Street.
 No Persian carpets spread th' imperial way,
 But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay;
 From dusty shops neglected authors come,
 Martyrs of pies, and relics of the bum.
 Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby there lay,
 But loads of Sh—— almost chok'd the way.
 Bilk'd stationers for yeomen stood prepar'd,
 And Herringman was captain of the guard.
 The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
 High on a throne of his own labors rear'd.
 At his right hand our young Ascanius sate,
 Rome's other hope, and pillar of the State.
 His brows thick fogs, instead of glories,
 grace,
 And lambent dulness play'd around his face.
 As Hannibal did to the altars come,
 Sworn by his sire a mortal foe to Rome;
 So Sh—— swore, nor should his vow be
 vain,
 That he till death true dulness would main-
 tain;
 And, in his father's right, and realm's de-
 fense,

Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce
with sense.

The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office, and as priest by trade.

In his sinister hand, instead of ball, ¹²⁰

He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale;

Love's Kingdom to his right he did convey;

At once his scepter, and his rule of sway;

Whose righteous lore the prince had practis'd young,

And from whose loins recorded *Psyche*
sprung.

His temples, last, with poppies were o'er-
spread,

That nodding seem'd to consecrate his head.

Just at that point of time, if fame not lie,

On his left hand twelve reverend owls did
fly.

So Romulus, 't is sung, by Tiber's brook, ¹³⁰

Presage of sway from twice six vultures
took.

Th'admiring throng loud acclamations make,

And omens of his future empire take.

The sire then shook the honors of his head,

And from his brows damps of oblivion shed

Full on the filial dulness: long he stood,

Repelling from his breast the raging god;

At length burst out in this prophetic
mood:

"Heavens bless my son, from Ireland let
him reign

To far Barbadoes on the western main; ¹⁴⁰

Of his dominion may no end be known,

And greater than his father's be his throne;

Beyond *Love's Kingdom* let him stretch his
pen!"

He paus'd, and all the people cried,
"Amen."

Then thus continued he: "My son, advance

Still in new impudence, new ignorance.

Success let others teach, learn thou from me

Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.

Let *Virtuosos* in five years be writ;

Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.

Let gentle George in triumph tread the
stage, ¹⁵¹

Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;

Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the
pit,

And in their folly shew the writer's wit.

Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defense,

And justify their author's want of sense.

Let 'em be all by thy own model made

Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid;

That they to future ages may be known,

Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own. ¹⁶⁰

Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,

All full of thee, and differing but in name.

But let no alien S—d—y interpose,

To lard with wit thy hungry *Epsom* prose.

And when false flowers of rhetoric thou
wouldst cull,

Trust nature, do not labor to be dull;

But write thy best, and top; and, in each
line,

Sir Formal's oratory will be thine:

Sir Formal, tho' unsought, attends thy quill,

And does thy northern dedications fill. ¹⁷⁰

Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to
fame,

By arrogating Jonson's hostile name.

Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with
praise,

And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.

Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no
part:

What share have we in nature, or in art?

Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,

And rail at arts he did not understand?

Where made he love in Prince Nicander's
vein,

Or swept the dust in *Psyche's* humble strain?

Where sold he bargains, 'whip-stitch, kiss
my arse,' ¹⁸¹

Promis'd a play and dwindled to a farce?

When did his Muse from Fletcher scenes
purloin,

As thou whole Eth'rege dost transfuse to
thine?

But so transfus'd, as oil on water's flow,

His always floats above, thine sinks below.

This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,

New humors to invent for each new play:

This is that boasted bias of thy mind,

By which one way, to dulness, 't is inclin'd;

Which makes thy writings lean on one side
still, ¹⁹¹

And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.

Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretense

Of likeness; thine 's a tympany of sense.

A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,

But sure thou 'rt but a kilderkin of wit.

Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;

Thy tragic Muse gives smiles, thy comic
sleep.

With whate'er gall thou sett'st thyself to
write,

Thy inoffensive satires never bite. ²⁰⁰

In thy felonious heart tho' venom lies,

It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.

Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
 In keen iambs, but mild anagram.
 Leave writing plays, and choose for thy
 command
 Some peaceful province in acrostic land.
 There thou may'st wings display and altars
 raise,
 And torture one poor word ten thousand
 ways.
 Or, if thou wouldst thy diff'rent talents suit,

Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute."
 He said: but his last words were scarcely
 heard;
 For Bruce and Longvil had a trap prepar'd,
 And down they sent the yet declaiming
 bard.
 Sinking he left his druggert robe behind,
 Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.
 The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
 With double portion of his father's art.

THE SECOND PART OF

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL

A POEM

*Si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis
 Captus amore leget.*

[According to an advertisement in the *Observer* (see Scott-Saintsbury edition, xviii, 295; and compare Malone, I, i, 173) this poem was published about November 11, 1682; a second edition, with a few changes of text, appeared before the close of the year. No author's name was printed with either edition. To the third edition, which did not appear until 1716, in the fourth edition of the *Second Part of Miscellany Poems*, Tonson prefixed the following note, *The Reader*, which is probably authentic, being confirmed by internal evidence:

"In the year 1680 Mr. Dryden undertook the poem of *Absalom and Achitophel*, upon the desire of King Charles the Second. The performance was applauded by everyone; and several persons pressing him to write a second part, he, upon declining it himself, spoke to Mr. Tate to write one, and gave him his advice in the direction of it; and that part beginning:

'Next these, a troop of busy spirits press,'
 and ending:

'To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee,'
 containing near two hundred verses, were intirely Mr. Dryden's compositions, besides some touches in other places."

Lines 310-509 may then be accepted as written by Dryden; in the rest of the poem his work cannot be distinguished with any certainty. Sir Walter Scott's opinion on the matter is however of much interest:

"To prevent Tate from suffering too much by comparison, Dryden has obviously contributed much to the poem at large. . . . Much of the character of Corah [lines 69-102], for example, is unquestionably Dryden's; so probably is that of Arod [lines 534-555] and the verses generally descriptive of the Green-ribbon Club [lines 522-533] which precede it. Such pungent satire is easily distinguished from the smooth insipid flow of other parts, in which Dryden's corrections probably left nothing for censure, and which Tate was unable to qualify with anything entitled to praise. The character of Michal [lines 51-68], of Dryden as Asaph [lines 1037-1064], and some of the encomiastic passages, seem to show the extent of Tate's powers, when unsupported by the vivifying assistance of his powerful auxiliary. They are just decently versified, but flat, commonplace, and uninteresting." (Scott-Saintsbury edition, ix, 321.)

The present text is that of the second edition.]

SINCE men, like beasts, each other's prey
 were made,
 Since trade began, and priesthood grew a
 trade,
 Since realms were form'd, none sure so
 curst as those

That madly their own happiness oppose;
 There Heaven itself and godlike kings, in
 vain
 Show'r down the *manna* of a gentle reign;
 While pamper'd crowds to mad sedition
 run,

And monarchs by indulgence are undone.
Thus David's clemency was fatal grown,
While wealthy faction aw'd the wanting
throne.

For now their sov'reign's orders to contemn
Was held the charter of Jerusalem,
His rights t' invade, his tributes to refuse,
A privilege peculiar to the Jews;
As if from heav'nly call this license fell,
And Jacob's seed were chosen to rebel!

Achitophel with triumph sees his crimes
Thus suited to the madness of the times;
And Absalom, to make his hopes succeed,
Of flattering charms no longer stands in
need;

While fond of change, tho' ne'er so dearly
bought,

Our tribes outstrip the youth's ambitious
thought;

His swiftest hopes with swifter homage
meet,

And crowd their servile necks beneath his
feet.

Thus to his aid while pressing tides repair,
He mounts and spreads his streamers in
the air.

The charms of empire might his youth
mislead,

But what can our besotted Israel plead?
Sway'd by a monarch, whose serene com-
mand

Seems half the blessing of our promis'd
land;

Whose only grievance is excess of ease;
Freedom our pain, and plenty our disease!
Yet, as all folly would lay claim to sense,
And wickedness ne'er wanted a pretense,
With arguments they'd make their treason
good,

And righteous David's self with slanders
load:

That arts of foreign sway he did affect,
And guilty Jebusites from law protect,
Whose very chiefs, convict, were never
freed,

Nay, we have seen their sacrificers bleed!
Accusers' infamy is urg'd in vain,
While in the bounds of sense they did con-
tain;

But soon they launch'd into th' unfathom'd
tide,

And in the depths they knew disdain'd to
ride.

For probable discoveries to dispense,
Was thought below a pension'd evidence;

Mere truth was dull, nor suited with the
port

Of pamper'd Corah, when advanc'd to court.
No less than wonders now they will impose,
And projects void of grace or sense dis-
close.

Such was the charge on pious Michal
brought,

Michal that ne'er was cruel ev'n in thought,
The best of queens and most obedient wife,
Impeach'd of curst designs on David's life!
His life, the theme of her eternal pray'r,
T'is scarce so much his guardian angel's
care.

Not summer morns such mildness can dis-
close,

The Hermon lily, nor the Sharon rose.
Neglecting each vain pomp of majesty,
Transported Michal feeds her thoughts on
high.

She lives with angels, and, as angels do,
Quits heav'n sometimes to bless the world
below;

Where, cherish'd by her bounties' plenteous
spring,

Reviving widows smile, and orphans sing.
O, when rebellious Israel's crimes at height
Are threaten'd with her lord's approaching
fate,

The piety of Michal then remain
In Heaven's remembrance, and prolong his
reign!

Less desolation did the pest pursue,
That from Dan's limits to Beersheba slew,
Less fatal the repeated wars of Tyre,
And less Jerusalem's avenging fire.

With gentler terror these our state o'er-
ran,
Than since our evidencing days began!
On every cheek a pale confusion sat,
Continued fear beyond the worst of fate!
Trust was no more, art, science, use-
less
made,

All occupations lost but Corah's trade.
Meanwhile a guard on modest Corah wait,
If not for safety, needful yet for state.
Well might he deem each peer and prince
his slave,

And lord it o'er the tribes which he coul'd
save:

Ev'n vice in him was virtue — what sad fa-
te
But for his honesty had seiz'd our state to
And with what tyranny had we been e-
Had Corah never prov'd a villain first!
T' have told his knowledge of th' intri-
gine gross,

Had been, alas, to our deponent's loss:
The travel'd Levite had th' experience got,
To husband well, and make the best of 's
plot;

And therefore, like an evidence of skill,
With wise reserves secur'd his pension still;
Nor quite of future pow'r himself bereft,
But limbos large for unbelievers left.

And now his writ such reverence had got,
'T was worse than plotting to suspect his plot.
Some were so well convine'd, they made no
doubt

Themselves to help the founder'd swearers
out.

Some had their sense impos'd on by their
fear,

But more for int'rest sake believe and
swear:

Ev'n to that height with some the frenzy
grew,

They rag'd to find their danger not prove
true.

Yet, than all these a viler crew remain,
Who with Achitophel the cry maintain;
Not urg'd by fear, nor thro' misguided sense,
(Blind zeal and starving need had some
pretense,)

But for the *Good Old Cause*, that did excite
Th' original rebels' wiles, revenge, and
spite.

These raise the Plot, to have the scandal
thrown

Upon the bright successor of the crown, ¹¹⁰
Whose virtue with such wrongs they had
pursued,

As seem'd all hope of pardon to exclude.
Thus, while on private ends their zeal is
built,

The cheated crowd applaud and share their
guilt.

Such practices as these, too gross to lie
Long unobserv'd by each discerning eye,
The more judicious Israelites unspell'd,
Tho' still the charm the giddy rabble held.
Ev'n Absalom, amidst the dazzling beams
Of empire, and ambition's flattering
dreams, ¹²⁰

Perceives the Plot, (too foul to be excus'd,) ¹²⁰
To aid designs, no less pernicious, us'd.

And, filial sense yet striving in his breast,
us to Achitophel his doubts express'd:

Since Why are my thoughts upon a crown
employ'd,

Since, which once obtain'd, can be but half en-
joy'd?

Not so, when virtue did my arms require,
And to my father's wars I flew intire.
My regal pow'r how will my foes resent,
When I myself have scarce my own con-
sent?

Give me a son's unblemish'd truth again,
Or quench the sparks of duty that remain.
How slight to force a throne that legions
guard

The task to me; to prove unjust, how hard!
And if th' imagin'd guilt thus wound my
thought,

What will it when the tragic scene is
wrought?

Dire war must first be conjur'd from be-
low,

The realm we'd rule we first must over-
throw;

And, when the civil furies are on wing
That blind and undistinguish'd slaughters
fling, ¹⁴⁰

Who knows what impious chance may
reach the king?

O rather let me perish in the strife,
Than have my crown the price of David's
life!

Or if the tempest of the war he stand,
In peace, some vile officious villain's hand
His soul's anointed temple may invade,
Or, press'd by clamorous crowds, myself
be made

His murderer; rebellious crowds, whose
guilt

Shall dread his vengeance till his blood be
spilt.

Which if my filial tenderness oppose, ¹⁵⁰
Since to the empire by their arms I rose,
Those very arms on me shall be employ'd,
A new usurper crown'd, and I destroy'd:
The same pretense of public good will
hold,

And new Achitophels be found as bold
To urge the needful change, perhaps the
old."

He said. The statesman with a smile
replies

(A smile that did his rising spleen disguise):
"My thoughts presum'd our labors at an
end,

And are we still with conscience to con-
tend, ¹⁶⁰

Whose want in kings as needful is al
As 't is for them to find it in the ero
Far in the doubtful passage you are
And only can be safe by pressing on

The crown's true heir, a prince severe and wise,
 Has view'd your motions long with jealous eyes:
 Your person's charms, your more prevailing arts,
 And mark'd your progress in the people's hearts,
 Whose patience is th' effect of stinted pow'r,
 But treasures vengeance for the fatal hour; 170
 And if remote the peril he can bring,
 Your present danger's greater from the king.
 Let not a parent's name deceive your sense,
 Nor trust the father in a jealous prince!
 Your trivial faults if he could so resent,
 To doom you little less than banishment,
 What rage must your presumption since inspire:
 Against his orders your return from Tyre?
 Nor only so, but with a pomp more high,
 And open court of popularity, 180
 The factious tribes—"And this reproof from thee?"
 The prince replies: "O statesman's winding skill,
 They first condemn that first advis'd the ill!"
 "Illustrious youth," return'd Achitophel,
 "Misconstrue not the words that mean you well.
 The course you steer I worthy blame conclude,
 But 'tis because you leave it unpursued.
 A monarch's crown with fate surrounded lies,
 Who reach, lay hold on death that miss the prize.
 Did you for this expose yourself to show, 190
 And to the crowd bow popularly low?
 For this your glorious progress next ordain,
 With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train;
 With fame before you like the morning star,
 And shouts of joy saluting from afar?
 O from the heights you've reach'd but take a view,
 Scarce leading Lucifer could fall like you!
 And must I here my shipwreck'd arts bemoan?
 Have I for this so oft made Israel groan?

Your single interest with the nation weigh'd,
 And turn'd the scale where your desires were laid?
 Ev'n when at helm a course so dang'rous mov'd
 To land your hopes, as my removal prov'd?"
 "I not dispute," the royal youth replies,
 "The known perfection of your policies,
 Nor in Achitophel yet grudge or blame
 The privilege that statesmen ever claim;
 Who private interest never yet pursued,
 But still pretended 't was for others' good:
 What politician yet e'er scap'd his fate, 210
 Who saving his own neck not sav'd the State?
 From hence on ev'ry hum'rous wind that veer'd,
 With shifted sails a sev'ral course you steer'd.
 What form of sway did David e'er pursue,
 That seem'd like absolute, but sprung from you?
 Who at your instance quash'd each penal law,
 That kept dissenting factious Jews in awe;
 And who suspends fix'd laws, may abrogate,
 That done, form new, and so enslave the State.
 Ev'n property, whose champion now you stand, 220
 And seem for this the idol of the land,
 Did ne'er sustain such violence before,
 As when your counsel shut the royal store;
 Advice, that ruin to whole tribes procur'd,
 But secret kept till your own banks secur'd.
 Recount with this the triple cov'nant broke,
 And Israel fitted for a foreign yoke;
 Nor here your counsel's fatal progress stay'd,
 But sent our levied powers to Pharaoh's aid.
 Hence Tyre and Israel, low in ruins laid, 230
 And Egypt, once their scorn, their common terror made.
 Ev'n yet of such a season we can dream,
 When royal rights you made your darling theme;
 For pow'r unlimited could reasons draw,
 And place prerogative above the law;
 Which, on your fall from office, grew unjust,
 The laws made king, the king a slave in trust:

Whom with statecraft, (to int'rest only true,)

You now accuse of ills contriv'd by you."

To this Hell's agent: "Royal youth, fix here,

Let int'rest be the star by which I steer.
Hence to repose your trust in me was wise,
Whose int'rest most in your advancement lies,

A tie so firm as always will avail,
When friendship, nature, and religion fail:
On ours the safety of the crowd depends;
Secure the crowd, and we obtain our ends,
Whom I will cause so far our guilt to share,

Till they are made our champions by their fear.

What opposition can your rival bring,
While Sanhedrims are jealous of the king?
His strength as yet in David's friendship lies,

And what can David's self without supplies?

Who with exclusive bills must now dispense,

Debar the heir, or starve in his defense;
Conditions which our elders ne'er will quit,
And David's justice never can admit.

Or, forc'd by wants his brother to betray,
To your ambition next he clears the way;
For if succession once to naught they bring,

Their next advance removes the present king:

Persisting else his senates to dissolve,
In equal hazard shall his reign involve.

Our tribes, whom Pharaoh's pow'r so much alarms,

Shall rise without their prince t' oppose his arms;

Nor boots it on what cause at first they join,

Their troops, once up, are tools for our design.

At least such subtle covenants shall be made,

Till peace itself is war in masquerade.

Associations of mysterious sense,
Against, but seeming for, the king's defense,

Ev'n on their courts of justice fetters draw,
And from our agents muzzle up their law.
By which a conquest if we fail to make,

'T is a drawn game at worst, and we secure our stake."

He said, and for the dire success depends
On various sects, by common guilt made friends,

Whose heads, tho' ne'er so diff'ring in their creed,

I' th' point of treason yet were well agreed.
'Mongst these, extorting Ishban first appears,

Pursued b' a meager troop of bankrupt heirs.

Blest times, when Ishban, he whose occupation

So long has been to cheat, reforms the nation!

Ishban of conscience suited to his trade,
As good a saint as usurer e'er made.

Yet Mammon has not so engross'd him quite,

But Belial lays as large a claim of spite;
Who, for those pardons from his prince he draws,

Returns reproaches, and cries up the cause.
That year in which the city he did sway,

He left rebellion in a hopeful way.
Yet his ambition once was found so bold,

To offer talents of extorted gold;
Could David's wants have so been brib'd to shame

And scandalize our peerage with his name;
For which, his dear sedition he'd forswear,

And e'en turn loyal to be made a peer.
Next him, let railing Rabsheka have place,

So full of zeal he has no need of grace;
A saint that can both flesh and spirit use,

Alike haunt conventicles and the stews:
Of whom the question difficult appears,

If most i' th' preachers' or the bawds' arrears.

What caution could appear too much in him

That keeps the treasure of Jerusalem!

Let David's brother but approach the town,
"Double our guards," he cries, "we are un-

done."

Protesting that he dares not sleep in 's bed,
Lest he should rise next morn without his head.

Next these, a troop of busy spirits press,
Of little fortunes, and of conscience less;

With them the tribe, whose luxury had drain'd

Their banks, in former sequestrations gain'd;
Who rich and great by past rebellions grew,

And long to fish the troubled streams anew.
Some future hopes, some present payment draws,

To sell their conscience and espouse the cause.

Such stipends those vile hirelings best befit,
Priests without grace, and poets without wit.

Shall that false Hebronite escape our curse,
Judas, that keeps the rebels' pension-purse;
Judas, that pays the treason-writer's fee,
Judas, that well deserves his namesake's tree;

Who at Jerusalem's own gates erects
His college for a nursery of sects;
Young prophets with an early care secures,
And with the dung of his own arts manures!
What have the men of Hebron here to do?
What part in Israel's promis'd land have you?

Here Phaleg, the lay Hebronite, is come, 330
'Cause like the rest he could not live at home;

Who from his own possessions could not drain

An omer even of Hebronitish grain,
Here struts it like a patriot, and talks high
Of injur'd subjects, alter'd property;
An emblem of that buzzing insect just,
That mounts the wheel, and thinks she raises dust.

Can dry bones live? or skeletons produce
The vital warmth of cuckoldizing juice?
Slim Phaleg could, and at the table fed, 340
Return'd the grateful product to the bed.

A waiting-man to trav'ling nobles chose,
He his own laws would saucily impose,
Till bastinado'd back again he went,
To learn those manners he to teach was sent.
Chastis'd, he ought to have retreated home,
But he reads politics to Absalom;
For never Hebronite, tho' kick'd and scorn'd,

To his own country willingly return'd.
— But leaving famish'd Phaleg to be fed,
And to talk treason for his daily bread, 350
Let Hebron, nay, let hell produce a man
So made for mischief as Ben-Jochanan.

A Jew of humble parentage was he,
By trade a Levite, tho' of low degree:
His pride no higher than the desk aspir'd,
But for the drudgery of priests was hir'd
To read and pray in linen ephod brave,
And pick up single shekels from the grave.
Married at last, and finding charge come faster, 360

He could not live by God, but chang'd his master;

Inspir'd by want, was made a factious tool,
They got a villain, and we lost a fool:
Still violent, whatever cause he took,
But most against the party he forsook;
For renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,
Are bound in conscience to be double knaves.

So this prose-prophet took most monstrous pains

To let his masters see he earn'd his gains.
But as the Dev'l owes all his imps a shame,
He chose th' Apostate for his proper theme; 370

With little pains he made the picture true,
And from reflection took the rogue he drew:

A wondrous work, to prove the Jewish nation

In every age a murmuring generation;
To trace 'em from their infancy of sinning,
And shew 'em factious from their first beginning;

To prove they could rebel, and rail, and mock,

Much to the credit of the chosen flock;
A strong authority, which must convince,
That saints own no allegiance to their prince; 380

As 't is a leading card to make a whore,
To prove her mother had turn'd up before.
But, tell me, did the drunken patriarch bless

The son that shew'd his father's nakedness?

Such thanks the present Church thy pen will give,

Which proves rebellion was so primitive.
Must ancient failings be examples made?
Then murderers from Cain may learn their trade.

As thou the heathen and the saint hast drawn, 390

Methinks th' Apostate was the better man;
And thy hot father, (waiving my respect,)
Not of a mother church, but of a sect.

And such he needs must be of thy inditing;
This comes of drinking asses' milk and writing.

If Balak should be call'd to leave his place,

(As profit is the loudest call of grace,)
His temple dispossest'd of one, would be
Replenish'd with seven devils more by thee.

Levi, thou art a load, I'll lay thee
 down,⁴⁰⁰
 And shew rebellion bare, without a gown;
 Poor slaves in meter, dull and addle-pated,
 Who rhyme below ev'n David's psalms
 translated;
 Some in my speedy pace I must outrun,
 As lame Mephibosheth the wizard's son;
 To make quick way I'll leap o'er heavy
 blocks,
 Shun rotten Uzza, as I would the pox
 And hasten Og and Doeg to rehearse,
 Two fools that crutch their feeble sense on
 verse;
 Who, by my Muse, to all succeeding
 times⁴¹⁰
 Shall live, in spite of their own dogg'rel
 rhymes.
 Doeg, tho' without knowing how or why,
 Made still a blund'ring kind of melody;
 Spurr'd boldly on, and dash'd thro' thick
 and thin,
 Thro' sense and nonsense, never out nor in;
 Free from all meaning, whether good or
 bad,
 And, in one word, heroically mad:
 He was too warm on picking-work to
 dwell,
 But fagoted his notions as they fell,
 And if they rhym'd and rattled, all was
 well.⁴²⁰
 Spiteful he is not, tho' he wrote a satire,
 For still there goes some *thinking* to ill-
 nature:
 He needs no more than birds and beasts to
 think;
 All his occasions are to eat and drink.
 If he call rogue and rascal from a garret,
 He means you no more mischief than a par-
 rot;
 The words for friend and foe alike were
 made,
 To fetter 'em in verse is all his trade.
 For almonds he'll cry whore to his own
 mother;
 And call young Absalom King David's
 brother.⁴³⁰
 Let him be gallows-free by my consent,
 And nothing suffer, since he nothing meant;
 Hanging supposes human soul and reason,
 This animal's below committing treason.
 Shall he be hang'd who never could rebel?
 That's a preferment for Achitophel.
 The woman that committed buggary,
 Was rightly sentenc'd by the law to die;

But 't was hard fate that to the gallows led
 The dog that never heard the statute
 read.⁴⁴⁰
 Railing in other men may be a crime,
 But ought to pass for mere instinct in him:
 Instinct he follows, and no farther knows,
 For to write verse with him is to *trans-
 prose*.
 'T were pity treason at his door to lay,
 Who makes *heaven's gate a lock to its own
 key*;
 Let him rail on, let his invective Muse
 Have four and twenty letters to abuse,
 Which if he jumbles to one line of sense,
 Indiet him of a capital offense.⁴⁵⁰
 In fireworks give him leave to vent his
 spite,
 Those are the only serpents he can write;
 The height of his ambition is, we know,
 But to be master of a puppet show:
 On that one stage his works may yet ap-
 pear,
 And a month's harvest keeps him all the
 year.
 Now stop your noses, readers, all and
 some,
 For here's a tun of midnight work to
 come,
 Og, from a treason-tavern rolling home.
 Round as a globe, and liquor'd ev'ry
 chink,⁴⁶⁰
 Goodly and great he sails behind his link.
 With all this bulk there's nothing lost in Og,
 For ev'ry inch that is not fool is rogue:
 A monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,
 As all the devils had spew'd to make the
 batter.
 When wine has given him courage to blas-
 pheme,
 He curses God, but God before curs'd him;
 And if man could have reason, none has
 more,
 That made his paunch so rich, and him so
 poor.
 With wealth he was not trusted, for Heav'n
 knew⁴⁷⁰
 What 't was of old to pamper up a Jew;
 To what would he on quail and pheasant
 swell,
 That ev'n on tripe and carrion could rebel?
 But tho' Heav'n made him poor, (with
 rev'rence speaking,)
 He never was a poet of God's making.
 The midwife laid her hand on his thick
 skull,

With this prophetic blessing: *Be thou dull*;
Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd
delight

Fit for thy bulk, do anything but write:
Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless
men, ⁴⁸⁰

A strong nativity — but for the pen;
Eat opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,
Still thou mayst live, avoiding pen and ink.
I see, I see, 't is counsel given in vain,
For treason botch'd in rhyme will be thy
bane;

Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to
wreck,

'T is fatal to thy fame and to thy neck:
Why should thy meter good King David
blast?

A psalm of his will surely be thy last.
Dar'st thou presume in verse to meet thy
foes, ⁴⁹⁰

Thou whom the penny pamphlet foil'd in
prose?

Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has
made,

O'ertops thy talent in thy very trade;
Doeg to thee, thy paintings are so coarse,
A poet is, tho' he's the poets' horse.

A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull,
For writing treason, and for writing dull;
To die for faction is a common evil,
But to be hang'd for nonsense is the devil:
Hast thou the glories of thy king ex-
press'd, ⁵⁰⁰

Thy praises had been satire at the best;
But thou in clumsy verse, unlick'd, un-
pointed,

Hast shamefully defied the Lord's
anointed:

I will not rake the dunghill of thy crimes,
For who would read thy life that reads
thy rhymes?

But of King David's foes, be this the doom,
May all be like the young man Absalom;
And for my foes may this their blessing be,
To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee.

Achitophel each rank, degree, and age, ⁵¹⁰
For various ends, neglects not to engage;
The wise and rich for purse and counsel
brought,

The fools and beggars for their number
sought:

Who yet not only on the town depends,
For ev'n in court the faction had its friends;
These thought the places they possess'd
too small,

And in their hearts wish'd court and king
to fall:

Whose names the Muse disdainingly holds i'
th' dark,

Thrust in the villain herd without a mark;
With parasites and libel-spawning imps, ⁵²⁰
Intriguing fops, dull jesters, and worse
pimps.

Disdain the rascal rabble to pursue,
Their set cabals are yet a viler crew;
See where involv'd in common smoke they
sit,

Some for our mirth, some for our satire fit:
These gloomy, thoughtful, and on mischief
bent,

While those for mere good-fellowship fre-
quent

Th' appointed club, can let sedition pass,
Sense, nonsense, anything t' employ the
glass; ⁵²⁹

And who believe, in their dull honest hearts,
The rest talk treason but to shew their parts;
Who ne'er had wit or will for mischief
yet,

But pleas'd to be reputed of a set.

But in the sacred annals of our Plot,
Industrious Arod never be forgot:
The labors of this midnight-magistrate
May vie with Corah's to preserve the State.
In search of arms he fail'd not to lay hold
On war's most powerful dang'rous weapon,

GOLD. ⁵³⁹
And last, to take from Jebusites all odds,
Their altars pillag'd, stole their very gods.
Oft would he cry, when treasure he sur-
pris'd:

"'T is Baalish gold in David's coin dis-
guis'd."

Which to his house with richer reliquets came,
While lumber idols only fed the flame;
For our wise rabble ne'er took pains t' en-
quire,

What 't was he burnt, so 't made a rousing
fire.

With which our elder was enrich'd no more
Than false Gehazi with the Syrian's store;
So poor, that when our choosing-tribes were
met, ⁵⁵⁰

Ev'n for his stinking votes he ran in debt;
For meat the wicked, and as authors think,
The saints he chous'd for his electing drink;
Thus ev'ry shift and subtle method pass'd,
And all to be no Zaken at the last.

Now, rais'd on Tyre's sad ruins, Pha-
raoh's pride

Soar'd high, his legions threat'ning far and wide;

As when a batt'ring storm ingender'd high,
By winds upheld, hangs hov'ring in the sky,
Is gaz'd upon by ev'ry trembling swain, ⁵⁶⁰
This for thy vineyard fears, and that his grain;

For blooming plants, and flow'rs new opening; these

For lambs ean'd lately, and far-lab'ring bees:

To guard his stock each to the gods does call,
Uncertain where the fire-charg'd clouds will fall:

Ev'n so the doubtful nations watch his arms,
With terror each expecting his alarms.

Where, Judah, where was now thy lion's roar?

Thou only couldst the captive lands restore;
But thou, with inbred broils and faction press'd, ⁵⁷⁰

From Egypt need'st a guardian with the rest:

Thy prince from Sanhedrims no trust allow'd,

Too much the representers of the crowd,
Who for their own defense give no supply,
But what the crown's prerogatives must buy;

As if their monarch's rights to violate
More needful were than to preserve the State!

From present dangers they divert their care,

And all their fears are of the royal heir;
Whom now the reigning malice of his foes
Unjudg'd would sentence, and ere crown'd depose. ⁵⁸¹

Religion the pretense, but their decree
To bar his reign, whate'er his faith shall be!
By Sanhedrims and clam'rous crowds thus press'd,

What passions rent the righteous David's breast!

Who knows not how t' oppose, or to comply;
Unjust to grant, and dangerous to deny!

How near in this dark juncture Israel's fate,
Whose peace one sole expedient could create, ⁵⁸⁹

Which yet th' extremest virtue did require,
Ev'n of that prince whose downfall they conspire!

His absence David does with tears advise,
T' appease their rage; undaunted he complies.

Thus he, who, prodigal of blood and ease,
A royal life expos'd to winds and seas,
At once contending with the waves and fire,
And heading danger in the wars of Tyre,
Inglorious now forsakes his native sand,
And like an exile quits the promis'd land!
Our monarch scarce from pressing tears re-
frains, ⁶⁰⁰

And painfully his royal state maintains,
Who now embracing on th' extremest shore
Almost revokes what he injoin'd before:
Concludes at last more trust to be allow'd
To storms and seas than to the raging crowd!

Forbear, rash Muse, the parting scene to draw,

With silence charm'd as deep as theirs that saw!

Not only our attending nobles weep,
But hardly sailors swell with tears the deep!
The tide restrain'd her course, and, more amaz'd, ⁶¹⁰

The twin-stars on the royal brothers gaz'd:
While this sole fear —

Does trouble to our suffering hero bring,
Lest next the popular rage oppress the king!
Thus parting, each for th' other's danger griev'd,

The shore the king, and seas the prince receive'd.

Go, injur'd hero, while propitious gales,
Soft as thy consort's breath, inspire thy sails;

Well may she trust her beauties on a flood
Where thy triumphant fleets so oft have rode! ⁶²⁰

Safe on thy breast reclin'd, her rest be deep,
Rock'd like a Nereid by the waves asleep;
While happiest dreams her fancy entertain,
And to Elysian fields convert the main!
Go, injur'd hero, while the shores of Tyre
At thy approach so silent shall admire,
Who on thy thunder still their thoughts in-
employ,

And greet thy landing with a trembling joy.

On heroes thus the prophet's fate is thrown,

Admir'd by ev'ry nation but their own; ⁶³⁰
Yet while our factious Jews his worth deny,
Their aching conscience gives their tongue the lie.

Ev'n in the worst of men the noblest parts
Confess him, and he triumphs in their hearts,
Whom to his king the best respects commend

Of subject, soldier, kinsman, prince, and friend;

All sacred names of most divine esteem,
And to perfection all sustain'd by him,
Wise, just, and constant, courtly without art,

Swift to discern and to reward desert; ⁶⁴⁰
No hour of his in fruitless ease destroy'd,
But on the noblest subjects still employ'd;
Whose steady soul ne'er learnt to separate
Between his monarch's int'rest and the State,
But heaps those blessings on the royal head,

Which he well knows must be on subjects shed.

On what pretense could then the vulgar rage

Against his worth, and native rights engage?

Religious fears their argument are made,
Religious fears his sacred rights invade! ⁶⁵⁰
Of future superstition they complain,
And Jebusitic worship in his reign:

With such alarms his foes the crowd deceive,

With dangers fright, which not themselves believe.

Since nothing can our sacred rites remove,

Whate'er the faith of the successor prove;
Our Jews their ark shall undisturb'd retain,

At least while their religion is their gain,
Who know by old experience Baal's commands

Not only claim'd their conscience, but their lands: ⁶⁶⁰

They grutch God's thythes, how therefore shall they yield

An idol full possession of the field?

Grant such a prince enthron'd, we must confess

The people's sufferings than that monarch's less,

Who must to hard conditions still be bound,
And for his quiet with the crowd compound;

Or grutch his thoughts to tyranny incline,
Where are the means to compass the design?

Our crown's revenues are too short a store,
And jealous Sanhedrims would give no more. ⁶⁷⁰

As vain our fears of Egypt's potent aid;
Not so has Pharaoh learnt ambition's trade,

Nor ever with such measures can comply,
As shock the common rules of policy.

None dread like him the growth of Israel's king,

And he alone sufficient aids can bring;
Who knows that prince to Egypt can give law,

That on our stubborn tribes his yoke could draw.

At such profound expense he has not stood,
Nor dyed for this his hands so deep in blood; ⁶⁸⁰

Would ne'er thro' wrong and right his progress take,

Grudge his own rest, and keep the world awake,

To fix a lawless prince on Judah's throne,
First to invade our rights and then his own;

His dear-gain'd conquests cheaply to despoil,

And reap the harvest of his crimes and toil.
We grant his wealth vast as our ocean's sand,

And curse its fatal influence on our land,
Which our brib'd Jews so num'rously per-

take,

That ev'n an host his pensioners would make. ⁶⁹⁰

From these deceivers our divisions spring,
Our weakness, and the growth of Egypt's king;

These with pretended friendship to the State,

Our crowd's suspicion of their prince create,
Both pleas'd and frighten'd with the specious cry

To guard their sacred rights and property.
To ruin, thus, the chosen flock are sold,

While wolves are ta'en for guardians of the fold;

Seduc'd by these, we groundlessly complain,

And loathe the manna of a gentle reign: ⁷⁰⁰

Thus our forefathers' crooked paths are trod,

We trust our prince no more than they their God.

But all in vain our reasoning prophets preach

To those whom sad experience ne'er could teach,

Who can commence new broils in bleeding scars,

And fresh remembrance of intestine wars;

When the same household mortal foes did
yield,
And brothers stain'd with brothers' blood
the field;
When sons' curst steel the fathers' gore did
stain,
And mothers mourn'd for sons by fathers
slain ! 710
When thick as Egypt's locusts on the sand,
Our tribes lay slaughter'd thro' the promis'd
land,
Whose few survivors with worse fate re-
main,
To drag the bondage of a tyrant's reign:
Which scene of woes, unknowing, we re-
new,
And madly ev'n those ills we fear pursue;
While Pharaoh laughs at our domestic
broils,
And safely crowds his tents with nations'
spoils.
Yet our fierce Sanhedrim, in restless rage,
Against our absent hero still engage, 720
And chiefly urge (such did their frenzy
prove)
The only suit their prince forbids to move,
Which till obtain'd, they cease affairs of
state,
And real dangers waive for groundless
hate.
Long David's patience waits relief to bring,
With all th' indulgence of a lawful king,
Expecting till the troubled waves would
cease,
But found the raging billows still increase.
The crowd, whose insolence forbearance
swells,
While he forgives too far, almost rebels. 730
At last his deep resentments silence broke,
Th' imperial palace shook, while thus he
spoke:
"Then Justice wake, and Rigor take her
time,
For lo ! our mercy is become our crime.
While halting Punishment her stroke de-
lays,
Our sov'reign right, Heav'n's sacred trust,
decays;
For whose support ev'n subjects' interest
calls —
Woe to that kingdom where the monarch
falls !
That prince who yields the least of regal
sway,
So far his people's freedom does betray. 740

Right lives by law, and law subsists by
pow'r;
Disarm the shepherd, wolves the flock de-
vour.
Hard lot of empire o'er a stubborn race,
Which Heav'n itself in vain has tried with
grace !
When will our reason's long-charm'd eyes
unclose,
And Israel judge between her friends and
foes ?
When shall we see expir'd deceivers' sway,
And credit what our God and monarchs say ?
Dissembled patriots, brib'd with Egypt's
gold,
Ev'n Sanhedrims in blind obedience hold ; 750
Those patriots' falsehood in their actions
see,
And judge by the pernicious fruit the tree:
If aught for which so loudly they declaim,
Religion, laws, and freedom, were their aim;
Our senates in due methods they had led,
T' avoid those mischiefs which they seem'd
to dread;
But first ere yet they propp'd the sinking
State,
T' impeach and charge, as urg'd by private
hate,
Proves that they ne'er believ'd the fears
they press'd, 750
But barb'rously destroy'd the nation's rest !
O ! whither will ungovern'd senates drive,
And to what bounds licentious votes arrive ?
When their injustice we are press'd to share,
The monarch urg'd t' exclude the lawful
heir;
Are princes thus distinguish'd from the
crowd,
And this the privilege of royal blood ?
But grant we should confirm the wrongs
they press,
His sufferings yet were than the people's
less;
Condemn'd for life the murd'ring sword to
wield,
And on their heirs entail a bloody field: 770
Thus madly their own freedom they betray,
And for th' oppression which they fear
make way;
Succession fix'd by Heav'n, the kingdom's
bar,
Which once dissolv'd, admits the flood of
war;
Waste, rapine, spoil, without th' assault
begin,

And our mad tribes supplant the fence
within.

Since then their good they will not under-
stand,

'Tis time to take the monarch's pow'r in
hand;

Authority and force to join with skill,
And save the lunatics against their will. 780

The same rough means that swage the
crowd, appease

Our senates raging with the crowd's disease.
Henceforth unbiass'd measures let 'em draw

From no false gloss, but genuine text of
law;

Nor urge those crimes upon religion's score,
Themselves so much in Jebusites abhor.

Whom laws convict, (and only they,) shall
bleed,

Nor Pharisees by Pharisees be freed.

Impartial justice from our throne shall
show'r,

All shall have right, and we our sov'reign
pow'r." 790

He said, th' attendants heard with awful
joy,

And glad presages their fix'd thoughts im-
ploy;

From Hebron now the suffering heir re-
turn'd,

A realm that long with civil discord
mourn'd,

Till his approach, like some arriving god,
Compos'd and heal'd the place of his abode;

The deluge check'd that to Judea spread,
And stopp'd sedition at the fountain's head.

Thus in forgiving David's paths he drives,
And chas'd from Israel, Israel's peace con-
trives. 800

The field confess'd his pow'r in arms be-
fore,

And seas proclaim'd his triumphs to the
shore;

As nobly has his sway in Hebron shown,
How fit t' inherit godlike David's throne.

Thro' Sion's streets his glad arrival's spread,
And conscious Faction shrinks her snaky

head;

His train their sufferings think o'erpaid, to
see

The crowd's applause with virtue once agree.
Success charms all, but zeal for worth dis-
tress'd,

A virtue proper to the brave and best; 810
'Mongst whom was Jothran, Jothran always

bent

To serve the crown, and loyal by descent,
Whose constancy so firm, and conduct just,
Deserv'd at once two royal masters' trust;
Who Tyre's proud arms had manfully with-
stood

On seas, and gather'd laurels from the flood;
Of learning yet no portion was denied,

Friend to the Muses, and the Muses' pride.
Nor can Benaiah's worth forgotten lie,

Of steady soul when public storms were
high; 820

Whose conduct, while the Moor fierce on-
sets made,

Secur'd at once our honor and our trade.

Such were the chiefs who most his suff'rings
mourn'd,

And view'd with silent joy the prince re-
turn'd;

While those that sought his absence to be-
tray,

Press first their nauseous false respects to
pay;

Him still th' officious hypocrites molest,

And with malicious duty break his rest.

While real transports thus his friends
employ,

And foes are loud in their dissembled joy, 830
His triumphs, so resounded far and near,

Miss'd not his young ambitious rival's ear;
And as when joyful hunters' clam'rous train

Some slumb'ring lion wakes in Moab's plain,
Who oft had forc'd the bold assailants

yield,

And scatter'd his pursuers thro' the field,
Disdaining, furls his mane and tears the

ground,

His eyes enflaming all the desert round,
With roar of seas directs his chasers' way,

Provokes from far, and dares them to the
fray; 840

Such rage storm'd now in Absalom's fierce
breast,

Such indignation his fir'd eyes confess'd.
Where now was the instructor of his pride?

Slept the old pilot in so rough a tide,
Whose wiles had from the happy shore be-
tray'd,

And thus on shelves the cred'lous youth
convey'd?

In deep revolving thoughts he weighs his
state,

Secure of craft, nor doubts to baffle fate;
At least, if his storm'd bark must go adrift,

To balk his charge, and for himself to
shift, 850

In which his dext'rous wit had oft been
shown,
And in the wreck of kingdoms sav'd his
own;

But now with more than common danger
press'd,

Of various resolutions stands possess'd,
Perceives the crowd's unstable zeal decay,
Lest their recanting chief the cause betray,
Who on a father's grace his hopes may
ground;

And for his pardon with their heads com-
pound.

Him therefore, ere his Fortune slip her time,
The statesman plots t' engage in some bold
crime 860

Past pardon, whether to attempt his bed,
Or threat with open arms the royal head,
Or other daring method, and unjust,
That may confirm him in the people's trust.
But failing thus t' ensnare him, nor secure
How long his foil'd ambition may endure,
Plots next to lay him by, as past his date,
And try some new pretender's luckier fate;
Whose hopes with equal toil he would pur-
sue,

Nor cares what claimer's crown'd, except
the true. 870

Wake, Absalom, approaching ruin shun,
And see, O see, for whom thou art undone !
How are thy honors and thy fame betray'd,
The property of desp'rate villains made !
Lost pow'r and conscious fears their crimes
create,

And guilt in them was little less than fate;
But why shouldst thou, from ev'ry griev-
ance free,

Forsake thy vineyards for their stormy sea ?
For thee did Canaan's milk and honey flow;
Love dress'd thy bow'rs, and laurels sought
thy brow; 880

Preferment, wealth, and pow'r thy vassals
were,

And of a monarch all things but the care.
O should our crimes, again, that curse draw
down,

And rebel arms once more attempt the
crown,

Sure ruin waits unhappy Absalom,
Alike by conquest or defeat undone !
Who could relentless see such youth and
charms

Expire with wretched fate in impious arms:
A prince so form'd, with earth's and heav'n's
applause,

To triumph o'er crown'd heads in David's
cause ? 890

Or grant him victor, still his hopes must
fail,

Who, conquering, would not for himself
prevail;

The faction, whom he trusts for future
sway,

Him and the public would alike betray;
Amongst themselves divide the captive
State,

And found their hydra-empire in his fate !
Thus having beat the clouds with painful
flight,

The pitied youth, with scepters in his sight,
(So have their cruel politics decreed,)

Must by that crew that made him guilty
bleed ! 900

For, could their pride brook any prince's
sway,

Whom but mild David would they choose
t' obey ?

Who once at such a gentle reign repine,
The fall of monarchy itself design;
From hate to that their reformations spring,
And David not their grievance, but the
king.

Seiz'd now with panic fear the faction
lies,

Lest this clear truth strike Absalom's
charm'd eyes;

Lest he perceive, from long enchantment
free,

What all beside the flatter'd youth must
see. 910

But whate'er doubts his troubled bosom
swell,

Fair carriage still became Achitophel;
Who now an envious festival enstalls,
And to survey their strength the faction
calls,

Which fraud, religious worship too must
gild —

But O how weakly does sedition build !
For lo ! the royal mandate issues forth,
Dashing at once their treason, zeal, and
mirth !

So have I seen disastrous chance invade,
Where careful emmets had their forage
laid, 920

Whether fierce Vulcan's rage the furzy
plain

Had seiz'd, engender'd by some careless
swain;

Or swelling Neptune lawless inroads made,

And to their cell of store his flood convey'd;

The commonwealth broke up, distracted go,
And in wild haste their loaded mates o'er-throw:

Ev'n so our scatter'd guests confus'dly meet

With boil'd, bak'd, roast, all justling in the street;

Dejected all, and ruefully dismay'd,
For *shekel*, without treat, or treason paid. ⁹³⁰

Sedition's dark eclipse now fainter shows,
More bright each hour the royal planet grows,

Of force the clouds of envy to disperse,
In kind conjunction of assisting stars.

Here, lab'ring Muse, those glorious chiefs relate

That turn'd the doubtful scale of David's fate;

The rest of that illustrious band rehearse,
Immortaliz'd in laurel'd Asaph's verse:

Hard task! yet will not I thy flight recall,
View heav'n, and then enjoy thy glorious fall. ⁹⁴⁰

First write Bezaliel, whose illustrious name

Forestalls our praise, and gives his poet fame.

The Kenites' rocky province his command,
A barren limb of fertile Canaan's land;

Which for its gen'rous natives yet could be
Held worthy such a president as he!

Bezaliel with each grace and virtue fraught;
Serene his looks, serene his life and thought;

On whom so largely Nature heap'd her store,

There scarce remain'd for arts to give him more! ⁹⁵⁰

To aid the Crown and State his greatest zeal,

His second care that service to conceal;
Of dues observant, firm in ev'ry trust,

And to the needy always more than just;
Who truth from specious falsehood can di-

vide,
Has all the gownmen's skill without their pride;

Thus crown'd with worth from heights of honor won,

Sees all his glories copied in his son,
Whose forward fame should every Muse

engage;

Whose youth boasts skill denied to others' age. ⁹⁶⁰

Men, manners, language, books of noblest kind,

Already are the conquest of his mind.

Whose loyalty before its date was prime;
Nor waited the dull course of rolling time:

The monster *faction* early he dismay'd,
And David's cause long since confess'd his

aid.
Brave Abdael o'er the prophets' school

was plac'd;

Abdael with all his father's virtue grac'd;
A hero, who, while stars look'd wond'ring

down,
Without one Hebrew's blood restor'd the

crown. ⁹⁷⁰
That praise was his; what therefore did re-

main
For following chiefs, but boldly to main-

tain
That crown restor'd; and in this rank of

fame,
Brave Abdael with the first a place must

claim.
Proceed, illustrious, happy chief, proceed,

Foreseize the garlands for thy brow decreed,
While th' inspir'd tribe attend with noblest

strain
To register the glories thou shalt gain:

For sure the dew shall Gilboah's hills for-

sake,
And Jordan mix his stream with Sodom's

lake; ⁹⁸⁰
Or seas retir'd their secret stores disclose,

And to the sun their sealy brood expose,
Or swell'd above the cliffs their billows

raise,
Before the Muses leave their patron's

praise.
Eliab our next labor does invite,

And hard the task to do Eliab right:
Long with the royal wanderer he rovd,

And firm in all the turns of fortune prov'd!
Such ancient service and desert so large,

Well claim'd the royal household for his charge. ⁹⁹⁰

His age with only one mild heiress blest,
In all the bloom of smiling nature dress'd,

And blest again to see his flow'r allied
To David's stock, and made young Othniel's

bride!
The bright restorer of his father's youth,

Devoted to a son's and subject's truth:
Resolv'd to bear that prize of duty home,

So bravely sought (while sought) by Absalom.

Ah prince ! th' illustrious planet of thy
birth,
And thy more powerful virtue guard thy
worth; 1000
That no Achitophel thy ruin boast:
Israel too much in one such wreck has
lost.

Ev'n envy must consent to Helon's worth,
Whose soul (tho' Egypt glories in his birth)
Could for our captive ark its zeal retain,
And Pharaoh's altars in their pomp disdain:
To slight his gods was small; with nobler
pride,

He all th' allurements of his court defied:
Whom profit nor example could betray,
But Israel's friend, and true to David's
sway. 1010

What acts of favor in his province fall,
On merit he confers, and freely all.

Our list of nobles next let Amri grace,
Whose merits claim'd the Abbethdin's high
place;

Who, with a loyalty that did excel,
Brought all th' endowments of Achitophel.
Sincere was Amri, and not only knew,
But Israel's sanctions into practice drew;
Our laws, that did a boundless ocean
seem,

Were coasted all, and fathom'd all by him.
No rabbin speaks like him their mystic
sense, 1021

So just, and with such charms of eloquence:
To whom the double blessing does belong,
With Moses' inspiration, Aaron's tongue.

Than Sheva none more loyal zeal have
shown,

Wakeful as Judah's lion for the crown,
Who for that cause still combats in his age,
For which his youth with danger did en-
gage.

In vain our factious priests the cant re-
vive;

In vain seditious scribes with libel strive
T' enflame the crowd, while he with watch-
ful eye 1031

Observes, and shoots their treasons as they
fly;

Their weekly frauds his keen replies de-
tect;

He undeceives more fast than they infect.
So Moses, when the pest on *legions* prey'd,
Advanc'd his signal, and the plague was
stay'd.

Once more, my fainting Muse, thy pinions
try,

And strength's exhausted store let *love* sup-
ply.

What tribute, Asaph, shall we render thee ?
We'll crown thee with a wreath from thy
own tree ! 1040

Thy laurel grove no envy's flash can blast;
The song of Asaph shall for ever last !
With wonder late posterity shall dwell
On Absalom and false Achitophel:

Thy strains shall be our slumbering pro-
phets' dream;

And, when our Sion virgins sing, their
theme.

Our *jubilees* shall with thy verse be grac'd;
The song of Asaph shall for ever last !
How fierce his satire loos'd; restrain'd, how
tame;

How tender of th' offending *young man's*
fame ! 1050

How well his worth, and brave adventures
styl'd;

Just to his virtues, to his error mild.

No page of thine that fears the strictest
view,

But teems with just reproof, or praise as
due;

Not Eden could a fairer prospect yield,
All paradise without one barren field:

Whose wit the censure of his foes has
pass'd;

The song of Asaph shall for ever last !
What praise for such rich strains shall we
allow ?

What just rewards the grateful crown be-
stow ? 1060

While bees in flow'rs rejoice, and flow'rs in
dew,

While stars and fountains to their course
are true;

While Judah's throne and Sion's rock stand
fast,

The song of Asaph and the fame shall
last.

Still Hebron's honor'd happy soil re-
tains

Our royal hero's beauteous dear remains;
Who now sails off, with winds nor wishes
slack,

To bring his suff'rings' bright companion
back.

But ere such transport can our sense em-
ploy,

A bitter grief must poison half our joy; 1070
Nor can our coasts restor'd those blessings
see

Without a bribe to envious destiny !
Curs'd Sodom's doom for ever fix the tide
Where by inglorious chance the valiant
died !

Give not insulting Askalon to know,
Nor let Gath's daughters triumph in our
woe !

No sailor with the news swell Egypt's pride,
By what inglorious fate our valiant died !
Weep, Arnon ! Jordan, weep thy fountains
dry,

While Sion's rock dissolves for a supply !
Calm were the elements, night's silence
deep, 1081

The waves scarce murm'ring, and the
winds asleep;

Yet fate for ruin takes so still an hour,
And treacherous sands the princely bark de-
vour;

Then death unworthy seiz'd a gen'rous
race,

To virtue's scandal, and the stars' dis-
grace !

O ! had th' indulgent pow'rs vouchsaf'd to
yield,

Instead of faithless shelves, a listed field;
A listed field of Heav'n's and David's
foes,

Fierce as the troops that did his youth op-
pose, 1090

Each life had on his slaughter'd heap re-
tir'd,

Not tamely, and unconqu'ring thus expir'd:
But destiny is now their only foe,
And dying ev'n o'er that they triumph
too;

With loud last breaths their master's scape
applaud,

Of whom kind force could scarce the fates
defraud,

Who for such followers lost (O matchless
mind !)

At his own safety now almost repin'd !
Say, royal sir, by all your fame in arms,
Your praise in peace, and by Urania's
charms; 1100

If all your suff'rings past so nearly press'd,
Or pierc'd with half so painful grief your
breast.

Thus some diviner Muse her hero forms,
Not sooth'd with soft delights, but toss'd in
storms,

Not stretch'd on roses in the myrtle grove,
Nor crowns his days with mirth, his nights
with love;

But far remov'd, in thund'ring camps is
found,
His slumbers short, his bed the herbless
ground;

In tasks of danger always seen the first,
Feeds from the hedge, and slakes with ice
his thirst. 1110

Long must his patience strive with Fortune's
rage,

And long opposing gods themselves en-
gage,

Must see his country flame, his friends de-
stroy'd,

Before the promis'd empire be enjoy'd:
Such toil of fate must build a man of
fame,

And such, to Israel's crown, the godlike
David came.

What sudden beams dispel the clouds so
fast,

Whose drenching rains laid all our vine-
yards waste ?

The spring, so far behind her course de-
lay'd, 1119

On th' instant is in all her bloom array'd;
The winds breathe low, the element se-
rene;

Yet mark what motion in the waves is
seen;

Thronging and busy as Hyblæan swarms,
Or straggled soldiers summon'd to their
arms !

See where the princely bark, in loosest
pride,

With all her guardian fleet, adorns the
tide !

High on her deck the royal lovers stand,
Our crimes to pardon ere they touch'd our
land.

Welcome to Israel and to David's breast !
Here all your toils, here all your suff'rings
rest. 1130

This year did Ziloah rule Jerusalem,
And boldly all sedition's surges stem,
Howe'er incumber'd with a viler pair
Than Ziph or Shimei to assist the chair;
Yet Ziloah's loyal labors so prevail'd
That faction at the next election fail'd,
When ev'n the common cry did justice
sound,

And merit by the multitude was crown'd:
With David then was Israel's peace re-
stor'd,

Crowds mourn'd their error, and obey'd
their lord. 1140

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO
THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE
OPENING OF THEIR THEATER

[These two pieces, with heading on which the above is modeled, were published as a broadside in 1683. They were reprinted in the third edition, 1702, of *Miscellany Poems, the First Part*, the first of them having the title, *A Prologue to the King and Queen, upon the Union of the two Companies in the year 1682* [sic].

In 1682 the King's Company and the Duke's Company, which had been rivals for over twenty years, joined their forces. The articles of union (reprinted in FitzGerald: *A New History of the English Stage*, 1882; vol. i, pp. 154-158) are dated May 14, 1682; but the united companies did not give their first representation until November 16 (Malone, I, 1, 120, on the authority of a note by Luttrell.)]

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON

SINCE faction ebbs, and rogues grow out of fashion,
Their penny scribes take care t' inform the nation,
How well men thrive in this or that plantation:

How Pennsylvania's air agrees with Quakers,
And Carolina's with Associators:
Both e'en too good for madmen and for traitors.

Truth is, our land with saints is so run o'er,
And every age produces such a store,
That now there's need of two New Englands more.

"What's this," you'll say, "to us and our vocation?"
Only thus much, that we have left our station,
And made this theater our new plantation.

The factious natives never could agree;
But aiming, as they call'd it, to be free,
Those playhouse Whigs set up for property.

Some say they no obedience paid of late,
But would new fears and jealousies create,
Till topsy-turvy they had turn'd the State.

Plain sense, without the talent of foretelling,
Might guess 't would end in downright
knocks and quelling;
For seldom comes there better of rebelling.

When men will, needlessly, their freedom barter
For lawless pow'r, sometimes they catch a Tartar;
(There's a damn'd word that rhymes to this, call'd Charter.)

But, since the victory with us remains,
You shall be call'd to twelve in all our gains;
(If you'll not think us saucy for our pains.)

Old men shall have good old plays to delight 'em;
And you, fair ladies and gallants, that slight 'em,
We'll treat with good new plays; if our new wits can write 'em.

We'll take no blund'ring verse, no fustian tumor,
No dribbling love, from this or that pre-sumer;
No dull fat fool sham'd on the stage for humor.

For, faith, some of 'em such vile stuff have made,
As none but fools or fairies ever play'd;
But 't was, as shopmen say, to force a trade.

We've giv'n you tragedies, all sense defying,
And singing men, in woful meter dying:
This 't is when heavy lubbers will be flying.

All these disasters we well hope to weather;
We bring you none of our old lumber hether:
Whig poets and Whig sheriffs may hang together.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. SMITH

New ministers, when first they get in place,
Must have a care to please; and that's our case:

Some laws for public welfare we design,

If you, the power supreme, will please to join.

There are a sort of prattlers in the pit,
Who either have, or who pretend to wit:
These noisy sirs so loud their parts rehearse,

That oft the play is silenc'd by the farce.
Let such be dumb, this penalty to shun,
Each to be thought my lady's eldest son. 10
But stay; methinks some vizard-mask I see

Cast out her lure from the mid gallery:
About her all the flut'ring sparks are rang'd;

The noise continues, tho' the scene is chang'd:

Now growing, sputt'ring, wauling, such a clutter;

'Tis just like puss defendant in a gutter.
Fine love no doubt, but e'er two days are o'er ye,

The surgeon will be told a woful story.
Let vizard-mask her naked face expose,
On pain of being thought to want a nose.
Then for your lackeys, and your train be-
side, 21

(By whate'er name or title dignified.)
They roar so loud, you'd think behind the stairs

Tom Dove, and all the brotherhood of bears:

They're grown a nuisance, beyond all disasters;

We've none so great but their unpaying masters.

We beg you, sirs, to beg your men, that they

Would please to give you leave to hear the play.

Next, in the playhouse spare your precious lives;

Think, like good Christians, on your bearns and wives; 30

Think on your souls; but by your lugging forth,

It seems you know how little they are worth.

If none of these will move the warlike mind,

Think on the helpless whore you leave behind!

We beg you last, our scene-room to forbear,

And leave our goods and chattels to our care.

Alas, our women are but washy toys,
And wholly taken up in stage employs:
Poor willing tits they are; but yet I doubt

This double duty soon will wear 'em out.
Then you are watch'd besides, with jealous care:

What if my lady's page should find you there? 41

My lady knows t'a tittle what there's in ye;

No passing your gilt shilling for a guinea.

Thus, gentlemen, we have summ'd up in short

Our grievances, from country, town, and court:

Which humbly we submit to your good pleasure;

But first vote money, then redress at leisure.

PROLOGUE, EPILOGUES, AND SONG FROM THE DUKE OF GUISE

["In the year of his Majesty's happy Restoration," Dryden writes in his *Vindication of The Duke of Guise*, "the first play I undertook was *The Duke of Guise*, as the fairest way which the Act of Indemnity had then left us of setting forth the rise of the late rebellion. . . . As this was my first essay, so it met with the fortune of an unfinish'd piece; that is to say, it was damn'd in private, by the advice of some friends to whom I shew'd it; who freely told me that it was an excellent subject, but not so artificially wrought as they could have wish'd."

In 1682, at the request of Lee, Dryden accepted his aid in completing this play, which was ready for acting before midsummer, though, owing to objections from the government, the first performance did not take place until November 30 (Malone, I, 1, 120, probably on manuscript authority). As is obvious from the following pieces, *The Duke of Guise* was a political play, directed against the Whig party.

The prologue and the first of the two epilogues are assigned to Dryden in the first edition of the play, 1683. They were also printed in a broadside of the same date, which contains, in addition, the second epilogue. The song occurs early in the second scene of the fifth act, a portion of the play which Dryden claims as his own.]

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. SMITH

OUR play's a parallel: the Holy League
 Begot our Cov'nant; Guisards got the
 Whig:

Whate'er our hot-brain'd sheriffs did advance,

Was, like our fashions, first produc'd in France;

And when worn out, well-scourg'd, and banish'd there,

Sent over, like their godly beggars here.

Could the same trick, twice play'd, our nation gull?

It looks as if the Devil were grown dull;

Or serv'd us up, in scorn, his broken meat,

And thought we were not worth a better cheat.

The fulsome Cov'nant, one would think in reason,

Had giv'n us all our bellies-full of treason;

And yet, the name but chang'd, our nasty nation

Chaws its own excrement, th' Association.

'Tis true we have not learn'd their poisoning way,

For that's a mode but newly come in play;

Besides, your drug's uncertain to prevail, }
 But your true Protestant can never fail, }

With that compendious instrument, a flail. }

Go on, and bite, ev'n tho' the hook lies bare:

Twice in one age expel the lawful heir;

Once more decide religion by the sword,

And purchase for us a new tyrant lord.

Pray for your king, but yet your purses spare;

Make him not twopence richer by your prayer.

To show you love him much, chastise him more,

And make him very great, and very poor.

Push him to wars, but still no pence advance;

Let him lose England, to recover France.

Cry freedom up with popular noisy votes,

And get enough to cut each other's throats.

Lop all the rights that fence your monarch's throne:

For fear of too much pow'r, pray leave him none.

A noise was made of arbitrary sway;
 But, in revenge, you Whigs have found a way
 An arbitrary duty now to pay.

Let his own servants turn, to save their stake;
 Glean from his plenty, and his wants forsake;

But let some Judas near his person stay,
 To swallow the last sop, and then betray.
 Make London independent of the Crown,
 A realm apart, the kingdom of the town.

Let *ignoramus* juries find no traitors,
 And *ignoramus* poets scribble satires.

And, that your meaning none may fail to scan,

Do what in coffee-houses you began:
 Pull down the master, and set up the man.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY MRS. COOKE

MUCH time and trouble this poor play has cost;

And, faith, I doubted once the cause was lost.

Yet no one man was meant, nor great nor small;

Our poets, like frank gamesters, threw at all.
 They took no single aim —

But, like bold boys, true to their prince and hearty,

Huzza'd, and fir'd broadsides at the whole party.

Duels are crimes; but, when the cause is right,

In battle every man is bound to fight.

For what should hinder me to sell my skin }

Dear as I could, if once my hand were in? }

Se defendendo never was a sin.

'Tis a fine world, my masters; right or wrong,

The Whigs must talk, and Tories hold their tongue.

They must do all they can —

But we, forsooth, must bear a Christian mind,

And fight, like boys, with one hand tied behind;

Nay, and when one boy's down, 't were wondrous wise
 To cry: "Box fair, and give him time to rise."

When fortune favors, none but fools will }
 dally: }
 Would any of you sparks, if Nan or Mally }
 Tipp'd you th' inviting wink, stand, shall }
 I, shall I ? }
 A Trimmer cried, that heard me tell this }
 story: }
 "Fie, Mistress Cooke! faith you're too }
 rank a Tory! }
 Wish not Whigs hang'd, but pity their }
 hard cases; }
 You women love to see men make wry }
 faces." }
 "Pray, sir," said I, "don't think me such a }
 Jew; }
 I say no more, but give the Dev'l his due." }
 "Lenitives," says he, "suit best with our }
 condition." }
 "Jack Ketch," says I, "'s an excellent }
 physician." }
 "I love no blood." — "Nor I, sir, as I }
 breathe; }
 But hanging is a fine dry kind of death." }
 "We Trimmers are for holding all things }
 even." }
 "Yes — just like him that hung 'twixt hell }
 and heaven." }
 "Have we not had men's lives enow al- }
 ready?" }
 "Yes, sure, — but you're for holding all }
 things steady." }
 Now since the weight hangs all on one side, }
 brother, }
 You Trimmers should, to poise it, hang on }
 t'other." }
 Damn'd neuters, in their middle way of }
 steering, }
 Are neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red }
 herring: }
 Not Whigs, nor Tories they; nor this, nor }
 that; }
 Not birds, nor beasts; but just a kind of bat: }
 A twilight animal, true to neither cause, }
 With Tory wings, but Whiggish teeth and }
 claws.

ANOTHER EPILOGUE

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN TO THE
 PLAY BEFORE IT WAS FORBIDDEN LAST
 SUMMER

Two houses join'd, two poets to a play ?
 You noisy Whigs will sure be pleas'd to-
 day;

It looks so like two shrieves the city way.
 But since our discords and divisions cease,
 You, bilbo-gallants, learn to keep the peace;
 Make here no tilts; let our poor stage }
 alone; }
 Or if a decent murder must be done,
 Pray take a civil turn to Marybone.
 If not, I swear we'll pull up all our benches;
 Not for your sakes, but for our orange-
 wenches: }
 For you thrust wide sometimes; and many }
 a spark, }
 That misses one, can hit the other mark.
 This makes our boxes full; for men of
 sense }
 Pay their four shillings in their own de-
 fence, }
 That safe behind the ladies they may stay,
 Peep o'er the fan, and judge the bloody
 fray. }
 But other foes give beauty worse alarms;
 The *posse poetarum*'s up in arms:
 No woman's fame their libels has escap'd;
 Their ink runs venom, and their pens are
 clapp'd. }
 When sighs and pray'rs their ladies cannot }
 move, }
 They rail, write treason, and turn Whigs
 to love. }
 Nay, and I fear they worse designs ad-
 vance; }
 There's a damn'd love-trick new brought
 o'er from France. }
 We charm in vain, and dress, and keep a
 pother, }
 While those false rogues are ogling one
 another. }
 All sins beside admit some expiation,
 But this against our sex is plain damna-
 tion. }
 They join for libels too, these women-
 haters; }
 And as they club for love, they club for
 satires. }
 The best on't is they hurt not: for they
 wear }
 Stings in their tails; their only venom's
 there. }
 'Tis true, some shot at first the ladies hit,
 Which able marksmen made and men of
 wit: }
 But now the fools give fire, whose bounce
 is louder; }
 And yet, like mere trainbands, they shoot
 but powder.

Libels, like plots, sweep all in their first fury;
 Then dwindle like an *ignoramus* jury:
 Thus age begins with towsing and with
 tumbling;
 But grunts, and groans, and ends at last in
 fumbling. 40

SONG

SHEPHERDESS

TELL me, Thyriss, tell your anguish;
 Why you sigh, and why you languish:
 When the nymph whom you adore
 Grants the blessing of possessing,
 What can love and I do more?
 What can love, what can love and I do
 more?

SHEPHERD

Think it's love beyond all measure
 Makes me faint away with pleasure:
 Strength of cordial may destroy,
 And the blessing of possessing 10
 Kills me with excess of joy.

SHEPHERDESS

Thyriss, how can I believe you?
 But confess, and I'll forgive you.
 Men are false and so are you:
 Never nature fram'd a creature
 To enjoy, and yet be true:
 Never nature fram'd a creature
 To enjoy and yet be true;
 To enjoy and yet be true;
 And yet be true. 20

SHEPHERD

Mine's a flame beyond expiring,
 Still possessing, still desiring,
 Fit for love's imperial crown;
 Ever shining, and refining,
 Still the more 'tis melted down.

CHORUS TOGETHER

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 Fit for love's imperial crown;
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RELIGIO LAICI

OR, A LAYMAN'S FAITH

A POEM

Ornari res ipsa nequit, contenta doceri.

[An advertisement in the *Observer* (see Scott-Saintsbury edition, xviii, 295) shows that this poem was first published about November 30, 1682. Two different issues of it appeared in that year, and a third in 1683; the variations in text are very minute and are probably not due to Dryden. The present edition follows what is apparently the earlier of the two copies of 1682. The early editions contain frequent italics, which are here generally disregarded; and several words printed in capital letters, which are here represented by small capitals.]

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plead not this; I pretend not to make myself a judge of faith in others, but only to make a confession of my own; I lay no unhallowed hand upon the ark, but wait on it, with the reverence that becomes me, at a distance. In the next place I will ingenuously confess that the helps I have us'd in this small treatise were many of them taken from the works of our own reverend divines of the Church of England; so that the weapons with which I combat irreligion are already consecrated; tho' I suppose they may be taken down as lawfully as the sword of Goliath was by David, when they are to be employ'd for the common cause, against the enemies of piety. I intend not by this to

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A POEM with so bold a title, and a name prefixed from which the handling of so serious a subject would not be expected, may reasonably oblige the author to say somewhat in defense both of himself and of his undertaking. In the first place, if it be objected to me that, being a layman, I ought not to have concern'd myself with speculations which belong to the profession of divinity, I could answer that perhaps laymen, with equal advantages of parts and knowledge, are not the most incompetent judges of sacred things; but, in the due sense of my own weakness and want of learning, I

plead not this; I pretend not to make myself a judge of faith in others, but only to make a confession of my own; I lay no unhallowed hand upon the ark, but wait on it, with the reverence that becomes me, at a distance. In the next place I will ingenuously confess that the helps I have us'd in this small treatise were many of them taken from the works of our own reverend divines of the Church of England; so that the weapons with which I combat irreligion are already consecrated; tho' I suppose they may be taken down as lawfully as the sword of Goliath was by David, when they are to be employ'd for the common cause, against the enemies of piety. I intend not by this to

intitle them to any of my errors, which yet, I hope, are only those of charity to mankind; and such as my *own* charity has caus'd me to commit, that of *others* may more easily excuse. Being naturally inclin'd to scepticism in philosophy, I have no reason to impose my opinions in a subject which is above it; but whatever they are, I submit them with all reverence to my Mother Church, accounting them no further mine, than as they are authoriz'd, or at least uncondemn'd by her. And, indeed, to secure myself on this side, I have us'd the necessary precaution of showing this paper before it was publish'd to a judicious and learned friend, a man indefatigably zealous in the service of the Church and State; and whose writings have highly deserv'd of both. He was pleas'd to approve the body of the discourse, and I hope he is more my friend than to do it out of complaisance. 'T is true, he had too good a taste to like it all; and amongst some other faults recommended to my second view what I have written, perhaps too boldly, on St. Athanasius, which he advis'd me wholly to omit. I am sensible enough that I had done more *prudently* to have follow'd his opinion; but then I could not have satisfied myself that I had done honestly not to have written what was my own. It has always been my *thought* that heathens who never did, nor without miracle could, hear of the name of Christ, were yet in a possibility of salvation. Neither will it enter easily into my belief that, before the coming of our Savior, the whole world, excepting only the Jewish nation, should lie under the inevitable necessity of everlasting punishment, for want of that revelation which was confin'd to so small a spot of ground as that of Palestine. Amongst the sons of Noah we read of one only who was accurs'd; and if a blessing in the ripeness of time was reserv'd for Japhet, (of whose progeny we are,) it seems unaccountable to me why so many generations of the same offspring, as preceded our Savior in the flesh, should be all involv'd in one common condemnation, and yet that their posterity should be intitled to the hopes of salvation: as if a bill of exclusion had pass'd only on the fathers, which debarr'd not the sons from their succession. Or that so many ages had been *deliver'd over* to hell, and so many *reserv'd* for heaven, and that the Devil had the first choice, and God the next. Truly I am apt to think that the reveal'd religion which was taught by Noah to all his sons might continue for some ages in the whole posterity. That afterwards it was included wholly in the family of Sem is manifest; but when the progenies of Cham and Japhet swarm'd into colonies, and those colonies were subdivided into many others, in process of time their descendants lost by little

and little the primitive and purer rites of divine worship, retaining only the notion of one deity; to which succeeding generations added others; for men took their degrees in those ages from conquerors to gods. Revelation being thus eclips'd to almost all mankind, the light of nature, as the next in dignity, was substituted; and that is it which St. Paul concludes to be the rule of the heathens, and by which they are hereafter to be judg'd. If my supposition be true, then the consequence which I have assum'd in my poem may be also true; namely, that Deism, or the principles of natural worship, are only the faint remnants or dying flames of reveal'd religion in the posterity of Noah: and that our modern philosophers, nay, and some of our philosophizing divines, have too much exalted the faculties of our souls, when they have maintain'd that by their force mankind has been able to find out that there is one supreme agent or intellectual being which we call God; that praise and prayer are his due worship; and the rest of those deductions, which I am confident are the remote effects of revelation, and unattainable by our discourse; I mean as simply consider'd, and without the benefit of divine illumination. So that we have not lifted up ourselves to God by the weak pinions of our reason, but he has been pleas'd to descend to us; and what Socrates said of him, what Plato writ, and the rest of the heathen philosophers of several nations, is all no more than the twilight of revelation, after the sun of it was set in the race of Noah. That there is something above us, some principle of *motion*, our reason can apprehend, tho' it cannot discover what it is, by its own virtue. And indeed 't is very improbable that we, who by the strength of our faculties cannot enter into the knowledge of any *being*, not so much as of our *own*, should be able to find out by them that supreme nature, which we cannot otherwise define than by saying it is infinite; as if infinite were definable, or infinity a subject for our narrow understanding. They who would prove religion by reason do but weaken the cause which they endeavor to support: 't is to take away the pillars from our faith, and to prop it only with a twig; 't is to design a tower like that of Babel, which, if it were possible (as it is not) to reach heaven, would come to nothing by the confusion of the workmen. For every man is building a several way; impotently conceited of his own model and his own materials: reason is always striving, and always at a loss; and of necessity it must so come to pass, while 't is exercis'd about that which is not its proper object. Let us be content at last to know God by his own methods; at least, so much of him as he is pleas'd to reveal to us in the sacred Scriptures; to apprehend them

to be the word of God is all our reason has to do; for all beyond it is the work of faith, which is the seal of heaven impress'd upon our human understanding.

And now for what concerns the holy bishop Athanasius, the preface of whose creed seems inconsistent with my opinion; which is, that heathens may possibly be sav'd: in the first place I desire it may be consider'd that it is the preface only, not the creed itself, which (till I am better inform'd) is of too hard a digestion for my charity. 'Tis not that I am ignorant how many several texts of Scripture seemingly support that cause; but neither am I ignorant how all those texts may receive a kinder and more mollified interpretation. Every man who is read in Church history knows that belief was drawn up after a long contestation with Arius concerning the divinity of our blessed Savior, and his being one substance with the Father; and that, thus compil'd, it was sent abroad among the Christian churches, as a kind of test, which whosoever took was look'd on as an orthodox believer. 'Tis manifest from hence that the heathen part of the empire was not concern'd in it; for its business was not to distinguish betwixt pagans and Christians, but betwixt heretics and true believers. This, well consider'd, takes off the heavy weight of censure, which I would willingly avoid from so venerable a man; for if this proportion, 'whosoever will be sav'd,' be restrain'd only to those to whom it was intended, and for whom it was compos'd, I mean the Christians; then the anathema reaches not the heathens, who had never heard of Christ, and were nothing interest'd in that dispute. After all, I am far from blaming even that prefatory addition to the creed, and as far from caviling at the continuation of it in the liturgy of the Church, where, on the days appointed, 'tis publicly read: for I suppose there is the same reason for it now, in opposition to the Socinians, as there was then against the Arians; the one being a heresy which seems to have been refin'd out of the other; and with how much more plausibility of reason it combats our religion, with so much more caution to be avoided; and therefore the prudence of our Church is to be commended, which has interpos'd her authority for the recommendation of this creed. Yet, to such as are ground in the true belief, those explanatory creeds, the Nicene and this of Athanasius, might perhaps be spar'd; for what is supernatural will always be a mystery in spite of exposition, and, for my own part, the plain Apostles' Creed is most suitable to my weak understanding, as the simplest diet is the most easy of digestion.

I have dwelt longer on this subject than I intended, and longer than, perhaps, I ought;

for having laid down, as my foundation, that the Scripture is a rule; that in all things needful to salvation it is clear, sufficient, and ordain'd by God Almighty for that purpose, I have left myself no right to interpret obscure places, such as concern the possibility of eternal happiness to heathens; because whatsoever is obscure is concluded not necessary to be known.

But, by asserting the Scripture to be the canon of our faith, I have unavoidably created to myself two sorts of enemies: the Papists indeed, more directly, because they have kept the Scripture from us, what they could; and have reserv'd to themselves a right of interpreting what they have deliver'd under the pretense of infallibility: and the Fanatics more collaterally, because they have assum'd what amounts to an infallibility in the private spirit; and have detorted those texts of Scripture which are not necessary to salvation, to the damnable uses of sedition, disturbance, and destruction of the civil government. To begin with the Papists, and to speak freely, I think them the less dangerous, at least in appearance, to our present State, for not only the penal laws are in force against them, and their number is contemptible; but also their peerage and commons are excluded from parliaments, and consequently those laws in no probability of being repeal'd. A general and uninterrupted plot of their clergy, ever since the Reformation, I suppose all Protestants believe. For 'tis not reasonable to think but that so many of their orders, as were outed from their fat possessions, would endeavor a reëtrance against those whom they account heretics. As for the late design, Mr. Coleman's letters, for aught I know, are the best evidence; and what they discover, without wiredrawing their sense, or malicious glosses, all men of reason conclude credible. If there be anything more than this requir'd of me, I must believe it as well as I am able, in spite of the witnesses, and out of a decent conformity to the votes of parliament; for I suppose the Fanatics will not allow the private spirit in this case. Here the infallibility is at least in one part of the government; and our understandings as well as our wills are represented. But to return to the Roman Catholics, how can we be secure from the practice of Jesuited Papists in that religion? For not two or three of that order, as some of them would impose upon us, but almost the whole body of them, are of opinion that their infallible master has a right over kings, not only in spirituals but temporals. Not to name Mariana, Bellarmine, Emanuel Sa, Molina, Santarel, Sinancha, and at least twenty others of foreign countries; we can produce, of our own nation, Campian, and Doleman or Parsons, besides many are nam'd whom I have not read, who all of them

attest this doctrine, that the Pope can depose and give away the right of any sovereign prince, *si vel paulum deflexerit*, if he shall never so little warp; but if he once comes to be excommunicated, then the bond of obedience is taken off from subjects; and they may and ought to drive him, like another Nebuchadnezzar, *ex hominum Christianorum dominatu*, from exercising dominion over Christians; and to this they are bound by virtue of divine precept, and by all the ties of conscience under no less penalty than damnation. If they answer me (as a learned priest has lately written) that this doctrine of the Jesuits is *not de fide*; and that consequently they are not oblig'd by it, they must pardon me if I think they have said nothing to the purpose; for 'tis a maxim in their Church, where points of faith are not decided, and that doctors are of contrary opinions, they may follow which part they please; but more safely the most receiv'd and most authoriz'd. And their champion Bellarmine has told the world, in his *Apology*, that the king of England is a vassal to the Pope, *ratione directi domini*, and that he holds in vassalage of his Roman landlord. Which is no new claim put in for England. Our chronicles are his authentic witnesses that King John was depos'd by the same plea, and Philip Augustus admitted tenant. And which makes the more for Bellarmine, the French king was again ejected when our king submitted to the Church, and the crown receiv'd under the sordid condition of a vassalage.

'Tis not sufficient for the more moderate and well-meaning Papists (of which I doubt not there are many) to produce the evidences of their loyalty to the late king, and to declare their innocency in this Plot: I will grant their behavior in the first to have been as loyal and as brave as they desire; and will be willing to hold them excus'd as to the second, (I mean when it comes to my turn, and after my betters; for 'tis a madness to be sober alone, while the nation continues drunk;) but that saying of their Father Cres. is still running in my head, that they may be dispens'd with in their obedience to an heretic prince, while the necessity of the times shall oblige them to it: for that (as another of them tells us) is only the effect of Christian prudence; but when once they shall get power to shake him off, an heretic is no lawful king, and consequently to rise against him is no rebellion. I should be glad, therefore, that they would follow the advice which was charitably given them by a reverend prelate of our Church; namely, that they would join in a public act of disowning and detesting those Jesuitic principles; and subscribe to all doctrines which deny the Pope's authority of deposing kings, and releasing subjects from

their oath of allegiance: to which I should think they might easily be induc'd, if it be true that this present Pope has condemn'd the doctrine of king-killing, (a thesis of the Jesuits,) amongst others, *ex cathedra*, (as they call it,) or in open consistory.

Leaving them, therefore, in so fair a way (if they please themselves) of satisfying all reasonable men of their sincerity and good meaning to the government, I shall make bold to consider that other extreme of our religion, I mean the Fanatics, or Schismatics, of the English Church. Since the Bible has been translated into our tongue, they have us'd it so, as if their business was not to be say'd but to be damn'd by its contents. If we consider only them, better had it been for the English nation that it had still remain'd in the original Greek and Hebrew, or at least in the honest Latin of St. Jerome, than that several texts in it should have been perverted to the destruction of that government which put it into so ungrateful hands.

How many heresies the first translation of Tyndal produc'd in few years, let my Lord Herbert's history of Henry the Eighth inform you; inasmuch that for the gross errors in it, and the great mischiefs it occasion'd, a sentence pass'd on the first edition of the Bible, too shameful almost to be repeated. After the short reign of Edward the Sixth, (who had continued to carry on the Reformation on other principles than it was begun,) everyone knows that not only the chief promoters of that work, but many others whose consciences would not dispense with Popery, were forc'd, for fear of persecution, to change climates: from whence returning at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, many of them who had been in France, and at Geneva, brought back the rigid opinions and imperious discipline of Calvin, to graff upon our Reformation. Which, tho' they cunningly conceal'd at first, (as well knowing how nauseously that drug would go down in a lawful monarchy, which was prescrib'd for a rebellious commonwealth,) yet they always kept it in reserve; and were never wanting to themselves either in court or parliament, when either they had any prospect of a numerous party of Fanatic members in the one, or the encouragement of any favorite in the other, whose covetousness was gaping at the patrimony of the Church. They who will consult the works of our venerable Hooker, or the account of his life, or more particularly the letter written to him on this subject by George Cranmer, may see by what gradations they proceeded: from the dislike of cap and surplice, the very next step was admonitions to the parliament against the whole government ecclesiastical; then came out volumes in English and Latin in de-

fense of their tenets; and immediately practices were set on foot to erect their discipline without authority. Those not succeeding, satire and railing was the next; and Martin Mar-prelate (the Marvell of those times) was the first Presbyterian scribbler who sanctified libels and scurrility to the use of the Good Old Cause. Which was done (says my author) upon this account; that (their serious treatises having been fully answer'd and refuted) they might compass by railing what they had lost by reasoning; and, when their cause was sunk in court and parliament, they might at least hedge in a stake amongst the rabble: for to their ignorance all things are wit which are abusive. But if Church and State were made the theme, then the doctoral degree of wit was to be taken at Billingsgate: even the most saintlike of the party, tho' they durst not excuse this contempt and vilifying of the government, yet were pleas'd, and grin'd at it with a pious smile, and call'd it a judgment of God against the hierarchy. Thus Sectaries, we may see, were born with teeth, foul-mouth'd and scurrilous from their infancy; and if spiritual pride, venom, violence, contempt of superiors, and slander, had been the marks of orthodox belief, the Presbytery and the rest of our Schismatics, which are their spawn, were always the most visible Church in the Christian world.

'Tis true, the government was too strong at that time for a rebellion; but to shew what proficiency they had made in Calvin's school, even *then* their mouths water'd at it; for two of their gifted brotherhood, (Hacket and Coppinger,) as the story tells us, got up into a pease-cart and harangued the people, to dispose them to an insurrection, and to establish their discipline by force: so that, however it comes about that now they celebrate Queen Elizabeth's birthnight as that of their saint and patroness, yet then they were for doing the work of the Lord by arms against her; and, in all probability, they wanted but a Fanatic lord mayor and two sheriffs of their party, to have compass'd it.

Our venerable Hooker, after many admonitions which he had given them, toward the end of his preface breaks out into this prophetic speech: "There is in every one of these considerations most just cause to fear, lest our hastiness to embrace a thing of so perilous consequence" (meaning the Presbyterian discipline) "should cause posterity to feel those evils, which as yet are more easy for us to prevent, than they would be for them to remedy."

How fatally this Cassandra has foretold, we know too well by sad experience: the seeds were sown in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the bloody harvest ripen'd in the reign of King Charles the Martyr; and, because all the

sheaves could not be carried off without shedding some of the loose grains, another crop is too like to follow; nay, I fear 't is unavoidable if the conventiclers be permitted still to scatter.

A man may be suffer'd to quote an adversary to our religion, when he speaks truth; and 't is the observation of Maimbourg, in his *History of Calvinism*, that wherever that discipline was planted and embrac'd, rebellion, civil war, and misery attended it. And how indeed should it happen otherwise? Reformation of Church and State has always been the ground of our divisions in England. While we were Papists, our Holy Father rid us, by pretending authority out of the Scriptures to depose princes; when we shook off his authority, the Sectaries furnish'd themselves with the same weapons; and out of the same magazine, the Bible: so that the Scriptures, which are in themselves the greatest security of governors, as commanding express obedience to them, are now turn'd to their destruction; and never since the Reformation has there wanted a text of their interpreting to authorize a rebel. And 't is to be noted by the way that the doctrines of king-killing and deposing, which have been taken up only by the worst party of the Papists, the most frontless flatterers of the Pope's authority, have been espous'd, defended, and are still maintain'd by the whole body of Nonconformists and Republicans. 'Tis but dubbing themselves the people of God, which 't is the interest of their preachers to tell them they are, and their own interest to believe; and after that, they cannot dip into the Bible, but one text or another will turn up for their purpose; if they are under persecution, (as they call it,) then that is a mark of their election; if they flourish, then God works miracles for their deliverance, and the saints are to possess the earth.

They may think themselves to be too roughly handled in this paper; but I, who know best how far I could have gone on this subject, must be bold to tell them they are spar'd: tho' at the same time I am not ignorant that they interpret the mildness of a writer to them, as they do the mercy of the government; in the one they think it fear, and conclude it weakness in the other. The best way for them to confute me is, as I before advis'd the Papists, to disclaim their principles and renounce their practices. We shall all be glad to think them true Englishmen when they obey the king, and true Protestants when they conform to the Church discipline.

It remains that I acquaint the reader that the verses were written for an ingenious young gentleman, my friend, upon his translation of the *Critical History of the Old Testament*, com-

pos'd by the learned Father Simon: the verses therefore are address'd to the translator of that work, and the style of them is, what it ought to be, epistolary.

If anyone be so lamentable a critic as to require the smoothness, the numbers, and the turn of heroic poetry in this poem, I must tell him that, if he has not read Horace, I have studied him, and hope the style of his *Epistles* is not ill imitated here. The expressions of a poem design'd purely for instruction ought to be plain and natural, and yet majestic; for here the poet is presum'd to be a kind of lawgiver, and those three qualities which I have nam'd are proper to the legislative style. The florid, elevated, and figurative way is for the passions; for love and hatred, fear and anger, are begotten in the soul by shewing their objects out of their true proportion, either greater than the life, or less; but instruction is to be given by shewing them what they naturally are. A man is to be cheated into passion, but to be reason'd into truth.

RELIGIO LAICI

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars

To lonely, weary, wand'ring travelers,
Is Reason to the soul; and, as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here, so Reason's glimmer-
ing ray

Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear,
When day's bright lord ascends our hemi-
sphere;

So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight; so
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural
light.

Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have
been led

From cause to cause, to nature's secret
head;

And found that one first principle must
be:

But what, or who, that UNIVERSAL HE;
Whether some soul encompassing this ball,
Unmade, unmov'd; yet making, moving
all;

Or various atoms' interfering dance
Leapt into form, (the noble work of chance);
Or this great all was from eternity; so
Not ev'n the Stagirite himself could see,
And Epicurus guess'd as well as he:
As blindly grop'd they for a future state;

As rashly judg'd of providence and fate:
But least of all could their en-
deavors find

What most concern'd the good
of humankind;

For happiness was never to be
found,

But vanish'd from 'em like enchanted
ground.

One thought content the good to be enjoy'd;
This every little accident destroy'd: so

The wiser madmen did for virtue toil,
A thorny, or at best a barren soil;

In pleasure some their glutton souls
would steep,

But found their line too short, the well
too deep,

And leaky vessels which no bliss could
keep.

Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles
roll,

Without a center where to fix the soul;
In this wild maze their vain endeavors end:

How can the less the greater comprehend?
Or finite reason reach Infinity? so

For what could fathom God were more
than He.

The Deist thinks he stands System of
on firmer ground; Deism.

Cries: "Εἷρεκα, the mighty secret's found:
God is that spring of good; supreme and
best;

We, made to serve, and in that service
blest."

If so, some rules of worship must be given,
Distributed alike to all by Heaven:

Else God were partial, and to some denied
The means his justice should for all pro-
vide.

This general worship is to PRAISE and
PRAY, so

One part to borrow blessings, one to pay;
And when frail nature slides into offense,

The sacrifice for crimes is penitence.

Yet, since th' effects of providence, we
find,

Are variously dispens'd to humankind;
That vice triumphs, and virtue suffers here,
(A brand that sovereign justice cannot
bear;)

Our reason prompts us to a future state,
The last appeal from fortune and from fate:
Where God's all-righteous ways will be
declar'd, so

The bad meet punishment, the good reward.

Opinions of
the several
sects of philo-
sophers
concerning
the *Summum
Bonum*.

Thus man by his own strength to heaven
would soar,
And would not be oblig'd to ^{Of reveal'd} Religion.
God for more.

Vain, wretched creature, how art thou misled

To think thy wit these godlike notions bred !
These truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropp'd from heaven, and of a nobler
kind.

Reveal'd Religion first inform'd thy sight,
And Reason saw not, till Faith sprung the
light.

Hence all thy natural worship takes the
source: ⁷⁰

'Tis revelation what thou think'st discourse.
Else, how com'st thou to see these truths
so clear,

Which so obscure to heathens did appear ?
Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found;
Nor he whose wisdom oracles ^{Socrates.}
renown'd.

Hast thou a wit so deep, or so sublime,
Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb ?
Canst thou, by Reason, more of Godhead
know

Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero ?
Those giant wits, in happier ages born, ⁸⁰
(When arms and arts did Greece and
Rome adorn,)

Knew no such system; no such piles could
raise

Of natural worship, built on pray'r and
praise,

To One Sole God:

Nor did remorse to expiate sin prescribe,
But slew their fellow creatures for a bribe:
The guiltless victim groan'd for their
offense,

And cruelty and blood was penitence.
If sheep and oxen could atone for men,
Ah ! at how cheap a rate the rich might
sin ! ⁹⁰

And great oppressors might Heaven's wrath
beguile,

By offering his own creatures for a spoil !
'Dar'st thou, poor worm, offend Infinity ?
And must the terms of peace be given by
thee ?

Then thou art Justice in the last appeal:
Thy easy God instructs thee to rebel;
And, like a king remote, and weak, must
take

What satisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.
But if there be a pow'r too just and strong

To wink at crimes, and bear unpunish'd
wrong; ¹⁰⁰

Look humbly upward, see his will disclose
The forfeit first, and then the fine impose:
A mulet thy poverty could never pay,
Had not eternal wisdom found the way,
And with celestial wealth supplied thy
store:

His justice makes the fine, his mercy quits
the score.

See God descending in thy human frame;
Th' offended suffering in th' offender's
name;

All thy misdeeds to him imputed see,
And all his righteousness devolv'd on thee.

For granting we have sinn'd, and that
th' offense ¹¹¹

Of man is made against Omnipotence,
Some price that bears proportion must be
paid,

And infinite with infinite be weigh'd.
See then the Deist lost: remorse for vice,
Not paid; or paid, inadequate in price:

What farther means can Reason now direct,
Or what relief from human wit expect ?
That shews us sick; and sadly are we sure
Still to be sick, till Heav'n reveal the cure:
If then Heav'n's will must needs be under-
stood, ¹²¹

(Which must, if we want cure, and Heaven
be good,)

Let all records of will reveal'd be
shown;

With Scripture all in equal balance
thrown,

And our one sacred book will be that
one.

Proof needs not here, for whether we
compare

That impious, idle, superstitious ware
Of rites, lustrations, offerings, (which be-
fore,

In various ages, various countries bore,) ¹³⁰
With Christian faith and virtues, we shall
find

None answer'ing the great ends of human-
kind,

But this one rule of life, that shews us
best

How God may be appeas'd, and mortals
blest.

Whether from length of time its worth we
draw,

The world is scarce more ancient than the
law:

Heav'n's early care prescrib'd for every age;

First, in the soul, and after, in the page.
Or, whether more abstractedly we look,
Or on the writers, or the written book,
Whence, but from heav'n, could men un-
skill'd in arts, ¹⁴⁰

In several ages born, in several parts,
Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or
why,

Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?
Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their ad-
vice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their
price.

If on the book itself we cast our view,
Concurrent heathens prove the story true;
The doctrine, miracles; which must con-
vince,

For Heav'n in them appeals to human
sense:

And tho' they prove not, they confirm the
cause, ¹⁵⁰

When what is taught agrees with nature's
laws.

Then for the style; majestic and divine,
It speaks no less than God in every line:
Commanding words; whose force is still
the same

As the first fiat that produc'd our frame.
All faiths beside or did by arms ascend,
Or sense indulg'd has made mankind their
friend:

This only doctrine does our lusts oppose,
Unfed by nature's soil, in which it grows;
Cross to our interests, curbing sense and
sin; ¹⁶⁰

Oppress'd without, and undermin'd within,
It thrives thro' pain; its own tormentors
tires;

And with a stubborn patience still aspires.
To what can Reason such effects assign,
Transcending nature, but to laws divine?
Which in that sacred volume are contain'd;
Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd.

But stay: the Deist here will <sup>Objection of
the Deist.</sup>
urge anew,

No supernatural worship can be true;
Because a general law is that alone ¹⁷⁰
Which must to all, and everywhere, be
known:

A style so large as not this book can claim,
Nor aught that bears reveal'd Religion's
name.

'Tis said the sound of a Messiah's birth

Is gone thro' all the habitable earth;
But still that text must be confin'd alone
To what was then inhabited, and known:
And what provision could from thence ac-
crué

To Indian souls, and worlds discover'd
new?

In other parts it helps, that, ages past, ¹⁸⁰
The Scriptures there were known, and were
imbrac'd,

Till Sin spread once again the shades of
night:

What's that to these who never saw the
light?

Of all objections this indeed <sup>The objection
answer'd.</sup>
is chief

To startle Reason, stagger frail Belief:
We grant, 'tis true, that Heav'n from hu-
man sense

Has hid the secret paths of Providence;
But boundless wisdom, boundless mercy,
may

Find ev'n for those bewilder'd souls a way:
If from his nature foes may pity claim, ¹⁹⁰
Much more may strangers who ne'er heard
his name.

And tho' no name be for salvation known,
But that of his eternal Son's alone;
Who knows how far transcending goodness
can

Extend the merits of that Son to man?
Who knows what reasons may his mercy
lead,

Or ignorance invincible may plead?
Not only charity bids hope the best,
But more the great apostle has express'd:
That if the Gentiles (whom no law in-
spir'd) ²⁰⁰

By nature did what was by law requir'd;
They, who the written rule had never
known,

Were to themselves both rule and law
alone:

To nature's plain indictment they shall
plead,

And by their conscience be condemn'd or
freed.

Most righteous doom! because a rule re-
veal'd

Is none to those from whom it was con-
ceal'd.

Then those who follow'd Reason's dictates
right,

Liv'd up, and lifted high their natural
light;

With Socrates may see their Maker's
face,²¹⁰
While thousand rubric-martyrs want a
place.

Nor does it balk my charity, to find
Th' Egyptian bishop of another mind:
For tho' his creed eternal truth contains,
'Tis hard for man to doom to endless
pains

All who believ'd not all his zeal requir'd,
Unless he first could prove he was inspir'd.
Then let us either think he meant to say
This faith, where publish'd, was the only
way;

Or else conclude that, Arius to confute,²²⁰
The good old man, too eager in dispute,
Flew high; and, as his Christian fury rose,
Damn'd all for heretics who durst oppose.

Thus far my charity this <sup>Digression
to the trans-
lator of
Father
Simon's *Crit-
ical History
of the Old
Testament.*</sup>
path has tried;
(A much unskilful, but well-
meaning guide:)

Yet what they are, ev'n these
crude thoughts were
bred

By reading that which better thou hast
read:

Thy matchless author's work; which thou,
my friend,

By well translating better dost commend:
Those youthful hours which of thy equals
most²³⁰

In toys have squander'd, or in vice have
lost,

Those hours hast thou to nobler use em-
ploy'd;

And the severe delights of truth enjoy'd.
Witness this weighty book, in which ap-
pears

The crabbed toil of many thoughtful
years,

Spent by thy author in the sifting care
Of Rabbins' old sophisticated ware
From gold divine; which he who well can
sort

May afterwards make algebra a sport:
A treasure, which if country curates
buy,²⁴⁰

They Junius and Tremellius may defy;
Save pains in various readings and transla-
tions,

And without Hebrew make most learn'd
quotations:

A work so full with various learning
fraught,

So nicely ponder'd, yet so strongly
wrought,
As nature's height and art's last hand re-
quir'd;

As much as man could compass, uninspir'd.
Where we may see what errors have been
made

Both in the copier's and translator's trade;
How Jewish, Popish interests have pre-
vail'd,²⁵⁰

And where infallibility has fail'd.

For some, who have his secret meaning
guess'd,

Have found our author not too much a
priest:

For fashion sake he seems to have recourse
To Pope, and councils, and tradition's force;
But he that old traditions could subdue,
Could not but find the weakness of the new:
If Scripture, tho' deriv'd from heav'nly
birth,

Has been but carelessly preserv'd on earth;
If God's own people, who of God before²⁶⁰
Knew what we know, and had been prom-
is'd more,

In fuller terms, of Heaven's assisting care,
And who did neither time nor study spare
To keep this book untainted, unperplex'd,
Let in gross errors to corrupt the text,
Omitted paragraphs, embroil'd the sense,
With vain traditions stopp'd the gaping
fence,

Which every common hand pull'd up with
ease;

What safety from such brushwood-helps as
these?

If written words from time are not secur'd,
How can we think have oral sounds en-
dur'd?²⁷¹

Which thus transmitted, if one mouth has
fail'd,

Immortal lies on ages are intail'd;
And that some such have been, is prov'd
too plain;

If we consider interest, Church, and gain.

"O, but," says one, "tradi-
tion set aside,<sup>Of the infalli-
bility of tradi-
tion in general.</sup>

Where can we hope for an un-
erring guide?

For since th' original Scripture has been
lost,

All copies disagreeing, main'd the most,
Or Christian faith can have no certain
ground,²⁸⁰

Or truth in Church tradition must be found."

Such an omniscient Church we wish indeed;
 'T were worth both Testaments; and cast in the Creed:
 But if this mother be a guide so sure,
 As can all doubts resolve, all truth secure,
 Then her infallibility as well
 Where copies are corrupt or lame can tell;
 Restore lost canon with as little pains,
 As truly explicate what still remains;
 Which yet no council dare pretend to do,
 Unless like Esdras they could write it new: ²⁹¹
 Strange confidence, still to interpret true,
 Yet not be sure that all they have explain'd,
 Is in the blest original contain'd.
 More safe, and much more modest 't is, to say
 God would not leave mankind without a way;
 And that the Scriptures, tho' not everywhere
 Free from corruption, or intire, or clear,
 Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, intire,
 In all things which our needful faith require. ³⁰⁰
 If others in the same glass better see,
 'T is for themselves they look, but not for me:
 For MY salvation must its doom receive,
 Not from what OTHERS but what I believe.
 Must all tradition then be set aside? ^{Objection in behalf of tradition, urg'd by Father Simon.}
 This to affirm were ignorance or pride.
 Are there not many points, some needful sure
 To saving faith, that Scripture leaves obscure?
 Which every sect will wrest a several way
 (For what one sect interprets, all sects may):
 We hold, and say we prove from Scripture plain, ³¹¹
 That Christ is God; the bold Socinian
 From the same Scripture urges he 's but MAN.
 Now what appeal can end th' important suit;
 Both parts talk loudly, but the rule is mute?
 Shall I speak plain, and in a nation free
 Assume an honest layman's liberty?
 I think (according to my little skill,
 To my own Mother Church submitting still)
 That many have been sav'd, and many may, ³²⁰

Who never heard this question brought in play.
 Th' unletter'd Christian, who believes in gross,
 Plods on to heaven, and ne'er is at a loss;
 For the strait gate would be made straiter yet,
 Were none admitted there but men of wit.
 The few by nature form'd, with learning fraught,
 Born to instruct, as others to be taught,
 Must study well the sacred page, and see
 Which doctrine, this, or that, does best agree
 With the whole tenor of the work divine, ³³⁰
 And plainliest points to Heaven's reveal'd design;
 Which exposition flows from genuine sense,
 And which is forc'd by wit and eloquence.
 Not that tradition's parts are useless here,
 When general, old, disinterest'd and clear:
 That ancient Fathers thus expound the page
 Gives truth the reverend majesty of age;
 Confirms its force, by biding every test;
 For best authority's next rules in best. ³⁴⁰
 And still the nearer to the spring ^{it's} ³⁴⁰
 More limpid, more unsoil'd the waters flow.
 Thus, first traditions were a proof alone,
 Could we be certain such they were, so known;
 But since some flaws in long descent may be,
 They make not truth, but probability.
 Even Arius and Pelagius durst provoke
 To what the centuries preceding spoke.
 Such difference is there in an oft-told tale;
 But truth by its own sinews will prevail. ³⁴⁹
 Tradition written therefore more commands
 Authority, than what from voice descends;
 And this, as perfect as its kind can be,
 Rolls down to us the sacred history,
 Which, from the Universal Church receiv'd,
 Is tried, and after for itself believ'd.
 The partial Papists would ^{The second} ^{objection.}
 infer from hence
 Their Church, in last resort, should judge
 the sense;
 But first they would assume, ^{Answer to the} ^{objection.}
 with wondrous art,
 Themselves to be the whole, who are but
 part
 Of that vast frame, the Church; yet grant
 they were ³⁶⁰
 The handers down, can they from thence
 infer

A right t' interpret? or would they alone
Who brought the present, claim it for their
own?

The book's a common largess to mankind,
Not more for them than every man de-
sign'd;

The welcome news is in the letter found;
The carrier's not commission'd to expound.
It speaks itself, and what it does contain,
In all things needful to be known, is plain.

In times o'ergrown with rust and igno-
rance, ³⁷⁰

A gainful trade their clergy did advance;
When want of learning kept the laymen
low,

And none but priests were authoriz'd to
know;

When what small knowledge was, in them
did dwell,

And he a god who could but read or spell:
Then Mother Church did mightily prevail;
She parcell'd out the Bible by retail;
But still expounded what she sold or gave,
To keep it in her power to damn and save:
Scripture was scarce, and, as the market
went, ³⁸⁰

Poor laymen took salvation on content;
As needy men take money, good or bad:
God's word they had not, but the priest's
they had.

Yet, whate'er false conveyances they made,
The lawyer still was certain to be paid.
In those dark times they learn'd their
knack so well,

That by long use they grew infallible:
At last, a knowing age began t' enquire
If they the book, or that did them inspire;
And, making narrower search, they found,
tho' late, ³⁹⁰

That what they thought the priest's was
their estate,

Taught by the will produc'd, (the written
word,)

How long they had been cheated on re-
cord.

Then every man who saw the title fair
Claim'd a child's part, and put in for a
share;

Consulted soberly his private good,
And sav'd himself as cheap as e'er he
could.

'T is true, my friend, (and far be flattery
hence,)

This good had full as bad a consequence:
The book thus put in every vulgar hand, ⁴⁰⁰

Which each presum'd he best could under-
stand,

The common rule was made the common
prey,

And at the mercy of the rabble lay.

The tender page with horny fists was
gall'd,

And he was gifted most that loudest
bawl'd:

The spirit gave the doctoral degree;

And every member of a company

Was of his trade and of the Bible free. }

Plain truths enough for needful use they
found,

But men would still be itching to ex-
pound: ⁴¹⁰

Each was ambitious of th' obscurest place,
No measure ta'en from knowledge, all
from GRACE.

Study and pains were now no more their
care;

Texts were explain'd by fasting and by
prayer:

This was the fruit the private spirit
brought,

Occasion'd by great zeal and little thought.
While crowds unlearn'd, with rude devo-
tion warm,

About the sacred viands buzz and swarm,
The fly-blown text creates a crawling
brood,

And turns to maggots what was meant for
food. ⁴²⁰

A thousand daily sects rise up and die;
A thousand more the perish'd race supply:
So all we make of Heaven's discover'd will
Is, not to have it, or to use it ill.

The danger's much the same; on several
shelves

If others wreck us, or we wreck ourselves.

What then remains, but, waiving each
extreme,

The tides of ignorance and pride to stem?
Neither so rich a treasure to forego;

Nor proudly seek beyond our pow'r to
know: ⁴³⁰

Faith is not built on disquisitions vain;
The things we must believe are few and

plain:

But since men will believe more than they
need,

And every man will make himself a creed,
In doubtful questions 't is the safest way
To learn what unsuspected ancients say;
For 't is not likely we should higher soar

In search of heav'n, than all the Church
before;
Nor can we be deceiv'd, unless we see
The Scripture and the Fathers disagree. ⁴⁴⁰
If, after all, they stand suspected still,
(For no man's faith depends upon his will;)
'Tis some relief that points not clearly
known
Without much hazard may be let alone:
And after hearing what our Church can say,
If still our Reason runs another way,
That private Reason 't is more just to curb,

Than by disputes the public peace disturb.
For points obscure are of small use to
learn;
But common quiet is mankind's concern. ⁴⁵⁰
Thus have I made my own opinions clear;
Yet neither praise expect, nor censure fear:
And this unpolish'd, rugged verse, I chose,
As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose;
For while from sacred truth I do not
swerve,
Tom Sternhold's, or Tom Sha—ll's rhymes
will serve.

POEMS INCLUDED IN MISCELLANY POEMS (THE FIRST MISCELLANY), 1684

[In 1684 there was "printed for Jacob Tonson" a volume with title-page reading, *Miscellany Poems, containing a New Translation of Virgills Eclogues, Ovid's Love Elegies, Odes of Horace, and other Authors, with several Original Poems, by the most Eminent Hands; and with the motto:*

Et vos, O lauri, carpum, et te, proximum myric;
Sic positæ quoniam suavis miscetis odores.

This book is generally referred to as the *First Miscellany*. A second edition appeared in 1692, a third in 1702, and a fourth in 1716. (The title-page of the third edition reads, *Miscellany Poems, the First Part. . . . Publish'd by Mr. Dryden*: that of the fourth edition reads, *The First Part of Miscellany Poems. . . . Publish'd by Mr. Dryden*.) The collection has no preface and opens with new editions of *Mac Flecknoe*, *Absalom and Achitophel*, and *The Medal*: next come various translations from Greek and Latin authors, mixed with a few original poems; then follows a collection of prologues and epilogues; finally, after a few scattering poems, a translation of Virgil's *Eclogues* concludes the book. Among the "eminent hands" were Sir Charles Sedley, the Earl of Mulgrave, the Earl of Roscommon, the Earl of Rochester, Otway, Rymer, Tate, Duke, and Creech. Dryden was, however, by far the largest contributor to the volume. In the contents of the third and fourth editions, published after Dryden's death, Tonson, or an editor, made important changes.

The prologues and epilogues by Dryden have already been printed in their chronological order, so far as it could be ascertained. Of Virgil's *Eclogues* Dryden translated the fourth and ninth. These versions he reprinted, with some revision, in his complete translation of Virgil, published in 1697. They are therefore omitted at this point: the variant readings of the earlier texts are given in the notes to the *Virgil*. Of Dryden's work only the three following poems remain to be printed as first published in *Miscellany Poems*, 1684. The text follows the first edition.]

OVID'S ELEGIES

BOOK II, ELEGY XIX

[This translation is from the *Amores* of Ovid. Dryden later translated two more elegies from the same book: these are given below (pp. 729, 730), under the title of *Ovid's Amours*.]

If for thyself thou wilt not watch thy whore,
Watch her for me, that I may love her more.
What comes with ease, we nauseously re-
ceive:

Who but a sot would scorn to love with
leave?
With hopes and fears my flames are blown
up higher:
Make me despair, and then I can desire.
Give me a jilt to tease my jealous mind;
Deceits are virtues in the female kind.
Corinna my fantastic humor knew,
Play'd trick for trick, and kept herself still
new:
She, that next night I might the sharper
come,
Fell out with me, and sent me fasting home;

Or some pretence to lie alone would take;
 Whene'er she pleas'd, her head and teeth
 would ache:

Till, having won me to the highest strain,
 She took occasion to be sweet again.
 With what a gust, ye gods, we then im-
 brace'd!

How every kiss was dearer than the last!
 Thou whom I now adore, be edified;

Take care that I may often be denied. 20
 Forget the promis'd hour, or feign some
 fright,

Make me lie rough on bulks each other
 night.

These are the arts that best secure thy
 reign,

And this the food that must my fires main-
 tain.

Gross easy love does, like gross diet, pall,
 In squeeze stomachs honey turns to gall.
 Had Danae not been kept in brazen tow'rs,
 Jove had not thought her worth his golden
 show'rs.

When Juno to a cow turn'd Io's shape, 29
 The watchman help'd her to a second leap.
 Let him who loves an easy Whetstone whore,
 Pluck leaves from trees, and drink the com-
 mon shore.

The jilting harlot strikes the surest blow,
 A truth which I by sad experience know.
 The kind poor constant creature we despise;
 Man but pursues the quarry while it flies.

But thou, dull husband of a wife too fair,
 Stand on thy guard, and watch the precious
 ware;

If creaking doors, or barking dogs thou hear,
 Or windows scratch'd, suspect a rival there.
 An orange-wench would tempt thy wife
 abroad; 41

Kick her, for she's a letter-bearing bawd;
 In short, be jealous as the Devil in hell!
 And set my wit on work to cheat thee well.
 The sneaking city-cuckold is my foe;
 I scorn to strike, but when he wards the
 blow.

Look to thy hits, and leave off thy conniv-
 ing;

I'll be no drudge to any wittol living;
 I have been patient, and forborne thee long,
 In hope thou wouldst not pocket up thy
 wrong: 50

If no affront can rouse thee, understand
 I'll take no more indulgence at thy hand.
 What, ne'er to be forbid thy house, and
 wife!

Damn him who loves to lead so dull a life.
 Now I can neither sigh, nor whine, nor pray;
 All those occasions thou hast ta'en away.
 Why art thou so incorrigibly civil?
 Do somewhat I may wish thee at the Devil.
 For shame be no accomplice in my treason,
 A pimping husband is too much in reason. 60
 Once more wear horns, before I quite for-
 sake her,

In hopes whereof, I rest thy cuckold-maker.

AMARYLLIS

OR, THE THIRD IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS,
 PARAPHRAS'D

To Amaryllis love compels my way;
 My browsing goats upon the mountains
 stray:

O Tityrus, tend them well, and see them
 fed
 In pastures fresh, and to their wat'ring
 led;
 And 'ware the ridgeling with his butting
 head.

Ah, beauteous nymph, can you forget your
 love,

The conscious grottos, and the shady grove;
 Where stretch'd at ease your tender limbs
 were laid,

Your nameless beauties nakedly display'd?
 Then I was call'd your darling, your de-
 sire, 10

With kisses such as set my soul on fire;
 But you are chang'd, yet I am still the
 same;

My heart maintains for both a double flame;
 Grieved, but unmov'd, and patient of your
 scorn:

So faithful I, and you so much forsworn!
 I die, and death will finish all my pain;

Yet, ere I die, behold me once again:
 Am I so much deform'd, so chang'd of late?

What partial judges are our love and hate!
 Ten wildings have I gather'd for my dear; 20
 How ruddy like your lips their streaks ap-
 pear!

Far off you view'd them with a longing eye
 Upon the topmost branch (the tree was
 high):

Yet nimbly up, from bough to bough I
 swerv'd,

And for to-morrow have ten more re-
 serv'd.

Look on me kindly, and some pity shew,
Or give me leave at least to look on you.
Some good transform me by his heavenly
pow'r

Ev'n to a bee to buzz within your bow'r,
The winding ivy-chaplet to invade, ³⁰
And folded fern, that your fair forehead
shade.

Now to my cost the force of Love I find;
The heavy hand he bears on humankind.
The milk of tigers was his infant food,
Taught from his tender years the taste
of blood;
His brother whelps and he ran wild
about the wood.

Ah nymph, train'd up in his tyrannic court,
To make the sufferings of your slaves your
sport!

Unheeded ruin! treacherous delight!
O polish'd hardness, soften'd to the sight! ⁴⁰
Whose radiant eyes your ebon brows adorn,
Like midnight those, and these like break
of morn!

Smile once again, revive me with your
charms;

And let me die contented in your arms.
I would not ask to live another day,
Might I but sweetly kiss my soul away.
Ah, why am I from empty joys debarr'd?
For kisses are but empty when compar'd.
I rave, and in my raging fit shall tear
The garland which I wove for you to
wear, ⁵⁰

Of parsley, with a wreath of ivy bound,
And border'd with a rosy edging round.
What pangs I feel, unpitied and unheard!
Since I must die, why is my fate deferr'd!
I strip my body of my shepherd's frock:
Behold that dreadful downfall of a rock,
Where yon old fisher views the waves from
high!

'Tis that convenient leap I mean to try.
You would be pleas'd to see me plunge to
shore,

But better pleas'd, if I should rise no
more. ⁶⁰

I might have read my fortune long ago,
When, seeking my success in love to know,
I tried th' infallible prophetic way,
A poppy-leaf upon my palm to lay:
I struck, and yet no lucky crack did follow;
Yet I struck hard, and yet the leaf lay
hollow:

And, which was worse, if any worse could
prove,

The with'ring leaf foreshew'd your with'r-
ing love.

Yet farther (ah, how far a lover dares!)
My last recourse I had to sieve and
shears; ⁷⁰

And told the witch Agreo my disease:
(Agreo, that in harvest us'd to lease:
But harvest done, to charwork did aspire;
Meat, drink, and twopence was her daily
hire.)

To work she went, her charms she nut-
ter'd o'er,
And yet the resty sieve wagg'd ne'er the
more;

I wept for woe, the testy beldame
swore;

And, foaming with her god, foretold my
fate;

That I was doom'd to love, and you to hate.
A milk-white goat for you I did provide; ⁸⁰
Two milk-white kids run frisking by her
side,

For which the nut-brown lass, Erithacis,
Full often offer'd many a savory kiss.
Hers they shall be, since you refuse the
price:

What madman would o'erstand his market
twice?

My right eye itches, some good luck is
near,

Perhaps my Amaryllis may appear;
I'll set up such a note as she shall hear.
What nymph but my melodious voice
would move?

She must be flint, if she refuse my love. ⁹⁰
Hippomenes, who ran with noble strife
To win his lady, or to lose his life,
(What shift some men will make to get
a wife!)

Threw down a golden apple in her way;
For all her haste she could not choose but
stay.

Renown said: "Run;" the glitt'ring bribe
cried: "Hold;"

The man might have been hang'd, but for
his gold.

Yet some suppose 'twas love (some few
indeed)

That stopp'd the fatal fury of her speed:
She saw, she sigh'd; her nimble feet re-
fuse ¹⁰⁰

Their wonted speed, and she took pains to
lose.

A prophet some, and some a poet cry,
(No matter which, so neither of them lie,)

From steepy Othrys' top to Pylus drove
His herd; and for his pains enjoy'd his
love:

If such another wager should be laid,
I'll find the man, if you can find the maid.
Why name I men, when Love extended
finds

His pow'r on high, and in celestial minds?
Venus the shepherd's homely habit took, ¹¹⁰
And manag'd something else besides the
crook;

Nay, when Adonis died, was heard to roar,
And never from her heart forgave the
boar.

How blest is fair Endymion with his Moon,
Who sleeps on Latmos' top from night to
noon!

What Jason from Medea's love possess'd,
You shall not hear, but know 'tis like the
rest.

My aching head can scarce support the
pain;

This cursed love will surely turn my brain:
Feel how it shoots, and yet you take no
pity; ¹²⁰

Nay, then 'tis time to end my doleful ditty.
A clammy sweat does o'er my temples
creep;

My heavy eyes are urg'd with iron sleep:
I lay me down to gasp my latest breath,
The wolves will get a breakfast by my
death;

Yet scarce enough their hunger to supply,
For love has made me carrion ere I die.

THE TEARS OF AMYNTA, FOR THE DEATH OF DAMON

SONG

ON a bank, beside a willow,
Heav'n her cov'ring, earth her pillow,
Sad Amynta sigh'd alone;
From the cheerless dawn of morning
Till the dews of night returning,
Singing thus, she made her moan:
"Hope is banish'd,
Joys are vanish'd,
Damon, my belov'd, is gone!

"Time, I dare thee to discover ¹⁰
Such a youth, and such a lover;
O, so true, so kind was he!
Damon was the pride of nature,
Charming in his every feature;
Damon liv'd alone for me:
Melting kisses,
Murmuring blisses;
Who so liv'd and lov'd as we!

"Never shall we curse the morning, ²⁰
Never bless the night returning,
Sweet embraces to restore;
Never shall we both lie dying,
Nature failing, love supplying
All the joys he drain'd before.
Death, come end me,
To befriend me;
Love and Damon are no more."

PROLOGUE TO THE DISAP- POINTMENT

OR, THE MOTHER IN FASHION

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON

[This play, by Southerne, was acted and printed in 1684; it is noted in the *Term Catalogue* for Trinity Term (June) of that year. The prologue was reprinted in the third edition, 1702, of *Miscellany Poems, the First Part*, with the heading, *A Prologue, spoken by Mr. Betterton, written by Mr. Dryden*. The present text follows that printed with the play in 1684. On the epilogue to the same play, see *Appendix I*, p. 920, below.]

How comes it, gentlemen, that nowadays,
When all of you so shrewdly judge of plays,

Our poets tax you still with want of sense?
All prologues treat you at your own ex-
pense.

Sharp citizens a wiser way can go;
They make you fools, but never call you so.
They in good manners seldom make a slip,
But treat a common whore with ladyship;
But here each saucy wit at random writes,
And uses ladies as he uses knights. ¹⁰
Our author, young, and grateful in his na-
ture,

Vows that from him no nymph deserves a
satire;

Nor will he ever draw — I mean his rhyme,
Against the sweet partaker of his crime.
Nor is he yet so bold an undertaker,
To call men fools: 'tis railing at their *Maker*.
Besides, he fears to split upon that shelf;

He's young enough to be a *fop* himself:
And, if his praise can bring you all abed,
He swears such hopeful youth no nation
ever bred. 20

Your nurses, we presume, in such a
case,
Your father chose, because he lik'd the
face;
And, often, they supplied your mother's
place.
The dry nurse was your mother's ancient
maid,
Who knew some former slip she ne'er be-
tray'd.

Betwixt 'em both, for milk and sugar candy,
Your sucking bottles were well stor'd with
brandy.

Your father, to initiate your discourse,
Meant to have taught you first to swear
and curse,
But was prevented by each careful nurse.
For, leaving dad and mam, as names too
common,
They taught you certain parts of man and
woman. 31

I pass your schools; for there, when first
you came,
You would be sure to learn the Latin name.
In colleges you scorn'd their art of think-
ing,
But learn'd all moods and figures of good
drinking:

Thence come to town, you practice play, to
know

The virtues of the high dice, and the low.
Each thinks himself a *sharper* most pro-
found:

He cheats by pence, is cheated by the
pound. 40

With these perfections, and what else he
gleans,
The *spark* sets up for love behind our
scenes;

Hot in pursuit of princesses and queens.
There, if they know their man, with cun-
ning carriage,

Twenty to one but it concludes in marriage.
He hires some homely room, love's fruits
to gather,

And garret-high rebels against his father.
But he once dead—

Brings her in triumph, with her portion,
down,

A twillett, dressing box, and half a crown.

Some marry first, and then they fall to
scouring, 51

Which is, refining marriage into whoring.
Our women batten well on their good na-
ture;

All they can rap and rend for the dear
creature.

But while abroad so liberal the *dolt* is,
Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is.
Last, some there are, who take their first
degrees

Of lewdness in our middle galleries;
The doughty *bullies* enter bloody drunk,
Invade and grabble one another's *punk*: 60
They caterwaul, and make a dismal rout;
Call *sons of whores*, and strike, but ne'er
lug out:

Thus, while for paltry punk they roar and
stickle,

They make it bawdier than a conventicle.

EPILOGUE TO CONSTANTINE THE GREAT

SPOKEN BY MRS. COOKE

[This tragedy, by Lee, was first printed in 1684. The epilogue is not assigned to Dryden in this edition or in the early collected editions of Lee's works. It appears, however, in the third edition, 1702, of *Miscellany Poems, the First Part*, with the words, "written by Mr. Dryden," after the title. The present text follows that printed with the play in 1684.]

Our hero's happy in the play's conclu-
sion;

The holy rogue at last has met confusion:
Tho' Arius all along appear'd a saint,
The last act shew'd him a True Protes-
tant.

Eusebius (for you know I read Greek au-
thors)

Reports that, after all these plots and
slaughters,

The court of Constantine was full of glory,
And every Trimmer turn'd Addressing
Tory.

They follow'd him in herds as they were
mad;

When Clause was king, then all the world
was glad: 70

Whigs kept the places they possess'd be-
fore,

And most were in a way of getting more;

Which was as much as saying: "Gentlemen,
Here's power and money to be rogues again."

Indeed there were a sort of peaking tools,
(Some call them modest, but I call 'em fools,)

Men much more loyal, tho' not half so loud;

But these poor devils were cast behind the crowd;

For bold knaves thrive without one grain of sense,

But good men starve for want of impudence.

Besides all these, there were a sort of wights,

(I think my author calls them Teckelites,) Such hearty rogues against the king and laws,

They favor'd even a foreign rebel's cause.

When their own damn'd design was quash'd and aw'd,

At least they gave it their good word abroad.

As many a man, who, for a quiet life, Breeds out his bastard, not to nose his wife;

Thus o'er their darling plot these Trimmers cry,

And tho' they cannot keep it in their eye,

They bind it prentice to Count Teckely.

They believe not the last plot: may I be curst,

If I believe they e'er believ'd the first!

No wonder their own plot no plot they think;

The man that makes it, never smells the stink.

And, now it comes into my head, I'll tell Why these damn'd Trimmers lov'd the Turks so well.

The original Trimmer, tho' a friend to no man,

Yet in his heart ador'd a pretty woman;

He knew that Mahomet laid up for ever Kind black-ey'd rogues for every true believer;

And, which was more than mortal man e'er tasted,

One pleasure that for threescore twelve-months lasted.

To turn for this may surely be forgiven:

Who'd not be circumcis'd for such a heav'n!

TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON, ON HIS EXCELLENT ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE

[*An Essay on Translated Verse*, by Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon, was first published in 1684; a second edition, "corrected and enlarged," appeared the next year. Dryden's poem is prefixed to both editions; in the second it is slightly revised. Dryden several times refers to Roscommon with warm admiration: see his *Preface to Ovid's Epistles* (p. 90, above), his *Preface to Sylva* (pp. 176, 178, 179, below), and his *Dedication of the Æneis* (p. 514, below). In 1683 Roscommon prefixed a complimentary poem to the third issue of *Religio Laici*.

The present text follows the second edition.]

WHETHER the fruitful Nile, or Tyrian shore,
The seeds of arts and infant science bore,

'T is sure the noble plant, translated first,
Advanc'd its head in Grecian gardens nurs'd.

The Grecians added verse; their tuneful tongue

Made nature first and nature's God their song.

Nor stopp'd translation here; for conquering Rome

With Grecian spoils brought Grecian numbers home,

Enrich'd by those Athenian Muses more
Than all the vanquish'd world could yield

before;

Till barb'rous nations, and more barb'rous times,

Debas'd the majesty of verse to rhymes;
Those rude at first: a kind of hobbling

prose,
That limp'd along, and tinkled in the close.

But Italy, reviving from the trance
Of Vandal, Goth, and monkish ignorance,

With pauses, cadence, and well-vowel'd words,

And all the graces a good ear affords,
Made rhyme an art, and Dante's polish'd

page
Restor'd a silver, not a golden age.

Then Petrarch follow'd, and in him we see
What rhyme improv'd in all its height

can be:
At best a pleasing sound, and fair barbarity.

The French pursued their steps; and Britain,
last,

In manly sweetness all the rest surpass'd.

The wit of Greece, the gravity of Rome,
Appear exalted in the British loom;
The Muses' empire is restor'd again,
In Charles his reign, and by Roscommon's
pen.

Yet modestly he does his work survey, ³⁰
And calls a finish'd poem an *Essay*;
For all the needful rules are scatter'd
here;
Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly se-
vere;
So well is art disguis'd, for nature to ap-
pear.

Nor need those rules, to give translation
light:

His own example is a flame so bright,
That he who but arrives to copy well,
Unguided will advance, unknowing will
excel.

Scarce his own Horace could such rules
ordain,

Or his own Virgil sing a nobler strain. ⁴⁰
How much in him may rising Ireland boast,
How much in gaining him has Britain
lost!

Their island in revenge has ours reclaim'd;
The more instructed we, the more we still
are sham'd.

'T is well for us his generous blood did
flow,

Deriv'd from British channels long ago;
That here his conquering ancestors were
nurs'd,

And Ireland but translated England first:
By this reprisal we regain our right,
Else must the two contending nations fight;
A nobler quarrel for his native earth, ⁵¹
Than what divided Greece for Homer's
birth.

To what perfection will our tongue ar-
rive,

How will invention and translation thrive,
When authors nobly born will bear their
part,

And not disdain th' inglorious praise of
art!

Great generals thus, descending from com-
mand,

With their own toil provoke the soldier's
hand.

How will sweet Ovid's ghost be pleas'd to
hear

His fame augmented by an ^{The Earl of}
English peer; ⁶⁰ ^{Mulgrave.}

How he embellishes his Helen's loves,

Outdoes his softness, and his sense im-
proves?

When these translate, and teach translators
too,

Nor firstling kid, nor any vulgar vow
Should at Apollo's grateful altar stand:

Roscommon writes; to that auspicious
hand,

Muse, feed the bull that spurns the yel-
low sand:

Roscommon, whom both court and camps
commend,

True to his prince, and faithful to his
friend;

Roscommon, first in fields of honor known,
First in the peaceful triumphs of the

gown, ⁷¹
Who both Minervas justly makes his
own.

Now let the few belov'd by Jove, and
they

Whom infus'd Titan form'd of better
clay,

On equal terms with ancient wit ingage,
Nor mighty Homer fear, nor sacred Virgil's

page:

Our English palace opens wide in state,
And without stooping they may pass the

gate.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. OLDHAM

[John Oldham, after Dryden and Butler the
ablest satirist of the Restoration period, died
on December 9, 1683, at the age of thirty. To
an edition of his *Remains in Verse and Prose*,
published late in the next year, Dryden pre-
fixed the following noble tribute.]

FAREWELL, too little, and too lately known,
Whom I began to think and call my own:

For sure our souls were near allied, and
thine

Cast in the same poetic mold with mine.

One common note on either lyre did strike,
And knaves and fools we both abhorr'd

alike.

To the same goal did both our studies
drive;

The last set out the soonest did arrive.
Thus Nisus fell upon the slippery place,

While his young friend perform'd and won
the race.

O early ripe! to thy abundant store
 What could advancing age have added
 more?
 It might (what nature never gives the
 young)
 Have taught the numbers of thy native
 tongue.
 But satire needs not those, and wit will
 shine
 Thro' the harsh cadence of a rugged line:
 A noble error, and but seldom made,
 When poets are by too much force be-
 tray'd.

Thy generous fruits, tho' gather'd ere
 their prime,
 Still shew'd a quickness; and maturing
 time
 But mellow what we write to the dull
 sweets of rhyme.
 Once more, hail and farewell; farewell,
 thou young,
 But ah too short, Marcellus of our tongue;
 Thy brows with ivy, and with laurels
 bound;
 But fate and gloomy night encompass thee
 around.

POEMS INCLUDED IN SYLVÆ (THE SECOND MISCELLANY), 1685

[Encouraged by the success of *Miscellany Poems*, 1684, Tonson and Dryden undertook a second volume of similar character, which was published in 1685 with a title reading, *Sylvæ, or The Second Part of Poetical Miscellanies*; and with the motto:

— Non deficiet alter
 Aureus, et simili frondescit virga metallo. — VINA.

This book is generally referred to as the *Second Miscellany*. Second, third, and fourth editions followed in the same years as those of its predecessor: 1692, 1702, and 1716. The third edition adds to the title the words, *Publish'd by Mr. Dryden*; the title of the fourth edition reads, *The Second Part of Miscellany Poems. . . Publish'd by Mr. Dryden*. On the *Sylvæ* a passage in a letter from Dryden to Tonson, dated by Malone (I, 2, 21) in August or September, 1684, is of much interest: "Your opinion of the *Miscellanies* is likewise mine: I will for once lay by the *Religio Laici* till another time. But I must also add, that since we are to have nothing but new, I am resolv'd we will have nothing but good, whomever we disoblige. You will have of mine, four Odes of Horace, which I have already translated; another small translation of forty lines from Lucretius; the whole story of Nisus and Euryalus, both in the fifth and the ninth of Virgil's *Æneids*: and I care not who translates them beside me, for let him be friend or foe, I will please myself, and not give off in consideration of any man. There will be forty lines more of Virgil in another place, to answer those of Lucretius: I mean those very lines which Montague has compar'd in those two poets; and Homer shall sleep on for me, — I will not now meddle with him." Evidently Tonson proposed that no reprinted work be included in the new volume, and Dryden followed his suggestion.

After Dryden's preface, the *Sylvæ* opens with his translations from Virgil, Lucretius, Theocritus, and Horace. Other translations, mainly anonymous, with a few original poems, make up the rest of the volume. Among the contributions is a Latin poem, *Horii Arlingtoniani, ad Clarissimum Dominum, Henricum, Comitem Arlingtoniæ, &c.*, by Charles Dryden, eldest son of the poet. In the contents of the third and fourth editions of the *Sylvæ*, as of its predecessor, Tonson, or an editor, made important changes.

When Dryden made his complete translation of Virgil, he rewrote thoroughly the episodes from the *Æneid* included in the *Sylvæ*. His earlier texts are omitted at the present point, but are given in *Appendix II*, pp. 921-928, below.]

PREFACE

FOR this last half-year I have been troubled with the disease (as I may call it) of translation. The cold prose fits of it, which are always the most tedious with me, were spent in the *History of the League*; the hot, which

succeeded them, in this volume of verse miscellanies. The truth is, I fancied to myself a kind of ease in the change of the paroxysm; never suspecting but the humor would have wasted itself in two or three pastorals of Theocritus, and as many odes of Horace. But finding, or at least thinking I found, some-

thing that was more pleasing in them than my ordinary productions, I encourag'd myself to renew my old acquaintance with Lucretius and Virgil; and immediately fix'd upon some parts of them, which had most affected me in the reading. These were my natural impulses for the undertaking; but there was an accidental motive which was full as forcible, and God forgive him who was the occasion of it. It was my Lord Roscommon's *Essay on Translated Verse*; which made me uneasy till I tried whether or no I was capable of following his rules, and of reducing the speculation into practice. For many a fair precept in poetry is like a seeming demonstration in the mathematics, very specious in the diagram, but failing in the mechanic operation. I think I have generally observ'd his instructions; I am sure my reason is sufficiently convinc'd both of their truth and usefulness; which, in other words, is to confess no less a vanity, than to pretend that I have at least in some places made examples to his rules. Yet, withal, I must acknowledge that I have many times exceeded my commission; for I have both added and omitted, and even sometimes very boldly made such expositions of my authors, as no Dutch commentator will forgive me. Perhaps, in such particular passages, I have thought that I discover'd some beauty yet undiscover'd by those pedants, which none but a poet could have found. Where I have taken away some of their expressions, and cut them shorter, it may possibly be on this consideration, that what was beautiful in the Greek or Latin, would not appear so shining in the English; and where I have enlarg'd them, I desire the false critics would not always think that those thoughts are wholly mine, but that either they are secretly in the poet, or may be fairly deduc'd from him; or at least, if both those considerations should fail, that my own is of a piece with his, and that if he were living, and an Englishman, they are such as he would probably have written.

For, after all, a translator is to make his author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike himself. Translation is a kind of drawing after the life, where everyone will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. 'Tis one thing to draw the outlines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the coloring itself perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all these graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the spirit which animates the whole. I cannot, without some indignation, look on an ill copy of an excellent original. Much less can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and some others, whose beauties I have been en-

deavoring all my life to imitate, so abus'd, as I may say, to their faces, by a botching interpreter. What English readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me, or any other man, when we commend those authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take those to be the same poets, whom our Oglebys have translated? But I dare assure them that a good poet is no more like himself, in a dull translation, than his careness would be to his living body. There are many who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few: 'tis impossible even for a good wit to understand and practice them, without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us, the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best company of both sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted, while he was laying in a stock of learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern not only good writers from bad, and a proper style from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young men take up some cried-up English poet for their model, adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his subject, or his expressions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious.

Thus it appears necessary that a man should be a nice critic in his mother tongue, before he attempts to translate a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient that he be able to judge of words and style, but he must be a master of them too; he must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own. So that, to be a thorough translator, he must be a thorough poet. Neither is it enough to give his author's sense in good English, in poetical expressions, and in musical numbers; for, tho' all these are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains a harder task; and 'tis a secret of which few translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is, the maintaining the character of an author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual poet whom you would interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the style and versification of Virgil and Ovid, are very different: yet I see, even in our

best poets who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several talents; and, by endeavoring only at the sweetness and harmony of numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did not know the originals, I should never be able to judge by the copies, which was Virgil, and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble painter, that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were like. And this happen'd to him, because he always studied himself, more than those who sat to him. In such translators I can easily distinguish the hand which perform'd the work, but I cannot distinguish their poet from another. Suppose two authors are equally sweet, yet there is a great distinction to be made in sweetness, as in that of sugar, and that of honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding, in my translations out of four several poets in this volume: Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I consider'd the genius and distinguishing character of my author. I look'd on Virgil as a succinct, and grave majestic writer; one who weigh'd not only every thought, but every word and syllable: who was still aiming to crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he could; for which reason he is so very figurative, that he requires (I may almost say) a grammar apart to construe him. His verse is everywhere sounding the very thing in your ears, whose sense it bears; yet the numbers are perpetually varied, to increase the delight of the reader; so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, tho' they write in styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of music in their verses. All the versification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compass of four or five lines, and then he begins again in the same tenor; perpetually closing his sense at the end of a verse, and that verse commonly which they call golden, or two substantives and two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his sweetness, has as little variety of numbers and sound as he; he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verse runs upon carpet-ground. He avoids, like the other, all synalephas, or cutting off one vowel when it comes before another in the following word; so that, minding only smoothness, he wants both variety and majesty. But to return to Virgil: tho' he is smooth where smoothness is requir'd, yet he is so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it; frequently makes use of synalephas, and concludes his sense in the middle of his verse. He is everywhere above conceits of epi-

grammatic wit, and gross hyperboles; he maintains majesty in the midst of plainness; he shines, but glares not; and is stately without ambition, which is the vice of Lucan. I drew my definition of poetical wit from my particular consideration of him: for propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him; and, where they are proper, they will be delightful. Pleasure follows of necessity, as the effect does the cause; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil I particularly regarded, as a great part of his character; but must confess, to my shame, that I have not been able to translate any part of him so well, as to make him appear wholly like himself. For where the original is close, no version can reach it in the same compass. Hannibal Caro's, in the Italian, is the nearest, the most poetical, and the most sonorous of any translation of the *Æneids*: yet, tho' he takes the advantage of blank verse, he commonly allows two lines for one of Virgil, and does not always hit his sense. Tasso tells us, in his letters, that Sperone Speroni, a great Italian wit, who was his contemporary, observ'd of Virgil and Tully, that the Latin orator endeavor'd to imitate the copiousness of Homer, the Greek poet; and that the Latin poet made it his business to reach the conciseness of Demosthenes, the Greek orator. Virgil, therefore, being so very sparing of his words, and leaving so much to be imagin'd by the reader, can never be translated as he ought in any modern tongue. To make him copious, is to alter his character; and to translate him line for line is impossible, because the Latin is naturally a more succinct language than either the Italian, Spanish, French, or even than the English, which, by reason of its monosyllables, is far the most compendious of them. Virgil is much the closest of any Roman poet, and the Latin hexameter has more feet than the English heroic.

Besides all this, an author has the choice of his own thoughts and words, which a translator has not; he is confin'd by the sense of the inventor to those expressions which are the nearest to it: so that Virgil, studying brevity, and having the command of his own language, could bring those words into a narrow compass, which a translator cannot render without circumlocutions. In short, they who have call'd him the torture of grammarians, might also have call'd him the plague of translators; for he seems to have studied not to be translated. I own that, endeavoring to turn his *Nisus* and *Euryalus* as close as I was able, I have perform'd that episode too literally; that, giving more scope to *Mecentius* and *Laisius*, that version, which has more of the majesty of Virgil, has less of his conciseness; and all that I can

promise for myself is only that I have done both better than Ogleby, and perhaps as well as Caro. So that, methinks, I come like a malefactor, to make a speech upon the gallows, and to warn all other poets, by my sad example, from the sacrilege of translating Virgil. Yet, by considering him so carefully as I did before my attempt, I have made some faint resemblance of him; and, had I taken more time, might possibly have succeeded better; but never so well, as to have satisfied myself.

He who excels all other poets in his own language, were it possible to do him right, must appear above them in our tongue; which, as my Lord Roscommon justly observes, approaches nearest to the Roman in its majesty: nearest indeed, but with a vast interval betwixt them. There is an inimitable grace in Virgil's words, and in them principally consists that beauty which gives so unexpressible a pleasure to him who best understands their force. This diction of his, I must once again say, is never to be copied; and, since it cannot, he will appear but lame in the best translation. The turns of his verse, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers, and his gravity, I have as far imitated as the poverty of our language and the hastiness of my performance would allow. I may seem sometimes to have varied from his sense; but I think the greatest variations may be fairly deduc'd from him; and where I leave his commentators, it may be I understand him better: at least I writ without consulting them in many places. But two particular lines in *Mezentius* and *Lausus* I cannot so easily excuse. They are indeed remotely allied to Virgil's sense; but they are too like the trifling tenderness of Ovid, and were printed before I had consider'd them enough to alter them. The first of them I have forgotten, and cannot easily retrieve, because the copy is at the press; the second is this:

When Lausus died, I was already slain.

This appears pretty enough at first sight; but I am convinc'd for many reasons that the expression is too bold; that Virgil would not have said it, tho' Ovid would. The reader may pardon it, if he please, for the freeness of the confession; and instead of that, and the former, admit these two lines, which are more according to the author:

Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design;
As I had us'd my fortune, use thou thine.

Having with much ado got clear of Virgil, I have, in the next place, to consider the genius of Lucretius, whom I have translated more happily in those parts of him which I undertook. If he was not of the best age of Roman

poetry, he was at least of that which preceded it; and he himself refin'd it to that degree of perfection, both in the language and the thoughts, that he left an easy task to Virgil; who, as he succeeded him in time, so he copied his excellencies: for the method of the *Georgics* is plainly deriv'd from him. Lucretius had chosen a subject naturally crabbed; he therefore adorn'd it with poetical descriptions, and precepts of morality, in the beginning and ending of his books, which you see Virgil has imitated with great success, in those four books, which in my opinion are more perfect in their kind than even his divine *Aeneids*. The turn of his verse he has likewise follow'd, in those places which Lucretius has most labor'd, and some of his very lines he has transplanted into his own works, without much variation. If I am not mistaken, the distinguishing character of Lucretius (I mean of his soul and genius) is a certain kind of noble pride, and positive assertion of his opinions. He is everywhere confident of his own reason, and assuming an absolute command, not only over his vulgar reader, but even his patron Memmius. For he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the rod over him, and using a magisterial authority, while he instructs him. From his time to ours, I know none so like him as our poet and philosopher of Malmesbury. This is that perpetual dictatorship which is exercis'd by Lucretius; who, tho' often in the wrong, yet seems to deal *bona fide* with his reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks: in which plain sincerity, I believe, he differs from our Hobbes, who could not but be convinc'd, or at least doubt of some eternal truths, which he has oppos'd. But for Lucretius, he seems to disdain all manner of replies, and is so confident of his cause, that he is beforehand with his antagonists; urging for them whatever he imagin'd they could say, and leaving them, as he supposes, without an objection for the future; all this too, with so much scorn and indignation, as if he were assur'd of the triumph, before he enter'd into the lists. From this sublime and daring genius of his, it must of necessity come to pass, that his thoughts must be masculine, full of argumentation, and that sufficiently warm. From the same fiery temper proceeds the loftiness of his expressions, and the perpetual torrent of his verse, where the barrenness of his subject does not too much constrain the quickness of his fancy. For there is no doubt to be made, but that he could have been everywhere as poetical as he is in his descriptions, and in the moral part of his philosophy, if he had not aim'd more to instruct, in his *System of Nature*, than to delight. But he was bent upon making Memmius a materialist, and teaching him to defy an invisible

power. In short, he was so much an atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a poet. These are the considerations which I had of that author, before I attempted to translate some parts of him. And accordingly I laid by my natural diffidence and scepticism for a while, to take up that dogmatical way of his, which, as I said, is so much his character, as to make him that individual poet. As for his opinions concerning the mortality of the soul, they are so absurd, that I cannot, if I would, believe them. I think a future state demonstrable even by natural arguments; at least, to take away rewards and punishments, is only a pleasing prospect to a man, who resolves beforehand not to live morally. But on the other side, the thought of being nothing after death is a burden unsupportable to a virtuous man, even tho' a heathen. We naturally aim at happiness, and cannot bear to have it confin'd to the shortness of our present being, especially when we consider that virtue is generally unhappy in this world, and vice fortunate: so that 'tis hope of futurity alone that makes this life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who would not commit all the excesses to which he is prompted by his natural inclinations, if he may do them with security while he is alive, and be incapable of punishment after he is dead! If he be cunning and secret enough to avoid the laws, there is no band of morality to restrain him: for fame and reputation are weak ties; many men have not the least sense of them; powerful men are only aw'd by them, as they conduce to their interest, and that not always, when a passion is predominant; and no man will be contain'd within the bounds of duty, when he may safely transgress them. These are my thoughts abstractedly, and without ent'ring into the notions of our Christian faith, which is the proper business of divines.

But there are other arguments in this poem (which I have turn'd into English) not belonging to the mortality of the soul, which are strong enough to a reasonable man, to make him less in love with life, and consequently in less apprehensions of death: such as are the natural satiety proceeding from a perpetual enjoyment of the same things; the inconveniences of old age, which make him incapable of corporeal pleasures; the decay of understanding and memory, which render him contemptible and useless to others. These, and many other reasons, so pathetically urg'd, so beautifully express'd, so adorn'd with examples, and so admirably rais'd by the prosopoeia of Nature, who is brought in speaking to her children, with so much authority and vigor, deserve the pains I have taken with them, which I hope have not been unsuccessful,

or unworthy of my author. At least I must take the liberty to own that I was pleas'd with my own endeavors, which but rarely happens to me, and that I am not dissatisfied upon the review of anything I have done in this author.

'Tis true, there is something, and that of some moment, to be objected against my Englishing the *Nature of Love*, from the fourth book of Lucretius; and I can less easily answer why I translated it, than why I thus translated it. The objection arises from the obscenity of the subject, which is aggravated by the too lively and alluring delicacy of the verses. In the first place, without the least formality of an excuse, I own it pleas'd me: and let my enemies make the worst they can of this confession; I am not yet so secure from that passion, but that I want my author's antidotes against it. He has given the truest and most philosophical account both of the disease and remedy, which I ever found in any author: for which reasons I translated him. But it will be ask'd why I turn'd him into this luscious English — for I will not give it a worse word. Instead of an answer, I would ask again of my supercilious adversaries, whether I am not bound, when I translate an author, to do him all the right I can, and to translate him to the best advantage? If, to mince his meaning, which I am satisfied was honest and instructive, I had either omitted some part of what he said, or taken from the strength of his expression, I certainly had wrong'd him; and that freeness of thought and words being thus cashier'd in my hands, he had no longer been Lucretius. If nothing of this kind be to be read, physicians must not study nature, anatomies must not be seen, and somewhat I could say of particular passages in books, which, to avoid profaneness, I do not name. But the intention qualifies the act; and both mine and my author's were to instruct as well as please. 'Tis most certain that barefac'd bawdry is the poorest pretense to wit imaginable. If I should say otherwise, I should have two great authorities against me. The one is the *Essay on Poetry*, which I publicly valued before I knew the author of it, and with the commendation of which my Lord Roscommon so happily begins his *Essay on Translated Verse*; the other is no less than our admird Cowley, who says the same thing in other words: for in his *Ode concerning Wit*, he writes thus of it:

Much less can that have any place,
At which a virgin hides her face:
Such dross the fire must purge away; 'tis just
The author blush, there where the reader must.

Here indeed Mr. Cowley goes farther than the *Essay*; for he asserts plainly that obscenity has no place in wit; the other only says, 'tis

a poor pretense to it, or an ill sort of wit, which has nothing more to support it than barefac'd ribaldry; which is both unmanly in itself, and fulsome to the reader. But neither of these will reach my case: for in the first place, I am only the translator, not the inventor; so that the heaviest part of the censure falls upon Lucretius, before it reaches me; in the next place, neither he nor I have us'd the grossest words, but the cleanliest metaphors we could find, to palliate the broadness of the meaning; and, to conclude, have carried the poetical part no farther than the philosophical exacted.

There is one mistake of mine which I will not lay to the printer's charge, who has enough to answer for in false pointings. 'Tis in the word *viper*; I would have the verse run thus:

The scorpion, love, must on the wound be bruist.

There are a sort of blundering half-witted people, who make a great deal of noise about a verbal slip; tho' Horace would instruct them better in true criticism:

— Non ego paucis
Offendor maenilis quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.

True judgment in poetry, like that in painting, takes a view of the whole together, whether it be good or not; and where the beauties are more than the faults, concludes for the poet against the little judge. 'Tis a sign that malice is hard driven, when 'tis forc'd to lay hold on a word or syllable: to arraign a man is one thing, and to cavil at him is another. In the midst of an ill-natur'd generation of scribblers, there is always justice enough left in mankind to protect good writers; and they too are oblig'd, both by humanity and interest, to espouse each other's cause against false critics, who are the common enemies.

This last consideration puts me in mind of what I owe to the ingenious and learned translator of Lucretius. I have not here design'd to rob him of any part of that commendation which he has so justly acquir'd by the whole author, whose fragments only fall to my portion. What I have now perform'd, is no more than I intended above twenty years ago. The ways of our translation are very different; he follows him more closely than I have done, which became an interpreter of the whole poem: I take more liberty, because it best suited with my design, which was to make him as pleasing as I could. He had been too voluminous, had he us'd my method in so long a work; and I had certainly taken his, had I made it my business to translate the whole. The preference then is justly his; and I join with Mr. Evelyn in the confession of it, with this additional advantage to him, that his reputation is already establish'd in this poet, mine

is to make its fortune in the world. If I have been anywhere obscure, in following our common author, or if Lucretius himself is to be condemn'd, I refer myself to his excellent annotations, which I have often read, and always with some new pleasure.

My preface begins already to swell upon me, and looks as if I were afraid of my reader, by so tedious a bespeaking of him: and yet I have Horace and Theocritus upon my hands; but the Greek gentleman shall quickly be dispatch'd, because I have more business with the Roman.

That which distinguishes Theocritus from all other poets, both Greek and Latin, and which raises him even above Virgil in his *Eclogues*, is the inimitable tenderness of his passions, and the natural expression of them in words so becoming of a pastoral. A simplicity shines thro' all he writes; he shows his art and learning by disguising both. His shepherds never rise above their country education in their complaints of love. There is the same difference betwixt him and Virgil, as there is betwixt Tasso's *Aminta* and the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini. Virgil's shepherds are too well-read in the philosophy of Epicurus and of Plato, and Guarini's seem to have been bred in courts; but Theocritus and Tasso have taken theirs from cottages and plains. It was said of Tasso, in relation to his similitudes, *mai esce del bosco*; that he never departed from the woods, that is, all his comparisons were taken from the country. The same may be said of our Theocritus. He is softer than Ovid; he touches the passions more delicately and performs all this out of his own *fond*, without diving into the arts and sciences for a supply. Even his Doric dialect has an incomparable sweetness in its clownishness, like a fair shepherdess in her country russet, talking in a Yorkshire tone. This was impossible for Virgil to imitate, because the severity of the Roman language denied him that advantage. Spenser has endeavor'd it in his *Shepherd's Calendar*; but neither will it succeed in English; for which reason I forbore to attempt it. For Theocritus writ to Sicilians, who spoke that dialect; and I direct this part of my translations to our ladies, who neither understand nor will take pleasure in such homely expressions. I proceed to Horace.

Take him in parts, and he is chiefly to be consider'd in his three different talents, as he was a critic, a satirist, and a writer of odes. His morals are uniform, and run thro' all of them; for, let his Dutch commentators say what they will, his philosophy was Epicurean; and he made use of gods and providence only to serve a turn in poetry. But since neither his criticisms, which are the most instructive of any

that are written in this art, nor his satires, which are incomparably beyond Juvenal's, if to laugh and rally is to be preferr'd to railing and declaiming, are any part of my present undertaking, I confine myself wholly to his odes. These are also of several sorts: some of them are panegyrical, others moral, the rest jovial, or (if I may so call them) Bacchanalian. As difficult as he makes it, and as indeed it is, to imitate Pindar, yet, in his most elevated flights, and in the sudden changes of his subject with almost imperceptible connections, that Theban poet is his master. But Horace is of the more bounded fancy, and confines himself strictly to one sort of verse, or stanza, in every ode. That which will distinguish his style from all other poets is the elegance of his words, and the numerosness of his verse: there is nothing so delicately turn'd in all the Roman language. There appears in every part of his diction, or (to speak English) in all his expressions, a kind of noble and bold purity. His words are chosen with as much exactness as Virgil's; but there seems to be a greater spirit in them. There is a secret happiness attends his choice, which in Petronius is called *curiosa felicitas*, and which I suppose he had from the *felicitate* of Horace himself. But the most distinguishing part of all his character seems to me to be his briskness, his jollity, and his good humor; and those I have chiefly endeavor'd to copy. His other excellencies, I confess, are above my imitation. One ode, which infinitely pleas'd me in the reading, I have attempted to translate in Pindaric verse: 't is that which is inscrib'd to the present Earl of Rochester, to whom I have particular obligations, which this small testimony of my gratitude can never pay. 'Tis his darling in the Latin, and I have taken some pains to make it my masterpiece in English; for which reason I took this kind of verse, which allows more latitude than any other. Everyone knows it was introduc'd into our language, in this age, by the happy genius of Mr. Cowley. The seeming easiness of it has made it spread; but it has not been consider'd enough, to be so well cultivated. It languishes in almost every hand but his, and some very few, whom, to keep the rest in countenance, I do not name. He, indeed, has brought it as near perfection as was possible in so short a time. But if I may be allow'd to speak my mind modestly, and without injury to his sacred ashes, somewhat of the purity of English, somewhat of more equal thoughts, somewhat of sweetness in the numbers, in one word, somewhat of a finer turn, and more lyrical verse, is yet wanting. As for the soul of it, which consists in the warmth and vigor of fancy, the masterly figures, and the copiousness of imagination, he has excell'd all others in this kind.

Yet, if the kind itself be capable of more perfection, tho' rather in the ornamental parts of it, than the essential, what rules of morality or respect have I broken, in naming the defects, that they may hereafter be amended? Imitation is a nice point, and there are few poets who deserve to be models in all they write. Milton's *Paradise Lost* is admirable; but am I therefore bound to maintain that there are no flats amongst his elevations, when 't is evident he creeps along sometimes, for above an hundred lines together? Cannot I admire the height of his invention, and the strength of his expression, without defending his antiquated words, and the perpetual harshness of their sound? 'T is as much commendation as a man can bear, to own him excellent; all beyond it is idolatry.

Since Pindar was the prince of lyric poets, let me have leave to say that, in imitating him, our numbers should, for the most part, be lyrical. For variety, or rather where the majesty of the thought requires it, they may be stretch'd to the English heroic of five feet, and to the French Alexandrine of six. But the ear must preside, and direct the judgment to the choice of numbers. Without the nicety of this, the harmony of Pindaric verse can never be complete: the cadency of one line must be a rule to that of the next; and the sound of the former must slide gently into that which follows, without leaping from one extreme into another. It must be done like the shadowings of a picture, which fall by degrees into a darker color. I shall be glad, if I have so explain'd myself as to be understood; but if I have not, *quod nequeo dicere, et sentio tantum*, must be my excuse.

There remains much more to be said on this subject; but, to avoid envy, I will be silent. What I have said is the general opinion of the best judges, and in a manner has been forc'd from me, by seeing a noble sort of poetry so happily restor'd by one man, and so grossly copied by almost all the rest. A musical ear, and a great genius, if another Mr. Cowley could arise, in another age may bring it to perfection. In the mean time:

— Fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, expers ipsa secandi.

I hope it will not be expected from me that I should say anything of my fellow-undertakers in this *Miscellany*. Some of them are too nearly related to me to be commended without suspicion of partiality: others, I am sure, need it not; and the rest I have not perus'd.

To conclude, I am sensible that I have written this too hastily and too loosely: I fear I have been tedious, and, which is worse, it comes out from the first draft, and uncorrected.

This, I grant, is no excuse; for it may be reasonably urg'd, why did he not write with more leisure, or, if he had it not, (which was certainly my case,) why did he attempt to write on so nice a subject? The objection is unanswerable; but in part of recompense, let me assure the reader, that, in hasty productions, he is sure to meet with an author's present sense, which cooler thoughts would possibly have disguis'd. There is undoubtedly more of spirit, tho' not of judgment, in these incorrect essays, and consequently, tho' my hazard be the greater, yet the reader's pleasure is not the less.

JOHN DRYDEN.

LUCRETIVS

THE BEGINNING OF THE FIRST BOOK

DELIGHT of humankind, and gods above,
Parent of Rome, propitious Queen of Love,
Whose vital pow'r, air, earth, and sea supplies,
And breeds whate'er is born beneath the rolling skies:
For every kind, by thy prolific might,
Springs, and beholds the regions of the light.
Thee, goddess, thee the clouds and tempests fear,
And at thy pleasing presence disappear:
For thee the land in fragrant flow'rs is dress'd;
For thee the ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy breast;
And heav'n itself with more serene and purer light is blest.
For when the rising spring adorns the mead,
And a new scene of nature stands display'd,
When teeming buds and cheerful greens appear,
And western gales unlock the lazy year;
The joyous birds thy welcome first express,
Whose native songs thy genial fire confess;
Then salvage beasts bound o'er their slighted food,
Struck with thy darts, and tempt the raging flood.
All nature is thy gift; earth, air, and sea:
Of all that breathes, the various progeny,
Stung with delight, is goaded on by thee.

O'er barren mountains, o'er the flow'ry plain,
The leavy forest, and the liquid main,
Extends thy uncontroll'd and boundless reign.

Thro' all the living regions dost thou move,
And scatter'st, where thou goest, the kindly seeds of love.

Since then the race of every living thing Obeys thy pow'r; since nothing new can spring

Without thy warmth, without thy influence bear,

Or beautiful, or lovesome can appear;
Be thou my aid, my tuneful song inspire,
And kindle with thy own productive fire;
While all thy province, Nature, I survey,
And sing to Memmius an immortal lay
Of heav'n and earth, and everywhere thy wondrous pow'r display:

To Memmius, under thy sweet influence born,

Whom thou with all thy gifts and graces dost adorn.

The rather, then, assist my Muse and me,
Infusing verses worthy him and thee.
Meantime on land and sea let barb'rous discord cease,

And lull the list'ning world in universal peace.

To thee mankind their soft repose must owe,

For thou alone that blessing canst bestow;

Because the brutal business of the war
Is manag'd by thy dreadful servant's care;
Who oft retires from fighting fields, to prove

The pleasing pains of thy eternal love;
And, panting on thy breast, supinely lies,
While with thy heavenly form he feeds his famish'd eyes;

Sucks in with open lips thy balmy breath,
By turns restor'd to life, and plung'd in pleasing death.

There while thy curling limbs about him move,

Involv'd and fetter'd in the links of love,
When, wishing all, he nothing can deny,
Thy charms in that auspicious moment try;

With winning eloquence our peace implore,

And quiet to the weary world restore.

LUCRETIUS

THE BEGINNING OF THE SECOND BOOK

Suave mari magno, &c.

'T is pleasant, safely to behold from shore
The rolling ship, and hear the tempest
roar:

Not that another's pain is our delight;
But pains unfelt produce the pleasing sight.
'T is pleasant also to behold from far
The moving legions mingled in the war;
But much more sweet thy lab'ring steps
to guide

To virtue's heights, with wisdom well
supplied,

And all the magazines of learning forti-
fied:

From thence to look below on humankind,
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind:
To see vain fools ambitiously contend

For wit and pow'r; their lost endeavors bend
T' outshine each other, waste their time
and health

In search of honor, and pursuit of wealth.

O wretched man! in what a mist of life,
Inclos'd with dangers and with noisy strife,
He spends his little span, and overfeeds
His cramm'd desires with more than nature
needs!

For nature wisely stints our appetite, 20
And craves no more than undisturb'd de-
light:

Which minds, unmix'd with cares and fears,
obtain;

A soul serene, a body void of pain.

So little this corporeal frame requires;

So bounded are our natural desires,

That wanting all, and setting pain aside,

With bare privation sense is satisfied.

If golden sconces hang not on the walls,

To light the costly suppers and the balls;

If the proud palace shines not with the
state 30

Of burnish'd bowls, and of reflected plate;

If well-tun'd harps, nor the more pleasing
sound

Of voices, from the vaulted roofs rebound;

Yet on the grass, beneath a poplar shade,

By the cool stream our careless limbs are
laid;

With cheaper pleasures innocently blest,

When the warm spring with gaudy flow'rs
is dress'd.

Nor will the raging fever's fire abate
With golden canopies and beds of state;
But the poor patient will as soon be sound
On the hard mattress, or the mother
ground.

Then since our bodies are not eas'd the
more 41

By birth, or pow'r, or fortune's wealthy
store,

'T is plain, these useless toys of every kind
As little can relieve the lab'ring mind:

Unless we could suppose the dreadful sight
Of marshal'd legions moving to the fight,
Could, with their sound and terrible array,
Expel our fears, and drive the thoughts of
death away.

But, since the supposition vain appears, 50
Since clinging cares, and trains of inbred
fears,

Are not with sounds to be affrighted thence,
But in the midst of pomp pursue the prince,
Not aw'd by arms, but in the presence bold,

Without respect to purple or to gold;
Why should not we these pageantries de-
spise,

Whose worth but in our want of reason
lies?

For life is all in wand'ring errors led;

And just as children are surpris'd with
dread,

And tremble in the dark, so riper years 60
Ev'n in broad daylight are possess'd with
fears,

And shake at shadows fanciful and vain
As those which in the breasts of children
reign.

These bugbears of the mind, this inward
hell,

No rays of outward sunshine can dispel;

But nature and right reason must display
Their beams abroad, and bring the dark-
some soul to day.

LUCRETIUS

THE LATTER PART OF THE THIRD BOOK

AGAINST THE FEAR OF DEATH

WHAT has this bugbear death to frighten
man,

If souls can die, as well as bodies can?

For, as before our birth we felt no pain,
When Punic arms infested land and main,

When heav'n and earth were in confusion
 hurl'd,
 For the debated empire of the world,
 Which aw'd with dreadful expectation lay,
 Sure to be slaves, uncertain who should
 sway:
 So, when our mortal frame shall be dis-
 join'd,
 The lifeless lump uncoupled from the
 mind,
 From sense of grief and pain we shall be
 free;
 We shall not feel, because we shall not *be*.
 Tho' earth in seas, and seas in heav'n were
 lost,
 We should not move, we only should be
 toss'd.
 Nay, ev'n suppose when we have suffer'd
 fate,
 The soul could feel in her divided state,
 What's that to us? for we are only we
 While souls and bodies in one frame agree.
 Nay, tho' our atoms should revolve by
 chance,
 And matter leap into the former dance; ²⁰
 Tho' time our life and motion could re-
 store,
 And make our bodies what they were be-
 fore,
 What gain to us would all this bustle
 bring?
 The new-made man would be another
 thing.
 When once an interrupting pause is made,
 That individual being is decay'd.
 We, who are dead and gone, shall bear no
 part
 In all the pleasures, nor shall feel the
 smart
 Which to that other mortal shall accrue,
 Whom of our matter time shall mold
 anew. ³⁰
 For backward if you look on that long
 space
 Of ages past, and view the changing face
 Of matter, toss'd and variously combin'd
 In sundry shapes, 't is easy for the mind
 From thence t' infer, that seeds of things
 have been
 In the same order as they now are seen:
 Which yet our dark remembrance cannot
 trace,
 Because a pause of life, a gaping space,
 Has come betwixt, where memory lies
 dead,

And all the wand'ring motions from the
 sense are fled. ⁴⁰
 For whosoe'er shall in misfortunes live,
 Must *be*, when those misfortunes shall ar-
 rise;
 And since the man who is not, feels not
 woe,
 (For death exempts him, and wards off the
 blow,
 Which we, the living, only feel and bear,)
 What is there left for us in death to fear?
 When once that pause of life has come be-
 tween,
 'T is just the same as we had never been.
 And therefore if a man bemoan his lot,
 That after death his mold'ring limbs shall
 rot, ⁵⁰
 Or flames, or jaws of beasts devour his
 mass,
 Know, he's an insincere, unthinking ass.
 A secret sting remains within his mind;
 The fool is to his own cast offals kind.
 He boasts no sense can after death re-
 main,
 Yet makes himself a part of life again,
 As if some other He could feel the pain.
 If, while he live, this thought molest his
 head,
 What wolf or vulture shall devour me
 dead?
 He wastes his days in idle grief, nor can ⁶⁰
 Distinguish 'twixt the body and the man;
 But thinks himself can still himself survive;
 And, what when dead he feels not, feels
 alive.
 Then he repines that he was born to die,
 Nor knows in death there is no other He,
 No living He remains his grief to vent,
 And o'er his senseless carcass to lament.
 If after death 't is painful to be torn
 By birds, and beasts, then why not so to
 burn;
 Or, drench'd in floods of honey, to be
 soak'd; ⁷⁰
 Imbalm'd, to be at once preserv'd and
 chok'd;
 Or on an airy mountain's top to lie,
 Expos'd to cold and heav'n's inclemency;
 Or crowded in a tomb to be oppress'd
 With monumental marble on thy breast?
 But to be snatch'd from all thy house-
 hold joys,
 From thy chaste wife, and thy dear pratt-
 ling boys,
 Whose little arms about thy legs are cast,

And climbing for a kiss prevent their
mother's haste,

Inspiring secret pleasure thro' thy breast—
All these shall be no more: thy friends oppress'd

Thy care and courage now no more shall
free;

"Ah! wretch!" thou cry'st, "ah! miserable me!"

One woful day sweeps children, friends, and
wife,

And all the brittle blessings of my life!"
Add one thing more, and all thou say'st is
true;

Thy want and wish of them is vanish'd too:
Which, well consider'd, were a quick relief
To all thy vain imaginary grief.

For thou shalt sleep, and never wake
again,

And, quitting life, shalt quit thy living pain.
But we, thy friends, shall all those sor-
rows find,

Which in forgetful death thou leav'st
behind;

No time shall dry our tears, nor drive
thee from our mind.

The worst that can befall thee, measur'd
right,

Is a sound slumber, and a long good-night.
Yet thus the fools, that would be thought
the wits,

Disturb their mirth with melancholy fits:
When healths go round, and kindly brim-
mers flow,

Till the fresh garlands on their foreheads
glow,

They whine, and cry: "Let us make haste
to live."

Short are the joys that human life can give."
Eternal preachers, that corrupt the draught,
And pall the god, that never thinks, with
thought;

Idiots with all that thought, to whom the
worst

Of death is want of drink, and endless
thirst,

Or any fond desire as vain as these.
For ev'n in sleep, the body, wrapp'd in ease,

Supinely lies, as in the peaceful grave;
And, wanting nothing, nothing can it
crave.

Were that sound sleep eternal, it were
death;

Yet the first atoms then, the seeds of
breath,

Are moving near to sense; we do but shake
And rouse that sense, and straight we are
awake.

Then death to us, and death's anxiety,
Is less than nothing, if a less could be.

For then our atoms, which in order lay,
Are scatter'd from their heap, and puff'd
away,

And never can return into their place,
When once the pause of life has left an
empty space.

And last, suppose great Nature's voice
should call

To thee, or me, or any of us all:

"What dost thou mean, ungrateful wretch,
thou vain,

Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain,
And sigh and sob that thou shalt be no
more?

For if thy life were pleasant heretofore,
If all the bounteous blessings, I could
give,

Thou hast enjoy'd; if thou hast known
to live,

And pleasure not leak'd thro' thee like
a sieve;

Why dost thou not give thanks as at a
plenteous feast,

Cramm'd to the throat with life, and rise
and take thy rest?

But if my blessings thou hast thrown away,
If indigested joys pass'd thro', and would
not stay,

Why dost thou wish for more to squander
still?

If life be grown a load, a real ill,
And I would all thy cares and labors end,
Lay down thy burden, fool, and know thy
friend.

To please thee, I have emptied all my
store;

I can invent and can supply no more,
But run the round again, the round I ran
before.

Suppose thou art not broken yet with
years,

Yet still the selfsame scene of things ap-
pears,

And would be ever, couldst thou ever live;
For life is still but life, there's nothing new
to give."

What can we plead against so just a bill?
We stand convicted, and our cause goes ill.

But if a wretch, a man oppress'd by fate,
Should beg of Nature to prolong his date,

She speaks aloud to him with more disdain:
 "Be still, thou martyr fool, thou covetous
 of pain." 150

But if an old decrepit sot lament;
 "What, thou," she cries, "who hast outliv'd
 content!

Dost thou complain, who hast enjoy'd my
 store?

But this is still th' effect of wishing more.
 Unsatisfied with all that Nature brings;
 Loathing the present, liking absent things;
 From hence it comes, thy vain desires, at
 strife

Within themselves, have tantaliz'd thy
 life;

And ghastly death appear'd before thy
 sight,

Ere thou hadst gorg'd thy soul and senses
 with delight. 160

Now leave those joys, unsuited to thy age,
 To a fresh comer, and resign the stage."

Is Nature to be blam'd if thus she chide?

No, sure; for 't is her business to provide,
 Against this ever-changing frame's decay,
 New things to come, and old to pass away.
 One being, worn, another being makes;
 Chang'd, but not lost; for Nature gives and
 takes:

New matter must be found for things to
 come,

And these must waste like those, and fol-
 low Nature's doom. 170

All things, like thee, have time to rise and
 rot;

And from each other's ruin are begot:
 For life is not confin'd to him or thee;

"T is given to all for use, to none for pro-
 perty.

Consider former ages past and gone,
 Whose circles ended long ere thine begun,
 Then tell me, fool, what part in them thou
 hast.

Thus may'st thou judge the future by the
 past.

What horror see'st thou in that quiet state?
 What bugbear dreams to fright thee after
 fate? 180

No ghost, no goblins, that still passage keep;
 But all is there serene, in that eternal
 sleep.

For all the dismal tales that poets tell
 Are verified on earth, and not in hell.
 No Tantalus looks up with fearful eye,
 Or dreads th' impending rock to crush him
 from on high;

But fear of chance on earth disturbs our
 easy hours,
 Or vain imagin'd wrath of vain imagin'd
 pow'rs.

No Tityus torn by vultures lies in hell;
 Nor could the lobes of his rank liver
 swell 190

To that prodigious mass for their eternal
 meal:

Not tho' his monstrous bulk had cover'd
 o'er

Nine spreading acres, or nine thousand
 more;

Not tho' the globe of earth had been the
 giant's floor:

Nor in eternal torments could he lie,
 Nor could his corpse sufficient food supply.

But he's the Tityus, who by love op-
 press'd,

Or tyrant passion preying on his breast,
 And ever-anxious thoughts, is robb'd of
 rest.

The Sisyphus is he, whom noise and strife
 Seduce from all the soft retreats of life, 201

To vex the government, disturb the laws:

Drunk with the fumes of popular applause,
 He courts the giddy crowd to make him
 great,

And sweats and toils in vain, to mount the
 sovereign seat.

For still to aim at pow'r, and still to fail,
 Ever to strive, and never to prevail,

What is it, but, in reason's true account,
 To heave the stone against the rising
 mount?

Which urg'd, and labor'd, and forc'd up
 with pain, 210

Recoils, and rolls impetuous down, and
 smokes along the plain.

Then still to treat thy ever-craving mind
 With ev'ry blessing, and of ev'ry kind,

Yet never fill thy rav'ning appetite;
 Tho' years and seasons vary thy delight,

Yet nothing to be seen of all the store,
 But still the wolf within thee barks for
 more;

This is the fable's moral, which they tell
 Of fifty foolish virgins damn'd in hell

To leaky vessels, which the liquor spill; 220
 To vessels of their sex, which none could
 ever fill.

As for the Dog, the Furies, and their
 snakes,

The gloomy caverns, and the burning lakes,
 And all the vain infernal trumpery,

They neither are, nor were, nor e'er can be.
But here on earth the guilty have in view
The mighty pains to mighty mischiefs due;
Racks, prisons, poisons, the Tarpeian rock,
Stripes, hangmen, pitch, and suffocating
smoke;

And last, and most, if these were cast be-
hind, ²³⁰

Th' avenging horror of a conscious mind,
Whose deadly fear anticipates the blow,
And sees no end of punishment and woe;
But looks for more, at the last gasp of
breath:

This makes a hell on earth, and life a
death.

Meantime, when thoughts of death dis-
turb thy head;

Consider, Ancus, great and good, is dead;
Ancus, thy better far, was born to die;
And thou, dost thou bewail mortality?

So many monarchs with their mighty state,
Who rul'd the world, were overrul'd by
fate. ²⁴¹

That haughty king, who lorded o'er the
main,

And whose stupendous bridge did the wild
waves restrain,

(In vain they foam'd, in vain they threat-
en'd wreck,

While his proud legions march'd upon their
back,)

Him death, a greater monarch, overcame;
Nor spar'd his guards the more, for their
immortal name.

The Roman chief, the Carthaginian dread,
Scipio, the thunderbolt of war, is dead,
And, like a common slave, by fate in tri-
umph led. ²⁵⁰

The founders of invented arts are lost;
And wits, who made eternity their boast.
Where now is Homer, who possess'd the
throne?

Th' immortal work remains, the mortal
author's gone.

Democritus, perceiving age invade,
His body weaken'd, and his mind decay'd,
Obey'd the summons with a cheerful face;
Made haste to welcome death, and met
him half the race.

That stroke ev'n Epicurus could not bar,
Tho' he in wit surpass'd mankind, as far
As does the midday sun the midnight
star. ²⁶¹

And thou, dost thou disdain to yield thy
breath,

Whose very life is little more than death?
More than one half by lazy sleep pos-
sess'd;

And when awake, thy soul but nods at
best,

Day-dreams and sickly thoughts revolv-
ing in thy breast.

Eternal troubles haunt thy anxious mind,
Whose cause and cure thou never hop'st to
find;

But still uncertain, with thyself at strife,
Thou wander'st in the labyrinth of life. ²⁷⁰

O, if the foolish race of man, who find
A weight of cares still pressing on their
mind,

Could find as well the cause of this unrest,
And all this burden lodg'd within the breast;
Sure they would change their course, nor
live as now,

Uncertain what to wish or what to vow.
Uneasy both in country and in town,
They search a place to lay their burden
down.

One, restless in his palace, walks abroad,
And vainly thinks to leave behind the
load; ²⁸⁰

But straight returns, for he's as restless
there,

And finds there's no relief in open air.
Another to his villa would retire,

And spurs as hard as if it were on fire;
No sooner enter'd at his country door,

But he begins to stretch, and yawn, and
snore;

Or seeks the city which he left before.
Thus every man o'erworks his weary
will,

To shun himself, and to shake off his ill;
The shaking fit returns, and hangs upon
him still. ²⁹⁰

No prospect of repose, nor hope of ease;
The wretch is ignorant of his disease;

Which known would all his fruitless
trouble spare,

For he would know the world not worth
his care;

Then would he search more deeply for the
cause;

And study nature well, and nature's laws:
For in this moment lies not the debate,

But on our future, fix'd, eternal state;
That never-changing state, which all must
keep,

Whom death has doom'd to everlasting
sleep. ³⁰⁰

Why are we then so fond of mortal life,
Beset with dangers, and maintain'd with
strife?

A life which all our care can never save;
One fate attends us, and one common grave.
Besides, we tread but a perpetual round;
We ne'er strike out, but beat the former
ground,

And the same mawkish joys in the same
track are found.

For still we think an absent blessing
best,

Which cloy's, and is no blessing when
possess'd;

A new arising wish expels it from the
breast. ³¹⁰

The fev'rish thirst of life increases still;
We call for more and more, and never
have our fill,

Yet know not what to-morrow we shall try,
What dregs of life in the last draught may
lie:

Nor, by the longest life we can attain,
One moment from the length of death
we gain;

For all behind belongs to his eternal
reign.

When once the Fates have cut the mortal
thread,

The man as much to all intents is dead,
Who dies to-day, and will as long be so, ³²⁰
As he who died a thousand years ago.

LUCRETIVS

THE FOURTH BOOK

CONCERNING THE NATURE OF LOVE

BEGINNING AT THIS LINE

Sic igitur Veneris quæ telis accipit ictum, &c.

Thus, therefore, he who feels the fiery
dart

Of strong desire transfix his amorous
heart,

Whether some beauteous boy's alluring
face,

Or lovelier maid, with unresisted grace,
From her each part the winged arrow
sends,

From whence he first was struck he thither
tends;

Restless he roams, impatient to be freed,
And eager to inject the sprightly seed; ⁸

For fierce desire does all his mind employ,
And ardent love assures approaching joy.
Such is the nature of that pleasing smart,
Whose burning drops distil upon the heart,
The fever of the soul shot from the fair,
And the cold ague of succeeding care.
If absent, her idea still appears,
And her sweet name is chiming in your
ears.

But strive those pleasing phantoms to re-
move,

And shun th' ærial images of love,
That feed the flame: when one molests thy
mind,

Discharge thy loins on all the leaky kind;
For that's a wiser way than to restrain ²²
Within thy swelling nerves that hoard of
pain.

For every hour some deadlier symptom
shows,

And by delay the gath'ring venom grows,
When kindly applications are not us'd;
The viper, love, must on the wound be
bruise'd.

On that one object 't is not safe to stay,
But force the tide of thought some other
way;

The squander'd spirits prodigally throw,
And in the common glebe of nature sow. ³⁰
Nor wants he all the bliss that lovers feign,
Who takes the pleasure, and avoids the
pain;

For purer joys in purer health abound,
And less affect the sickly than the sound.

When love its utmost vigor does employ,
Ev'n then 't is but a restless wand'ring joy;
Nor knows the lover in that wild excess,
With hands or eyes, what first he would
possess;

But strains at all, and, fast'ning where he
strains, ³⁹

Too closely presses with his frantic pains;
With biting kisses hurts the twining fair,
Which shews his joys imperfect, unsincere:
For, stung with inward rage, he flings
around,

And strives t' avenge the smart on that
which gave the wound.

But love those eager bitings does restrain,
And mingling pleasure mollifies the pain.

For ardent hope still flatters anxious grief,
And sends him to his foe to seek relief:

Which yet the nature of the thing denies;
For love, and love alone of all our joys, ⁵⁰
By full possession does but fan the fire;

The more we still enjoy, the more we still desire.

Nature for meat and drink provides a space,
And, when receiv'd, they fill their certain place;

Hence thirst and hunger may be satisfied,
But this repletion is to love denied:
Form, feature, color, whatsoe'er delight
Provokes the lover's endless appetite,
These fill no space, nor can we thence remove

With lips, or hands, or all our instruments
of love: 60

In our deluded grasp we nothing find,
But thin aerial shapes, that fleet before the mind.

As he, who in a dream with drought is curst,
And finds no real drink to quench his thirst,
Runs to imagin'd lakes his heat to steep,
And vainly swills and labors in his sleep;
So love with phantoms cheats our longing eyes,

Which hourly seeing never satisfies:
Our hands pull nothing from the parts
they strain,

But wander o'er the lovely limbs in vain.
Nor when the youthful pair more closely join, 71

When hands in hands they lock, and thighs
in thighs they twine,

Just in the raging foam of full desire,
When both press on, both murmur, both expire,

They gripe, they squeeze, their humid
tongues they dart,

As each would force their way to t'other's
heart:

In vain; they only cruise about the coast;
For bodies cannot pierce, nor be in bodies
lost,

As sure they strive to be, when both engage

In that tumultuous momentary rage; 80
So 'tangled in the nets of love they lie,
Till man dissolves in that excess of joy.

Then, when the gather'd bag has burst its
way,

And ebbing tides the slacken'd nerves betray,

A pause ensues; and nature nods a while,
Till with recruited rage new spirits boil;
And then the same vain violence returns,
With flames renew'd th' erected furnace
burns;

Again they in each other would be lost,

But still by adamantine bars are cross'd. 90
All ways they try, unsuccessful all they
prove,

To cure the secret sore of ling'ring love.

Besides —

They waste their strength in the venereal
strife,

And to a woman's will enslave their life;

Th' estate runs out, and mortgages are

made,

All offices of friendship are decay'd,

Their fortune ruin'd, and their fame be-
tray'd.

Assyrian ointment from their temples flows,
And diamond buckles sparkle at their
shoes; 100

The cheerful emerald twinkles on their
hands,

With all the luxury of foreign lands;

And the blue coat, that with imbroid'ry
shines,

Is drunk with sweat of their o'er-labor'd
loins.

Their frugal fathers' gains they misemploy,
And turn to point, and pearl, and ev'ry
female toy.

French fashions, costly treats are their de-
light;

The park by day, and plays and balls by
night.

In vain —

For in the fountain, where their sweets are
sought, 110

Some bitter bubbles up, and poisons all the
draught.

First, guilty Conscience does the mirror
bring,

Then sharp Remorse shoots out her angry
sting;

And anxious thoughts, within themselves
at strife,

Upbraid the long misspent, luxurious life.

Perhaps, the fickle fair one proves unkind,

Or drops a doubtful word, that pains his
mind,

And leaves a rankling jealousy behind.

Perhaps, he watches close her amorous
eyes,

And in the act of ogling does surprise, 120
And thinks he sees upon her cheeks the
while

The dimpled tracks of some foregoing
smile;

His raging pulse beats thick, and his
pent spirits boil.

This is the product ev'n of prosp'rous love;
Think then what pangs disastrous passions
prove!

Innumerable ills; disdain, despair,
With all the meager family of care.

Thus, as I said, 't is better to prevent,
Than flatter the disease, and late repent;
Because to shun th' allurements is not hard
To minds resolv'd, forewarn'd, and well
prepar'd; ¹³¹

But wondrous difficult, when once beset,
To struggle thro' the straits, and break th'
involving net.

Yet, thus insnar'd, thy freedom thou may'st
gain,

If, like a fool, thou dost not hug thy chain;
If not to ruin obstinately blind,
And wilfully endeavoring not to find
Her plain defects of body and of mind. }
For thus the *Bedlam* train of lovers use
T' inance the value, and the faults ex-
cuse; ¹⁴⁰

And therefore 't is no wonder if we see
They dote on dowdies and deformity.
Ev'n what they cannot praise, they will not
blame,

But veil with some extenuating name.
The sallow skin is for the swarthy put,
And love can make a slattern of a slut;
If cat-ey'd, then a Pallas is their love;
If freckled, she's a party-color'd dove;
If little, then she's life and soul all o'er;
An Amazon, the large two-handed whore.
She stammers: O, what grace in lisp-
ing lies! ¹⁵¹

If she says nothing, to be sure she's wise.
If shrill, and with a voice to drown a
choir,

Sharp-witted she must be, and full of fire.
The lean, consumptive wench, with coughs
decay'd,

Is call'd a pretty, tight, and slender maid;
Th' o'er-grown, a goodly Ceres is express'd,
A bedfellow for Bacchus at the least.
Flat-nose the name of Satyr never misses,
And hanging blobber lips but pout for
kisses. ¹⁶⁰

The task were endless all the rest to trace;
Yet grant she were a Venus for her face
And shape, yet others equal beauty share,
And time was you could live without the
fair;

She does no more, in that for which you
woo,

Then homelier women full as well can do.

Besides, she daubs, and stinks so much of
paint,

Her own attendants cannot bear the scent,
But laugh behind, and bite their lips to
hold. ¹⁶⁹

Meantime, excluded, and expos'd to cold,
The whining lover stands before the gates,
And there with humble adoration waits;
Crowning with flow'rs the threshold and
the floor,

And printing kisses on th' obdurate door;
Who, if admitted in that nick of time,
If some unsav'ry whiff betray the crime,
Invents a quarrel straight, if there be none,
Or makes some faint excuses to be gone;
And calls himself a doting fool to serve,
Ascribing more than woman can deserve.

Which well they understand, like cunning
queans, ¹⁸¹

And hide their nastiness behind the scenes,
From him they have allur'd, and would re-
tain;

But to a piercing eye 't is all in vain:
For common sense brings all their cheats
to view,

And the false light discovers by the true;
Which a wise harlot owns, and hopes to
find

A pardon for defects that run thro' all the
kind.

Nor always do they feign the sweets of
love,

When round the panting youth their pliant
limbs they move, ¹⁹⁰

And cling, and heave, and moisten ev'ry
kiss;

They often share, and more than share the
bliss:

From every part, ev'n to their inmost soul,
They feel the trickling joys, and run with
vigor to the goal.

Stirr'd with the same impetuous desire,
Birds, beasts, and herds, and mares, their
males require;

Because the throbbing nature in their
veins

Provokes them to assuage their kindly
pains.

The lusty leap th' expecting female stands,
By mutual heat compell'd to mutual bands.
Thus dogs with lolling tongues by love are
tied, ²⁰¹

Nor shouting boys nor blows their union
can divide;

At either end they strive the link to loose,

In vain, for stronger Venus holds the noose.
 Which never would those wretched lovers
 do,
 But that the common heats of love they
 know;
 The pleasure therefore must be shar'd in
 common too.
 And when the woman's more prevailing
 juice
 Sucks in the man's, the mixture will pro-
 duce
 The mother's likeness; when the man pre-
 vails,
 His own resemblance in the seed he seals.
 But when we see the new-begotten race
 Reflect the features of each parent's face,
 Then of the father's and the mother's blood
 The justly temper'd seed is understood;
 When both conspire, with equal ardor bent,
 From every limb the due proportion sent,
 When neither party foils, when neither
 foil'd,
 This gives the blended features of the
 child.
 Sometimes the boy the grandsire's image
 bears;
 Sometimes the more remote progenitor he
 shares;
 Because the genial atoms of the seed
 Lie long conceal'd ere they exert the breed;
 And, after sundry ages past, produce
 The tardy likeness of the latent juice.
 Hence, families such different figures take,
 And represent their ancestors in face, and
 hair, and make;
 Because of the same seed, the voice, and
 hair,
 And shape, and face, and other members
 are,
 And the same antique mold the likeness
 does prepare.
 Thus oft the father's likeness does prevail
 In females, and the mother's in the male;
 For, since the seed is of a double kind,
 From that where we the most resemblance
 find,
 We may conclude the strongest tincture sent,
 And that was in conception prevalent.
 Nor can the vain decrees of pow'rs above
 Deny production to the act of love,
 Or hinder fathers of that happy name,
 Or with a barren womb the matron shame;
 As many think, who stain with victims'
 blood
 The mournful altars, and with incense load,

To bless the show'ry seed with future life,
 And to impregnate the well-labor'd wife.
 In vain they weary Heav'n with prayer, or
 fly
 To oracles, or magic numbers try;
 For barrenness of sexes will proceed
 Either from too condens'd, or wat'ry seed:
 The wat'ry juice too soon dissolves away,
 And in the parts projected will not stay;
 The too condens'd, unsoul'd, unwieldy mass,
 Drops short, nor carries to the destin'd
 place;
 Nor pierces to the parts, nor, tho' injected
 home,
 Will mingle with the kindly moisture of
 the womb.
 For nuptials are unlike in their success;
 Some men with fruitful seed some women
 bless,
 And from some men some women fruitful
 are,
 Just as their constitutions join or jar:
 And many seeming barren wives have been,
 Who after, match'd with more prolific men,
 Have fill'd a family with prattling boys;
 And many, not supplied at home with joys,
 Have found a friend abroad to ease their
 smart,
 And to perform the sapless husband's part.
 So much it does import that seed with seed
 Should of the kindly mixture make the
 breed;
 And thick with thin, and thin with thick
 should join,
 So to produce and propagate the line.
 Of such concernment too is drink and food,
 T' incrassate, or attenuate the blood.
 Of like importance is the posture too,
 In which the genial feat of love we do;
 For, as the females of the four-foot kind
 Receive the leaping of their males behind,
 So the good wives, with loins uplifted high,
 And leaning on their hands, the fruitful
 stroke may try:
 For in that posture will they best conceive;
 Not when, supinely laid, they frisk and
 heave;
 For active motions only break the blow,
 And more of strumpets than of wives
 they show,
 When, answering stroke with stroke, the
 mingled liquors flow.
 Endearments eager, and too brisk a bound,
 Throws off the plowshare from the furrow'd
 ground.

But common harlots in conjunction heave,
Because 't is less their business to conceive
Than to delight, and to provoke the deed;
A trick which honest wives but little need.
Nor is it from the gods, or Cupid's dart,
That many a homely woman takes the
heart,

But wives well-humor'd, dutiful, and }
chaste, ²⁹⁰ }
And clean, will hold their wand'ring hus-
bands fast;
Such are the links of love, and such a
love will last.

For what remains, long habitude, and use,
Will kindness in domestic bands produce;
For custom will a strong impression leave.
Hard bodies, which the lightest stroke re-
ceive,

In length of time will molder and decay,
And stones with drops of rain are wash'd
away.

LUCRETIVS

FROM BOOK THE FIFTH

Tum porro puer, &c.

Thus, like a sailor by the tempest hurl'd
Ashore, the babe is shipwreck'd on the
world:

Naked he lies, and ready to expire;
Helpless of all that human wants require;
Expos'd upon un hospitable earth,
From the first moment of his hapless birth.
Straight with foreboding cries he fills the
room;

Too true presages of his future doom.
But flocks and herds, and every savage
beast,

By more indulgent nature are increas'd. ¹⁰
They want no rattles for their froward
mood,

Nor nurse to reconcile them to their food,
With broken words; nor winter blasts they
fear,

Nor change their habits with the changing
year;

Nor, for their safety, citadels prepare,
Nor forge the wicked instruments of war:
Unlabor'd Earth her bounteous treasure
grants,

And Nature's lavish hand supplies their
common wants.

THEOCRITUS: IDYLLIUM THE EIGHTEENTH

THE

EPITHALAMIUM OF HELEN AND MENELAUS

TWELVE Spartan virgins, noble, young, and
fair,

With violet wreaths adorn'd their flowing
hair,

And to the pompous palace did resort,
Where Menelaus kept his royal court.

There hand in hand a comely choir they
led;

To sing a blessing to his nuptial bed,
With curious needles wrought, and painted
flowers bespread.

Jove's beauteous daughter now his bride
must be,

And Jove himself was less a god than he:
For this their artful hands instruct the lute
to sound, ¹⁰

Their feet assist their hands, and justly
beat the ground.

This was their song:

"Why, happy bridegroom, why,
Ere yet the stars are kindled in the sky,
Ere twilight shades, or evening dews are
shed,

Why dost thou steal so soon away to
bed?

Has Somnus brush'd thy eyelids with his
rod,

Or do thy legs refuse to bear their load
With flowing bowls of a more generous
god?

If gentle slumber on thy temples creep,
(But, naughty man, thou dost not mean to
sleep,) ²⁰

Betake thee to thy bed, thou drowsy drone,
Sleep by thyself, and leave thy bride alone:
Go, leave her with her maiden mates to play
At sports more harmless, till the break of
day:

Give us this evening; thou hast morn and
night,

And all the year before thee, for delight.
O happy youth! to thee, among the crowd
Of rival princes, Cupid sneez'd aloud;

And every lucky *omen* sent before,
To meet thee landing on the Spartan shore.

Of all our heroes thou canst boast alone ³¹
That Jove, whene'er he thunders, calls thee
son.

Betwixt two sheets thou shalt enjoy her
 bare,
 With whom no Grecian virgin can com-
 pare;
 So soft, so sweet, so balmy, and so fair.
 A boy, like thee, would make a kingly line;
 But O, a girl like her must be divine.
 Her equals we, in years, but not in face,
 Twelvescore *viragoes* of the Spartan race,
 While naked to Eurotas' banks we bend, 40
 And there in manly exercise contend,
 When she appears, are all eclips'd and lost,
 And hide the beauties that we made our
 boast.

So, when the night and winter disappear,
 The purple Morning, rising with the year,
 Salutes the Spring, as her celestial eyes
 Adorn the world, and brighten all the
 skies:

Soauteous Helen shines among the rest,
 Tall, slender, straight, with all the graces
 blest.

As pines the mountains, or as fields the
 corn, 50

Or as Thessalian steeds the race adorn;
 So rosy-color'd Helen is the pride
 Of Lacedæmon, and of Greece beside.

Like her no nymph can willing osiers
 bend

In basket-works, which painted streaks
 commend;

With Pallas in the loom she may con-
 tend.

But none, ah none can animate the lyre,
 And the mute strings with vocal souls in-
 spire!

Whether the learn'd Minerva be her theme,
 Or chaste Diana bathing in the stream; 60
 None can record their heavenly praise so
 well

As Helen, in whose eyes ten thousand
 Cupids dwell.

O fair, O graceful! yet with maids inroll'd,
 But whom to-morrow's sun a matron shall
 behold;

Yet ere to-morrow's sun shall show his
 head,

The dewy paths of meadows we will
 tread,

For crowns and chaplets to adorn thy
 head;

Where all shall weep, and wish for thy
 return,

As bleating lambs their absent mother
 mourn.

Our noblest maids shall to thy name be-
 queath 70

The boughs of *lotos*, form'd into a wreath.
 This monument, thy maiden beauties' due,
 High on a plane tree shall be hung to view;
 On the smooth rind the passenger shall see
 Thy name ingrav'd, and worship Helen's
 tree;

Balm, from a silver box distill'd around,
 Shall all bedew the roots, and scent the
 sacred ground.

The balm, 'tis true, can aged plants pro-
 long,

But Helen's name will keep it ever young.

"Hail bride, hail bridegroom, son-in-law
 to Jove! 80

With fruitful joys Latona bless your love!
 Let Venus furnish you with full desires,
 Add vigor to your wills, and fuel to your
 fires!

Almighty Jove augment your wealthy
 store,

Give much to you, and to his grandsons
 more!

From generous loins a generous race will
 spring;

Each girl, like her, a queen; each boy, like
 you, a king.

Now sleep, if sleep you can; but while you
 rest,

Sleep close, with folded arms, and breast to
 breast.

Rise in the morn; but O! before you
 rise, 90

Forget not to perform your morning sacri-
 fice.

We will be with you ere the crowing cock
 Salutes the light, and struts before his
 feather'd flock.

Hymen, O Hymen, to thy triumphs run,
 And view the mighty spoils thou hast in
 battle won."

THEOCRITUS: IDYLLIUM THE TWENTY-THIRD

THE DESPAIRING LOVER

WITH inauspicious love, a wretched swain
 Pursued the fairest nymph of all the
 plain.

Fairest indeed, but prouder far than fair,
 She plung'd him hopeless in a deep despair:
 Her heavenly form too haughtily she priz'd,

His person hated, and his gifts despis'd;
 Nor knew the force of Cupid's cruel darts,
 Nor fear'd his awful pow'r on human hearts;
 But either from her hopeless lover fled,
 Or with disdainful glances shot him dead. 10
 No kiss, no look, to cheer the drooping boy;
 No word she spoke, she scorn'd ev'n to deny.
 But, as a hunted panther casts about
 Her glaring eyes, and pricks her list'ning
 ears to scout,
 So she, to shun his toils, her cares im-
 ploy'd,

And fiercely in her savage freedom joy'd.
 Her mouth she writh'd, her forehead taught
 to frown,

Her eyes to sparkle fires to love unknown:
 Her sallow cheeks her envious mind did
 show,

And every feature spoke aloud the curst-
 ness of a shrew. 20

Yet could not he his obvious fate escape;
 His love still dress'd her in a pleasing
 shape;

And every sullen frown, and bitter scorn,
 But fann'd the fuel that too fast did burn.
 Long time, unequal to his mighty pain,
 He strove to curb it, but he strove in vain:
 At last his woes broke out, and begg'd re-
 lief

With tears, the dumb petitioners of grief;
 With tears so tender, as adorn'd his love,
 And any heart, but only hers, would
 move. 30

Trembling before her bolted doors he stood,
 And there pour'd out th' unprofitable flood:
 Staring his eyes, and haggard was his look;
 Then, kissing first the threshold, thus he
 spoke:

"Ah, nymph, more cruel than of human
 race!

Thy tigress heart belies thy angel face:
 Too well thou show'st thy pedigree from
 stone;

Thy grandame's was the first by Pyrrha
 thrown:

Unworthy thou to be so long desir'd;
 But so my love, and so my fate requir'd.
 I beg not now (for 't is in vain) to live; 41
 But take this gift, the last that I can give.
 This friendly cord shall soon decide the
 strife

Betwixt my ling'ring love and loathsome
 life:

This moment puts an end to all my pain;
 I shall no more despair, nor thou disdain.

Farewell, ungrateful and unkind! I go
 Condemn'd by thee to those sad shades be-
 low.

I go th' extremest remedy to prove, 49
 To drink oblivion, and to drench my love;
 There happily to lose my long desires —
 But ah! what draught so deep to quench my
 fires?

Farewell, ye never-opening gates, ye stones,
 And threshold guilty of my midnight
 moans!

What I have suffer'd here ye know too
 well;

What I shall do the gods and I can tell.
 The rose is fragrant, but it fades in time;
 The violet sweet, but quickly past the prime;
 White lilies hang their heads, and soon de-
 cay,

And whiter snow in minutes melts away: 60
 Such is your blooming youth, and withering
 so;

The time will come, it will, when you shall
 know

The rage of love; your haughty heart shall
 burn

In flames like mine, and meet a like re-
 turn.

"Obdurate as you are, O hear at least
 My dying prayers, and grant my last re-
 quest!

When first you ope your doors, and, pass-
 ing by,

The sad ill-omen'd object meets your eye,
 Think it not lost, a moment if you stay;
 The breathless wretch, so made by you,
 survey: 70

Some cruel pleasure will from thence arise,
 To view the mighty ravage of your eyes.

I wish (but O! my wish is vain, I fear)
 The kind oblation of a falling tear:

Then loose the knot, and take me from the
 place,

And spread your mantle o'er my grisly face;
 Upon my livid lips bestow a kiss:

O envy not the dead, they feel not bliss!
 Nor fear your kisses can restore my breath;
 Even you are not more pitiless than
 death. 80

Then for my corpse a homely grave pro-
 vide,

Which love and me from public scorn may
 hide;

Thrice call upon my name, thrice beat your
 breast,

And hail me thrice to everlasting rest;

Last let my tomb this sad inscription
bear:
'A wretch whom love has kill'd lies
buried here;

O passengers, Amynta's eyes beware.'"
Thus having said, and furious with his love,
He heav'd with more than human force to
move

A weighty stone, (the labor of a team,) ⁹⁰
And rais'd from thence he reach'd the
neighboring beam;

Around its bulk a sliding knot he throws,
And fitted to his neck the fatal noose;
Then, spurning backward, took a swing,
till death
Crept up, and stopp'd the passage of his
breath.

The bounce burst ope the door; the scorn-
ful fair

Relentless look'd, and saw him beat his
quivering feet in air;

Nor wept his fate, nor cast a pitying eye,
Nor took him down, but brush'd regardless
by;

And, as she pass'd, her chance or fate was
such, ¹⁰⁰

Her garments touch'd the dead, polluted by
the touch:

Next to the dance, thence to the bath did
move —

The bath was sacred to the God of Love;
Whose injur'd image, with a wrathful eye,
Stood threat'ning from a pedestal on high:
Nodding a while, and watchful of his blow,
He fell; and falling crush'd th' ungrateful
nymph below.

Her gushing blood the pavement all be-
smear'd;

And this her last expiring voice was heard:
"Lovers, farewell, revenge has reach'd
my scorn: ¹¹⁰

Thus warn'd, be wise, and love for love
return."

DAPHNIS

FROM THEOCRITUS: IDYLLIUM THE
TWENTY-SEVENTH

DAPHNIS

THE shepherd Paris bore the Spartan bride
By force away, and then by force enjoy'd;
But I by free consent can boast a bliss,
A fairer Helen, and a sweeter kiss.

CHLORIS

Kisses are empty joys, and soon are o'er.

DAPHNIS

A kiss betwixt the lips is something more.

CHLORIS

I wipe my mouth, and where 's your kissing
then?

DAPHNIS

I swear you wipe it to be kiss'd again.

CHLORIS

Go, tend your herd, and kiss your cows at
home;

I am a maid, and in my beauty's bloom. ¹⁰

DAPHNIS

'T is well remember'd; do not waste your
time,

But wisely use it ere you pass your prime.

CHLORIS

Blown roses hold their sweetness to the last,
And raisins keep their luscious native taste.

DAPHNIS

The sun's too hot; those olive shades are
near;

I fain would whisper something in your ear.

CHLORIS

'T is honest talking where we may be
seen;

God knows what secret mischief you may
mean;

I doubt you'll play the wag, and kiss
again.

DAPHNIS

At least beneath yon elm you need not fear;
My pipe 's in tune, if you're dispos'd to
hear. ²¹

CHLORIS

Play by yourself, I dare not venture thither;
You, and your naughty pipe, go hang to-
gether.

DAPHNIS

Coy nymph, beware, lest Venus you offend.

CHLORIS

I shall have chaste Diana still to friend.

DAPHNIS

You have a soul, and Cupid has a dart.

CHLORIS

Diana will defend, or heal my heart.
Nay, fie, what mean you in this open place?
Unhand me, or, I swear, I'll scratch your
face.

Let go for shame; you make me mad for
spite;
My mouth's my own; and, if you kiss, I'll
bite.

DAPHNIS

Away with your dissembling female tricks;
What, would you 'scape the fate of all your
sex?

CHLORIS

I swear, I'll keep my maidenhead till death,
And die as pure as Queen Elizabeth.

DAPHNIS

Nay, mum for that; but let me lay thee
down;
Better with me than with some nauseous
clown.

CHLORIS

I'd have you know, if I were so inclin'd,
I have bin woo'd by many a wealthy
hind;
But never found a husband to my mind.

DAPHNIS

But they are absent all, and I am here.

CHLORIS

The matrimonial yoke is hard to bear,
And marriage is a woful word to hear.

DAPHNIS

A scarecrow, set to frighten fools away;
Marriage has joys, and you shall have assay.

CHLORIS

Sour sauce is often mix'd with our de-
light;
You kick by day more than you kiss by
night.

DAPHNIS

Sham stories all; but say the worst you
can,
A very wife fears neither God nor man.

CHLORIS

But childbirth is, they say, a deadly pain;
It costs at least a month to knit again.

DAPHNIS

Diana cures the wounds Lucina made;
Your goddess is a midwife by her trade.

CHLORIS

But I shall spoil my beauty, if I bear.

DAPHNIS

But Mam and Dad are pretty names to
hear.

CHLORIS

But there's a civil question us'd of late;
Where lies my jointure, where your own
estate?

DAPHNIS

My flocks, my fields, my wood, my pastures
take,
With settlement as good as law can make.

CHLORIS

Swear then you will not leave me on the
common,
But marry me, and make an honest woman.

DAPHNIS

I swear by Pan, (tho' he wears horns you'll
say,)
Cudgell'd and kick'd, I'll not be forc'd away.

CHLORIS

I bargain for a wedding bed at least,
A house, and handsome lodging for a guest.

DAPHNIS

A house well furnish'd shall be thine to
keep;
And, for a flock bed, I can shear my sheep.

CHLORIS

What tale shall I to my old father tell?

DAPHNIS

'T will make him chuckle thou'rt bestow'd
so well.

CHLORIS

But, after all, in troth I am to blame
To be so loving, ere I know your name;
A pleasant-sounding name's a pretty thing.

DAPHNIS

Faith, mine 's a very pretty name to sing.
 They call me Daphnis; Lycidas my sire:
 Both sound as well as woman can desire.
 Nomæa bore me; farmers in degree;
 He a good husband, a good housewife she.

CHLORIS

Your kindred is not much amiss, 't is true;
 Yet I am somewhat better born than you.

DAPHNIS

I know your father, and his family; 80
 And, without boasting, am as good as he:
 Menalcas; and no master goes before.

CHLORIS

Hang both our pedigrees! not one word
 more;
 But if you love me, let me see your living,
 Your house, and home; for seeing is be-
 lieving.

DAPHNIS

See first you cypress grove, a shade from
 noon.

CHLORIS

Browse on, my goats; for I'll be with you
 soon.

DAPHNIS

Feed well, my bulls, to whet your appetite,
 That each may take a lusty leap at night.

CHLORIS

What do you mean, uncivil as you are, 90
 To touch my breasts, and leave my bosom
 bare?

DAPHNIS

These pretty bobbies, first, I make my own.

CHLORIS

Pull out your hand, I swear, or I shall
 swoon.

DAPHNIS

Why does thy ebbing blood forsake thy face?

CHLORIS

Throw me at least upon a cleaner place;
 My linen ruffled, and my waistcoat soiling—
 What, do you think new clothes were made
 for spoiling?

DAPHNIS

I'll lay my lambskins underneath thy back.

CHLORIS

My headgear's off; what filthy work you
 make.

DAPHNIS

To Venus, first, I lay these off'rings by. 100

CHLORIS

Nay, first look round, that nobody be nigh:
 Methinks I hear a whisp'ring in the grove.

DAPHNIS

The cypress trees are telling tales of love.

CHLORIS

You tear off all behind me, and before me;
 And I'm as naked as my mother bore me.

DAPHNIS

I'll buy thee better clothes than these I
 tear,
 And lie so close I'll cover thee from air.

CHLORIS

Y'are liberal now; but when your turn is
 sped,
 You'll wish me chok'd with every crust of
 bread.

DAPHNIS

I'll give thee more, much more than I have
 told; 110
 Would I could coin my very heart to gold!

CHLORIS

Forgive thy handmaid, huntress of the
 wood!
 I see there's no resisting flesh and blood!

DAPHNIS

The noble deed is done! My herds I'll cull;
 Cupid, be thine a calf; and, Venus, thine a
 bull.

CHLORIS

A maid I came, in an unlucky hour,
 But hence return without my virgin flow'r.

DAPHNIS

A maid is but a barren name at best;
 If thou canst hold, I bid for twins at least.

Thus did this happy pair their love dis-
 pense ¹²⁰
 With mutual joys, and gratified their
 sense:
 The God of Love was there, a bidden
 guest,
 And present at his own mysterious feast.
 His azure mantle underneath he spread,
 And scatter'd roses on the nuptial bed;
 While fold'd in each other's arms they
 lay,
 He blew the flames, and furnish'd out the
 play,
 And from their foreheads wip'd the
 balmy sweat away.
 First rose the maid, and with a glowing
 face,
 Her downcast eyes beheld her print upon
 the grass; ¹³⁰
 Thence to her herd she sped herself in
 haste:
 The bridegroom started from his trance
 at last,
 And piping homeward jocundly he pass'd.]

HORACE

THE THIRD ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK

INSCRIB'D TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON, ON
 HIS INTENDED VOYAGE TO IRELAND

So may th' auspicious Queen of Love,
 And the Twin Stars, (the seed of Jove,)
 And he who rules the raging wind,
 To thee, O sacred ship, be kind;
 And gentle breezes fill thy sails,
 Supplying soft Etesian gales:
 As thou, to whom the Muse commends
 The best of poets and of friends,
 Dost thy committed pledge restore,
 And land him safely on the shore; ¹⁰
 And save the better part of me
 From perishing with him at sea;
 Sure he, who first the passage tried,
 In harden'd oak his heart did hide,
 And ribs of iron arm'd his side! }
 Or his at least, in hollow wood
 Who tempted first the briny flood;
 Nor fear'd the winds' contending roar,
 Nor billows beating on the shore;
 Nor Hyades portending rain; ²⁰
 Nor all the tyrants of the main.
 What form of death could him affright,

Who unconcern'd, with steadfast sight,
 Could view the surges mounting steep,
 And monsters rolling in the deep!
 Could thro' the ranks of ruin go,
 With storms above, and rocks below!
 In vain did Nature's wise command
 Divide the waters from the land,
 If daring ships and men profane ³⁰
 Invade th' inviolable main;
 Th' eternal fences overleap,
 And pass at will the boundless deep.
 No toil, no hardship can restrain
 Ambitious man, inur'd to pain;
 The more confin'd, the more he tries,
 And at forbidden quarry flies.
 Thus bold Prometheus did aspire,
 And stole from heaven the seed of fire:
 A train of ills, a ghastly crew, ⁴⁰
 The robber's blazing track pursue;
 Fierce Famine with her meager face,
 And Fevers of the fiery race,
 In swarms th' offending wretch surround,
 All brooding on the blasted ground:
 And limping Death, lash'd on by Fate,
 Comes up to shorten half our date.
 This made not Dedalus beware
 With borrow'd wings to sail in air;
 To hell Alcides forc'd his way, ⁵⁰
 Plung'd thro' the lake, and snatch'd the
 prey.

Nay, scarce the gods, or heav'nly climes,
 Are safe from our audacious crimes;
 We reach at Jove's imperial crown,
 And pull the unwilling thunder down.

HORACE

THE NINTH ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK

I

BEHOLD yon mountain's hoary height,
 Made higher with new mounts of snow;
 Again behold the winter's weight
 Oppress the lab'ring woods below;
 And streams, with icy fetters bound,
 Benumb'd and cramp'd to solid ground.

II

With well-heap'd logs dissolve the cold,
 And feed the genial hearth with fires;
 Produce the wine, that makes us bold,
 And sprightly wit and love inspires: ¹⁰
 For what hereafter shall betide,
 God, if 't is worth his care, provide.

III

Let him alone, with what he made,
 To toss and turn the world below;
 At his command the storms invade;
 The winds by his commission blow;
 Till with a nod he bids 'em cease,
 And then the calm returns, and all is
 peace.

IV

To-morrow and her works defy,
 Lay hold upon the present hour, 20
 And snatch the pleasures passing by,
 To put them out of Fortune's pow'r:
 Nor love, nor love's delights disdain;
 Whate'er thou gett'st to-day is gain.

V

Secure those golden early joys
 That youth unsour'd with sorrow bears,
 Ere with'ring time the taste destroys,
 With sickness and unwieldy years.
 For active sports, for pleasing rest,
 This is the time to be possess'd; 30 }
 The best is but in season best.

VI

The pointed hour of promis'd bliss,
 The pleasing whisper in the dark,
 The half-unwilling willing kiss,
 The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
 When the kind nymph would coyneess
 feign, }
 And hides but to be found again;
 These, these are joys the gods for youth
 ordain.

HORACE

THE TWENTY-NINTH ODE OF THE THIRD
BOOK

PARAPHRAS'D IN PINDARIC VERSE, AND IN-
 SCRIB'D TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE LAU-
 RENCE, EARL OF ROCHESTER

I

DESCENDED of an ancient line,
 That long the Tuscan scepter sway'd,
 Make haste to meet the generous wine,
 Whose piercing is for thee delay'd:
 The rosy wreath is ready made;
 And artful hands prepare
 The fragrant Syrian oil, that shall perfume
 thy hair.

II

When the wine sparkles from afar,
 And the well-natur'd friend cries,
 "Come away!"
 Make haste, and leave thy business and thy
 care; 10
 No mortal int'rest can be worth thy
 stay.

III

Leave for a while thy costly country seat;
 And, to be great indeed, forget
 The nauseous pleasures of the great:
 Make haste and come;
 Come, and forsake thy cloying store;
 Thy turret that surveys, from high,
 The smoke, and wealth, and noise of
 Rome;
 And all the busy pageantry
 That wise men scorn, and fools adore: 20
 Come, give thy soul a loose, and taste the
 pleasures of the poor.

IV

Sometimes 't is grateful to the rich to try
 A short vicissitude, and fit of poverty:
 A savory dish, a homely treat,
 Where all is plain, where all is neat,
 Without the stately spacious room,
 The Persian carpet, or the Tyrian loom,
 Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the great.

V

The sun is in the Lion mounted high;
 The Syrian star 30
 Barks from afar,
 And with his sultry breath infects the
 sky;
 The ground below is parch'd, the heav'ns
 above us fry.
 The shepherd drives his fainting flock
 Beneath the covert of a rock,
 And seeks refreshing rivulets nigh:
 The *sylvans* to their shades retire,
 Those very shades and streams new shades
 and streams require,
 And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan
 the raging fire.

VI

Thou, what befits the new Lord May'r, 40
 And what the city faction dare,
 And what the Gallic arms will do,
 And what the quiver-bearing foe,
 Art anxiously inquisitive to know;

But God has, wisely, hid from human sight
 The dark decrees of future fate,
 And sown their seeds in depth of night:
 He laughs at all the giddy turns of state,
 When mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

VII

Enjoy the present smiling hour, 50
 And put it out of Fortune's pow'r;
 The tide of bus'ness, like the running stream,
 Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
 A quiet ebb, or a tempestuous flow,
 And always in extreme.
 Now with a noiseless gentle course
 It keeps within the middle bed;
 Anon it lifts aloft the head,
 And bears down all before it with impetu-
 ous force; 59
 And trunks of trees come rolling down,
 Sheep and their folds together drown:
 Both house and homestead into seas are
 borne;
 And rocks are from their old foundations
 torn,
 And woods, made thin with winds, their
 scatter'd honors mourn.

VIII

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
 He, who can call to-day his own;
 He who, secure within, can say:
 "To-morrow do thy worst, for I have
 liv'd to-day.
 Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
 The joys I have possess'd, in spite of
 fate, are mine. 70
 Not Heav'n itself upon the past has
 pow'r;
 But what has been, has been, and I have
 had my hour."

IX

Fortune, that with malicious joy
 Does man her slave oppress,
 Proud of her office to destroy,
 Is seldom pleas'd to bless:
 Still various, and unconstant still,
 But with an inclination to be ill,
 Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
 And makes a lottery of life. 80
 I can enjoy her while she's kind;
 But when she dances in the wind,
 And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
 I puff the prostitute away:

The little or the much she gave is quietly
 resign'd;
 Content with poverty, my soul I arm;
 And virtue, tho' in rags, will keep me
 warm.

X

What is 't to me,
 Who never sail in her unfaithful sea, 89
 If storms arise, and clouds grow black;
 If the mast split, and threaten wreck?
 Then let the greedy merchant fear
 For his ill-gotten gain;
 And pray to gods that will not hear,
 While the debating winds and billows bear
 His wealth into the main.
 For me, secure from Fortune's blows,
 (Secure of what I cannot lose,)
 In my small pinnace I can sail,
 Contemning all the blust'ring roar; 100
 And running with a merry gale,
 With friendly stars my safety seek,
 Within some little winding creek;
 And see the storm ashore.

HORACE

THE SECOND EPODE

"How happy in his low degree,
 How rich in humble poverty, is he,
 Who leads a quiet country life;
 Discharg'd of business, void of strife,
 And from the griping scrivener free!
 (Thus, ere the seeds of vice were sown,
 Liv'd men in better ages born,
 Who plow'd with oxen of their own
 Their small paternal field of corn.) 10
 Nor trumpets summon him to war,
 Nor drums disturb his morning sleep,
 Nor knows he merchants' gainful care,
 Nor fears the dangers of the deep,
 The clamors of contentious law,
 And court and state, he wisely shuns,
 Nor brib'd with hopes, nor dar'd with
 awe,
 To servile salutations runs;
 But either to the clasping vine
 Does the supporting poplar wed,
 Or with his pruning-hook disjoin 20
 Unbearing branches from their head,
 And grafts more happy in their stead;
 Or, climbing to a hilly steep,
 He views his herds in vales afar,

Or shears his overburden'd sheep,
 Or mead for cooling drink prepares,
 Of virgin honey in the jars.
 Or, in the now declining year,
 When bounteous Autumn rears his
 head,
 He joys to pull the ripen'd pear,
 And clust'ring grapes with purple spread.³⁰
 The fairest of his fruit he serves,
 Priapus, thy rewards:
 Sylvanus too his part deserves,
 Whose care the fences guards.
 Sometimes beneath an ancient oak
 Or on the matted grass he lies:
 No god of sleep he need invoke;
 The stream, that o'er the pebbles flies,
 With gentle slumber crowns his eyes.⁴⁰
 The wind, that whistles thro' the sprays,
 Maintains the consort of the song;
 And hidden birds, with native lays,
 The golden sleep prolong.
 But when the blast of winter blows,
 And hoary frost inverts the year,
 Into the naked woods he goes,
 And seeks the tusk'd boar to rear,
 With well-mouth'd hounds and pointed
 spear;
 Or spreads his subtle nets from sight,⁵⁰
 With twinkling glasses, to betray
 The larks that in the meshes light,
 Or makes the fearful hare his prey.
 Amidst his harmless easy joys
 No anxious care invades his health,
 Nor love his peace of mind destroys,
 Nor wicked avarice of wealth.
 But if a chaste and pleasing wife,
 To ease the business of his life,
 Divides with him his household care,⁶⁰
 Such as the Sabine matrons were,
 Such as the swift Apulian's bride,
 Sunburnt and swarthy tho' she be,
 Will fire for winter nights provide,
 And without noise will oversee
 His children and his family;
 And order all things till he come,
 Sweaty and overlabor'd, home;
 If she in pens his flocks will fold,
 And then produce her dairy store,⁷⁰
 With wine to drive away the cold,
 And unbought dainties of the poor;
 Not oysters of the Lucrine lake
 My sober appetite would wish,
 Nor turbet, or the foreign fish
 That rolling tempests overtake,
 And hither waft the costly dish.

Not heathpout, or the rarer bird
 Which Phasis or Ionia yields,
 More pleasing morsels would afford⁸⁰
 Than the fat olives of my fields;
 Than shards or mallows for the pot,
 That keep the loosen'd body sound,
 Or than the lamb, that falls by lot
 To the just guardian of my ground.
 Amidst these feasts of happy swains,
 The jolly shepherd smiles to see
 His flock returning from the plains;
 The farmer is as pleas'd as he
 To view his oxen, sweating smoke,⁹⁰
 Bear on their necks the loosen'd yoke:
 To look upon his menial crew,
 That sit around his cheerful hearth,
 And bodies spent in toil renew
 With wholesome food and country mirth."
 This Morecraft said within himself,
 Resolv'd to leave the wicked town,
 And live retir'd upon his own.
 He call'd his money in;
 But the prevailing love of pelf¹⁰⁰
 Soon split him on the former shelf,
 And put it out again.

A NEW SONG

[This song was printed anonymously in the
Sylvæ; it is first attributed to Dryden in the
 folio edition of his *Poems and Translations*,
 1701.]

I

SYLVIA, the fair, in the bloom of fifteen,
 Felt an innocent warmth as she lay on the
 green;
 She had heard of a pleasure, and something
 she guess'd
 By the towzing, and tumbling, and touch-
 ing her breast.
 She saw the men eager, but was at a loss,
 What they meant by their sighing, and kiss-
 ing so close;
 By their praying and whining,
 And clasping and twining,
 And panting and wishing,
 And sighing and kissing,¹⁰
 And sighing and kissing so close.

II

"Ah!" she cried, "ah! for a languishing
 maid,
 In a country of Christians, to die without
 aid!
 Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at least,

Or a Protestant parson, or Catholic priest,
To instruct a young virgin, that is at a loss,
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing
so close !

By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing, 20
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close."

III

Cupid, in shape of a swain, did appear,
He saw the sad wound, and in pity drew near;

Then show'd her his arrow, and bid her
not fear,
For the pain was no more than a maiden
may bear.

When the balm was infus'd, she was not at
a loss,

What they meant by their sighing, and kissing
so close;

By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining, 30
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

FOUR SONGS

[The following songs were not published until after Dryden's death, and their authenticity is not above suspicion. If genuine, they may have been written at almost any time in Dryden's long literary career. They are grouped in the present place for convenience in printing.]

THE FAIR STRANGER

[The following song was first printed in *4 New Miscellany of Original Poems. London, printed for Peter Buck . . . and George Strahan . . . 1701*, where it is ascribed to Dryden. Derrick stated, in his edition of Dryden (1760), that these verses celebrated the arrival in England in 1670, in the suite of the Duchess of Orleans, of Louise de Kéroualle, afterwards mistress of Charles II and Duchess of Portsmouth. This assertion has been often repeated by editors of Dryden. Christie notes that the poem would apply equally well to the Duchess of Mazarin, who arrived in England in January, 1676; but he adds pertinently: "There is no proof that the song was composed in honor of any great lady."]

I

HAPPY and free, securely blest,
No beauty could disturb my rest;
My amorous heart was in despair
To find a new victorious fair:

II

Till you descending on our plains,
With foreign force renew my chains;
Where now you rule without control
The mighty sovereign of my soul.

III

Your smiles have more of conquering charms
Than all your native country's arms: 10

Their troops we can expel with ease,
Who vanquish only when we please.

IV

But in your eyes, O there's the spell !
Who can see them, and not rebel ?
You make us captives by your stay,
Yet kill us if you go away.

SONG

[This song was first printed in the folio edition of Dryden's *Poems and Translations*, 1701. It also appears, but without being ascribed to Dryden, in the fourth edition, 1710, of the *Second Part of Miscellany Poems*.]

I

Go tell Anynta, gentle swain,
I would not die, nor dare complain:
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
Thy words will more prevail than mine.
To souls oppress'd, and dumb with grief,
The gods ordain this kind relief;
That music should in sounds convey
What dying lovers dare not say.

II

A sigh or tear, perhaps, she'll give,
But love on pity cannot live. 10
Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid.

Tell her my pains so fast encrease,
That soon they will be past redress;
But ah! the wretch that speechless lies
Attends but death to close his eyes.

A SONG

[This song was first printed in *Poetical Miscellanies, the Fifth Part*, 1704.]

I

FAIR, sweet, and young, receive a prize
Reserv'd for your victorious eyes:
From crowds, whom at your feet you see,
O pity, and distinguish me!
As I from thousand beauties more
Distinguish you, and only you adore.

II

Your face for conquest was design'd,
Your ev'ry motion charms my mind;
Angels, when you your silence break,
Forget their hymns, to hear you speak; 10
But when at once they hear and view,
Are loth to mount, and long to stay with
you.

III

No graces can your form improve,
But all are lost, unless you love;
While that sweet passion you disdain,
Your veil and beauty are in vain.

In pity then prevent my fate,
For after dying all reprieve's too late.

SONG

[This song was first printed in *Poetical Miscellanies, the Fifth Part*, 1704, where it is ascribed to Dryden. It also occurs, under the title, *An Ayre on a Ground*, in the fourth edition, 1716, of the *Second Part of Miscellany Poems*, but with a different arrangement of lines and with no indication of the author.]

HIGH state and honors to others impart,
But give me your heart:
That treasure, that treasure alone,
I beg for my own.
So gentle a love, so fervent a fire,
My soul does inspire;
That treasure, that treasure alone,
I beg for my own.

Your love let me crave;
Give me in possessing 10
So matchless a blessing;
That empire is all I would have.

Love's my petition,
All my ambition;
If e'er you discover
So faithful a lover,
So real a flame,
I'll die, I'll die,
So give up my game.

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS

A

FUNERAL-PINDARIC
POEMSACRED TO THE HAPPY MEMORY
OF
KING CHARLES II

BY JOHN DRYDEN

SERVANT TO HIS LATE MAJESTY, AND TO THE PRESENT KING

*Fortunati ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet aeo! — VIRG.*

[Charles II died on February 6, 1685, and this poem was published about a month later. A second edition, with some changes of text, followed almost immediately. Advertisements in

the *Observer* (see Scott-Saintsbury edition, xviii, 295) show that the first edition appeared about March 14 and the second about March 25. Of the first edition two issues are known. The poem was also published in Dublin in 1685. It was not again reprinted until it was included in *Poems and Translations*, 1701. The present text follows the second edition.]

I

Thus long my grief has kept me dumb:
 Sure there's a lethargy in mighty woe,
 Tears stand congeal'd and cannot flow;
 And the sad soul retires into her inmost
 room;
 Tears, for a stroke foreseen, afford relief;
 But, unprovided for a sudden blow,
 Like Niobe we marble grow,
 And petrify with grief.
 Our British heav'n was all serene,
 No threat'ning cloud was nigh, 10
 Not the least wrinkle to deform the sky;
 We liv'd as unconcern'd and happily
 As the first age in nature's golden scene;
 Supine amidst our flowing store,
 We slept securely, and we dreamt of more:
 When suddenly the thunderclap was
 heard,
 It took us unprepar'd and out of guard,
 Already lost before we fear'd.
 Th' amazing news of Charles at once were
 spread,
 At once the general voice declar'd, 20
Our gracious prince was dead.
 No sickness known before, no slow dis-
 ease,
 To soften grief by just degrees;
 But like an hurricane on Indian seas
 The tempest rose;
 An unexpected burst of woes,
 With scarce a breathing space betwixt,
 This *now* becalm'd, and perishing the next.
 As if great Atlas from his height
 Should sink beneath his heavenly weight, 30
 And with a mighty flaw, the flaming wall
 (As once it shall)
 Should gape immense, and rushing down,
 o'erwhelm this nether ball;
 So swift and so surprising was our fear:
 Our Atlas fell indeed, but Hercules was
 near.

II

His pious brother, sure the best
 Who ever bore that name,
 Was newly risen from his rest,
 And, with a fervent flame,
 His usual morning vows had just address'd
 For his dear sovereign's health; 41

And hop'd to have 'em heard,
 In long increase of years,
 In honor, fame, and wealth:
 Guiltless of greatness thus he always
 pray'd,
 Nor knew nor wish'd those vows he
 made
 On his own head should be repaid.
 Soon as th' ill-omen'd rumor reach'd his
 ear,
 (Ill news is wing'd with fate, and flies
 apace,)
 Who can describe th' amazement in his
 face! 50
 Horror in all his pomp was there,
 Mute and magnificent without a tear:
 And then the hero first was seen to fear.
 Half unarray'd he ran to his relief,
 So hasty and so artless was his grief:
 Approaching greatness met him with her
 charms
 Of pow'r and future state;
 But look'd so ghastly in a brother's fate,
 He shook her from his arms.
 Arriv'd within the mournful room, he saw
 A wild distraction, void of awe, 61
 And arbitrary grief unbounded by a law.
 God's image, God's anointed lay
 Without motion, pulse, or breath,
 A senseless lump of sacred clay,
 An image, now, of death:
 Amidst his sad attendants' groans and
 cries,
 The lines of that ador'd, forgiving face,
 Distorted from their native grace; 69
 An iron slumber sate on his majestic eyes.
 The pious duke—forbear, audacious Muse,
 No terms thy feeble art can use
 Are able to adorn so vast a woe:
 The grief of all the rest like subject-grief
 did show,
 His like a sovereign did transcend;
 No wife, no brother, such a grief could
 know,
 Nor any name, but friend.

III

O wondrous changes of a fatal scene,
 Still varying to the last!
 Heav'n, tho' its hard decree was past, 80

Seem'd pointing to a gracious turn again:
And death's uplifted arm arrested in its
haste.

Heav'n half repented of the doom,
And almost griev'd it had foreseen,
What by foresight it will'd eternally to
come.

Mercy above did hourly plead
For her resemblance here below,
And mild forgiveness intercede
To stop the coming blow.

New miracles approach'd th' ethereal throne,
Such as his wondrous life had oft and lately
known, ⁹¹

And urg'd that still they might be shown.
On earth his pious brother pray'd and
vow'd,

Renouncing greatness at so dear a
rate,

Himself defending, what he could,
From all the glories of his future
fate.

With him th' innumerable crowd
Of armed prayers
Knock'd at the gates of heav'n, and knock'd
aloud;

The first, well-meaning, rude peti-
tioners. ¹⁰⁰

All for his life assail'd the throne,
All would have brib'd the skies by off'ring
up their own.

So great a throng not heav'n itself could
bar;

'T was almost borne by force, as in the
giants' war.

The pray'rs, at least, for his reprieve were
heard;

His death, like Hezekiah's, was deferr'd:
Against the sun the shadow went;
Five days, those five degrees, were
lent

To form our patience and prepare th'
event.

The second causes took the swift com-
mand, ¹¹⁰

The med'cinal head, the ready hand,
All eager to perform their part;
All but eternal doom was conquer'd by
their art:

Once more the fleeting soul came back
T' inspire the mortal frame;

And in the body took a doubtful stand,
Doubtful and hov'ring like expiring flame,

That mounts and falls by turns, and trem-
bles o'er the brand.

IV

The joyful short-liv'd news soon spread
around,

Took the same train, the same impetuous
bound: ¹²⁰

The drooping town in smiles again was
dress'd,

Gladness in every face express'd,
Their eyes before their tongues confess'd.

Men met each other with erected look,
The steps were higher that they took,

Friends to congratulate their friends made
haste,

And long-inveterate foes saluted as they
pass'd:

Above the rest heroic James appear'd
Exalted more, because he more had fear'd;

His manly heart, whose noble pride ¹³⁰
Was still above

Dissembled hate or varnish'd love,
Its more then common transport could not
hide;

But like an eagle ¹ rode in triumph o'er the
tide.

Thus, in alternate course,
The tyrant passions, hope and fear,

Did in extremes appear,
And flash'd upon the soul with equal force.

Thus, at half ebb, a rolling sea
Returns and wins upon the shore; ¹⁴⁰

The wat'ry herd, affrighted at the roar,
Rest on their fins a while, and stay,

Then backward take their wond'ring way:
The prophet wonders more than they,

At prodigies but rarely seen before,
And cries, a king must fall, or kingdoms
change their sway.

Such were our counter-tides at land, and so
Presaging of the fatal blow,

In their prodigious ebb and flow.
The royal soul, that like the laboring

moon, ¹⁵⁰
By charms of art was hurried down,

Fore'd with regret to leave her native
sphere,

Came but a while on liking here:
Soon weary of the painful strife,

And made but faint essays of life:
An evening light

Soon shut in night;
A strong distemper, and a weak relief,

Short intervals of joy, and long returns of
grief.

¹ An eagle is a tide swelling above another tide,
which I have myself observ'd on the river Trent.

V

The sons of art all med'cines tried, 160
 And every noble remedy applied;
 With emulation each essay'd
 His utmost skill, nay more, they pray'd:
 Never was losing game with better conduct
 play'd.

Death never won a stake with greater toil,
 Nor e'er was fate so near a foil;
 But, like a fortress on a rock,
 Th' impregnable disease their vain at-
 tempts did mock.

They min'd it near, they batter'd from afar
 With all the cannon of the med'cinal war;
 No gentle means could be essay'd, 171
 'T was beyond parley when the siege was
 laid.

Th' extremest ways they first ordain,
 Prescribing such intolerable pain,
 As none but Cæsar could sustain:
 Undaunted Cæsar underwent
 The malice of their art, nor bent
 Beneath whate'er their pious rigor could
 invent.

In five such days he suffer'd more
 Than any suffer'd in his reign before; 180
 More, infinitely more, than he
 Against the worst of rebels could decree,
 A traitor, or twice pardon'd enemy.
 Now art was tir'd without success,
 No racks could make the stubborn malady
 confess.

The vain *insurancers* of life,
 And he who most perform'd and promis'd
 less,
 Even Short himself forsook th' unequal
 strife.

Death and despair was in their looks,
 No longer they consult their memories or
 books; 190
 Like helpless friends, who view from shore
 The laboring ship, and hear the tempest
 roar;

So stood they with their arms across;
 Not to assist, but to deplore
 Th' inevitable loss.

VI

Death was denounc'd; that frightful sound
 Which ev'n the best can hardly bear,
 He took the summons void of fear;
 And, unconcern'dly, cast his eyes around,
 As if to find and dare the grisly chal-
 lenger. 200

What death could do he lately tried,

When in four days he more then died.
 The same assurance all his words did grace;
 The same majestic mildness held its place;
 Nor lost the monarch in his dying face.
 Intrepid, pious, merciful, and brave,
 He look'd as when he conquer'd and for-
 gave.

VII

As if some angel had been sent
 To lengthen out his government,
 And to foretell as many years again, 210
 As he had number'd in his happy reign;
 So cheerfully he took the doom

Of his departing breath;
 Nor shrunk nor stepp'd aside for death;
 But with unalter'd pace kept on;

Providing for events to come,
 When he resign'd the throne.
 Still he maintain'd his kingly state;
 And grew familiar with his fate.
 Kind, good, and gracious, to the last, 220
 On all he lov'd before his dying beams he
 cast:

O truly good, and truly great,
 For glorious as he rose, benignly so he
 set!

All that on earth he held most dear,
 He recommended to his care,

To whom both Heav'n,
 The right had giv'n,
 And his own love bequeath'd supreme com-
 mand:

He took and press'd that ever-loyal hand,
 Which could in peace secure his reign, 230
 Which could in wars his pow'r maintain,
 That hand on which no plighted vows were
 ever vain.

Well for so great a trust, he chose
 A prince who never disobey'd;
 Not when the most severe commands
 were laid;

Nor want, nor exile with his duty
 weigh'd:

A prince on whom, if Heav'n its eyes could
 close,
 The welfare of the world it safely might
 repose.

VIII

That king who liv'd to God's own heart,
 Yet less serenely died than he: 240
 Charles left behind no harsh decree
 For schoolmen with laborious art
 To salve from cruelty:

Those, for whom love could no excuses
frame,

He graciously forgot to name.

Thus far my Muse, tho' rudely, has design'd
Some faint resemblance of his godlike mind;
But neither pen nor pencil can express

The parting brothers' *tenderness*;
Tho' that's a term too mean and low; ²⁵⁰
(The blest above a kinder word may know:)

But what they did, and what they said,
The monarch who triumphant went,
The militant who stay'd,
Like painters, when their height'ning arts
are spent,

I cast into a shade.

That all-forgiving king,

The type of him above,

That inexhausted spring

Of clemency and love; ²⁶⁰

Himself to his next self accus'd,
And ask'd that pardon which he ne'er re-
fus'd:

For faults not his, for guilt and crimes
Of godless men, and of rebellious times;
For an hard exile, kindly meant,
When his ungrateful country sent
Their best Camillus into banishment,
And forc'd their sov'reign's act, they could
not his consent.

O how much rather had that injur'd chief
Repeated all his sufferings past, ²⁷⁰

Then hear a pardon begg'd at last,
Which giv'n could give the dying no re-
lief!

He bent, he sunk beneath his grief;
His dauntless heart would fain have held
From weeping, but his eyes rebell'd.

Perhaps the godlike hero in his breast
Disdain'd, or was asham'd, to show
So weak, so womanish a woe

Which yet the brother and the friend so
plenteously confess'd.

IX

Amidst that silent show'r, the royal mind
An easy passage found, ²⁸¹

And left its sacred earth behind;
Nor murmur'd groan express'd, nor
laboring sound,

Nor any least tumultuous breath:
Calm was his life, and quiet was his death.
Soft as those gentle whispers were,
In which th' Almighty did appear;
By the still voice the prophet knew him
there.

That peace which made thy prosperous
reign to shine,

That peace thou leav'st to thy imperial
line, ²⁹⁰

That peace, O happy shade, be ever thine!

X

For all those joys thy restoration brought,
For all the miracles it wrought,

For all the healing balm thy mercy
pour'd

Into the nation's bleeding wound,

And care that after kept it sound,

For numerous blessings yearly show'r'd,

And property with plenty crown'd;

For freedom, still maintain'd alive,

Freedom, which in no other land will
thrive, ³⁰⁰

Freedom, an English subject's sole pre-
rogative,

Without whose charms ev'n peace would be
But a dull quiet slavery:

For these, and more, accept our pious
praise;

'T is all the subsidy

The present age can raise,

The rest is charg'd on late posterity.

Posterity is charg'd the more,

Because the large abounding store

To them and to their heirs is still entail'd
by thee. ³¹⁰

Succession of a long descent

Which chastely in the channels ran,

And from our demigods began,

Equal almost to time in its extent—

Thro' hazards numberless and great,

Thou hast deriv'd this mighty blessing
down,

And fix'd the fairest gem that decks
th' imperial crown:

Not faction, when it shook thy regal seat,

Not senates, insolently loud,

(Those echoes of a thoughtless crowd,) ³²⁰

Not foreign or domestic treachery,

Could warp thy soul to their unjust decree.

So much thy foes thy manly mind mistook;

Who judg'd it by the mildness of thy look;

Like a well-temper'd sword, it bent at will,

But kept the native toughness of the steel.

XI

Be true, O Clio, to thy hero's name!

But draw him strictly so,

That all who view, the piece may
know;

He needs no trappings of fictitious fame: 330
 The load's too weighty; thou may'st choose
 Some parts of praise, and some refuse:
 Write, that his annals may be thought more
 lavish than the Muse.

In scanty truth thou hast confin'd
 The virtues of a royal mind,
 Forgiving, bounteous, humble, just, and
 kind:

His conversation, wit, and parts,
 His knowledge in the noblest, useful arts,
 Were such, dead authors could not give;
 But habits of those who live; 340
 Who, lighting him, did greater lights re-
 ceive:

He drain'd from all, and all they knew;
 His apprehension quick, his judgment true;
 That the most learn'd, with shame, confess
 His knowledge more, his reading only less.

XII

Amidst the peaceful triumphs of his reign,
 What wonder if the kindly beams he
 shed

Reviv'd the drooping arts again;
 If Science rais'd her head,
 And soft Humanity that from rebel-
 lion fled! 350

Our isle, indeed, too fruitful was before;
 But all uncultivated lay
 Out of the solar walk and heav'n's high
 way;

With rank Geneva weeds run o'er,
 And cockle, at the best, amidst the corn it
 bore.

The royal husbandman appear'd,
 And plow'd, and sow'd, and till'd;
 The thorns he rooted out, the rubbish
 clear'd,

And bless'd th' obedient field:
 When, straight, a double harvest rose; 360
 Such as the swarthy Indian mows;
 Or happier climates near the line,
 Or Paradise manur'd and dress'd by hands
 divine.

XIII

As when the newborn Phoenix takes his
 way,

His rich paternal regions to survey,
 Of airy choristers a numerous train
 Attend his wondrous progress o'er the plain;
 So, rising from his father's urn,
 So glorious did our Charles return:
 Th' officious Muses came along, 370

A gay harmonious choir, like angels ever
 young;

(The Muse that mourns him now, his happy
 triumph sung.)

Even they could thrive in his auspicious
 reign;

And such a plenteous crop they bore
 Of purest and well-winnow'd grain,
 As Britain never knew before.

Tho' little was their hire, and light their
 gain,

Yet somewhat to their share he threw;
 Fed from his hand, they sung and flew,
 Like birds of Paradise, that liv'd on morn-
 ing dew. 380

O never let their lays his name forget!
 The pension of a prince's praise is great.
 Live then, thou great encourager of arts,
 Live ever in our thankful hearts;
 Live blest above, almost invok'd below;

Live and receive this pious vow,
 Our patron once, our guardian angel now.
 Thou Fabius of a sinking state,
 Who didst by wise delays divert our fate,
 When faction like a tempest rose, 390

In death's most hideous form,
 Then art to rage thou didst oppose,
 To weather out the storm:

Not quitting thy supreme command,
 Thou held'st the rudder with a steady hand,
 Till safely on the shore the bark did land;
 The bark that all our blessings brought,
 Charg'd with thyself and James, a doubly
 royal fraight.

XIV

O frail estate of human things,
 And slippery hopes below! 400
 Now to our cost your emptiness we
 know,

(For 'tis a lesson dearly bought,)
 Assurance here is never to be sought.

The best, and best below'd of kings,
 And best deserving to be so,
 When scarce he had escap'd the fatal blow
 Of faction and conspiracy,
 Death did his promis'd hopes destroy:
 He toil'd, he gain'd, but liv'd not to enjoy.
 What mists of Providence are these 410

Thro' which we cannot see!
 So saints, by supernatural pow'r set
 free,

Are left at last in martyrdom to die;
 Such is the end of oft-repeated miracles.
 Forgive me, Heav'n, that impious thought,

'T was grief for Charles, to madness wrought,

That question'd thy supreme decree !
Thou didst his gracious reign prolong,
Even in thy saints' and angels' wrong,

His fellow-citizens of immortality: 420
For twelve long years of exile borne,
Twice twelve we number'd since his blest return:

So strictly wert thou just to pay,
Even to the driblet of a day.
Yet still we murmur, and complain,
The quails and manna should no longer rain:
Those miracles 't was needless to renew;
The chosen flock has now the promis'd land
in view.

XV

A warlike prince ascends the regal state,
A prince long exercis'd by fate: 430
Long may he keep, tho' he obtains it late.
Heroes in Heaven's peculiar mold are cast,
They and their poets are not form'd in haste;

Man was the first in God's design, and man
was made the last.

False heroes, made by flattery so,
Heav'n can strike out, like sparkles, at a blow;

But ere a prince is to perfection brought,
He costs Omnipotence a second thought.

With toil and sweat, 439
With hard'ning cold, and forming heat,
The Cyclops did their strokes repeat,
Before th' impenetrable shield was wrought.
It looks as if the Maker would not own
The noble work for his,
Before 't was tried and found a master-piece.

XVI

View then a monarch ripen'd for a throne.
Aeides thus his race began;
O'er infancy he swiftly ran;
The future god at first was more than man:
Dangers and toils, and Juno's hate 450
Even o'er his cradle lay in wait;
And there he grappled first with fate:
In his young hands the hissing snakes he press'd,

So early was the deity confess'd;
Thus, by degrees, he rose to Jove's imperial seat;

Thus difficulties prove a soul *legitimately*
great.

Like his, our hero's infancy was tried:
Betimes the Furies did their snakes provide,

And to his infant arms oppose
His father's rebels, and his brother's foes;
The more oppress'd, the higher still he rose. 461

Those were the preludes of his fate,
That form'd his manhood, to subdue
The *Hydra* of the many-headed hissing crew.

XVII

As after Numa's peaceful reign,
The martial Aeneas did the scepter wield,

Furbish'd the rusty sword again,
Resum'd the long-forgotten shield,
And led the Latins to the dusty field;

So James the drowsy *genius* wakes 470
Of Britain long entranc'd in charms,
Restiff and slumb'ring on its arms:
'Tis rous'd, and with a new-strung nerve,
the spear already shakes.

No neighing of the warrior steeds,
No drum, or louder trumpet, needs
T' inspire the coward, warm the cold;
His voice, his sole appearance makes 'em bold.

Gaul and Batavia dread th' impending blow;
Too well the vigor of that arm they know;
They lick the dust, and crouch beneath their fatal foe. 480

Long may they fear this awful prince,
And not provoke his ling'ring sword;
Peace is their only sure defense,
Their best security his word:
In all the changes of his doubtful state,
His truth, like Heav'n's, was kept inviolate,
For him to promise is to make it fate.

His *valor* can triumph o'er land and main;
With broken oaths his fame he will not stain;

With conquest basely bought, and with inglorious gain. 490

XVIII

For once, O Heav'n, unfold thy adamantine book;

And let his wond'ring *senate* see,
If not thy firm, immutable decree,
At least the second page of strong contingency;

Such as consists with wills originally free:

Let them with glad amazement look
 On what their happiness may be;
 Let them not still be obstinately blind,
 Still to divert the good thou hast design'd,
 Or with malignant penury, ⁵⁰⁰
 To sterve the royal virtues of his mind.
 Faith is a Christian's and a subject's test;
 O give time to believe, and they are surely
 blest.
 They do; and with a distant view I see
 Th' amended vows of English loyalty;
 And all beyond that object, there appears
 The long retinue of a prosperous reign,

A series of successful years,
 In orderly array, a martial, manly
 train.
 Behold ev'n to remoter shores, ⁵¹⁰
 A conquering navy proudly spread;
 The British cannon formidably roars,
 While starting from his oozy bed,
 Th' asserted ocean rears his rever-
 end head,
 To view and recognise his ancient lord
 again;
 And, with a willing hand, restores
 The *fusces* of the main.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO ALBION AND ALBANIUS

[Of this, his first opera, Dryden says in his preface: "It was all compos'd, and was just ready to have been perform'd, when he, in honor of whom it was principally made, was taken from us." After a slight alteration, made necessary by changed circumstances, the opera was presented early in June, 1685. It was published in the same year; the prologue and epilogue were also printed as a broadside. The texts below follow those printed with the first edition of the opera.]

PROLOGUE

FULL twenty years and more, our lab'ring
 stage
 Has lost, on this incorrigible age;
 Our poets, the John Ketches of the nation,
 Have seem'd to lash ye, ev'n to excoria-
 tion:
 But still no sign remains; which plainly
 notes,
 You bore like heroes, or you brib'd like
 Oates.
 What can we do, when mimicking a fop,
 Like beating nut trees, makes a larger
 crop?
 Faith, we'll e'en spare our pains; and, to
 content you,
 Will fairly leave you what your Maker
 meant you. ¹⁰
 Satire was once your physic, wit your food;
 One nourish'd not, and t' other drew no
 blood:
 We now prescribe, like doctors in despair,
 The diet your weak appetites can bear.
 Since hearty beef and mutton will not do,

Here's julep dance, ptisan of song and
 show:
 Give you strong sense, the liquor is too
 heady;
 You're come to farce, that's asses' milk,
 already.
 Some hopeful youths there are, of callow
 wit,
 Who one day may be men, if Heav'n think
 fit; ²⁰
 Sound may serve such, ere they to sense
 are grown,
 Like leading strings, till they can walk
 alone.
 But yet, to keep our friends in count'nance,
 know,
 The wise Italians first invented show;
 Thence into France the noble pageant
 pass'd:
 'Tis England's credit to be cozen'd last.
 Freedom and zeal have chous'd you
 o'er and o'er;
 Pray give us leave to bubble you once
 more;
 You never were so cheaply fool'd before. }
 We bring you change, to humor your
 disease; ³⁰
 Change for the worse has ever us'd to
 please:
 Then, 'tis the mode of France; without
 whose rules
 None must presume to set up here for
 fools.
 In France, the oldest man is always
 young, }
 Sees operas daily, learns the tunes so
 long,
 Till foot, hand, head, keep time with
 ev'ry song: }

Each sings his part, echoing from pit and box,
With his hoarse voice, half harmony, half pox.

Le plus grand roi du monde is always ringing,

They show themselves good subjects by their singing. 40

On that condition, set up every throat:
You Whigs may sing, for you have chang'd your note.

Cits and citesses, raise a joyful strain,
'T is a good omen to begin a reign;
Voices may help your charter to restoring,
And get by singing what you lost by roaring.

EPILOGUE

AFTER our Æsop's fable shown to-day,
I come to give the moral of the play.
Feign'd Zeal, you saw, set out the speedier pace;

But, the last heat, Plain Dealing won the race:

Plain Dealing for a jewel has been known,
But ne'er till now the jewel of a crown.
When Heav'n made man, to show the work divine,

Truth was his image, stamp'd upon the coin:

And, when a king is to a god refin'd,
On all he says and does he stamps his mind: 10

This proves a soul without allay, and pure;
Kings, like their gold, should every touch endure.

To dare in fields is valor; but how few
Dare be so thoroughly valiant, to be true!
The name of great let other kings affect:
He's great indeed, the prince that is direct.
His subjects know him now, and trust him more

Than all their kings, and all their laws before.

What safety could their public acts afford?
Those he can break; but cannot break his word. 20

So great a trust to him alone was due;
Well have they trusted whom so well they knew.

The saint, who walk'd on waves, securely trod,

While he believ'd the beck'ning of his God;
But, when his faith no longer bore him out,

Began to sink, as he began to doubt.
Let us our native character maintain;
'T is of our growth, to be sincerely plain.
T' excel in truth we loyally may strive,
Set privilege against prerogative: 30
He plights his faith, and we believe him just;

His honor is to promise, ours to trust.
Thus Britain's basis on a word is laid,
As by a word the world itself was made.

TO MY FRIEND, MR. J. NORTH-LEIGH

AUTHOR OF THE PARALLEL, ON HIS TRIUMPH OF THE BRITISH MONARCHY

[John Northleigh (1657-1705) published, in 1682, *The Parallel, or the new specious Association an old rebellious Covenant*; and, in 1685, *The Triumph of our Monarchy over the Plots and Principles of our Rebels and Republicans*. To the latter work Dryden prefixed the following verses.]

So Joseph, yet a youth, expounded well
The boding dream, and did th' event foretell;

Judged by the past, and drew the parallel.
Thus early Solomon the truth explor'd,
The right awarded, and the babe restor'd.
Thus Daniel, ere to prophecy he grew,
The perjur'd presbyters did first subdue,
And freed Susanna from the canting crew.
Well may our monarchy triumphant stand,
While warlike James protects both sea and land; 10

And, under covert of his sev'nfold shield,
Thou send'st thy shafts to scour the distant field.

By law thy powerful pen has set us free;
Thou studi'st that, and that may study thee.

TO THE PIOUS MEMORY OF THE ACCOMPLISH'D YOUNG LADY, MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW

EXCELLENT IN THE TWO SISTER-ARTS
OF POESY AND PAINTING, AN ODE

[Anne Killigrew, daughter of Henry Killigrew, divine, and niece of the dramatists Thomas and William Killigrew, was born

in 1660, and died in June, 1685. An edition of her *Poems* was licensed for the press on September 30 of that year; and, as is shown by an advertisement in the *Observer* (see Scott-Sainsbury edition, xviii, 295), was published about November 2, although it is dated 1686. The frontispiece of the volume is a mezzotint made from a painting of the poetess by herself. The title-page bears the motto *Immodicis brevis est ætas, et rara senectus* (Martial, vi. 29), to which Dryden refers in lines 147, 148 below. Dryden's *Ode* was first published in this volume; it was reprinted, with some changes of text, in *Examen Poeticum*, 1693. The later text is here followed.]

I

THOU youngest virgin-daughter of the
skies,

Made in the last promotion of the blest;
Whose palms, new pluck'd from paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest:
Whether, adopted to some neighboring
star,

Thou roll'st above us, in thy wand'ring
race,

Or, in procession fix'd and regular,
Mov'd with the heavens' majestic pace;
Or, call'd to more superior bliss,
Thou tread'st, with seraphims, the vast
abyss:

Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space;
(Thou wilt have time enough for hymns
divine,

Since heav'n's eternal year is thine.)
Hear then a mortal Muse thy praise re-
hearse,

In no ignoble verse;
But such as thy own voice did practice
here,

When thy first fruits of poesy were giv'n,
To make thyself a welcome inmate there;

While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heav'n.

II

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good;
Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood:
So wert thou born into the tuneful strain,
(An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.)

But if thy preëxisting soul
Was form'd, at first, with myriads more,

It did thro' all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho last, which once it
was before.

If so, then cease thy flight, *O heav'n-born
mind!*

Thou hast no dross to purge from thy
rich ore;

Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,
Than was the beauteous frame she left
behind:

Return, to fill or mend the choir of thy
celestial kind.

III

May we presume to say, that at thy birth
New joy was sprung in heav'n, as well as
here on earth?

For sure the milder planets did com-
bine

On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
And ev'n the most malicious were in
trine.

Thy brother-angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high,

That all the people of the sky
Might know a poetess was born on earth.

And then, if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the music of the spheres!

And if no clust'ring swarm of bees
On thy sweet mouth distill'd their golden
dew,

'T was that such vulgar miracles
Heav'n had not leisure to renew:

For all the blest fraternity of love
Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy
holiday above.

IV

O gracious God! how far have we
Profan'd thy heav'nly gift of poesy!

Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debas'd to each obscene and impious use,

Whose harmony was first ordain'd above
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of
love!

O wretched we! why were we hurried
down

This lubric and adult'rate age,
(Nay, added fat pollutions of our own.)

T' increase the steaming ordures of the
stage?

What can we say t' excuse our *second fall*?

Let this thy *vestal*, Heav'n, atone for all:
Her Arethusian stream remains unsoil'd,

Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefil'd;
Her wit was more than man, her innocence
a child ! 70

V

Art she had none, yet wanted none;
For nature did that want supply:
So rich in treasures of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy:
Such noble vigor did her verse adorn
That it seem'd borrow'd, where 't was only
born.

Her morals too were in her bosom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the best of books, her father's
life, she read.

And to be read herself she need not fear;
Each test, and ev'ry light, her Muse will
bear, 81

Tho' Epictetus with his lamp were there.
Ev'n love (for love sometimes her Muse
express'd)

Was but a *lambent flame* which play'd about
her breast,

Light as the vapors of a morning dream:
So cold herself, whilst she such warmth
express'd,

'T was Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

VI

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,
One would have thought she should have
been content

To manage well that mighty government;
But what can young ambitious souls con-
fine ? 91

To the next realm she stretch'd her
sway,

For *painture* near adjoining lay,
A plenteous province, and alluring prey. }

A *chamber of dependences* was fram'd,
(As conquerors will never want pretense,

When arm'd, to justify th' offense,)
And the whole fief in right of poetry she
claim'd.

The country open lay without defense;
For poets frequent inroads there had made,

And perfectly could represent 101
The shape, the face, with ev'ry linea-
ment;

And all the large domains which the *Dumb*
Sister sway'd,

All bow'd beneath her government;
Receive'd in triumph wheresoe'er she
went.

Her pencil drew whate'er her soul design'd,
And oft the happy draught surpass'd the
image in her mind.

The *sylvan* scenes of herds and flocks,
And fruitful plains and barren rocks,
Of shallow brooks that flow'd so clear 110
The bottom did the top appear;
Of deeper too and ampler floods,
Which, as in mirrors, shew'd the woods;
Of lofty trees, with sacred shades,
And perspectives of pleasant glades,
Where nymphs of brightest form ap-
pear,

And shaggy satyrs standing near,
Which them at once admire and fear:
The ruins too of some majestic piece,
Boasting the pow'r of ancient Rome, or
Greece, 120
Whose statues, friezes, columns broken
lie,

And, tho' defac'd, the wonder of the eye:
What nature, art, bold fiction, e'er durst
frame,

Her forming hand gave feature to the
name.

So strange a concourse ne'er was seen
before,

But when the peopled ark the whole crea-
tion bore.

VII

The scene then chang'd: with bold
erected look

Our martial king the sight with reverence
strook;

For, not content t' express his outward part,
Her hand call'd out the image of his
heart: 130

His warlike mind, his soul devoid of
fear,

His high-designing thoughts were fig-
ur'd there, }

As when, by magic, ghosts are made ap-
pear.

Our Phoenix queen was portray'd too so
bright,

Beauty alone could beauty take so right:
Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,
Were all observ'd, as well as heav'nly
face.

With such a peerless majesty she stands,
As in that day she took the crown from
sacred hands;

Before a train of heroines was seen, 140
In beauty foremost, as in rank the queen.

Thus nothing to her *genius* was denied,
 But like a ball of fire the further thrown,
 Still with a greater blaze she shone,
 And her bright soul broke out on ev'ry
 side.
 What next she had design'd, Heaven only
 knows;
 To such immod'rate growth her conquest
 rose
 That fate alone its progress could oppose.

VIII

Now all those charms, that blooming
 grace,
 The well-proportion'd shape, and beau-
 teous face, ¹⁵⁰
 Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes:
 In earth the much-lamented virgin lies!
 Not wit, nor piety could fate prevent;
 Nor was the cruel Destiny content
 To finish all the murder at a blow,
 To sweep at once her life and beauty too;
 But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
 To work more mischievously slow,
 And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.
 O double sacrilege on things divine, ¹⁶⁰
 To rob the relic, and deface the shrine!
 But thus Orinda died:
 Heav'n, by the same disease, did both trans-
 late;
 As equal were their souls, so equal was
 their fate.

IX

Meantime her warlike brother on the seas
 His waving streamers to the winds dis-
 plays,
 And vows for his return, with vain devo-
 tion, pays.
 Ah, generous youth, that wish forbear,
 The winds too soon will waft thee here!
 Slack all thy sails, and fear to come, ¹⁷⁰
 Alas, thou know'st not, thou art wreck'd
 at home!
 No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face,
 Thou hast already had her last embrace.
 But look aloft, and if thou kenn'st from far
 Among the Pleiads a new kindled star;
 If any sparkles than the rest more bright,
 'Tis she that shines in that propitious light.

X

When in mid-air the golden trump shall
 sound,
 To raise the nations under ground;

When in the Valley of Jehosaphat ¹⁸⁰
 The judging God shall close the book of
 fate,
 And there the last assizes keep
 For those who wake and those who
 sleep;
 When rattling bones together fly
 From the four corners of the sky;
 When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,
 Those cloth'd with flesh, and life inspires
 the dead;
 The sacred poets first shall hear the sound, }
 And foremost from the tomb shall bound, }
 For they are cover'd with the lightest }
 ground; ¹⁹⁰
 And straight, with inborn vigor, on the
 wing,
 Like mounting larks, to the new morning
 sing.
 There thou, sweet saint, before the choir
 shalt go,
 As harbinger of heav'n, the way to show,
 The way which thou so well hast learn'd
 below.

A LETTER TO SIR GEORGE
ETHEREGE

[Sir George Etherege, to whose comedy, *The Man of Mode*, Dryden had contributed an epilogue (see p. 78, above), was appointed in 1685 English minister to Ratisbon. On January 9, 1686, he sent a poetical epistle to the Secretary of State, the Earl of Middleton, who seems to have requested Dryden to write a reply in the same vein. Etherege's letter and Dryden's answer were published together in the third edition, 1702, of *Sylvæ*, or *The Second Part of Poetical Miscellanies*.]

To you who live in chill degree,
 As map informs, of fifty-three,
 And do not much for cold atone,
 By bringing thither fifty-one,
 Methinks all climes should be alike,
 From tropic ev'n to pole artique;
 Since you have such a constitution
 As nowhere suffers diminution.
 You can be old in grave debate,
 And young in love-affairs of state; ¹⁰
 And both to wives and husbands show
 The vigor of a plenipo.
 Like mighty missioner you come
Ad Partes Infidelium.
 A work of wondrous merit sure,

So far to go, so much t' indure;
 And all to preach to German dame,
 Where sound of Cupid never came.
 Less had you done, had you been sent,
 As far as Drake or Pinto went,
 For cloves and nutmegs to the line-a,
 Or even for oranges to China.
 That had indeed been charity;
 Where lovesick ladies helpless lie,
 Chapp'd, and for want of liquor dry. }
 But you have made your zeal appear
 Within the circle of the Bear.
 What region of the earth's so dull,
 That is not of your labors full?
 Triptolemus (so sung the Nine)
 Strew'd plenty from his cart divine.
 But spite of all these fable-makers,
 He never sow'd on Almain acres:
 No, that was left by fate's decree,
 To be perform'd and sung by thee.
 Thou break'st thro' forms with as much ease
 As the French king thro' articles.
 In grand affairs thy days are spent,
 In waging weighty compliment, }
 With such as monarchs represent. 40
 They who such vast fatigues attend,
 Want some soft minutes to unbend,
 To show the world that now and then
 Great ministers are mortal men.
 Then Rhenish rummers walk the round;
 In bumpers ev'ry king is crown'd;
 Besides three holy miter'd Hectors,
 And the whole college of Electors.
 No health of potentate is sunk,
 That pays to make his envoy drunk. }
 These Dutch delights, I mention'd last,
 Suit not, I know, your English taste:
 For wine to leave a whore or play
 Was ne'er your Excellency's way.
 Nor need this title give offense,
 For here you were your Excellence,
 For gaming, writing, speaking, keeping,
 His Excellence for all but sleeping.
 Now if you tope in form, and treat,
 'Tis the sour sauce to the sweet meat, 60
 The fine you pay for being great. }
 Nay, here's a harder imposition,
 Which is indeed the court's petition,
 That setting worldly pomp aside,
 Which poet has at font denied,
 You would be pleas'd in humble way
 To write a trifle call'd a play.
 This truly is a degradation,
 But would oblige the crown and nation }
 Next to your wise negotiation. 70

If you pretend, as well you may,
 Your high degree, your friends will say, }
 The Duke St. Aignan made a play.
 If Gallie wit convince you scarce,
 His Grace of Bucks has made a farce,
 And you, whose comic wit is terse all,
 Can hardly fall below *Rehearsal*.
 Then finish what you have began,
 But scribble faster if you can;
 For yet no George, to our discerning, 80
 Has writ without a ten years' warning.

TO MY INGENIOUS FRIEND, MR.
 HENRY HIGDEN, ESQ.

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE TENTH
 SATIRE OF JUVENAL

[The following verses were prefixed to *A Modern Essay on the Tenth Satyr of Juvenal*, by Henry Higden, a lawyer. The book was licensed for the press June 2, 1686; it is dated 1687. The title-page bears the motto *ridendo monet*.]

THE Grecian wits, who *satire* first began,
 Were pleasant *pasquins* on the life of
 man:
 At mighty villains, who the State op- }
 press'd,
 They durst not rail; perhaps, they laugh'd }
 at least,
 And turn'd 'em out of office with a jest. }
 No fool could peep abroad, but ready stand
 The drolls, to clap a bauble in his hand.
 Wise legislators never yet could draw
 A fop within the reach of common law;
 For posture, dress, grimace, and affecta-
 tion, 10
 Tho' foes to sense, are harmless to the na-
 tion.
 Our last redress is dint of verse to try,
 And *satire* is our Court of Chancery.
 This way took Horace to reform an age
 Not bad enough to need an author's rage.
 But yours,* who liv'd in more * *Juvenal*.
 degenerate times,
 Was forc'd to fasten deep, and worry
 crimes.
 Yet you, my friend, have temper'd him so
 well,
 You make him smile in spite of all his
 zeal:
 An art peculiar to yourself alone, 20

To join the virtues of two styles in one.

O! were your author's principle receiv'd,
Half of the lab'ring world would be reliev'd;
For not to wish, is not to be deceiv'd.
Revenge would into charity be chang'd,
Because it costs too dear to be reveng'd:
It costs our quiet and content of mind,
And when 'tis compass'd, leaves a sting behind.

Suppose I had the better end o' th' staff,
Why should I help th' ill-natur'd world to laugh?

'T is all alike to them, who gets the day;

They love the spite and mischief of the fray.

No: I have cur'd myself of that disease;
Nor will I be provok'd, but when I please:
But let me half that cure to you restore;
You gave the salve, I laid it to the sore.

Our kind relief against a rainy day,
Beyond a tavern, or a tedious play,
We take your book, and laugh our spleen away.

If all your tribe (too studious of debate) ⁴⁰
Would cease false hopes and titles to create,

Led by the rare example you begun,
Clients would fail, and lawyers be undone.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER

A POEM IN THREE PARTS

— *Antiquam exquirite matrem.* } *VIRG.*
Et vera, inaccessu, patuit dea. —

[*The Hind and the Panther* was published in the spring of 1687, being licensed for the press on April 11. Two more editions appeared in the same year; a fourth (misalled the third) was included in the folio *Poems and Translations*, 1701. An edition was also published at Edinburgh in 1687. Though Dryden's name did not appear on the original title-pages, his authorship of the poem was no secret. He apparently made a few corrections in the second edition, which is taken as the basis of the following text.]

TO THE READER

THE nation is in too high a ferment for me to expect either fair war, or even so much as fair quarter, from a reader of the opposite party. All men are engag'd either on this side or that; and tho' conscience is the common word which is given by both, yet if a writer fall among enemies, and cannot give the marks of their conscience, he is knock'd down before the reasons of his own are heard. A preface, therefore, which is but a bespeaking of favor, is altogether useless. What I desire the reader should know concerning me, he will find in the body of the poem, if he have but the patience to peruse it. Only this advertisement let him take beforehand, which relates to the merits of the cause. No general characters of parties (call 'em either sects or churches) can be so fully and exactly drawn, as to comprehend all the several members of 'em; at least all such as are receiv'd under that denomination. For example, there are some of the Church by law establish'd who envy not liberty of conscience to Dissenters; as being well satisfied that, according to their own principles, they ought not

to persecute them. Yet these, by reason of their fewness, I could not distinguish from the numbers of the rest, with whom they are embodied in one common name. On the other side, there are many of our sects, and more indeed then I could reasonably have hop'd, who have withdrawn themselves from the communion of the Panther, and embrac'd this gracious indulgence of his Majesty in point of toleration. But neither to the one nor the other of these is this satire any way intended: 't is aim'd only at the refractory and disobedient on either side; for those who are come over to the royal party are consequently suppos'd to be out of gunshot. Our physicians have observ'd that, in process of time, some diseases have abated of their virulence, and have in a manner worn out their malignity, so as to be no longer mortal; and why may not I suppose the same concerning some of those who have formerly been enemies to kingly government, as well as Catholic religion? I hope they have now another notion of both, as having found, by comfortable experience, that the doctrine of persecution is far from being an article of our faith.

'T is not for any private man to censure the proceedings of a foreign prince; but, without suspicion of flattery, I may praise our own, who has taken contrary measures, and those more suitable to the spirit of Christianity. Some of the Dissenters, in their addresses to his Majesty, have said, *that he has restor'd God to his empire over conscience*. I confess I dare not stretch the figure to so great a boldness; but I may safely say that conscience is the royalty and prerogative of every private man. He is absolute in his own breast, and accountable to no earthly power for that which passes only betwixt God and him. Those who are driven into the fold are, generally speaking, rather made hypocrites than converts.

This indulgence being granted to all the sects, it ought in reason to be expected that they should both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For at this time of day to refuse the benefit, and adhere to those whom they have esteem'd their persecutors, what is it else, but publicly to own, that they suffer'd not before for conscience sake, but only out of pride and obstinacy, to separate from a Church for those impositions, which they now judge may be lawfully obey'd? After they have so long contended for their classical ordination, (not to speak of rites and ceremonies,) will they at length submit to an episcopal? If they can go so far out of complaisance to their old enemies, methinks a little reason should persuade 'em to take another step, and see whether that would lead 'em.

Of the receiving this toleration thankfully I shall say no more, than that they ought, and I doubt not they will consider from what hands they receiv'd it. 'T is not from a Cyrus, a heathen prince, and a foreigner, but from a Christian king, their native sovereign; who expects a return *in specie* from them, that the kindness which he has graciously shown them may be retaliated on those of his own persuasion.

As for the poem in general, I will only thus far satisfy the reader, that it was neither impos'd on me, nor so much as the subject given me by any man. It was written during the last winter and the beginning of this spring, tho' with long interruptions of ill health and other hindrances. About a fortnight before I had finish'd it, his Majesty's Declaration for Liberty of Conscience came abroad: which if I had so soon expected, I might have spar'd myself the labor of writing many things which are contain'd in the third part of it. But I was always in some hope that the Church of England might have been persuaded to have taken off the penal laws and the Test, which was one design of the poem when I propos'd to myself the writing of it.

'T is evident that some part of it was only occasional, and not first intended. I mean that defense of myself to which every honest man is bound, when he is injuriously attack'd in print; and I refer myself to the judgment of those who have read the *Answer to the Defense of the late King's Papers*, and that of the *Duchess*, (in which last I was concern'd,) how charitably I have been represented there. I am now inform'd both of the author and supervisors of his pamphlet, and will reply when I think he can affront me; for I am of Socrates's opinion, that all creatures cannot. In the mean time let him consider, whether he deserv'd not a more severe reprehension then I gave him formerly, for using so little respect to the memory of those whom he pretended to answer; and, at his leisure, look out for some original *Treatise of Humility*, written by any Protestant in English, (I believe I may say in any other tongue;) for the magnified piece of Dunccomb on that subject, which either he must mean, or none, and with which another of his fellows has upbraided me, was translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez; tho' with the omission of the seventeenth, the twenty-fourth, the twenty-fifth, and the last chapter, which will be found in comparing of the books.

He would have insinuated to the world that her late Highness died not a Roman Catholic. He declares himself to be now satisfied to the contrary, in which he has giv'n up the cause: for matter of fact was the principal debate betwixt us. In the mean time, he would dispute the motives of her change; how preposterously, let all men judge, when he seem'd to deny the subject of the controversy, the change itself. And because I would not take up this ridiculous challenge, he tells the world I cannot argue; but he may as well infer, that a Catholic cannot fast, because he will not take up the cudgels against Mrs. James, to confute the Protestant religion.

I have but one word more to say concerning the poem as such, and abstracting from the matters, either religious or civil, which are handled in it. The *first part*, consisting most in general characters and narration, I have endeavor'd to raise, and give it the majestic turn of heroic poetry. The *second*, being matter of dispute, and chiefly concerning Church authority, I was oblig'd to make as plain and perspicuous as possibly I could; yet not wholly neglecting the numbers, tho' I had not frequent occasions for the magnificence of verse. The *third*, which has more of the nature of domestic conversation, is, or ought to be, more free and familiar than the two former.

There are in it two *episodes*, or *fables*, which are interwoven with the main design; so that they are properly parts of it, tho' they

are also distinct stories of themselves. In both of these I have made use of the commonplaces of *satire*, whether true or false, which are urg'd by the members of the one Church against the other: at which I hope no reader of either party will be scandaliz'd, because they are not of my invention, but as old, to my knowledge, as the times of Boece and Chaucer on the one side, and as those of the Reformation on the other.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER

THE FIRST PART

A MILK-WHITE Hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest rang'd;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin.
Yet had she oft been chas'd with horns and hounds

And Seythian shafts; and many winged wounds

Aim'd at her heart; was often forc'd to fly,

And doom'd to death, tho' fated not to die.

Not so her young; for their unequal line
Was hero's make, half human, half divine. 10
Their earthly mold obnoxious was to fate,
Th' immortal part assum'd immortal state.
Of these a slaughter'd army lay in blood,
Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,
Their native walk; whose vocal blood arose,
And cried for pardon on their perjurd foes.
Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,

Endued with souls, increas'd the sacred breed.

So captive Israel multiplied in chains,
A numerous exile, and enjoy'd her pains. 20
With grief and gladness mix'd, their mother view'd

Her martyr'd offspring, and their race renew'd;

Their corps to perish, but their kind to last,

So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpass'd.

Panting and pensive now she rang'd alone,

And wander'd in the kingdoms, once her own.

The common hunt, tho' from their rage restrain'd

By sov'reign pow'r, her company disdain'd;

Grim'd as they pass'd, and with a glaring eye

Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity. 30
'Tis true, she bounded by, and tripp'd so light,

They had not time to take a steady sight;
For Truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.

The bloody Bear, an *Independent* beast,
Unliken'd to form, in groans her hate express'd.

Among the timorous kind the *Quaking* Hare

Profess'd neutrality, but would not swear.

Next her the *buffoon* Ape, as atheists use,
Mimick'd all sects, and had his own to choose: 40

Still when the Lion look'd, his knees he bent,

And paid at church a courtier's compliment.

The bristled *Baptist* Boar, impure as he,
(But whiten'd with the foam of sanctity.)

With fat pollutions fill'd the sacred place,

And mountains level'd in his furious race:

So first rebellion founded was in grace. 50
But since the mighty ravage which he made

In German forests had his guilt betray'd,
With broken tusks, and with a borrow'd

name, 50
He shunn'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the shame;

So lurk'd in sects unseen. With greater guile

False Reynard fed on consecrated spoil:
The graceless beast by Athanasius first

Was chas'd from Nice; then, by Socinus nurs'd,

His impious race their blasphemy renew'd,
And nature's King thro' nature's optics

view'd. 60
Revers'd, they view'd him lessen'd to their eye,

Nor in an infant could a God descry:
New swarming sects to this obliquely tend,

Hence they began, and here they all will end. 61

What weight of ancient witness can prevail,

If private reason hold the public scale?
But, gracious God, how well dost thou provide

For erring judgments an unerring guide !
Thy throne is darkness in th' abyss of
light,

A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
O teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd,
And search no farther than thyself re-
veal'd;

But her alone for my director take, ⁷⁰
Whom thou hast promis'd never to for-
sake !

My thoughtless youth was wing'd with
vain desires,

My manhood, long misled by wand'ring
fires,

Follow'd false lights; and, when their
glimpse was gone,

My pride struck out new sparkles of her
own.

Such was I, such by nature still I am;
Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame.
Good life be now my task: my doubts are
done:

(What more could fright my faith, than
three in one ?)

Can I believe eternal God could lie ⁸⁰ }
Disguis'd in mortal mold and infancy ?
That the great Maker of the world could
die ? }

And after that trust my imperfect sense,
Which calls in question his omnipotence ?
Can I my reason to my faith compel,
And shall my sight, and touch, and taste
rebel ?

Superior faculties are set aside;
Shall their subservient organs be my guide ?
Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,
And winking tapers shew the sun his
way; ⁹⁰

For what my senses can themselves per-
ceive,

I need no revelation to believe.
Can they who say the host should be de-
served

By sense, define a body glorified ?
Impossible, and penetrating parts ?
Let them declare by what mysterious arts
He shot that body thro' th' opposing might
Of bolts and bars impervious to the light,
And stood before his train confess'd in
open sight. }

For since thus wondrously he pass'd, 't is
plain, ¹⁰⁰

One single place two bodies did contain.
And sure the same Omnipotence as well
Can make one body in more places dwell.

Let Reason then at her own quarry fly,
But how can finite grasp infinity ?

'T is urg'd again that faith did first com-
mence

By miracles, which are appeals to sense,
And thence concluded, that our sense must
be

The motive still of credibility.

For latter ages must on former wait, ¹¹⁰
And what began belief, must propagate.

But winnow well this thought, and you
shall find

'T is light as chaff that flies before the
wind.

Were all those wonders wrought by pow'r
divine,

As means or ends of some more deep de-
sign ?

Most sure as means, whose end was this
alone,

To prove the Godhead of th' eternal Son.
God thus asserted: man is to believe

Beyond what sense and reason can con-
ceive,

And for mysterious things of faith rely ¹²⁰
On the proponent, Heav'n's authority.

If then our faith we for our guide admit,
Vain is the farther search of human wit;
As, when the building gains a surer stay,
We take th' unuseful scaffolding away.
Reason by sense no more can understand;
The game is play'd into another hand.

Why choose we then like *bilanders* to
creep

Along the coast, and land in view to keep, }
When safely we may launch into the
deep ? ¹³⁰

In the same vessel which our Savior bore,
Himself the pilot, let us leave the shore, }
And with a better guide a better world
explore.

Could he his Godhead veil with flesh and
blood,

And not veil these again to be our food ?
His grace in both is equal in extent,
The first affords us life, the second nourish-
ment.

And if he can, why all this frantic pain }
To construe what his clearest words con-
tain,

And make a riddle what he made so
plain ? ¹⁴⁰

To take up half on trust, and half to
try,

Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.

Both knave and fool the merchant we
 may call,
 To pay great sums, and to compound the
 small:
 For who would break with Heav'n, and
 would not break for all?
 Rest then, my soul, from endless anguish
 freed:
 Nor sciences thy guide, nor sense thy creed.
 Faith is the best ensurer of thy bliss;
 The bank above must fail before the ven-
 ture miss.
 But heav'n and heav'n-born faith are far
 from thee, 150
 Thou first apostate to divinity.
 Unkennel'd range in thy Polonian plains;
 A fiercer foe th' insatiate Wolf remains.
 Too boastful Britain, please thyself no
 more,
 That beasts of prey are banish'd from thy
 shore:
 The Bear, the Boar, and every salvage
 name,
 Wild in effect, tho' in appearance tame,
 Lay waste thy woods, destroy thy blissful
 bow'r,
 And, muzzled tho' they seem, the mutes
 devour.
 More haughty than the rest, the *wolfish*
 race 160
 Appear with belly gaunt, and famish'd
 face:
 Never was so deform'd a beast of grace.
 His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,
 Close clapp'd for shame; but his rough
 crest he rears,
 And pricks up his predestinating ears.
 His wild disorder'd walk, his haggard eyes,
 Did all the bestial citizens surprise.
 Tho' fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd a while,
 As captain or companion of the spoil.
 Full many a year his hateful head had
 been 170
 For tribute paid, nor since in Cambria seen:
 The last of all the litter scap'd by chance,
 And from Geneva first infested France.
 Some authors thus his pedigree will trace,
 But others write him of an upstart race;
 Because of Wycliffe's brood no mark he
 brings,
 But his innate antipathy to kings.
 These last deduce him from th' Helvetian
 kind,
 Who near the Leman lake his consort lin'd:
 That fry Zuinglius first th' affection bred,

And meager Calvin bless'd the nuptial bed.
 In Israel some believe him whelp'd long
 since, 182
 When the proud Sanhedrim op-
 press'd the prince, *Vid. pref. to*
 Or, since he will be Jew, derive *Hevl. Hist.*
 him high'r, *of Presb.*
 When Corah with his brethren did conspire
 From Moses' hand the sov'reign sway to
 wrest,
 And Aaron of his ephod to devest:
 Till opening earth made way for all to pass,
 And could not bear the burden of a *class.*
 The Fox and he came shuffled in the
 dark, 190
 If ever they were stow'd in Noah's ark:
 Perhaps not made; for all their barking
 train
 The Dog (a common species) will contain.
 And some wild curs, who from their mas-
 ters ran,
 Abhorring the supremacy of man,
 In woods and caves the rebel-race began.
 O happy pair, how well have you en-
 creas'd!
 What ills in Church and State have you
 redress'd!
 With teeth untried, and rudiments of claws,
 Your first essay was on your native laws: 200
 Those having torn with ease, and tram-
 pled down,
 Your fangs you fasten'd on the miter'd
 crown,
 And freed from God and monarchy your
 town.
 What tho' your native kennel still be small,
 Bounded betwixt a puddle and a wall;
 Yet your victorious colonies are sent
 Where the north ocean girds the continent.
 Quickened with fire below, your monsters
 breed
 In fenny Holland, and in fruitful Tweed:
 And, like the first, the last effects to be 210
 Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
 As, where in fields the fairy rounds are seen,
 A rank sour herbage rises on the green;
 So, springing where these midnight elves
 advance,
 Rebellion prints the footsteps of the dance.
 Such are their doctrines, such contempt
 they show
 To Heav'n above, and to their prince be-
 low,
 As none but traitors and blasphemers
 know.

God, like the tyrant of the skies, is plac'd,
And kings, like slaves, beneath the crowd
debas'd. 220

So fulsome is their food that flocks re-
fuse

To bite, and only dogs for physic use.

As, where the lightning runs along the
ground,

No husbandry can heal the blasting wound;
Nor bladed grass, nor bearded corn suc-
ceeds,

But scales of scurf and putrefaction breeds:
Such wars, such waste, such fiery tracks of
dearth

Their zeal has left, and such a teemless
earth.

But, as the poisons of the deadliest kind
Are to their own unhappy coasts confin'd; 230
As only Indian shades of sight deprive,
And magic plants will but in Colchos thrive;
So Presby'try and pestilential zeal
Can only flourish in a commonweal.

From Celtic woods is chas'd the *wolfish*
crew;

But ah! some pity e'en to brutes is due:
Their native walks, methinks, they might
enjoy,

Curb'd of their native malice to destroy.
Of all the tyrannies on humankind,
The worst is that which persecutes the
mind. 240

Let us but weigh at what offense we strike;
'T is but because we cannot think alike.

In punishing of this, we overthrow

The laws of nations and of nature too.

Beasts are the subjects of tyrannic sway,
Where still the stronger on the weaker
prey;

Man only of a softer mold is made,
Not for his fellows' ruin, but their aid:
Created kind, beneficent, and free,
The noble image of the Deity. 250

One portion of informing fire was giv'n
To brutes, th' inferior family of heav'n:
The smith divine, as with a careless beat,
Struck out the mute creation at a heat;
But, when arriv'd at last to human race,
The Godhead took a deep consid'ring space;
And, to distinguish man from all the
rest,

Unlock'd the sacred treasures of his breast;
And mercy mix'd with reason did impart,
One to his head, the other to his heart: 260
Reason to rule, but mercy to forgive;
The first is law, the last prerogative.

And like his mind his outward form ap-
pear'd,

When, issuing naked to the wond'ring
herd,

He charm'd their eyes; and, for they
lov'd, they fear'd:

Not arm'd with horns of arbitrary might,
Or claws to seize their furry spoils in
fight,

Or with increase of feet t' o'ertake 'em
in their flight;

Of easy shape, and pliant ev'ry way;
Confessing still the softness of his clay, 270

And kind as kings upon their coronation
day;

With open hands, and with extended space
Of arms, to satisfy a large embrace.

Thus kneaded up with milk, the new-made
man

His kingdom o'er his kindred world began;
Till knowledge misapplied, misunderstood,
And pride of empire sour'd his balmy blood.

Then, first rebelling, his own stamp he
coins;

The murth'rer Cain was latent in his loins:
And blood began its first and loudest cry 280

For diff'ring worship of the Deity.

Thus persecution rose, and farther space

Produc'd the mighty hunter of his race.

Not so the blessed Pan his flock encreas'd,
Content to fold 'em from the famish'd
beast:

Mild were his laws; the Sheep and harm-
less Hind

Were never of the persecuting kind.

Such pity now the pious Pastor shows,

Such mercy from the British Lion flows,

That both provide protection for their
foes. 290

O happy regions, Italy and Spain,

Which never did those monsters entertain!
The Wolf, the Bear, the Boar, can there

advance

No native claim of just inheritance.

And self-preserving laws, severe in show,

May guard their fences from th' invading
foe.

Where birth has plac'd 'em, let 'em safely
share

The common benefit of vital air.

Themselves unarm'd, let them live un-
harm'd;

Their jaws disabled, and their claws dis-
arm'd: 300

Here, only in nocturnal howlings bold,

They dare not seize the Hind, nor leap the fold.

More pow'rful, and as vigilant as they,
The Lion awfully forbids the prey.

Their rage repress'd, tho' pinch'd with
famine sore,

They stand aloof, and tremble at his
roar:

Much is their hunger, but their fear is
more.

These are the chief; to number o'er the
rest,

And stand, like Adam, naming ev'ry beast,
Were weary work: nor will the Muse de-
scribe 310

A slimy-born and sun-begotten tribe;
Who, far from steeples and their sacred
sound,

In fields their sullen conventicles found.

These gross, half-animated lumps I leave;
Nor can I think what thoughts they can
conceive.

But if they think at all, 't is sure no high'r
Than matter, put in motion, may aspire:
Souls that can scarce ferment their mass
of clay:

So drossy, so divisible are they,
As would but serve pure bodies for al-
lay: 320

Such souls as *shards* produce, such beetle
things

As only buzz to heav'n with ev'ning wings;
Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,
Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance.
They know not beings, and but hate a
name;

To them the Hind and Panther are the
same.

The Panther, sure the noblest, next the
Hind,

And fairest creature of the spotted kind;
O, could her inborn stains be wash'd away,
She were too good to be a beast of prey!
How can I praise, or blame, and not of-
fend, 331

Or how divide the frailty from the friend!
Her faults and virtues lie so mix'd that she
Nor wholly stands condemn'd, nor wholly
free.

Then, like her injur'd Lion, let me speak;
He cannot bend her, and he would not
break.

Unkind already, and estrang'd in part,
The Wolf begins to share her wand'ring
heart.

Tho' unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits, who sins but in her will.
If, as our dreaming Platonists report, 341
There could be spirits of a middle sort,
Too black for heav'n, and yet too white for
hell,

Who just dropp'd halfway down, nor lower
fell;

So pois'd, so gently she descends from
high,

It seems a soft dismission from the sky.
Her house not ancient, whatsoe'er pretense
Her clergy heralds make in her defense;
A second century not halfway run,
Since the new honors of her blood begun.

A Lion, old, obscene, and furious made 351
By lust, compress'd her mother in a shade;
Then, by a left-hand marriage, weds the
dame,

Cov'ring adul'try with a specious name:
So Schism begot; and Sacrilege and she,
A well-match'd pair, got graceless Heresy.
God's and kings' rebels have the same
good cause,

To trample down divine and human laws;
Both would be call'd reformers, and their
hate

Alike destructive both to Church and
State: 360

The fruit proclaims the plant; a lawless
prince

By luxury reform'd incontinence;
By ruins, charity; by riots, abstinence.
Confessions, fasts, and penance set aside;
O, with what ease we follow such a
guide,

Where souls are starv'd, and senses
gratified;

Where marriage pleasures midnight
pray'r supply,

And matin bells (a melancholy cry)
Are tun'd to merrier notes, *encrease* and
multiply!

Religion shows a rosy-color'd face; 370
Not batter'd out with drudging works of
grace:

A downhill reformation rolls apace.

What flesh and blood would crowd the
narrow gate,

Or, till they waste their pamper'd
paunches, wait?

All would be happy at the cheapest rate.

Tho' our lean faith these rigid laws has
giv'n,

The full-fed Mussulman goes fat to heav'n;

For his Arabian prophet with delights
Of sense allur'd his Eastern proselytes.
The jolly Luther, reading him, began ³⁸⁰
T' interpret Scriptures by his Alcoran;
To grub the thorns beneath our tender
feet,
And make the paths of paradise more
sweet:

Bethought him of a wife ere half way gone,
(For 't was uneasy travelling alone;)
And, in this masquerade of mirth and
love,
Mistook the bliss of heav'n for Bacchanals
above.

Sure he presum'd of praise, who came to
stock

Th' ethereal pastures with so fair a flock,
Burnish'd, and batt'ning on their food, to
show ³⁹⁰

The diligence of careful herds below.

Our Panther, tho' like these she chang'd
her head,

Yet, as the mistress of a monarch's bed,
Her front erect with majesty she bore,
The crosier wielded, and the miter wore.
Her upper part of decent discipline
Shew'd affectation of an ancient line;
And Fathers, councils, Church and Church's
head,

Were on her reverend phylacteries read.
But what disgrac'd and disavow'd the rest,
Was Calvin's brand, that stigmatiz'd the
beast. ⁴⁰²

Thus, like a creature of a double kind,
In her own labyrinth she lives confin'd;
To foreign lands no sound of her is come,
Humbly content to be despis'd at home.
Such is her faith; where good cannot be
had,

At least she leaves the refuse of the bad:
Nice in her choice of ill, tho' not of best,
And least deform'd, because reform'd the
least.

In doubtful points betwixt her diff'ring
friends, ⁴¹⁰

Where one for substance, one for sign con-
tends,

Their contradicting terms she strives to
join;

Sign shall be substance, substance shall be
sign.

A real presence all her sons allow,
And yet 't is flat idolatry to bow,
Because the Godhead's there they know }
not how.

Her novices are taught that bread and
wine

Are but the visible and outward sign,
Receiv'd by those who in communion
join;

But th' inward grace, or the thing sig-
nified, ⁴²⁰

His blood and body, who to save us died:
The faithful this thing signified receive.
What is 't those faithful then partake or
leave?

For what is signified and understood,
Is, by her own confession, flesh and blood.
Then, by the same acknowledgment, we
know

They take the sign, and take the substance
too.

The lit'ral sense is hard to flesh and blood,
But nonsense never can be understood.

Her wild belief on ev'ry wave is
toss'd; ⁴³⁰

But sure no Church can better morals
boast:

True to her king her principles are found;
O that her practice were but half so sound!
Steadfast in various turns of state she
stood,

And seal'd her vow'd affection with her
blood:

Nor will I meanly tax her constancy,
That int'rest or obligation made the tie
(Bound to the fate of murder'd mon-
archy.)

Before the sounding ax so falls the vine,
Whose tender branches round the poplar
twine. ⁴⁴⁰

She chose her ruin, and resign'd her life,
In death undaunted as an Indian wife:
A rare example! but some souls we see
Grow hard, and stiffen with adversity:
Yet these by fortune's favors are undone;
Resolv'd, into a baster form they run,
And bore the wind, but cannot bear the
sun.

Let this be Nature's frailty, or her fate,
Or *Isgrim's counsel, her new-
chosen mate; *The Wolf.

Still she's the fairest of the fallen crew, ⁴⁵⁰
No mother more indulgent, but the true.

Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to
try,

Because she wants innate auctority;
For how can she constrain them to obey,
Who has herself cast off the lawful sway?
Rebellion equals all, and those who toil

In common theft will share the common spoil.
 Let her produce the title and the right
 Against her old superiors first to fight;
 If she reform by text, ev'n that's as plain 460
 For her own rebels to reform again.
 As long as words a diff'rent sense will bear,
 And each may be his own interpreter,
 Our airy faith will no foundation find;
 The word 's a weathercock for ev'ry wind:
 The Bear, the Fox, the Wolf, by turns pre-
 vail;
 The most in pow'r supplies the present gale.
 The wretched Panther cries aloud for aid
 To Church and councils, whom she first be-
 tray'd;
 No help from Fathers or tradition's train: 470
 Those ancient guides she taught us to dis-
 dain,
 And by that Scripture which she once abus'd
 To reformation stands herself accus'd.
 What bills for breach of laws can she pre-
 fer,
 Expounding which she owns herself may err?
 And, after all her winding ways are }
 tried, }
 If doubts arise, she slips herself aside, }
 And leaves the private conscience for }
 the guide. }
 If then that conscience set th' offender free,
 It bars her claim to Church aucturity. 480
 How can she censure, or what crime pre-
 tend,
 But Scripture may be construed to defend?
 Ev'n those whom for rebellion she trans-
 mits
 To civil pow'r, her doctrine first acquits;
 Because no disobedience can ensue,
 Where no submission to a judge is due;
 Each judging for himself, by her consent,
 Whom thus absolv'd she sends to punish-
 ment.
 Suppose the magistrate revenge her cause,
 'T is only for transgressing human laws. 490
 How answer'ing to its end a Church is made,
 Whose pow'r is but to counsel and per-
 suade?
 O solid rock, on which secure she stands!
 Eternal house, not built with mortal hands!

O sure defense against th' infernal gate,
 A patent during pleasure of the State!
 Thus is the Panther neither lov'd nor fear'd,
 A mere mock queen of a divided herd,
 Whom soon by lawful pow'r she might control,
 Herself a part submitted to the whole. 500
 Then, as the moon who first receives the light
 By which she makes our nether regions bright,
 So might she shine, reflecting from afar
 The rays she borrow'd from a better star;
 Big with the beams which from her mother flow,
 And reigning o'er the rising tides below:
 Now, mixing with a salvage crowd, she goes,
 And meanly flatters her invet'rate foes;
 Rul'd while she rules, and losing ev'ry hour
 Her wretched remnants of precarious pow'r. 510
 One evening, while the cooler shade she sought,
 Revolving many a melancholy thought,
 Alone she walk'd, and look'd around in vain,
 With rueful visage, for her vanish'd train:
 None of her sylvan subjects made their court;
 Levées and couchées pass'd without resort.
 So hardly can usurpers manage well
 Those whom they first instructed to rebel:
 More liberty begets desire of more;
 The hunger still encreases with the store. 520
 Without respect they brush'd along the wood,
 Each in his clan, and, fill'd with loath-
 some food,
 Ask'd no permission to the neighb'ring flood.
 The Panther, full of inward discontent,
 Since they would go, before 'em wisely went;
 Supplying want of pow'r by drinking first,
 As if she gave 'em leave to quench their thirst.
 Among the rest, the Hind, with fearful face,
 Beheld from far the common wat'ring place,
 Nor durst approach; till with an awful roar 530

The sovereign Lion bade her fear no more.
 Encourag'd thus she brought her young-
 lings nigh,
 Watching the motions of her patron's eye,
 And drank a sober draught; the rest amaz'd
 Stood mutely still, and on the stranger
 gaz'd;
 Survey'd her part by part, and sought to
 find
 The ten-horn'd monster in the harmless
 Hind,
 Such as the Wolf and Panther had de-
 sign'd.
 They thought at first they dream'd; for
 't was offense
 With them to question certitude of sense, ⁵⁴⁰
 Their guide in faith; but nearer when
 they drew,
 And had the faultless object full in view,
 Lord, how they all admir'd her heav'nly
 hue!
 Some, who before her fellowship dis-
 dain'd,
 Scarce, and but scarce, from inborn rage
 restrain'd,
 Now frisk'd about her, and old kindred
 feign'd.
 Whether for love or int'rest, ev'ry sect
 Of all the salvage nation shew'd respect:
 The vicious Panther could not awe the
 herd;
 The more the company, the less they
 fear'd. ⁵⁵⁰
 The surly Wolf with secret envy burst,
 Yet could not howl; the Hind had seen
 him first:
 But what he durst not speak, the Panther
 durst.
 For when the herd, suffis'd, did late re-
 pair
 To ferny heaths, and to their forest lair,
 She made a mannerly excuse to stay,
 Proff'ring the Hind to wait her half the
 way;
 That, since the sky was clear, an hour of
 talk
 Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
 With much good will the motion was em-
 brace'd, ⁵⁶⁰
 To chat a while on their adventures pass'd;
 Nor had the grateful Hind so soon for-
 got
 Her friend and fellow-suff'rer in the Plot.
 Yet wond'ring how of late she grew es-
 trang'd,

Her forehead cloudy, and her count'nance
 chang'd,
 She thought this hour th' occasion would
 present
 To learn her secret cause of discontent,
 Which well she hop'd might be with ease
 redress'd,
 Consid'ring her a well-bred civil beast,
 And more a gentlewoman than the
 rest. ⁵⁷⁰
 After some common talk what rumors ran,
 The lady of the spotted muff began.

THE SECOND PART

"Dame," said the Panther, "times are
 mended well,
 Since late among the Philistines you fell.
 The toils were pitch'd, a spacious tract of
 ground
 With expert huntsmen was encompass'd
 round;
 Th' enclosure narrow'd; the sagacious
 pow'r
 Of hounds and death drew nearer ev'ry
 hour.
 'T is true, the younger Lion scap'd the
 snare,
 But all your priestly calves lay struggling
 there, ⁵⁸⁰
 As sacrifices on their altars laid;
 While you, their careful mother, wisely
 fled,
 Not trusting destiny to save your head.
 For, whate'er promises you have applied
 To your unfailing Church, the surer
 side
 Is four fair legs in danger to provide.
 And whate'er tales of Peter's chair you
 tell,
 Yet, saving reverence of the miracle,
 The better luck was yours to scape so
 well."
 "As I remember," said the sober Hind,
 "Those toils were for your own dear self
 design'd, ⁵⁹⁰
 As well as me; and with the selfsame
 throw,
 To catch the quarry and the vermin too:
 (Forgive the sland'rous tongues that
 call'd you so.)
 Howe'er you take it now, the common
 cry
 Then ran you down for your rank loyalty.
 Besides, in Popery they thought you nurs'd,

(As evil tongues will ever speak the worst,) Because some forms, and ceremonies some You kept, and stood in the main question dumb. ⁶⁰⁰

Dumb you were born indeed; but, thinking long,

The Test it seems at last has loos'd your tongue.

And, to explain what your forefathers meant,

By real presence in the sacrament, (After long fencing, push'd against a wall,)

Your *salvo* comes, that he's not there at all:

There chang'd your faith, and what may change may fall.

Who can believe what varies every day, Nor ever was, nor will be at a stay?"

"Tortures may force the tongue untruths to tell, ⁶¹⁰

And I ne'er own'd myself infallible," Replied the Panther: "grant such presence were,

Yet in your sense I never own'd it there.

A real *virtue* we by faith receive, And that we in the sacrament believe."

"Then," said the Hind, "as you the matter state,

Not only Jesuits can equivocate; For *real* as you now the word expound,

From solid substance dwindles to a sound. Methinks an *Æsop's* fable you repeat; ⁶²⁰

You know who took the shadow for the meat:

Your Church's substance thus you change at will,

And yet retain your former figure still. I freely grant you spoke to save your life,

For then you lay beneath the butcher's knife.

Long time you fought, redoubled batt'ry bore,

But, after all, against yourself you swore: Your former self; for ev'ry hour your form

Is chopp'd and chang'd, like winds before a storm.

Thus fear and int'rest will prevail with some; ⁶³⁰

For all have not the gift of martyrdom." The Panther grin'd at this, and thus replied:

"That men may err was never yet denied. But, if that common principle be true,

The cannon, dame, is level'd full at you.

But, shunning long disputes, I fain would see

That wondrous wight Infallibility.

Is he from heav'n, this mighty champion, come,

Or lodg'd below in subterranean Rome?

First, seat him somewhere, and derive his race, ⁶⁴⁰

Or else conclude that nothing has no place."

"Suppose, (tho' I disown it,)" said the Hind,

"The certain mansion were not yet assign'd;

The doubtful residence no proof can bring Against the plain existence of the thing.

Because philosophers may disagree, If sight b' emission or reception be,

Shall it be thence inferr'd, I do not see? But you require an answer positive,

Which yet, when I demand, you dare not give; ⁶⁵⁰

For fallacies in universals live. I then affirm that this unailing guide

In Pope and gen'ral councils must reside; Both lawful, both combin'd: what one decrees

By numerous votes, the other ratifies: On this undoubted sense the Church relies.

'T is true, some doctors in a scantier space, I mean, in each apart, contract the place.

Some, who to greater length extend the line,

The Church's after-acceptation join. ⁶⁶⁰

This last circumference appears too wide; The Church diffus'd is by the council tied;

As members by their representatives Oblig'd to laws which prince and senate gives.

Thus some contract, and some enlarge the space;

In Pope and council who denies the place, Assisted from above with God's unailing grace?

Those canons all the needful points contain; Their sense so obvious, and their words so plain,

That no disputes about the doubtful text ⁶⁷⁰

Have, hitherto, the lab'ring world perplex'd.

If any should in aftertimes appear, New councils must be call'd, to make the meaning clear;

Because in them the pow'r supreme resides, And all the promises are to the guides.

This may be taught with sound and safe defense;

But mark how sandy is your own pretense,
Who, setting councils, Pope, and Church
aside,

Are ev'ry man his own presuming guide.
The sacred books, you say, are full and
plain, ⁶⁸⁰

And ev'ry needful point of truth contain:
All, who can read, interpreters may be.
Thus, tho' your sev'ral Churches disagree,
Yet ev'ry saint has to himself alone
The secret of this philosophic stone.

These principles your jarring sects unite,
When differing doctors and disciples fight.
Tho' Luther, Zuinglius, Calvin, holy chiefs,
Have made a battle-royal of beliefs;
Or, like wild horses, sev'ral ways have
whirl'd ⁶⁹⁰

The tortur'd text about the Christian world;
Each Jehu lashing on with furious force,
That Turk or Jew could not have us'd it
worse;

No matter what dissension leaders make,
Where ev'ry private man may save a
stake:

Rul'd by the Scripture and his own ad-
vice,

Each has a blind by-path to Paradise;
Where, driving in a circle, slow or fast,
Opposing sects are sure to meet at last.
A wondrous charity you have in store ⁷⁰⁰
For all reform'd to pass the narrow door;
So much, that Mahomet had scarcely }
more:

For he, kind prophet, was for damning none;
But Christ and Moses were to save their
own:

Himself was to secure his chosen race,
Tho' reason good for Turks to take the
place,

And he allow'd to be the better man,
In virtue of his holier Alcoran."

"True," said the Panther, "I shall ne'er
deny

My brethren may be sav'd as well as I: ⁷¹⁰
Tho' Huguenots condemn our ordination,
Succession, ministerial vocation;
And Luther, more mistaking what he read,
Misjoins the sacred body with the bread:
Yet, lady, still remember I maintain,
The word in needful points is only plain."

"Needless, or needful, I not now con-
tend,

For still you have a loophole for a friend;"

Rejoind' the matron: "but the rule you
lay
Has led whole flocks, and leads them still
astray ⁷²⁰
In weighty points, and full damnation's
way."

For did not Arius first, Socinus now,
The Son's eternal Godhead disavow?
And did not these by gospel texts alone
Condemn our doctrine, and maintain their
own?

Have not all heretics the same pretense
To plead the Scriptures in their own de-
fense?

How did the Nicene Council then decide
That strong debate? was it by Scripture
tried?

No, sure to those the rebel would not
yield; ⁷³⁰
Squadrons of texts he marshal'd in the
field;

That was but civil war, an equal set,
Where piles with piles, and eagles eagles
met.

With texts point-blank and plain he fac'd
the foe:

And did not Sathan tempt our Savior so?
The good old bishops took a simpler way;
Each ask'd but what he heard his father
say,

Or how he was instructed in his youth,
And by tradition's force upheld the truth."
The Panther smil'd at this: "And
when," said she, ⁷⁴⁰

"Were those first councils disallow'd by
me?

Or where did I at sure tradition strike,
Provided still it were apostolic?"

"Friend," said the Hind, "you quit
your former ground,
Where all your faith you did on Scripture
found:

Now 't is tradition join'd with Holy Writ;
But thus your memory betrays your wit."

"No," said the Panther, "for in that I
view

When your tradition's forg'd, and when 't is
true.

I set 'em by the rule, and, as they }
square, ⁷⁵⁰

Or deviate from undoubted doctrine
there,

This oral fiction, that old faith declare."
(Hind.) "The Council steer'd, it seems,
a diff'rent course;

They tried the Scripture by tradition's
force:

But you tradition by the Scripture try;
Pursued by sects, from this to that you
fly,

Nor dare on one foundation to rely.
The word is then depos'd, and in this view
You rule the Scripture, not the Scripture
you."

Thus said the *dame*, and, smiling, thus pur-
sued: 760

"I see, tradition then is disallow'd,
When not evinc'd by Scripture to be true,
And Scripture, as interpreted by you.
But here you tread upon unfaithful
ground;

Unless you could infallibly expound:
Which you reject as odious Popery,
And throw that doctrine back with scorn
on me.

Suppose we on things traditive divide,
And both appeal to Scripture to decide;
By various texts we both uphold our
claim, 770

Nay, often ground our titles on the same:
After long labor lost, and time's expense,
Both grant the words, and quarrel for the
sense.

Thus all disputes for ever must depend,
For no dumb rule can controversies end.
Thus, when you said tradition must be
tried

By Sacred Writ, whose sense yourselves
decide,

You said no more, but that yourselves
must be

The judges of the Scripture sense, not we.
Against our Church-tradition you de-
clare, 780

And yet your clerks would sit in Moses'
chair:

At least 't is prov'd against your argument,
The rule is far from plain, where all dis-
sent."

"If not by Scriptures, how can we be
sure,"

Replied the Panther, "what tradition's
pure?

For you may palm upon us new for old:
All, as they say, that glitters is not gold."

"How but by following her," replied the
dame,

"To whom deriv'd from sire to son they
came;

Where ev'ry age does on another move, 790

And trusts no farther than the next above;
Where all the rounds like Jacob's ladder
rise,

The lowest hid in earth, the topmost in the
skies."

Sternly the salvage did her answer mark,
Her glowing eyeballs glitt'ring in the dark,
And said but this: "Since lucre was your
trade,

Succeeding times such dreadful gaps have
made,

'T is dangerous climbing: to your sons and
you

I leave the ladder, and its omen too."

(*Hind.*) "The Panther's breath was ever
fam'd for sweet; 800

But from the Wolf such wishes oft I meet:
You learn'd this language from the Blatant
Beast,

Or rather did not speak, but were possess'd.
As for your answer, 't is but barely urg'd:

You must evince tradition to be forg'd;
Produce plain proofs; unblemish'd authors
use,

As ancient as those ages they accuse;
Till when, 't is not sufficient to defame:

An old possession stands, till elder quits
the claim.

Then for our int'rest, which is nam'd
alone 810

To load with envy, we retort your own.
For when traditions in your faces fly,

Resolving not to yield, you must deery.
As, when the cause goes hard, the guilty
man

Excepts, and thins his jury all he can;
So, when you stand of other aid bereft,

You to the twelve apostles would be left.
Your friend the Wolf did with more craft
provide

To set those toys, traditions, quite aside;
And Fathers too, unless when, reason
spent, 820

He cites 'em but sometimes for ornament.
But, madam Panther, you, tho' more sin-
cere,

Are not so wise as your adulterer:
The private spirit is a better blind

Than all the dodging tricks your authors
find.

For they, who left the Scripture to the
crowd,

Each for his own peculiar judge allow'd;
The way to please 'em was to make 'em
proud.

Thus, with full sails, they ran upon the shelf:

Who could suspect a cozenage from himself? ⁸³⁰

On his own reason safer 'tis to stand,
Than be deceiv'd and damn'd at second hand.

But you, who Fathers and traditions take,
And garble some, and some you quite forsake,

Pretending Church authority to fix,
And yet some grains of private spirit mix,
Are like a mule made up of diff'ring seed,
And that's the reason why you never breed;
At least not propagate your kind abroad,
For home dissenters are by statutes aw'd.
And yet they grow upon you ev'ry day,
While you (to speak the best) are at a stay, ⁸⁴²

For sects that are extremes abhor a middle way.

Like tricks of state, to stop a raging flood,

Or mollify a mad-brain'd senate's mood,
Of all expedients never one was good.
Well may they argue, (nor can you deny,)
If we must fix on Church authority,
Best on the best, the fountain, not the flood;
That must be better still, if this be good.
Shall she command, who has herself rebell'd? ⁸⁵¹

Is Antichrist by Antichrist expell'd?

Did we a lawful tyranny displace,
To set aloft a bastard of the race?

Why all these wars to win the Book, if we

Must not interpret for ourselves, but she? ⁸⁶⁰

Either be wholly slaves, or wholly free.
For purging fires traditions must not fight,
But they must prove episcopacy's right.

Thus those led horses are from service freed;

You never mount 'em but in time of need.
Like mercenaries, hir'd for home defense,
They will not serve against their native prince.

Against domestic foes of hierarchy
These are drawn forth, to make Fanatics fly;

But, when they see their countrymen at hand,

Marching against 'em under Church command,

Straight they forsake their colors, and disband."

Thus she, nor could the Panther well enlarge

With weak defense against so strong a charge; ⁸⁷⁰

But said: "For what did Christ his word provide,

If still his Church must want a living guide?

And if all saving doctrines are not there,
Or sacred penmen could not make 'em clear,

From after ages we should hope in vain
For truths which men inspir'd could not explain."

"Before the word was written," said the Hind,

"Our Savior preach'd his faith to human-kind:

From his apostles the first age receiv'd
Eternal truth, and what they taught believ'd. ⁸⁸⁰

Thus by tradition faith was planted first;
Succeeding flocks succeeding pastors nurs'd.

This was the way our wise Redeemer chose,

(Who sure could all things for the best dispose,)

To fence his fold from their encroaching foes.

He could have writ himself, but well foresaw

Th' event would be like that of Moses' law;

Some difference would arise, some doubts remain,

Like those which yet the jarring Jews maintain.

No written laws can be so plain, so pure,
But wit may gloss, and malice may obscure; ⁸⁹¹

Not those indited by his first command —
A prophet grav'd the text, an angel held

his hand.

Thus faith was ere the written word appear'd,

And men believ'd, not what they read, but heard.

But since th' apostles could not be confin'd
To these, or those, but severally design'd

Their large commission round the world to blow,

To spread their faith, they spread their labors too.

Yet still their absent flock their pains did share; ⁹⁰⁰

They hearken'd still, for love produces care.
 And, as mistakes arose, or discords fell,
 Or bold seducers taught 'em to rebel;
 As charity grew cold, or faction hot,
 Or long neglect their lessons had forgot;
 For all their wants they wisely did provide,
 And preaching by epistles was supplied:
 So great physicians cannot all attend,
 But some they visit, and to some they send.
 Yet all those letters were not writ to all;
 Nor first intended, but occasional, ⁹¹¹
 Their absent sermons; nor if they contain
 All needful doctrines, are those doctrines
 plain.

Clearness by frequent preaching must be
 wrought,

They writ but seldom, but they daily taught.
 And what one saint has said of holy Paul,
He darkly writ, is true applied to all.

For this obscurity could Heav'n provide }
 More prudently than by a living guide, }
 As doubts arose, the difference to decide ? }
 A guide was therefore needful, therefore
 made; ⁹²¹

And, if appointed, sure to be obey'd.
 Thus, with due rev'rence to th' apostles' writ,
 By which my sons are taught, to which sub-
 mit;

I think, those truths their sacred works con-
 tain,

The Church alone can certainly explain;
 That following ages, leaning on the past,
 May rest upon the primitive at last.
 Nor would I thence the word no rule infer,
 But none without the Church interpreter;
 Because, as I have urg'd before, 't is mute,
 And is itself the subject of dispute. ⁹³²

But what th' apostles their successors
 taught,

They to the next, from them to us is
 brought,

Th' undoubted sense which is in Scrip-
 ture sought.

From hence the Church is arm'd, when
 errors rise,

To stop their entrance, and prevent sur-
 prise;

And, safe entrench'd within, her foes
 without defies.

By these all fest'ring sores her coun-
 sels heal,

Which time or has disclos'd, or shall re-
 veal; ⁹⁴⁰

For discord cannot end without a last
 appeal.

Nor can a council national decide,
 But with subordination to her guide: }
 (I wish the cause were on that issue
 tried.)

Much less the Scripture; for suppose debate
 Betwixt pretenders to a fair estate,
 Bequeath'd by some legator's last intent;
 (Such is our dying Savior's testament:)
 The will is prov'd, is open'd, and is read;
 The doubtful heirs their diff'ring titles
 plead: ⁹⁵⁰

All vouch the words their int'rest to main-
 tain,

And each pretends by those his cause is
 plain.

Shall then the testament award the right ?
 No, that's the Hungary for which they
 fight;

The field of battle, subject of debate;
 The thing contended for, the fair estate.

The sense is intricate, 't is only clear
 What vowels and what consonants are there.
 Therefore 't is plain, its meaning must be
 tried

Before some judge appointed to decide." ⁹⁶⁰
 "Suppose," the fair apostate said, "I grant
 The faithful flock some living guide should
 want,

Your arguments an endless chase pursue: }
 Produce this vaunted leader to our view, }
 This mighty Moses of the chosen crew."

The dame, who saw her fainting foe re-
 tir'd,

With force renew'd, to victory aspir'd;
 And, looking upward to her kindred sky, }
 As once our Savior own'd his deity, }
 Pronounc'd his words — *She whom ye seek*
am I. ⁹⁷⁰

Nor less amaz'd this voice the Panther
 heard,

Than were those Jews to hear a god de-
 clar'd.

Then thus the matron modestly renew'd:
 "Let all your prophets and their sects be
 view'd,

And see to which of 'em yourselves think fit
 The conduct of your conscience to submit:
 Each proselyte would vote his doctor best,
 With absolute exclusion to the rest;
 Thus would your Polish diet disagree,
 And end, as it began, in anarchy. ⁹⁸⁰

Yourself the fairest for election stand,
 Because you seem crown-gen'ral of the land;
 But soon against your superstitious lawn
 Some Presbyterian saber would be drawn:

In your establish'd laws of sov'reignty
The rest some fundamental flaw would
see,

And call rebellion gospel-liberty.
To Church decrees your articles require
Submission modified, if not entire;
Homage denied, to censures you proceed: 999
But when *Curtana* will not do the deed,
You lay that pointless clergy-weapon by,
And to the laws, your sword of justice,
fly.

Now this your sects the more unkindly take,
(Those prying varlets hit the blots you
make.)

Because some ancient friends of yours de-
clare,

Your only rule of faith the Scriptures are,
Interpreted by men of judgment sound,
Which ev'ry sect will for themselves ex-
pound;

Nor think less rev'rence to their doctors
due 1000

For sound interpretation, than to you.
If then by able heads are understood
Your brother prophets, who reform'd abroad,
Those able heads expound a wiser way,
That their own sheep their shepherd should
obey.

But if you mean yourselves are only
sound,

That doctrine turns the Reformation
round,

And all the rest are false reformers
found;

Because in sundry points you stand alone,
Not in communion join'd with any
one; 1010

And therefore must be all the Church,
or none.

Then, till you have agreed whose judge is
best,

Against this forc'd submission they protest:
While *sound* and *sound* a diff'rent sense ex-
plains,

Both play at hardhead till they break their
brains;

And from their chairs each other's force
defy,

While unregarded thunders vainly fly.

I pass the rest, because your Church alone
Of all usurpers best could fill the throne.

But neither you, nor any sect beside, 1020

For this high office can be qualified
With necessary gifts requir'd in such a
guide.

For that which must direct the whole
must be

Bound in one bond of faith and unity,
But all your sev'ral Churches disagree.
The *constitutiating* Church and priest
Refuse communion to the Calvinist:

The French reform'd from preaching you
restrain,

Because you judge their ordination vain;
And so they judge of yours, but donors
must ordain. 1030

In short, in doctrine, or in discipline,
Not one reform'd can with another join:

But all from each as from damnation fly;
No union they pretend, but in *non-Popery*.

Nor, should their members in a synod meet,
Could any Church presume to mount the
seat

Above the rest, their discords to decide;
None would obey, but each would be the
guide;

And face to face dissensions would en-
crease,

For only distance now preserves the peace.
All in their turns accusers, and accus'd, 1040

Babel was never half so much confus'd.
What one can plead, the rest can plead
as well;

For amongst equals lies no last appeal,
And all confess themselves are fallible.

Now since you grant some necessary guide,
All who can err are justly laid aside:

Because a trust so sacred to confer
Shows want of such a sure interpreter;

And how can he be needful who can
err? 1050

Then, granting that unerring guide we want,
That such there is you stand oblig'd to
grant:

Our Savior else were wanting to supply
Our needs, and obviate that necessity.

It then remains, that Church can only be
The guide, which owns unfailing certainty;

Or else you slip your hold, and change your
side,

Relapsing from a necessary guide.
But this annex'd condition of the crown,

Immunity from errors, you disown; 1060

Here then you shrink, and lay your weak
pretensions down.

For petty royalties you raise debate,
But this unfailing universal State

You shun, nor dare succeed to such a
glorious weight;

And for that cause those promises detest,

With which our Savior did his Church invest;
 But strive t' evade, and fear to find 'em true,
 As conscious they were never meant to you:
 All which the Mother Church asserts her own,
 And with unrival'd claim ascends the throne. ¹⁰⁷⁰
 So when of old th' Almighty Father sate
 In council, to redeem our ruin'd state,
 Millions of millions, at a distance round,
 Silent the sacred consistory crown'd,
 To hear what mercy mix'd with justice could propound;
 All prompt, with eager pity, to fulfil
 The full extent of their Creator's will:
 But when the stern conditions were declar'd,
 A mournful whisper thro' the host was heard,
 And the whole hierarchy, with heads hung down, ¹⁰⁸⁰
 Submissively declin'd the pond'rous proffer'd crown.
 Then, not till then, th' eternal Son from high
 Rose in the strength of all the Deity;
 Stood forth t' accept the terms, and underwent
 A weight which all the frame of heav'n had bent,
 Nor he himself could bear, but as omnipotent.
 Now, to remove the least remaining doubt,
 That ev'n the blear-ey'd sects may find her out,
 Behold what heav'nly rays adorn her brows,
 What from his wardrobe her belov'd allows ¹⁰⁹⁰
 To deck the wedding day of his unspotted spouse.
 Behold what marks of majesty she brings;
 Richer than ancient heirs of Eastern kings:
 Her right hand holds the scepter and the keys,
 To shew whom she commands, and who obeys;
 With these to bind, or set the sinner free,
 With that t' assert spiritual royalty.
 "One in herself, not rent by schism, but sound,

Entire, one solid shining diamond;
 Not sparkles shatter'd into sects like you: ¹¹⁰⁰ Marks of the Catholic Church from the Nicene Creed.
 One is the Church, and must be to be true;
 One central principle of unity.
 "As undivided, so from errors free,
 As one in faith, so one in sanctity.
 Thus she, and none but she, th' insulting rage
 Of heretics oppos'd from age to age:
 Still when the giant-brood invades her throne,
 She stoops from heav'n, and meets 'em halfway down,
 And with paternal thunder vindicates her crown. ¹¹⁰⁹
 But like Egyptian sorcerers you stand,
 And vainly lift aloft your magic wand,
 To sweep away the swarms of vermin from the land:
 You could, like them, with like infernal force,
 Produce the plague, but not arrest the course.
 But when the boils and botches, with disgrace
 And public scandal, sat upon the face,
 Themselves attack'd, the *Magi* strove no more,
 They saw God's finger, and their fate deplore;
 Themselves they could not cure of the dishonest sore.
 "Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely spread, ¹¹²⁰
 Like the fair ocean from her mother-bed;
 From east to west triumphantly she rides,
 All shores are water'd by her wealthy tides:
 The gospel-sound diffus'd from pole to pole,
 Where winds can carry, and where waves can roll;
 The selfsame doctrine of the sacred page
 Convey'd to ev'ry clime, in ev'ry age.
 "Here let my sorrow give my satire place,
 To raise new blushes on my British race;
 Our sailing ships like common shores we use, ¹¹³⁰
 And thro' our distant colonies diffuse
 The draughts of dungeons, and the stench of stews;
 Whom, when their home-bred honesty is lost,
 We disembogue on some far Indian coast:

Thieves, panders, palliards, sins of ev'ry
sort;

Those are the manufactures we export;
And these the *missioners* our zeal has
made:

For, with my country's pardon be it said,
Religion is the least of all our trade.

"Yet some improve their traffic more
than we; ¹¹⁴⁰

For they on gain, their only god, rely;
And set a public price on piety.

Industrious of the needle and the chart,
They run full sail to their Japonian mart;
Prevention fear, and, prodigal of fame,
Sell all of Christian to the very name;
Nor leave enough of that to hide their
naked shame.

"Thus, of three marks, which in the
Creed we view,

Not one of all can be applied to you:

Much less the fourth; in vain, alas, you
seek ¹¹⁵⁰

Th' ambitious title of apostolic:

Godlike descent! 't is well your blood can
be

Prov'd noble in the third or fourth degree:

For all of ancient that you had before

(I mean what is not borrow'd from our
store)

Was error fulminated o'er and o'er;

Old heresies condemn'd in ages past,

By care and time recover'd from the blast.

"T is said with ease, but never can be
prov'd,

The Church her old foundations has re-
mov'd, ¹¹⁶⁰

And built new doctrines on unstable sands:

Judge that, ye winds and rains; you prov'd
her, yet she stands.

Those ancient doctrines, charg'd on her for
new,

Shew when, and how, and from what hands
they grew.

We claim no pow'r, when heresies grow
bold,

To coin new faith, but still declare the
old.

How else could that obscene disease be
purg'd,

When controverted texts are vainly urg'd?
To prove tradition new, there's somewhat
more

Requir'd, than saying: 'T was not us'd be-
fore.' ¹¹⁷⁰

Those monumental arms are never stirr'd,

Till schism or heresy call down Goliath's
sword.

"Thus, what you call corruptions are, in
truth,

The first plantations of the gospel's youth;
Old standard faith; but cast your eyes

again,
And view those errors which new sects

maintain,
Or which of old disturb'd the Church's

peaceful reign;

And we can point each period of the time,
When they began, and who begot the

crime; ¹¹⁷⁹
Can calculate how long th' eclipse endur'd;

Who interpos'd, what digits were obscur'd:
Of all which are already pass'd away,

We know the rise, the progress, and de-
cay.

"Despair at our foundations then to
strike,

Till you can prove your faith apostolic;

A limpid stream drawn from the native
source;

Succession lawful in a lineal course.

Prove any Church, oppos'd to this our head,

So one, so pure, so unconfin'dly spread,

Under one chief of the spiritual State, ¹¹⁸⁰
The members all combin'd, and all subor-
dinate.

Shew such a seamless coat, from schism
so free,

In no communion join'd with heresy.

If such a one you find, let truth prevail;

Till when, your weights will in the bal-
ance fail:

A Church unprincipled kicks up the scale.

"But if you cannot think (nor sure
you can

Suppose in God what were unjust in man)
That he, the fountain of eternal grace,

Should suffer Falsehood, for so long a
space, ¹²⁰⁰

To banish Truth, and to usurp her place;

That sev'n successive ages should be lost,
And preach damnation at their proper cost;

That all your erring ancestors should die,
Drown'd in th' abyss of deep idolatry;

If piety forbid such thoughts to rise,
Awake, and open your unwilling eyes:

God has left nothing for each age undone,
From this to that wherein he sent his
Son:

Then think but well of him, and half
your work is done. ¹²¹⁰

"See how his Church, adorn'd with
 ev'ry grace,
 With open arms, a kind forgiving face,
 Stands ready to prevent her long-lost
 sons' embrace.
 Not more did Joseph o'er his brethren weep,
 Nor less himself could from discovery
 keep,
 When in the crowd of suppliants they were
 seen,
 And in their crew his best-beloved Ben-
 jamin.
 That pious Joseph in the }
 Church behold, }
 To feed your famine, and re- }
 fuse your gold; }
 The Joseph you exil'd, the }
 Joseph whom you }
 sold.¹²²⁰ }

The renun-
 ciation of the
 Benedictines
 to the Abbey
 Lands.

Thus, while with heav'nly charity she
 spoke,
 A streaming blaze the silent shadows
 broke;
 Shot from the skies a cheerful azure
 light;
 The birds obscene to forests wing'd their
 flight,
 And gaping graves receiv'd the wand'ring
 guilty sprite.

Such were the pleasing triumphs of the
 sky

For James his late nocturnal victory;
 The pledge of his Almighty Patron's love,
 The fireworks which his angel made above.

I saw myself the lambent easy Poeta
 light¹²³⁰ loquitur.

Gild the brown horror, and dispel the
 night.

The messenger with speed the tidings
 bore;

News which three lab'ring nations did
 restore;

But heav'n's own *nuntius* was arriv'd
 before.

By this, the Hind had reach'd her lonely
 cell,

And vapors rose, and dews unwholesome
 fell.

When she, by frequent observation wise,
 As one who long on heav'n had fix'd her
 eyes,

Discern'd a change of weather in the
 skies.

The western borders were with crimson
 spread,¹²⁴⁰

The moon descending look'd all flaming
 red;

She thought good manners bound her to
 invite

The stranger dame to be her guest that
 night.

'Tis true, coarse diet, and a short repast,
 (She said,) were weak inducements to

the taste
 Of one so nicely bred, and so unus'd to

fast;
 But what plain fare her cottage could

afford,
 A hearty welcome at a homely board,

Was freely hers; and, to supply the rest,
 An honest meaning, and an open breast:

Last, with content of mind, the poor man's
 wealth,¹²⁵¹

A grace cup to their common patron's
 health.

This she desir'd her to accept, and stay,
 For fear she might be wilder'd in her way,

Because she wanted an unerring guide;
 And then the dewdrops on her silken hide

Her tender constitution did declare,
 Too lady-like a long fatigue to bear,

And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal
 air.

But most she fear'd that, traveling so
 late,¹²⁶⁰

Some evil-minded beasts might lie in
 wait,

And without witness wreak their hidden
 hate.

The Panther, tho' she lent a list'ning ear,
 Had more of Lion in her than to fear:

Yet wisely weighing, since she had to deal
 With many foes, their numbers might pre-
 vail,

Return'd her all the thanks she could
 afford,

And took her friendly hostess at her word;
 Who, ent'ring first her lowly roof, (a
 shed

With hoary moss and winding ivy
 spread,¹²⁷⁰

Honest enough to hide an humble her-
 mit's head,)

Thus graciously bespoke her welcome
 guest:

"So might these walls, with your fair
 presence blest,

Become your dwelling place of everlast-
 ing rest,

Not for a night, or quick revolving year;

Welcome an owner, not a sojourner.
This peaceful seat my poverty secures;
War seldom enters but where wealth ab-
lures:

Nor yet despise it; for this poor abode
Has oft receiv'd, and yet receives a god;
A god victorious of the Stygian race ¹²⁸;
Here laid his sacred limbs, and sanctified
the place.

This mean retreat did mighty Pan con-
tain:

Be emulous of him, and pomp disdain,
And dare not to debase your soul to gain."

The silent stranger stood amaz'd to see
Contempt of wealth, and wilful poverty;
And, tho' ill habits are not soon controll'd,
Awhile suspended her desire of gold;
But civilly drew in her sharpen'd paws,
Not violating hospitable laws, ¹²⁹
And pacified her tail, and lick'd her
frothy jaws.

The Hind did first her country cates
provide;

Then couch'd herself securely by her side.

THE THIRD PART

Much malice mingled with a little wit,
Perhaps, may censure this mysterious writ;
Because the Muse has peopled Caledon
With Panthers, Bears, and Wolves, and
beasts unknown,

As if we were not stock'd with monsters
of our own.

Let Æsop answer, who has set to view ¹³⁰
Such kinds as Greece and Phrygia never
knew;

And Mother Hubbard, in her homely dress,
Has sharply blam'd a British Lioness,
That queen, whose feast the factious rab-
ble keep,

Expos'd obscenely naked and asleep.
Led by those great examples, may not I
The wanted organs of their words supply?
If men transact like brutes, 't is equal then
For brutes to claim the privilege of men.

Others our Hind of folly will endite, ¹³¹
To entertain a dang'rous guest by night.

Let those remember that she cannot die
Till rolling time is lost in round eternity;
Nor need she fear the Panther, tho' un-
tam'd,

Because the Lion's peace was now pro-
claim'd:

The wary salvage would not give offense,

To forfeit the protection of her prince;
But watch'd the time her vengeance to com-
plete,

When all her furry sons in frequent senate
met;

Meanwhile she quench'd her fury at the
flood, ¹³²

And with a lenten salad cool'd her blood.

Their commons, tho' but coarse, were no-
thing scant,

Nor did their minds an equal banquet
want.

For now the Hind, whose noble nature
strove

T' express her plain simplicity of love,
Did all the honors of her house so well,
No sharp debates disturb'd the friendly
meal.

She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extreme,
To common dangers past, a sadly pleasing
theme;

Rememb'ring ev'ry storm which toss'd
the State, ¹³³

When both were objects of the public
hate,

And dropp'd a tear betwixt for her own
children's fate.

Nor fail'd she then a full review to make
Of what the Panther suffer'd for her sake:
Her lost esteem, her truth, her loyal care,
Her faith unshaken to an exil'd heir,
Her strength t' endure, her courage to defy;
Her choice of honorable infamy.

On these, prolixly thankful, she enlarg'd;
Then with acknowledgments herself she
charg'd; ¹³⁴

For friendship, of itself an holy tie,
Is made more sacred by adversity.

Now should they part, malicious tongues
would say,

They met like chance companions on the
way,

Whom mutual fear of robbers had possess'd:
While danger lasted, kindness was profess'd;
But that once o'er, the short-liv'd union
ends;

The road divides, and there divide the
friends.

The Panther nodded when her speech
was done,

And thank'd her coldly in a hollow tone, ¹³⁵
But said her gratitude had gone too far

For common offices of Christian care:
If to the lawful heir she had been true,

She paid but Cæsar what was Cæsar's due.

"I might," she added, "with like praise
describe

Your suffering sons, and so return your
bribe;

But incense from my hands is poorly priz'd,
For gifts are scorn'd where givers are despis'd.

I serv'd a turn, and then was cast away;

You, like the gaudy fly, your wings display, ¹³⁶⁰

And sip the sweets, and bask in your
great patron's day."

This heard, the matron was not slow to
find

What sort of malady had seiz'd her mind:

Disdain, with gnawing envy, fell despite,

And canker'd malice stood in open sight;

Ambition, int'rest, pride without control,

And jealousy, the jaundice of the soul;

Revenge, the bloody minister of ill,

With all the lean tormentors of the will.

'T was easy now to guess from whence
arose ¹³⁷⁰

Her new-made union with her ancient foes,

Her forc'd civilities, her faint embrace,

Affected kindness with an alter'd face:

Yet durst she not too deeply probe the
wound,

As hoping still the nobler parts were sound;

But strove with anodynes t' assuage the
smart,

And mildly thus her med'cine did impart.

"Complaints of lovers help to ease their
pain;

It shows a rest of kindness to complain,

A friendship loth to quit its former hold,

And conscious merit may be justly bold.

But much more just your jealousy would
show, ¹³⁸²

If others' good were injury to you:

Witness, ye heav'ns, how I rejoice to see

Rewarded worth and rising loyalty.

Your warrior offspring that upheld the
crown,

The scarlet honors of your peaceful gown,

Are the most pleasing objects I can find,

Charms to my sight, and cordials to my
mind:

When virtue spooms before a prosperous
gale, ¹³⁹⁰

My heaving wishes help to fill the sail;

And if my pray'rs for all the brave were
heard,

Cæsar should still have such, and such
should still reward.

"The labor'd earth your pains have sow'd
and till'd;

'T is just you reap the product of the field:
Yours be the harvest; 'tis the beggar's
gain

To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.

Such scatter'd ears as are not worth your
care

Your charity for alms may safely spare,

And alms are but the vehicles of pray'r.

My daily bread is lit'rally implor'd; ¹⁴⁰⁰

I have no barns nor granaries to hoard;

If Cæsar to his own his hand extends,

Say which of yours his charity offends:

You know he largely gives to more than
are his friends.

Are you defrauded when he feeds the poor?

Our mite decreases nothing of your store.

I am but few, and by your fare you see

My crying sins are not of luxury.

Some juster motive sure your mind with-
draws, ¹⁴¹⁰

And makes you break our friendship's
holy laws;

For barefac'd envy is too base a cause.

"Show more occasion for your discon-
tent;

Your love, the Wolf, would help you to in-
vent:

Some German quarrel, or, as times go now,

Some French, where force is uppermost,
will do.

When at the fountain's head, as merit ought
To claim the place, you take a swilling
draught,

How easy 't is an envious eye to throw,

And tax the sheep for troubling streams
below; ¹⁴²⁰

Or call her (when no farther cause you
find)

An enemy profess'd of all your kind.

But then, perhaps, the wicked world would
think

The Wolf design'd to eat as well as drink."

This last allusion gall'd the Panther more,

Because indeed it rubb'd upon the sore.

Yet seem'd she not to winch, tho' shrewdly
pain'd,

But thus her passive character maintain'd.

"I never grudg'd, whate'er my foes re-
port,

Your flouting fortune in the Lion's
court. ¹⁴³⁰

You have your day, or you are much be-
lied,

But I am always on the suffer'ing side:
 You know my doctrine, and I need not say
 I will not, but I cannot disobey.
 On this firm principle I ever stood;
 He of my sons who fails to make it good,
 By one rebellious act renounces to my
 blood."

"Ah," said the Hind, "how many sons
 have you
 Who call you mother, whom you never
 knew!

But most of them who that relation plead,
 Are such ungracious youths as wish you
 dead.

They gape at rich revenues which you hold,
 And fain would nibble at your grandame
 gold;

Enquire into your years, and laugh to find
 Your crazy temper shews you much de-
 clin'd.

Were you not dim, and doted, you might
 see

A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree,
 No more of kin to you, than you to me.
 Do you not know, that for a little coin
Heralds can foist a name into the line;

They ask you blessing but for what you
 have,

But once possess'd of what with care you
 save,
 The wanton boys would piss upon your
 grave.

"Your sons of latitude that court your
 grace,
 Tho' most resembling you in form and
 face,

Are far the worst of your pretended race.
 And, but I blush your honesty to blot,
 Pray God you prove 'em lawfully begot:
 For in some Popish libels I have read,
 The Wolf has been too busy in your bed;
 At least their hinder parts, the belly-piece,
 The paunch, and all that Scorpio claims,
 are his.

Their malice too a sore suspicion brings;
 For, tho' they dare not bark, they snarl at
 kings:

Nor blame 'em for intruding in your line;
 Fat bishoprics are still of right divine.

"Think you your new French proselytes
 are come

To starve abroad, because they starv'd at
 home?

Your benefices twinkled from afar;
 They found the new Messiah by the star:

Those Swisses fight on any side for pay,
 And 't is the living that conforms, not they.
 Mark with what management their tribes
 divide;

Some stick to you, and some to t'other
 side,

That many Churches may for many
 mouths provide.

More vacant pulpits would more converts
 make;

All would have latitude enough to take:
 The rest unbenefic'd your sects main-
 tain;

For ordinations without cures are vain,
 And chamber practice is a silent gain.

Your sons of breadth at home are much
 like these;

Their soft and yielding metals run with
 ease:

They melt, and take the figure of the mold,
 But harden and preserve it best in gold."

"Your Delphic sword," the Panther then
 replied,

"Is double-edg'd, and cuts on either side.
 Some sons of mine, who bear upon their
 shield

Three steeples argent in a sable field,
 Have sharply tax'd your converts, who, un-
 fed,

Have follow'd you for miracles of bread;

Such who themselves of no religion are,
 Allur'd with gain, for any will declare.

Bare lies with bold assertions they can face,
 But dint of argument is out of place.

The grim logician puts 'em in a fright;
 'T is easier far to flourish than to fight.

Thus our eighth Henry's marriage they
 defame;

They say the schism of beds began the
 game,

Divorcing from the Church to wed the
 dame:

Tho' largely prov'd, and by himself pro-
 fess'd,

That conscience, conscience would not let
 him rest;

I mean, not till possess'd of her he lov'd,
 And old, uncharming Catherine was remov'd.

For sundry years before did he complain,
 And told his ghostly confessor his pain.

With the same impudence, without a
 ground,

They say, that look the Reformation
 round,

No *Treatise of Humility* is found.

But if none were, the gospel does not want;
 Our Savior preach'd it, and I hope you grant,¹⁵¹⁰
 The Sermon in the Mount was Protestant."
 "No doubt," replied the Hind, "as sure as all
 The writings of Saint Peter and Saint Paul:
 On that decision let it stand or fall.
 Now for my converts, who, you say, unfed,
 Have follow'd me for miracles of bread;
 Judge not by hearsay, but observe at least,
 If since their change their loaves have been increas'd.
 The Lion buys no converts; if he did,
 Beasts would be sold as fast as he could bid.¹⁵²⁰
 Tax those of int'rest who conform for gain,
 Or stay the market of another reign:
 Your broad-way sons would never be too nice
 To close with Calvin, if he paid their price;
 But rais'd three steeples high'r, would change their note,
 And quit the cassock for the canting-coat.
 Now, if you damn this censure as too bold,
 Judge by yourselves, and think not others sold.
 "Meantime my sons accus'd, by fame's report,
 Pay small attendance at the Lion's court,
 Nor rise with early crowds, nor flatter late;¹⁵³¹
 (For silently they beg who daily wait.)
 Preferment is bestow'd that comes unsought;
 Attendance is a bribe, and then 't is bought.
 How they should speed, their fortune is untried;
 For not to ask is not to be denied.
 For what they have, their God and king they bless,
 And hope they should not murmur, had they less.
 But, if reduc'd subsistence to implore,
 In common prudence they would pass your door.¹⁵⁴⁰
 Unpitied Hudibras, your champion friend,
 Has shown how far your charities extend.
 This lasting verse shall on his tomb be read,
He sham'd you living, and upbraids you dead.

"With odious atheist names you load your foes;
 Your lib'ral clergy why did I expose?
 It never fails in charities like those.
 In climes where true religion is profess'd,
 That imputation were no laughing jest.
 But *inprimatur*, with a chaplain's name,
 Is here sufficient license to defame.¹⁵⁵¹
 What wonder is 't that black detraction thrives?
 The homicide of names is less than lives,
 And yet the perjurd murderer survives."
 This said, she paus'd a little, and suppress'd
 The boiling indignation of her breast;
 She knew the virtue of her blade, nor would
 Pollute her satire with ignoble blood:
 Her panting foes she saw before her lie,
 And back she drew the shining weapon dry.¹⁵⁶⁰
 So, when the gen'rous Lion has in sight
 His equal match, he rouses for the fight;
 But when his foe lies prostrate on the plain,
 He sheathes his paws, uncurls his angry mane,
 And, pleas'd with bloodless honors of the day,
 Walks over and disdains th' inglorious prey.
 So JAMES, if great with less we may compare,
 Arrests his rolling thunderbolts in air;
 And grants ungrateful friends a lengthen'd space,
 T' implore the remnants of long-suff'ring grace.¹⁵⁷⁰
 This breathing-time the matron took;
 and then
 Resum'd the thrud of her discourse again.
 "Be vengeance wholly left to pow'rs divine,
 And let Heav'n judge betwixt your sons and mine:
 If joys hereafter must be purchas'd here
 With loss of all that mortals hold so dear,
 Then welcome infamy and public shame,
 And, last, a long farewell to worldly fame.
 'T is said with ease, but, O, how hardly tried
 By haughty souls to human honor tied!
 O sharp convulsive pangs of agonizing pride!¹⁵⁸¹

Down then, thou rebel, never more to
 rise,
 And what thou didst, and dost, so dearly
 prize,
 That fame, that darling fame, make that
 thy sacrifice.
 'Tis nothing thou hast giv'n, then add thy
 tears
 For a long race of unrepenting years:
 'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou hast to
 give;
 Then add those *may-be* years thou hast to
 live:
 Yet nothing still; then poor and naked
 come,
 Thy father will receive his unthrift
 home,
 And thy blest Savior's blood discharge
 the mighty sum.
 "Thus," she pursued, "I discipline a
 son,
 Whose unchecked fury to revenge would
 run;
 He champs the bit, impatient of his loss,
 And starts aside, and flounders at the
 cross.
 Instruct him better, gracious God, to know,
 As thine is vengeance, so forgiveness too:
 That, suffering from ill tongues, he bears no
 more
 Than what his sovereign bears, and what
 his Savior bore.
 "It now remains for you to school your
 child,
 And ask why God's anointed he revil'd;
 A king and princess dead! Did Shimei
 worse?
 The curser's punishment should fright the
 curse:
 Your son was warn'd, and wisely gave it
 o'er,
 But he who counsel'd him has paid the
 score:
 The heavy malice could no higher tend,
 But woe to him on whom the weights de-
 scend.
 So to permitted ills the *dæmon* flies;
 His rage is aim'd at him who rules the
 skies:
 Constrain'd to quit his cause, no succor
 found,
 The foe discharges ev'ry tire around,
 In clouds of smoke abandoning the fight;
 But his own thund'ring peals proclaim his
 flight.

"In Henry's change his charge as ill
 succeeds;
 To that long story little answer needs;
 Confront but Henry's words with Henry's
 deeds.
 Were space allow'd, with ease it might be
 prov'd
 What springs his blessed Reformation
 mov'd.
 The dire effects appear'd in open sight,
 Which from the cause he calls a distant
 flight,
 And yet no larger leap than from the
 sun to light.
 "Now last your sons a double pæan
 sound,
 A *Treatise of Humility* is found.
 'Tis found, but better it had ne'er been
 sought,
 Than thus in Protestant procession brought.
 The fam'd original thro' Spain is known,
 Rodriguez' work, my celebrated son,
 Which yours by ill translating made his
 own;
 Conceal'd its author, and usurp'd the name,
 The basest and ignoblest theft of fame.
 My altars kindled first that living coal;
 Restore, or practice better what you stole:
 That virtue could this humble verse in-
 spire,
 'T is all the restitution I require."
 Glad was the Panther that the charge
 was clos'd,
 And none of all her fav'rite sons expos'd.
 For laws of arms permit each injur'd man
 To make himself a saver where he can.
 Perhaps the plunder'd merchant cannot tell
 The names of pirates in whose hands he
 fell;
 But at the den of thieves he justly flies,
 And ev'ry Algerine is lawful prize.
 No private person in the foe's estate
 Can plead exemption from the public fate.
 Yet Christian laws allow not such redress;
 Then let the greater supersede the less.
 But let th' abettors of the Panther's crime
 Learn to make fairer wars another time.
 Some characters may sure be found to
 write
 Among her sons; for 't is no common
 sight,
 A spotted dam, and all her offspring
 white.
 The salvage, tho' she saw her plea con-
 troll'd,

Yet would not wholly seem to quit her hold,
But offer'd fairly to compound the strife,
And judge conversion by the convert's life.
"Tis true," she said, "I think it somewhat
strange,

So few should follow profitable change;
For present joys are more to flesh and
blood,

Than a dull prospect of a distant good.

"T was well alluded by a son of mine, 1660
(I hope to quote him is not to purloin,)

Two magnets, heav'n and earth, allure to
bliss;

The larger loadstone that, the nearer this:
The weak attraction of the greater fails;
We nod a while, but neighborhood prevails;
But when the greater proves the nearer too,
I wonder more your converts come so slow.
Methinks in those who firm with me re-
main,

It shows a nobler principle than gain."

"Your inference would be strong," the
Hind replied, 1670

"If yours were in effect the suffering side:
Your clergy sons their own in peace pos-
sess,

Nor are their prospects in reversion less.
My proselytes are struck with awful dread;
Your bloody comet-laws hang blazing o'er
their head:

The respite they enjoy but only lent,
The best they have to hope, protracted
punishment.

Be judge yourself, if int'rest may prevail,
Which motives, yours or mine, will turn
the scale.

While pride and pomp allure, and plen-
teous ease, 1680
That is, till man's predominant passions
cease,

Admire no longer at my slow encrease.

"By education most have been misled;
So they believe, because they so were bred.
The priest continues what the nurse began,
And thus the child imposes on the man.
The rest I nam'd before, nor need repeat;
But int'rest is the most prevailing cheat,
The sly seducer both of age and youth:
They study that, and think they study
truth. 1690

When int'rest fortifies an argument,
Weak reason serves to gain the will's as-
sent;

For souls already warp'd receive an easy
bent.

"Add long prescription of establish'd
laws,

And pique of honor to maintain a cause,
And shame of change, and fear of future
ill,

And zeal, the blind conductor of the will;
And chief, among the still-mistaking
crowd,

The fame of teachers obstinate and
proud,

And, more than all, the private judge al-
low'd; 1700

Disdain of Fathers, which the daunce be-
gan,

And last, uncertain whose the narrower
span,

The clown unread, and half-read gentle-
man."

To this the Panther, with a scornful smile:
"Yet still you travail with unwearied toil,
And range around the realm without con-
trol,

Among my sons for proselytes to prole,
And here and there you snap some silly
soul.

You hinted fears of future change in state;
Pray Heav'n you did not prophesy your
fate! 1710

Perhaps you think your time of triumph
near,

But may mistake the season of the year;
The Swallows' fortune gives you cause to
fear."

"For charity," replied the matron, "tell
What sad mischance those pretty birds be-
fell."

"Nay, no mischance," the salvage
dame replied,

"But want of wit in their unerring guide,
And eager haste, and gandy hopes, and
giddy pride.

Yet, wishing timely warning may prevail,
Make you the moral, and I'll tell the
tale. 1720

"The Swallow, privileg'd above the rest
Of all the birds, as man's familiar guest,
Pursues the sun in summer brisk and bold,
But wisely shuns the persecuting cold:
Is well to chancels and to chimneys known,
Tho' 'tis not thought she feeds on smoke
alone.

From hence she has been held of heav'nly
line,

Endued with particles of soul divine.
This merry chorister had long possess'd

Her summer seat, and feather'd well her
nest: ¹⁷³⁰

Till frowning skies began to change their
cheer,

And time turn'd up the wrong side of the
year;

The shedding trees began the ground to
strow

With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to
blow.

Sad auguries of winter thence she drew,
Which by instinct, or prophecy, she knew:

When prudence warn'd her to remove be-
times,

And seek a better heav'n and warmer climes.

"Her sons were summon'd on a steeple's
height,

And, call'd in common council, vote a flight;
The day was nam'd, the next that should

be fair; ¹⁷⁴¹

All to the gen'l rendezvous repair;
They try their flutt'ring wings, and trust

themselves in air,

But whether upward to the moon they go,
Or dream the winter out in caves below,

Or hawk at flies elsewhere, concerns not
us to know.

"Southwards, you may be sure, they bent
their flight,

And harbor'd in a hollow rock at night:
Next morn they rose, and set up ev'ry sail;

The wind was fair, but blew a *mack'rel* gale:
The sickly young sat shiv'ring on the shore,

Abhor'd salt water never seen before, ¹⁷⁵²
And pray'd their tender mothers to delay

The passage, and expect a fairer day.
"With these the Martin readily con-

curr'd,
A church-begot, and church-believing bird;

Of little body, but of lofty mind,
Round-bellied, for a dignity design'd,

And much a dunce, as Martins are by
kind:

Yet often quoted canon-laws, and code,
And Fathers which he never under-

stood; ¹⁷⁶¹
But little learning needs in noble blood.

For, sooth to say, the Swallow brought him
in,

Her household chaplain, and her next of
kin;

In superstition silly to excess,
And casting schemes by planetary guess:

In fine, short-wing'd, unfit himself to fly,
His fear foretold foul weather in the sky.

"Besides, a Raven from a wither'd oak,
Left of their lodging, was observ'd to
croak. ¹⁷⁷⁰

That omen lik'd him not; so his advice
Was present safety, bought at any price;
(A seeming pious care that cover'd cow-
ardice.)

To strengthen this, he told a boding dream
Of rising waters and a troubled stream,
Sure signs of anguish, dangers, and distress;
With something more, not lawful to ex-
press,

By which he sliely seem'd to intimate
Some secret revelation of their fate.

For, he concluded, once upon a time, ¹⁷⁸⁰
He found a leaf inscrib'd with sacred
rhyme,

Whose antique characters did well denote
The Sibyl's hand of the Cumæan grot:

The mad divineress had plainly writ,
A time should come (but many ages yet)

In which, sinister destinies ordain,
A *dame* should drown with all her fea-

ther'd train,
And seas from thence be call'd the Cheli-

donian main.

At this, some shook for fear; the more de-
vout

Arose, and bless'd themselves from head
to foot. ¹⁷⁹⁰

"'T is true, some stagers of the wiser
sort

Made all these idle wonderments their
sport:

They said, their only danger was delay,
And he who heard what ev'ry fool could

say,
Would never fix his thoughts, but trim

his time away.
The passage yet was good; the wind, 't is

true,
Was somewhat high, but that was no-

thing new,
Nor more than usual *equinoxes* blew.

The sun (already from the Scales declin'd)
Gave little hopes of better days behind,

But change from bad to worse of weather
and of wind. ¹⁸⁰¹

Nor need they fear the dampness of the
sky

Should flag their wings, and hinder them
to fly,

'T was only water thrown on sails too dry.
But, least of all, philosophy presumes

Of truth in dreams, from melancholy fumes:

Perhaps the Martin, hous'd in holy ground,
Might think of ghosts that walk their mid-
night round,

Till grosser atoms, tumbling in the stream
Of fancy, madly met, and clubb'd into a
dream: 1810

As little weight his vain presages bear
Of ill effect to such alone who fear.
Most prophecies are of a piece with these;
Each Nostradamus can foretell with ease:
Not naming persons, and confounding
times,

One casual truth supports a thousand lying
rhymes.

"Th' advice was true; but fear had seiz'd
the most,

And all good counsel is on cowards lost.
The question crudely put, to shun delay,
'T was carried by the *major* part to stay. 1820

"His point thus gain'd, Sir Martin dated
thence

His pow'r, and from a priest became a
prince.

He order'd all things with a busy care,
And cells and refectories did prepare,
And large provisions laid of winter fare:
But now and then let fall a word or two
Of hope that Heav'n some miracle might
show,

And, for their sakes, the sun should back-
ward go;

Against the laws of nature upward climb,
And, mounted on the Ram, renew the
prime: 1830

For which two proofs in sacred story lay,
Of Ahaz' dial, and of Joshua's day.

In expectation of such times as these,
A chapel hous'd 'em, truly call'd of ease:
For Martin much devotion did not ask;
They pray'd sometimes, and that was all
their task.

"It happen'd (as beyond the reach of wit
Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit)
That this accomplish'd, or at least in part,
Gave great repute to their new Merlin's
art. 1840

Some * Swifts, the giants of
the swallow kind,
Large-limb'd, stout-hearted,
but of stupid mind,
(For Swisses, or for Gibe-
onites design'd.)

These lubbers, peeping thro' a broken pane,
To suck fresh air, survey'd the neighbor-
ing plain,

* Otherwise
call'd Mart-
lets.

And saw (but scarcely could believe their
eyes)

New blossoms flourish, and new flow'rs
arise;

As God had been abroad, and, walking
there,

Had left his footsteps, and reform'd the
year;

The sunny hills from far were seen to
glow 1850

With glittering beams, and in the meads
below

The burnish'd brooks appear'd with liquid
gold to flow.

At last they heard the foolish Cuckow sing,
Whose note proclaim'd the holiday of
spring.

"No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,
And repossess their patrimonial sky.

The priest before 'em did his wings dis-
play;

And that good omens might attend their
way,

As luck would have it, 't was St. Martin's
day.

"Who but the Swallow now triumphs
alone? 1860

The canopy of heaven is all her own;
Her youthful offspring to their haunts re-
pair,

And glide along in glades, and skim in air,
And dip for insects in the purling springs,

And stoop on rivers to refresh their wings.
Their mothers think a fair provision made,

That ev'ry son can live upon his trade:
And, now the careful charge is off their
hands,

Look out for husbands, and new nuptial
bands:

The youthful widow longs to be sup-
plied; 1870

But first the lover is by lawyers tied
To settle jointure-chimneys on the bride.

So thick they couple, in so short a space,
That Martin's marriage-off'rings rise apace;

Their ancient houses, running to decay,
Are furbish'd up, and cemented with clay:

They teem already; store of eggs are laid,
And brooding mothers call Lucina's aid.

Fame spreads the news, and foreign
fowls appear

In flocks to greet the new returning
year, 1880

To bless the founder, and partake the
cheer.

"And now 't was time (so fast their numbers rise)
 To plant abroad, and people colonies.
 The youth drawn forth, as Martin had desir'd,
 (For so their cruel destiny requir'd,)
 Were sent far off on an ill-fated day;
 The rest would need conduct 'em on their way,
 And Martin went, because he fear'd alone to stay.
 "So long they flew with inconsiderate haste ¹⁸⁸⁹
 That now their afternoon began to waste;
 And, what was ominous, that very morn
 The sun was enter'd into Capricorn;
 Which, by their bad astronomer's account,
 That week the Virgin Balance should remount;
 An infant moon eclips'd him in his way,
 And hid the small remainders of his day.
 The crowd, amaz'd, pursued no certain mark;
 But birds met birds, and jostled in the dark:
 Few mind the public in a panic fright; ¹⁸⁹⁹
 And fear increas'd the horror of the night.
 Night came, but unattended with repose;
 Alone she came, no sleep their eyes to close:
 Alone, and black she came; no friendly stars arose.
 "What should they do, beset with dangers round,
 No neighb'ring dorp, no lodging to be found,
 But bleak plains, and bare inhospitable ground.
 The latter brood, who just began to fly,
 Sick-feather'd, and unpractic'd in the sky,
 For succor to their helpless mother call;
 She spread her wings; some few beneath 'em crawl; ¹⁹¹⁰
 She spread 'em wider yet, but could not cover all.
 T' augment their woes, the winds began to move
 Debate in air, for empty fields above,
 Till Boreas got the skies, and pour'd amain
 His rattling hailstones mix'd with snow and rain.
 "The joyless morning late arose, and found
 A dreadful desolation reign around,
 Some buried in the snow, some frozen to the ground.

The rest were struggling still with death, and lay,
 The Crows' and Ravens' rights, an und¹⁹²⁰efended prey:
 Excepting Martin's race; for they and he
 Had gain'd the shelter of a hollow tree:
 But, soon discover'd by a sturdy clown,
 He headed all the rabble of a town,
 And finish'd 'em with bats, or poll'd 'em down.
 Martin himself was caught alive, and tried
 For treas'nous crimes, because the laws provide
 No Martin there in winter shall abide.
 High on an oak, which never leaf shall bear, ¹⁹²⁹
 He breath'd his last, expos'd to open air;
 And there his corps, unlest, are hanging still,
 To show the change of winds with his prophetic bill."
 The patience of the Hind did almost fail,
 For well she mark'd the malice of the tale:
 Which ribald art their Church to Luther owes;
 In malice it began, by malice grows:
 He sow'd the serpent's teeth, an iron harvest rose.
 But most in Martin's character and fate
 She saw her slander'd sons, the Panther's hate,
 The people's rage, the persecuting State:
 Then said: "I take th' advice in friendly part; ¹⁹⁴¹
 You clear your conscience, or at least your heart:
 Perhaps you fail'd in your foreseeing skill,
 For Swallows are unlucky birds to kill.
 As for my sons, the family is blest,
 Whose ev'ry child is equal to the rest;
 No Church reform'd can boast a blameless line;
 Such Martins build in yours, and more than mine:
 Or else an old Fanatic author lies,
 Who summ'd their scandals up by centuries. ¹⁹⁵⁰
 But thro' your parable I plainly see
 The bloody laws, the crowd's barbarity;
 The sunshine that offends the purblind sight—
 Had some their wishes, it would soon be night.

Mistake me not: the charge concerns not
you;
Your sons are malecontents, but yet are
true,
As far as nonresistance makes 'em so;
But that's a word of neutral sense, you
know,
A passive term, which no relief will bring,
But trims betwixt a rebel and a king," 1960
"Rest well assur'd," the Pardelis re-
plied,
"My sons would all support the regal
side,
Tho' Heav'n forbid the cause by battle
should be tried."
The matron answer'd with a loud
Amen,
And thus pursued her argument again:
"If, as you say, and as I hope no less,
Your sons will practice what yourself
profess,
What angry pow'r prevents our present
peace?"
The Lion, studious of our common good,
Desires (and kings' desires are ill with-
stood) 1970
To join our nations in a lasting love;
The bars betwixt are easy to remove,
For sanguinary laws were never made
above.
If you condemn that prince of tyranny,
Whose mandate forc'd your Gallie friends
to fly,
Make not a worse example of your own;
Or cease to rail at causeless rigor shown,
And let the guiltless person throw the
stone.
His blunted sword your suff'ring brother-
hood
Have seldom felt; he stops it short of
blood: 1980
But you have ground the persecuting knife,
And set it to a razor-edge on life.
Curs'd be the wit which cruelty refines,
Or to his father's rod the scorpion joins;
Your finger is more gross than the great
monarch's loins.
But you, perhaps, remove that bloody
note,
And stick it on the first Reformers' coat.
O let their crime in long oblivion sleep:
'T was theirs indeed to make, 't is yours to
keep.
Unjust, or just, is all the question now; 1990
'T is plain that, not repealing, you allow.

"To name the Test would put you in a
rage;
You charge not that on any former age,
But smile to think how innocent you stand,
Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand.
Yet still remember that you wield a sword
Forg'd by your foes against your Sovereign
Lord;
Design'd to hew th' imperial cedar down,
Defraud succession, and disheir the crown.
T' abhor the makers, and their laws ap-
prove, 2000
Is to hate traitors, and the treason love.
What means it else, which now your chil-
dren say,
'We made it not, nor will we take away'?"
"Suppose some great oppressor had by
slight
Of law disseiz'd your brother of his
right,
Your common sire surrend'ring in a
fright;
Would you to that unrighteous title stand,
Left by the villain's will to heir the land?
More just was Judas, who his Savior sold;
The sacrilegious bribe he could not hold,
Nor hang in peace before he render'd
back the gold. 2011
What more could you have done than now
you do,
Had Oates and Bedloe, and their Plot been
true?
Some specious reasons for those wrongs
were found;
The dire magicians threw their mists
around,
And wise men walk'd as on enchanted
ground.
But now, when Time has made th' im-
posture plain,
(Late tho' he follow'd Truth, and limp-
ing held her train,) 2021
What new delusion charms your cheated
eyes again?
The painted harlot might a while bewitch,
But why the hag uncas'd, and all obscene
with itch?
"The first Reformers were a modest race;
Our peers possess'd in peace their native
place;
And when rebellious arms o'eturn'd the
State,
They suffer'd only in the common fate:
But now the sov'reign mounts the regal
chair,

And miter'd seats are full, yet David's
bench is bare.

Your answer is, they were not dispossess'd;
They need but rub their metal on the Test
To prove their ore: 't were well if gold
alone

Were touch'd and tried on your discerning
stone;

But that unfaithful Test unfound will pass
The dross of atheists, and sectarian brass:
As if th' experiment were made to hold
For base productions, and reject the gold.
Thus men ungodded may to places rise,
And sects may be preferr'd without disguise:
No danger to the Church or State from
these;

The Papist only has his writ of ease.
No gainful office gives him the pretense
To grind the subject, or defraud the prince.
Wrong conscience, or no conscience, may
deserve

To thrive, but ours alone is privileg'd to
sterve.

" 'Still thank yourselves,' you cry; 'your
noble race

We banish not, but they forsake the place:
Our doors are open.' True, but ere they
come,

You toss your censuring Test, and fume the
room;

As if 't were Toby's rival to expel,
And fright the fiend who could not bear the
smell."

To this the Panther sharply had re-
plied;

But, having gain'd a verdict on her side,
She wisely gave the loser leave to chide;
Well satisfied to have the 'butt and
peace,'

And for the plaintiff's cause she car'd the
less,

Because she sued *in forma pauperis*;
Yet thought it decent something should be
said;

For secret guilt by silence is betray'd:
So neither granted all, nor much denied,
But answer'd with a yawning kind of pride.
"Methinks such terms of proffer'd peace
you bring,

As once Æneas to th' Italian king:
By long possession all the land is mine;
You strangers come with your intruding
line,

To share my scepter, which you call to
join.

You plead like him an ancient pedigree,
And claim a peaceful seat by fate's de-
cree.

In ready pomp your sacrificer stands,
T' unite the Trojan and the Latin bands,
And, that the league more firmly may be
tied,

Demand the fair Lavinia for your bride.
Thus plausibly you veil th' intended wrong,
But still you bring your exil'd gods along;
And will endeavor, in succeeding space,
Those household poppits on our hearths to
place.

Perhaps some barb'rous laws have been
preferr'd;

I spake against the Test, but was not heard;
These to rescind, and peerage to restore,
My gracious sov'reign would my vote
implore:

I owe him much, but owe my conscience
more."

"Conscience is then your plea," replied
the dame,

"Which, well inform'd, will ever be the
same.

But yours is much of the *chameleon* hue,
To change the dye with ev'ry different view.
When first the Lion sat with awful sway,
Your conscience taught you duty to obey:
He might have had your statutes and your
Test;

No conscience but of subjects was profess'd.
He found your temper, and no farther tried,
But on that broken reed, your Church, re-
lied.

In vain the sects assay'd their utmost
art,

With offer'd treasure to espouse their
part;

Their treasures were a bribe too mean to
move his heart.

But when by long experience you had
prov'd,

How far he could forgive, how well he lov'd;
A goodness that excell'd his godlike race,
And only short of Heav'n's unbounded
grace;

A flood of mercy that o'erflow'd our isle,
Calm in the rise, and fruitful as the Nile;
Forgetting whence your Egypt was sup-
plied,

You thought your sov'reign bound to send
the tide;

Nor upward look'd on that immortal spring,
But vainly deem'd, he durst not be a king.

Then Conscience, unrestrain'd by fear, began

To stretch her limits, and extend the span;
Did his indulgence as her gift dispose,
And made a wise alliance with her foes.
Can Conscience own th' associating name,
And raise no blushes to conceal her shame?

For sure she has been thought a bashful dame.

But if the cause by battle should be tried,

You grant she must espouse the regal side:

O Proteus Conscience, never to be tied!
What Phœbus from the tripod shall disclose

Which are, in last resort, your friends or foes?

Homer, who learn'd the language of the sky,

The seeming Gordian knot would soon untie;

Immortal pow'rs the term of Conscience know,

But Int'rest is her name with men below."

"Conscience or Int'rest be 't, or both in one,"

The Panther answer'd in a surly tone, ²¹²⁰
"The first commands me to maintain the crown,

The last forbids to throw my barriers down.

Our penal laws no sons of yours admit,
Our Test excludes your tribe from benefit.

These are my banks your ocean to withstand,

Which proudly rising overlooks the land;
And, once let in, with unresisted sway,

Would sweep the pastors and their flocks away.

Think not my judgment leads me to comply

With laws unjust, but hard necessity: ²¹³⁰
Imperious need, which cannot be withstood,

Makes ill authentic, for a greater good.
Possess your soul with patience, and attend:

A more auspicious planet may ascend;
Good fortune may present some happier time,

With means to cancel my unwilling crime
(Unwilling, witness all ye pow'rs above);

To mend my errors, and redeem your love:
That little space you safely may allow;

Your all-dispensing pow'r protects you now."

²¹⁴⁰

"Hold," said the Hind, "'t is needless to explain;

You would *postpone* me to another reign;
Till when you are content to be unjust:

Your part is to possess, and mine to trust.
A fair exchange propos'd of future chance,

For present profit and inheritance.
Few words will serve to finish our dispute;

Who will not now repeal, would persecute:
To ripen green revenge your hopes attend,

Wishing that happier planet would ascend.

²¹⁵⁰

For shame, let Conscience be your plea no more;

To will hereafter, proves she might before;

But she's a bawd to Gain, and holds the door.

"Your care about your banks infers a fear

Of threat'ning floods and inundations near;
If so, a just reprise would only be

Of what the land usurp'd upon the sea;
And all your jealousies but serve to show

Your ground is, like your neighbor nation, low.

T' intrench in what you grant unrighteous laws,

²¹⁶⁰

Is to distrust the justice of your cause,
And argues that the true religion lies

In those weak adversaries you despise.
"Tyramic force is that which least you

fear;
The sound is frightful in a Christian's ear:

Avert it, Heav'n! nor let that plague be sent

To us from the dispeopled continent.
"But piety commands me to refrain;

Those pray'rs are needless in this monarch's reign.

Behold, how he protects your friends oppress'd,

²¹⁷⁰

Receives the banish'd, succors the distress'd!

Behold, for you may read an honest open breast.

He stands in daylight, and disdains to hide

An act to which by honor he is tied,
A generous, laudable, and kingly pride.

Your Test he would repeal, his peers restore;

This when he says he means, he means no more."

"Well," said the Panther, "I believe him just,
And yet ———"

"And yet, 't is but because you must;
You would be trusted, but you would not trust."

The Hind thus briefly; and disdain'd t'
inlarge

On pow'r of kings, and their superior
charge,

As Heav'n's trustees before the people's
choice:

Tho' sure the Panther did not much re-
joice

To hear those echoes giv'n of her once
loyal voice.

The matron woo'd her kindness to the
last,

But could not win; her hour of grace was
past.

Whom, thus persisting, when she could not
bring

To leave the Wolf, and to believe her
king,

She gave her up, and fairly wish'd her
joy

Of her late treaty with her new ally:
Which well she hop'd would more success-
ful prove

Than was the Pigeons' and the Buzzard's
love.

The Panther ask'd what concord there
could be

Betwixt two kinds whose natures disagree.
The dame replied: "'T is sung in ev'ry
street,

The common chat of gossips when they
meet;

But, since unheard by you, 't is worth your
while

To take a wholesome tale, tho' told in
homely style.

"A plain good man, whose name is
understood,

(So few deserve the name of plain and good,)
Of three fair lineal lordships stood possess'd,

And liv'd, as reason was, upon the best.
Inur'd to hardships from his early youth,

Much had he done and suffer'd for his
truth:

At land and sea, in many a doubtful fight,
Was never known a more advent'rous
knight,

Who oft'ner drew his sword, and always
for the right.

"As fortune would, (his fortune came,
tho' late,)

He took possession of his just estate; ²²¹⁰
Nor rack'd his tenants with increase of
rent,

Nor liv'd too sparing, nor too largely
spent;

But overlook'd his hinds; their pay was
just,

And ready, for he scorn'd to go on trust:
Slow to resolve, but in performance quick;

So true, that he was awkward at a trick,
For little souls on little shifts rely,

And coward arts of mean expedients try;
The noble mind will dare do anything
but lie.

False friends, (his deadliest foes,) could
find no way

But shows of honest bluntness, to betray:
That unsuspected plainness he believ'd;

He look'd into himself, and was deceiv'd.
Some lucky planet sure attends his birth,

Or Heav'n would make a miracle on earth;
For prosp'rous honesty is seldom seen

To bear so dead a weight, and yet to win.
It looks as fate with nature's law would
strive,

To shew plain-dealing once an age may
thrive;

And, when so tough a frame she could not
bend,

Exceeded her commission to befriend.

"This grateful man, as Heav'n encreas'd
his store,

Gave God again, and daily fed his poor.
His house with all convenience was pur-
vey'd;

The rest he found, but rais'd the fabric
where he pray'd;

And in that sacred place his beauteous wife
Employ'd her happiest hours of holy life.

"Nor did their alms extend to those
alone

Whom common faith more strictly made
their own;

A sort of Doves were hous'd too near their
hall,

Who cross the proverb, and abound with
gall.

Tho' some, 't is true, are passively inclin'd,
The greater part degenerate from their
kind;

Voracious birds, that hotly bill and breed,
And largely drink, because on salt they
feed.

Small gain from them their bounteous
owner draws;
Yet, bound by promise, he supports their
cause,
As corporations privileg'd by laws.
"That house which harbor to their kind
affords
Was built, long since, God knows, for better
birds; ²²⁵⁰
But flutt'ring there, they nestle near the
throne,
And lodge in habitations not their own,
By their high crops and corny gizzards
known.
Like Harpies, they could scent a plenteous
board,
Then to be sure they never fail'd their lord:
The rest was form, and bare attendance
paid;
They drunk, and eat, and grudgingly obey'd.
The more they fed, they raven'd still for
more;
They drain'd from Dan, and left Beersheba
poor. ²²⁵⁹
All this they had by law, and none repin'd;
The preference was but due to Levi's kind;
But when some lay-preferment fell by
chance,
The gourmands made it their inheritance.
When once possess'd, they never quit their
claim;
For then 't is sanctified to Heav'n's high
name;
And, hallow'd thus, they cannot give con-
sent
The gift should be profan'd by worldly
management.
"Their flesh was never to the table serv'd;
Tho' 't is not thence inferr'd the birds were
starv'd; ²²⁶⁹
But that their master did not like the food,
As rank, and breeding melancholy blood.
Nor did it with his gracious nature suit,
Ev'n tho' they were not Doves, to persecute;
Yet he refus'd (nor could they take of-
fense)
Their glutton kind should teach him absti-
nence.
Nor consecrated grain their wheat he
thought,
Which, new from treading, in their bills
they brought;
But left his hinds each in his private pow'r,
That those who like the bran might leave
the flour.

He for himself, and not for others, chose, ²²⁸⁰
Nor would he be impos'd on, nor impose;
But in their faces his devotion paid,
And sacrifice with solemn rites was made,
And sacred incense on his altars laid.

"Besides these jolly birds, whose crops
impure

Repaid their commons with their salt
manure,

Another farm he had behind his house,
Not overstock'd, but barely for his use;
Wherein his poor domestic poultry fed,
And from his pious hands receiv'd their
bread. ²²⁹⁰

Our pumper'd Pigeons, with malignant
eyes,

Beheld these inmates, and their nurseries:
Tho' hard their fare, at ev'ning and at
morn,

A cruse of water and an ear of corn;
Yet still they grudg'd that modicum, and
thought

A sheaf in ev'ry single grain was brought:
Fain would they fitch that little food away,
While unrestrain'd those happy gluttons
prey.

And much they griev'd to see so nigh their
hall

The bird that warn'd St. Peter of his fall;
That he should raise his miter'd crest on
high, ²³⁰¹

And clap his wings, and call his family
To sacred rites; and vex th' ethereal pow'rs
With midnight matins at uncivil hours:
Nay more, his quiet neighbors should mo-
lest,

Just in the sweetness of their morning rest.

"Beast of a bird, supinely when he might
Lie snug and sleep, to rise before the light!
What if his dull forefathers us'd that cry,
Could he not let a bad example die? ²³¹⁰
The world was fall'n into an easier way;
This age knew better than to fast and pray.
Good sense in sacred worship would appear
So to begin, as they might end the year.
Such feats in former times had wrought
the falls

Of crowing Chanticleers in cloister'd walls.
Expell'd for this, and for their lands,
they fled;

And sister Partlet, with her hooded head,
Was hooted hence, because she would not
pray abed.

The way to win the restiff world to God,
Was to lay by the disciplining rod, ²³²¹

Unnatural fasts, and foreign forms of
prayer:

Religion frights us with a mien severe.
'Tis prudence to reform her into ease,
And put her in undress to make her pleas:
A lively faith will bear aloft the mind,
And leave the luggage of good works be-
hind.

"Such doctrines in the Pigeon-house
were taught:

You need not ask how wondrously they
wrought; ²³²⁹

But sure the common cry was all for these,
Whose life and precept both encourag'd
ease.

Yet fearing those alluring baits might fail,
And holy deeds o'er all their arts prevail;
(For vice, tho' frontless, and of harden'd
face,

Is daunted at the sight of awful grace,
An hideous figure of their foes they drew,
Nor lines, nor looks, nor shades, nor
colors true;

And this grotesque design expos'd to
public view.

One would have thought it some Egyp-
tian piece,

With garden-gods, and barking deities,
More thick than Ptolemy has stuck the
skies. ²³⁴¹

All so perverse a draught, so far unlike,
It was no libel where it meant to strike:
Yet still the daubing pleas'd, and great and
small,

To view the monster, crowded Pigeon-hall.
There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees
Adoring shrines, and stocks of sainted trees;
And by him, a misshapen, ugly race;
The curse of God was seen on ev'ry face:
No Holland emblem could that malice
mend, ²³⁵⁰

But still the worse the look, the fitter for a
fiend.

"The master of the farm, displeas'd to
find

So much of rancor in so mild a kind,
Enquir'd into the cause, and came to know
The Passive Church had struck the fore-
most blow;

With groundless fears, and jealousies
possess'd,

As if this troublesome intruding guest
Would drive the birds of Venus from
their nest:

A deed his inborn equity abhorr'd;

But Int'rest will not trust, tho' God should
plight his word. ²³⁶⁰

"A law, the source of many future harms,
Had banish'd all the poultry from the farms;
With loss of life, if any should be found
To crow or peck on this forbidden ground.
That bloody statute chiefly was design'd
For Chanticleer the white, of clergy kind;
But after-malice did not long forget
The lay that wore the robe and coronet.
For them, for their inferiors and allies,
Their foes a deadly shibboleth devise: ²³⁷⁰

By which unrighteously it was decreed
That none to trust, or profit, should suc-
ceed,

Who would not swallow first a poisonous
wicked weed;

Or that, to which old Socrates was eurst,
Or henbane juice to swell 'em till they
burst.

The patron (as in reason) thought it hard
To see this inquisition in his yard,
By which the sovereign was of subjects'
use debarr'd.

"All gentle means he tried, which might
withdraw

Th' effects of so unnatural a law; ²³⁸⁰
But still the Dove-house obstinately stood
Deaf to their own, and to their neighbors'
good;

And which was worse (if any worse could be),
Repented of their boasted loyalty:

Now made the champions of a cruel cause,
And drunk with fumes of popular ap-
plause;

For those whom God to ruin has design'd,
He fits for fate, and first destroys their
mind.

"New doubts indeed they daily strove to
raise,

Suggested dangers, interpos'd delays; ²³⁹⁰
And emissary Pigeons had in store,
Such as the Meccan prophet us'd of yore,
To whisper counsels in their patron's ear;
And veil'd their false advice with zealous
fear.

The master smil'd to see 'em work in vain
To wear him out, and make an idle reign:
He saw, but suffer'd their protractive arts,
And strove by mildness to reduce their
hearts;

But they abus'd that grace to make allies,
And fondly clos'd with former enemies;
For fools are double fools, endear'ring to
be wise. ²⁴⁰¹

"After a grave consult what course were best,
 One, more mature in folly than the rest,
 Stood up, and told 'em, with his head aside,
 That desprate cures must be to desprate
 ills applied;
 And therefore, since their main impending
 fear
 Was from th' encreasing race of Chanticleer,
 Some potent bird of prey they ought to find
 A foe profess'd to him and all his kind:
 Some haggard Hawk, who had her eyry
 high,²⁴¹⁰
 Well pounc'd to fasten, and well wing'd to
 fly;
 One they might trust their common wrongs
 to wreak:
 The Musket, and the Coystrel were too
 weak,
 Too fierce the Falcon. — 'But, above the
 rest,
 The noble Buzzard ever pleas'd me best;
 Of small renown, 't is true; for, not to lie,
 We call him but a Hawk by courtesy.
 I know he haunts the Pigeon-house and
 farm,
 And more, in time of war, has done us
 harm;
 But all his hate on trivial points depends:
 Give up our forms, and we shall soon be
 friends.²⁴²¹
 For Pigeons' flesh he seems not much to
 care;
 Cramm'd Chickens are a more delicious
 fare.
 On this high potentate, without delay,
 I wish you would confer the sovereign
 sway:
 Petition him t' accept the government,
 And let a splendid embassy be sent.'
 "This pithy speech prevail'd, and all
 agreed,
 Old enmities forgot, the Buzzard should
 succeed.
 "Their welcome suit was granted soon
 as heard,²⁴³⁰
 His lodgings furnish'd, and a train pre-
 par'd,
 With B's upon their breast, appointed for
 his guard.
 He came, and, crown'd with great solemn-
 ity,
 'God save King Buzzard!' was the gen'ral
 cry.
 "A portly prince, and goodly to the sight,

He seem'd a son of Anak for his height:
 Like those whom stature did to crowns
 prefer;
 Black-brow'd, and bluff, like Homer's
 Jupiter;
 Broad-back'd, and brawny-built for love's
 delight,
 A prophet form'd to make a female prose-
 lyte.²⁴⁴⁰
 A theologne more by need than genial bent;
 By breeding sharp, by nature confident.
 Int'rest in all his actions was discern'd;
 More learn'd than honest, more a wit than
 leam'd;
 Or forc'd by fear, or by his profit led,
 Or both conjoin'd, his native clime he fled;
 But brought the virtues of his heav'n along,
 A fair behavior, and a fluent tongue.
 And yet with all his arts he could not
 thrive;
 The most unlucky parasite alive.²⁴⁵⁰
 Loud praises to prepare his paths he sent,
 And then himself pursued his compliment;
 But, by reverse of fortune chas'd away,
 His gifts no longer than their author stay:
 He shakes the dust against th' ungrateful
 race,
 And leaves the stench of ordures in the
 place.
 Oft has he flatter'd and blasphem'd the
 same,
 For in his rage he spares no sov'reign's
 name;
 The hero and the tyrant change their style
 By the same measure that they frown or
 smile.²⁴⁶⁰
 When well receiv'd by hospitable foes,
 The kindness he returns, is to expose:
 For courtesies, tho' undeserv'd and great,
 No gratitude in felon-minds beget;
 As tribute to his wit, the churl receives
 the treat.
 His praise of foes is venomously nice;
 So touch'd, it turns a virtue to a vice:
 A Greek, and bountiful, forewarns us twice.
 Sev'n sacraments he wisely does disown,
 Because he knows confession stands for
 one;²⁴⁷⁰
 Where sins to sacred silence are convey'd,
 And not for fear, or love, to be betray'd:
 But he, uncall'd, his patron to control,
 Divulg'd the secret whispers of his soul;
 Stood forth th' accusing Sathan of his
 crimes,
 And offer'd to the Moloch of the times.

Prompt to assail, and careless of defense,
Invulnerable in his impudence,
He dares the world; and, eager of a name,
He thrusts about, and justles into fame.
Frontless and satire-proof he scours the
streets,

2481

And runs an Indian muck at all he meets.
So fond of loud report, that not to miss
Of being known (his last and utmost bliss)
He rather would be known for what he is.

"Such was, and is the Captain of the
Test,
Tho' half his virtues are not here ex-
press'd;
The modesty of fame conceals the rest.
The spleenful Pigeons never could create
A prince more proper to revenge their
hate:

2490

Indeed, more proper to revenge, than save;
A king whom in his wrath th' Almighty
gave:

For all the grace the landlord had allow'd,
But made the Buzzard and the Pigeons
proud;

Gave time to fix their friends, and to se-
duce the crowd.

They long their fellow-subjects to in-
thral,

Their patron's promise into question call,
And vainly think he meant to make 'em
lords of all.

"False fears their leaders fail'd not to
suggest,

As if the Doves were to be disposess'd;
Nor sighs, nor groans, nor goggling eyes
did want,

2501

For now the Pigeons too had learn'd to cant.
The house of pray'r is stock'd with large
encrease;

Nor doors, nor windows can contain the
press:

For birds of ev'ry feather fill th' abode;
Ev'n atheists out of envy own a God:

And, reeking from the stews, adulterers
come,

Like Goths and Vandals to demolish Rome.
That Conscience which to all their crimes
was mute

Now calls aloud, and cries to persecute;
No rigor of the laws to be releas'd,

2511

And much the less, because it was their
lord's request:

They thought it great their sov'reign to
control,

And nam'd their pride, nobility of soul.

"T is true, the Pigeons, and their prince
elect,
Were short of pow'r their purpose to effect;
But with their quills did all the hurt they
could,
And cuff'd the tender Chickens from their
food:

And much the Buzzard in their cause did
stir,
Tho' naming not the patron, to infer, 2520
With all respect, he was a gross idolater.

"But when th' imperial owner did espy
That thus they turn'd his grace to villainy,
Not suff'ring wrath to discompose his
mind,

He strove a temper for th' extremes to
find,

So to be just, as he might still be kind;
Then, all maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a
doom

Of sacred strength for ev'ry age to come.
By this the Doves their wealth and state

possess,
No rights infrin'g'd, but license to op-
press:

2530

Such pow'r have they as factious lawyers
long

To crowns ascrib'd, that kings can do no
wrong.

But, since his own domestic birds have tried
The dire effects of their destructive pride,
He deems that proof a measure to the
rest,

Concluding well within his kingly breast,
His fowl of nature too unjustly were op-
press'd.

He therefore makes all birds of ev'ry
sect

Free of his farm, with promise to respect
Their sev'ral kinds alike, and equally pro-
tect.

2540

His gracious edict the same franchise
yields

To all the wild encrease of woods and
fields,

And who in rocks aloof, and who in
steeples builds;

To Crows the like impartial grace affords,
And Coughs and Daws, and such republic
birds;

Secur'd with ample privilege to feed,
Each has his district, and his bounds de-
creed:

Combin'd in common int'rest with his own,
But not to pass the Pigeons' Rubicon.

"Here ends the reign of this pre-
tended Dove; ²⁵⁵⁰
All prophecies accomplish'd from above,
For Shiloh comes the scepter to remove.
Redue'd from her imperial high abode,
Like Dionysius to a private rod,
The Passive Church, that with pretended
grace
Did her distinctive mark in duty place,
Now touch'd, reviles her Maker to his
face.
"What after happen'd is not hard to
guess:
The small beginnings had a large en-
crease,
And arts and wealth succeed (the secret
spoils of peace). ²⁵⁶⁰
'Tis said, the Doves repented, tho' too late,
Become the smiths of their own foolish fate:
Nor did their owner hasten their ill hour;
But, sunk in credit, they decreas'd in pow'r;
Like snows in warmth that mildly pass
away,
Dissolving in the silence of decay.
"The Buzzard, not content with equal
place,
Invites the feather'd Nimrods of his race,
To hide the thinness of their flock from sight,
And all together make a seeming goodly
flight: ²⁵⁷⁰

But each have sep'rate int'rests of their own;
Two Czars are one too many for a throne.
Nor can th' usurper long abstain from food;
Already he has tasted Pigeons' blood,
And may be tempted to his former fare,
When this indulgent lord shall late to
heav'n repair.
Bare benting times, and molting months
may come,
When, lagging late, they cannot reach their
home;
Or rent in schism (for so their fate decrees)
Like the tumultuous college of the bees, ²⁵⁸⁰
They fight their quarrel, by themselves op-
press'd:
The tyrant smiles below, and waits the
falling feast."
Thus did the gentle Hind her fable end,
Nor would the Panther blame it, nor com-
mend;
But, with affected yawnings at the close,
Seem'd to require her natural repose:
For now the streaky light began to peep,
And setting stars admonish'd both to sleep.
The dame withdrew, and, wishing to her
guest
The peace of heav'n, betook herself to
rest. ²⁵⁹⁰
Ten thousand angels on her slumbers wait,
With glorious visions of her future state.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687

[About 1683 a musical society in London began the custom of celebrating November 22, the Feast of St. Cecilia, the patroness of music, by a public concert. Dryden wrote the following ode, which was set to music by an Italian composer, Giovanni Battista Draghi, for the performance of 1687. So far as is known, this ode was first printed in *Examen Poeticum*, 1693. It seems possible, however, that it was published earlier, as a broadside, like its greater successor, *Alexander's Feast*.]

I

FROM harmony, from heav'nly harmony
This universal frame began:
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high:
"Arise, ye more than dead."

Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's pow'r obey. ¹⁰
From harmony, from heav'nly harmony
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Thro' all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

II

What passion cannot Music raise and
quell!
When Jubal struck the corded shell,
His list'ning brethren stood around,
And, wond'ring, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound. ²⁰
Less than a god they thought there could
not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and
quell!

III

The Trumpet's loud clangor
 Excites us to arms,
 With shrill notes of anger,
 And mortal alarms.
 The double double double beat
 Of the thund'ring Drum 30
 Cries: "Hark! the foes come;
 Charge, charge, 't is too late to retreat."

IV

The soft complaining Flute
 In dying notes discovers
 The woes of hopeless lovers,
 Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling
 Late.

V

Sharp Violins proclaim
 Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
 Fury, frantic indignation,
 Depth of pains, and height of passion, 40
 For the fair, disdainful dame.

VI

But O! what art can teach,
 What human voice can reach,
 The sacred Organ's praise?
 Notes inspiring holy love,
 Notes that wing their heav'nly ways
 To mend the choirs above.

VII

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
 And trees unrooted left their place,

Sequacious of the lyre;
 But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder high'r: 50
 When to her Organ vocal breath was
 giv'n,
 An angel heard, and straight appear'd,
 Mistaking earth for heav'n.

GRAND CHORUS

As from the pow'r of sacred lays
 The spheres began to move,
 And sung the great Creator's praise
 To all the blest above;
 So, when the last and dreadful hour
 This crumbling pageant shall devour, 60
 The Trumpet shall be heard on high,
 The dead shall live, the living die,
 And Music shall untune the sky.

EPIGRAM ON MILTON

[This epigram is engraved, without the name of the author, beneath the portrait of Milton which forms the frontispiece to Tonson's folio edition of *Paradise Lost*, 1688. Dryden's name is first joined to it in the second edition, 1710, of the *Sixth Part of Miscellany Poems*.]

THREE poets, in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
 The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,
 The next in majesty, in both the last:
 The force of Nature could no farther go;
 To make a third, she join'd the former
 two.

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA

A POEM ON THE PRINCE, BORN ON THE TENTH OF JUNE, 1688

*Dis Patrii Indigetes, et Romule, Vestaque Mater,
 Quæ Tuscum Tiberim, et Romana Palatia servas,
 Hunc saltem cverso Puerum succurrere sæclo
 Ne prohibeat: satis jam pridem sanguine nostro
 Laomedontem huius perjuria Troje. — Vma. Georg. I.*

[This poem celebrates the birth of a son to James II on Trinity Sunday, June 10, 1688. It was prepared in haste and licensed for the press on June 19. Two editions, one in folio and one in quarto, were published by Tonson in 1688; a third, in quarto, was printed in Edinburgh in the same year. After the Revolution the poem was not reprinted until it was included in the folio *Poems and Translations*, 1701.]

OUR vows are heard betimes! and Heaven
 takes care
 To grant, before we can conclude the pray'r:

Preventing angels met it half the way,
 And sent us back to praise, who came to
 pray.

Just on the day, when the high-mounted
sun
Did farthest in his northern progress run,
He bended forward, and ev'n stretch'd the
sphere

Beyond the limits of the lengthen'd year,
To view a brighter son in Britain born;
That was the bus'ness of his longest
morn;
The glorious object seen, 't was time to
turn.

Departing Spring could only stay to
shed
Her bloomy beauties on the genial bed,
But left the manly Summer in her stead,
With timely fruit the longing land to cheer,
And to fulfil the promise of the year.
Betwixt two seasons comes th' auspicious
heir,

This age to blossom, and the next to bear.
(a) Last solemn Sabbath saw the Church
attend;

The Paraclete in fiery pomp descend; 20
But when his wondrous (b) octave roll'd
again,

He brought a royal infant in his train.
So great a blessing to so good a king,
None but th' Eternal Comforter could
bring.

Or did the mighty Trinity conspire,
As once, in council to create our sire ?
It seems as if they sent the newborn guest
To wait on the procession of their feast;
And on their sacred anniverse decreed 29
To stamp their image on the promis'd seed.
Three realms united, and on one bestow'd,
An emblem of their mystic union show'd:
The Mighty Trine the triple empire shar'd,
As every person would have one to guard.

Hail, son of pray'rs, by holy violence
Drawn down from heav'n; but long be ban-
ish'd thence,

And late to thy paternal skies retire !
To mend our crimes whole ages would re-
quire;

To change th' inveterate habit of our sins,
And finish what thy godlike sire begins. 40
Kind Heav'n, to make us Englishmen again,
No less can give us than a patriarch's reign.

The sacred cradle to your charge receive,
Ye seraphs, and by turns the guard relieve;
Thy father's angel, and thy father join,
To keep possession, and secure the line;

(a) Whit Sunday.

(b) Trinity Sunday.

But long defer the honors of thy fate:
Great may they be like his, like his be late;
That James this running century may view,
And give his son an auspice to the new. 50

Our wants exact at least that moderate
stay:
For see the (c) Dragon winged on his
way,
To watch the (d) travail, and devour the
prey.

Or, if allusions may not rise so high,
Thus, when Alcides rais'd his infant cry,
The snakes besieg'd his young divinity;
But vainly with their forked tongues they
threat,

For opposition makes a hero great.
To needful succor all the good will run,
And Jove assert the godhead of his son. 60

O still repining at your present state,
Grudging yourselves the benefits of fate,
Look up, and read in characters of light
A blessing sent you in your own despite.
The manna falls, yet that celestial bread
Like Jews you munch, and murmur while
you feed.

May not your fortune be like theirs, exil'd,
Yet forty years to wander in the wild;
Or if it be, may Moses live at least,
To lead you to the verge of promis'd rest. 70

Tho' poets are not prophets, to fore-
know

What plants will take the blight, and what
will grow,

By tracing Heav'n his footsteps may be
found:

Behold ! how awfully he walks the round !
God is abroad, and, wondrous in his ways,
The rise of empires and their fall surveys;
More (might I say) than with an usual
eye,

He sees his bleeding Church in ruin lie,
And hears the souls of saints beneath his
altar cry.

Already has he lifted high the (e) sign, 80
Which crown'd the conquering arms of
Constantine:

The (f) moon grows pale at that presaging
sight,
And half her train of stars have lost their
light.

(c) Alluding only to the Commonwealth party, here
and in other places of the poem.

(d) Rev. xii. 4.

(e) The cross.

(f) The crescent, which the Turks bear for their
arms.

Behold another (g) Sylvester, to bless
The sacred standard, and secure success;
Large of his treasures, of a soul so great,
As fills and crowds his universal seat.

Now view at home a (h) second Con-
stantine;

(The former, too, was of the British line;)
Has not his healing balm your breaches
clos'd,

Whose exile many sought, and few oppos'd?
Or did not Heav'n by its eternal doom
Permit those evils, that this good might
come?

So manifest, that ev'n the moon-ey'd sects
See *whom* and *what* this Providence pro-
tects.

Methinks, had we within our minds no
more

Than that one shipwreck on the fatal
(i) ore,

That only thought may make us think
again,

What wonders God reserves for such a
reign.

To dream that chance his preservation
wrought,

Were to think Noah was preserv'd for
naught;

Or the surviving eight were not design'd
To people earth, and to restore their kind.

When humbly on the royal babe we gaze,
The manly lines of a majestic face
Give awful joy: 't is paradise to look
On the fair frontispiece of Nature's book;
If the first opening page so charms the sight,
Think how th' unfolded volume will de-
light!

See how the venerable infant lies
In early pomp; how thro' the mother's
eyes

The father's soul, with an undaunted view,
Looks out, and takes our homage as his
due.

See on his future subjects how he smiles,
Nor meanly flatters, nor with craft be-
guiles;

But with an open face, as on his throne,
Assures our birthrights and assumes his
own.

Born in broad daylight, that th' ungrate-
ful rout

May find no room for a remaining doubt;

(g) The Pope in the time of Constantine the Great,
alluding to the present Pope.

(h) King James the Second.

(i) The Lemmon Ore.

Truth, which itself is light, does darkness
shun,

And the true eaglet safely dares the sun. ¹²⁰

(j) Fain would the fiends have made a
dubious birth,

Loth to confess the godhead cloth'd in
earth;

But sicken'd, after all their baffled lies,
To find an heir apparent of the skies,
Abandon'd to despair, still may they
grudge,

And, owning not the Savior, prove the
judge.

Not great (k) Æneas stood in plainer
day,

When, the dark mantling mist dissolv'd
away,

He to the Tyrians shew'd his sudden face,
Shining with all his goddess mother's grace:
For she herself had made his countenance
bright,

Breath'd honor on his eyes, and her own
purple light.

If our victorious (l) Edward, as they say,
Gave Wales a prince on that propitious day,
Why may not years revolving with his fate
Produce his like, but with a longer date?

One who may carry to a distant shore
The terror that his fam'd forefather bore?
But why should James or his young here
stay

For slight presages of a name or day?
We need no Edward's fortune to adorn

That happy moment when our prince was
born:

Our prince adorns his day, and ages hence
Shall wish his birthday for some future
prince.

(m) Great Michael, prince of all th' ethe-
real hosts,

And whate'er inborn saints our Britain
boasts;

And thou, (n) th' adopted patron of our
isle,

With cheerful aspects on this infant smile:
The pledge of Heav'n, which, dropping
from above,

Secures our bliss, and reconciles his love. ¹⁵⁰

Enough of ills our dire rebellion wrought,
When, to the dregs, we drank the bitter
draught;

(j) Alluding to the temptations in the wilderness.

(k) Virgil, *Æneid* l.

(l) Edward the Black Prince, born on Trinity Sunday.

(m) The motto of the poem explain'd.

(n) St. George.

Then airy atoms did in plagues conspire,
Nor did th' avenging angel yet retire,
But purg'd our still encreasing crimes
with fire.

Then perjurd Plots, the still impending
Test,

And worse — but charity conceals the rest:
Here stop the current of the sanguine flood;
Require not, gracious God, thy martyrs'
blood;

But let their dying pangs, their living toil,
Spread a rich harvest thro' their native soil:
A harvest ripening for another reign,
Of which this royal babe may reap the
grain.

Enough of early saints one womb has
giv'n;

Enough encreas'd the family of heav'n:
Let them for his and our atonement go;
And reigning blest above, leave him to rule
below.

Enough already has the year foreslow'd
His wonted course, the seas have over-
flow'd,

The meads were floated with a weeping
spring,
And frighten'd birds in woods forgot to
sing;

The strong-limb'd steed beneath his harness
faints,

And the same shiv'ring sweat his lord at-
taints.

When will the minister of wrath give o'er?
Behold him, at (o) Araunah's threshing-
floor:

He stops, and seems to sheathe his flaming
brand,

Pleas'd with burnt incense from our David's
hand.

David has bought the Jebusite's abode,
And rais'd an altar to the living God.

Heav'n, to reward him, make his joys
sincere;

No future ills nor accidents appear,
To sully and pollute the sacred infant's
year!

Five months to discord and debate were
giv'n:

He sanctifies the yet remaining sev'n.
Sabbath of months! henceforth in him be
blest,

And prelude to the realm's perpetual rest!
Let his baptismal drops for us atone;

(o) Alluding to the passage in the First Book of Kings
xix, 20.

Lustrations for (p) offenses not his own.
Let Conscience, which is int'rest ill dis-
guis'd,

In the same font be cleans'd, and all the
land baptiz'd.

(q) Unnam'd as yet; at least unknown to
fame:

Is there a strife in heav'n about his name?
Where every famous predecessor vies,
And makes a faction for it in the skies?
Or must it be reserv'd to thought alone?
Such was the sacred (r) *Tetragrammaton*.
Things worthy silence must not be reveal'd:
Thus the true name of (s) Rome was kept
conceal'd,

To shun the spells and sorceries of those
Who durst her infant Majesty oppose.
But when his tender strength in time shall
rise

To dare ill tongues, and fascinating eyes;
This isle, which hides the little thund'r'er's
fame,

Shall be too narrow to contain his name:
Th' artillery of heav'n shall make him
known;

(t) Crete could not hold the god, when Jove
was grown.

As Jove's (u) increase, who from his
brain was born,

Whom arms and arts did equally adorn,
Free of the breast was bred, whose milky
taste

Minerva's name to Venus had debas'd;

So this imperial babe rejects the food
That mixes monarchs' with plebeian blood:

Food that his inborn courage might control,
Extinguish all the father in his soul,

And, for his Estian race, and Saxon strain,
Might reproduce some second Richard's
reign.

Mildness he shares from both his parents'
blood,

But kings too tame are despicably good:
Be this the mixture of this regal child,
By nature manly, but by virtue mild.

Thus far the furious transport of the
news

Had to prophetic madness fir'd the Muse;

(p) Original sin.
(q) The prince christen'd, but not nam'd.

(r) Jehovah, or the name of God, unlawful to be pro-
nounc'd by the Jews.

(s) Some authors say that the true name of Rome was
kept a secret: *Ne hostes incantamenti deus cicerent*.

(t) Candie, where Jupiter was born and bred secretly.
(u) Pallas, or Minerva, said by the poets to have been
bred up by hand.

Madness ungovernable, uninspir'd,
Swift to foretell whatever she desir'd.
Was it for me the dark abyss to tread,
And read the book which angels cannot
read ?

How was I punish'd, when the (v) sudden
blast

The face of heav'n and our young sun o'er-
cast !

Fame, the swift ill, encreasing as she roll'd,
Disease, despair, and death, at three re-
prises told: ²³¹

At three insulting strides she stalk'd the
town,

And, like contagion, struck the loyal down.
Down fell the winnow'd wheat; but,

mounted high,
The whirlwind bore the chaff, and hid the
sky.

Here black rebellion shooting from be-
low,

(As earth's (w) gigantic brood by mo-
ments grow,)

And here the sons of God are petrified
with woe:

An apoplex of grief ! so low were driv'n
The saints, as hardly to defend their heav'n.

As, when pent vapors run their hollow
round, ²⁴¹

Earthquakes, which are convulsions of the
ground,

Break bellowing forth, and no confinement
brook,

Till the third settles what the former shook;
Such heavings had our souls; till, slow and

late,
Our life with his return'd, and faith pre-
vail'd on fate:

By prayers the mighty blessing was im-
plor'd,

To pray'r's was granted, and by pray'r's re-
stor'd.

So, ere the (x) Shunammite a son con-
ceiv'd,

The prophet promis'd, and the wife be-
liev'd. ²⁵⁰

A son was sent, the son so much desir'd;
But soon upon the mother's knees expir'd.

The troubled Seer approach'd the mourn-
ful door,

Ran, pray'd, and sent his past'ral staff be-
fore,

(v) The sudden false report of the prince's death.
(w) Those giants are feign'd to have grown fifteen ell
every day.

(x) In the Second Book of Kings iv.

Then stretch'd his limbs upon the child, and
mourn'd,

Till warmth, and breath, and a new soul
return'd.

Thus Mercy stretches out her hand, and
saves

Desponding Peter sinking in the waves.

As when a sudden storm of hail and rain
Beats to the ground the yet unbearded

grain, ²⁶⁰

Think not the hopes of harvest are destroy'd
On the flat field, and on the naked void;

The light, unloaded stem, from tempest
freed,

Will raise the youthful honors of his head;
And, soon restor'd by native vigor, bear

The timely product of the bounteous year.
Nor yet conclude all fiery trials past:

For Heav'n will exercise us to the last;
Sometimes will check us in our full career,

With doubtful blessings, and with mingled
fear; ²⁷⁰

That, still depending on his daily grace,
His every mercy for an alms may pass;

With sparing hands will diet us to good,
Preventing surfeits of our pamper'd blood.

So feeds the mother bird her craving young
With little morsels, and delays 'em long.

True, this last blessing was a royal feast;
But where's the wedding garment on the

guest ?
Our manners, as religion were a dream,

Are such as teach the nations to blaspheme.
In lusts we wallow, and with pride we swell,

And injuries with injuries repel; ²⁸²

Prompt to revenge, not daring to forgive,
Our lives unteach the doctrine we believe.

Thus Israel sinn'd, impenitently hard,
And vainly thought the (y) present ark

their guard;
But when the haughty Philistines appear,

They fled, abandon'd to their foes and fear;
Their God was absent, tho' his ark was

there.
Ah ! lest our crimes should snatch this

pledge away ²⁹⁰

And make our joys the blessing of a day !
For we have sinn'd him hence, and that he

lives,
God to his promise, not our practice gives.

Our crimes would soon weigh down the
guilty scale,
But James, and Mary, and the Church pre-
vail.

(y) 1 Samuel iv, 10.

Nor (z) Amalek can rout the chosen bands,
While Hur and Aaron hold up Moses' hands.

By living well, let us secure his days,
Mod'rate in hopes, and humble in our ways.
No force the freeborn spirit can constrain,
But charity and great examples gain.³⁰¹
Forgiveness is our thanks for such a day,
'T is godlike God in his own coin to pay.

But you, propitious queen, translated
here,
From your mild heav'n, to rule our
rugged sphere,
Beyond the sunny walks, and circling
year:

You, who your native climate have bereft
Of all the virtues, and the vices left;
Whom piety and beauty make their boast,
Tho' beautiful is well in pious lost;³¹⁰
So lost, as starlight is dissolv'd away,
And melts into the brightness of the day;
Or gold about the regal diadem,
Lost to improve the luster of the gem:
What can we add to your triumphant
day?

Let the great gift the beauteous giver pay.
For, should our thanks awake the rising
sun,

And lengthen, as his latest shadows run,
That, tho' the longest day, would soon,
too soon be done.

Let angels' voices with their harps con-
spire,³²⁰
But keep th' auspicious infant from the
choir;

Late let him sing above, and let us know
No sweeter music than his cries below.

Nor can I wish to you, great monarch,
more

Than such an annual income to your store;
The day which gave this *unit* did not shine
For a less omen, than to fill the *trine*.

After a *prince*, an *admiral* beget;
The Royal Sov'reign wants an anchor yet.

Our isle has younger titles still in store,
And when th' exhausted land can yield
no more,³³¹
Your line can force them from a foreign
shore.

The name of Great your martial mind
will suit,
But justice is your darling attribute:
Of all the Greeks, 't was but (a) one hero's
due,

And in him Plutarch prophesied of you.
A prince's favors but on few can fall,
But justice is a virtue shar'd by all.

Some kings the name of conquerors have
assum'd,³³⁹
Some to be great, some to be gods presum'd;
But boundless pow'r, and arbitrary lust,
Made tyrants still abhor the name of just;
They shunn'd the praise this godlike virtue
gives,

And fear'd a title that reproach'd their lives.
The pow'r, from which all kings derive
their state,

Whom they pretend, at least, to imitate,
Is equal both to punish and reward;
For few would love their God, unless they
fear'd.

Resistless force and immortality
Make but a lame, imperfect deity;³⁵⁰
Tempests have force unbounded to destroy,
And deathless being ev'n the damn'd enjoy;
And yet Heav'n's attributes, both last and
first,

One without life, and one with life accurst;
But justice is Heav'n's self, so strictly he,
That, could it fail, the Godhead could not be.
This virtue is your own; but life and state
Are one to fortune subject, one to fate:
Equal to all, you justly frown or smile;
Nor hopes nor fears your steady hand
beguile;³⁶⁰
Yourself our balance hold, the world's,
our isle.

POEMS WRITTEN BETWEEN 1689 AND 1691

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO DON SEBASTIAN, KING OF PORTUGAL

[Dryden bestowed much labor upon this
tragedy, the first play that he wrote on his

(z) Exod. xvii, 8.

return to dramatic work after the Revolution.
Though of great literary merit, it seems from
the author's preface to have had at first only
moderate success on the stage. It was prob-
ably acted in the autumn of 1689; it was pub-
lished in January, 1690. (See reference to the
London Gazette in Scott-Saintsbury edition,

(a) Aristides. See his life in Plutarch.

xviii, 206.) The book was printed "for Jo. Hindmarsh," instead of for Tonson. The title-page bears the apt motto :

— Nec tarda senectus
Deblilit vires animi mutatque vigorem.
Vmaut, *Æneid*, ix, 610, 611.

The epilogue is closely connected with the play. The amour of Antonio, "a young, noble, amorous Portuguese," and the Mufti's daughter Morayma, who steals her father's jewel casket for her lover's sake, furnishes the secondary, comic intrigue of the drama, of which the love of Sebastian and Almeyda, "a captive queen of Barbary," later discovered to be Sebastian's sister, is the main plot. The true relation of Sebastian and Almeyda is disclosed by "an old counselor," Alvarez. The rest may be understood from hints in the epilogue itself.]

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY A WOMAN

THE judge remov'd, tho' he's no more my lord,

May plead at bar, or at the council board:
So may cast poets write; there's no pretension

To argue loss of wit, from loss of pension.
Your looks are cheerful; and in all this place
I see not one that wears a damning face.
The British nation is too brave, to show
Ignoble vengeance on a vanquish'd foe.
At least be civil to the wretch imploring,
And lay your paws upon him without roar-
ing.

Suppose our poet was your foe before,¹⁰
Yet now, the bus'ness of the field is o'er;
'Tis time to let your civil wars alone,
When troops are into winter quarters gone.
Jove was alike to Latian and to Phrygian;
And you well know, a play's of no religion.
Take good advice, and please yourselves
this day

No matter from what hands you have the play.

Among good fellows ev'ry health will pass,
That serves to carry round another glass:
When with full bowls of Burgundy you
dine,²¹

Tho' at the mighty monarch you repine,
You grant him still Most Christian in his wine.

Thus far the poet; but his brains grow addle,

And all the rest is purely from this noddle.

You've seen young ladies at the senate door

Prefer petitions, and your grace implore:
However grave the legislators were,
Their cause went ne'er the worse for being
fair.

Reasons as weak as theirs, perhaps, I bring;

But I could bribe you with as good a thing.³⁰
I heard him make advances of good nature;

That he, for once, would sheathe his cutting satire.

Sign but his peace, he vows he'll ne'er again

The sacred names of fops and beaux profane.

Strike up the bargain quickly; for I swear,
As times go now, he offers very fair.

Be not too hard on him with statutes }
neither;

Be kind; and do not set your teeth to- }
gether,

To stretch the laws, as cobblers do their }
leather.⁴⁰

Horses by Papists are not to be ridden,
But sure the Muses' horse was ne'er for-
bidden;

For in no rate-book it was ever found
That Pegasus was valued at five pound;
Fine him to daily drudging and inditing,
And let him pay his taxes out in writing.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BETWIXT ANTONIO AND MORAYMA

Mor. I quak'd at heart, for fear the royal fashion

Should have seduc'd us two to separation:

To be drawn in, against our own desire,
Poor I to be a nun, poor you a friar.

Ant. I trembled, when the old man's hand was in,

He would have prov'd we were too near of kin,

Discovering old intrigues of love, like }
t'other,

Betwixt my father and thy sinful mother, }
To make us sister Turk and Christian }
brother.

Mor. Excuse me there; that league should have been rather¹⁰

Betwixt your mother and my Mufti father;

'Tis for my own and my relations' credit,
Your friends should bear the bastard, mine
should get it.

Ant. Suppose us two Almeyda and
Sebastian

With incest prov'd upon us —

Mor. Without question

Their conscience was too queasy of diges-
tion.

Ant. Thou wouldst have kept the coun-
sel of thy brother,

And sinn'd till we repented of each other.

Mor. Beast as you are, on nature's laws
to trample!

'T were fitter that we follow'd their exam-
ple;

And, since all marriage in repentance ends,
'Tis good for us to part while we are
friends.

To save a maid's remorses and confusions,
E'en leave me now before we try con-
clusions.

Ant. To copy their example, first make
certain

Of one good hour, like theirs, before our
parting;

Make a debauch o'er night of love and
madness;

And marry, when we wake, in sober sad-
ness.

Mor. I'll follow no new sects of your
inventing;

One night might cost me nine long months'
repenting.

First wed; and, if you find that life a fetter,
Die when you please; the sooner, sir, the
better.

My wealth would get me love ere I could
ask it:

O! there's a strange temptation in the
casket.

All these young sharpers would my grace
importune,

And make me thund'ring votes of lives
and fortune.

PROLOGUE TO THE PRO- PHETESS

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON

[Dryden wrote the following prologue for a
revival of Fletcher's *Prophetess*, "with altera-
tions and additions after the manner of an
opera" (as the title-page has it) by Betterton,

and with music by Purcell (see Downes). The
date is fixed with some accuracy by the refer-
ences to King William's campaign in Ireland,
from June 4 to September 6, 1690, during
which time Queen Mary acted as regent. The
prologue gave offense by its political refer-
ences; and, as Cibber tells us in his *Apology*,
"was forbid by the Lord Dorset after the first
day of its being spoken." "It must be con-
fessed," Cibber adds, "that this prologue had
some familiar, metaphorical sneers at the Rev-
olution itself; and as the poetry of it was
good, the offense of it was less pardonable."

This prologue was not printed with *The Pro-
phetess* on its publication in 1690; it first ap-
peared in the second edition, 1708, of *The An-
nual Miscellany for the Year 1694* (the *Fourth
Miscellany*).]

WHAT *Nostradame*, with all his art, can
guess

The fate of our approaching *Prophetess*?

A play, which, like a prospective set right,
Presents our vast expenses close to sight;
But turn the tube, and there we sadly view
Our distant gains; and those uncertain too:
A sweeping tax, which on ourselves we
raise,

And all, like you, in hopes of better days.
When will our losses warn us to be wise?
Our wealth decreases, and our charges rise.
Money, the sweet allurer of our hopes, 11
Ebbs out in oceans and comes in by drops.
We raise new objects to provoke delight,
But you grow sated ere the second sight.
False men, ev'n so you serve your mis-
tresses:

They rise three stories in their tow'ring
dress;

And, after all, you love not long enough
To pay the rigging, ere you leave 'em off:
Never content with what you had before,
But true to change, and Englishmen all
o'er. 20

Now honor calls you hence, and all your
care

Is to provide the horrid pomp of war.
In plume and scarf, jack boots, and Bilbo
blade,

Your silver goes, that should support our
trade.

Go, unkind heroes, leave our stage to
mourn,

Till rich from vanquish'd rebels you re-
turn;

And the fat spoils of Teague in triumph
draw,

His firkin butter, and his usquebaugh.
Go, conquerors of your male and female
foes;
Men without hearts, and women without
hose.
Each bring his love a Bogland captive
home;
Such proper pages will long trains become;
With copper collars, and with brawny
backs,
Quite to put down the fashion of our
blacks.
Then shall the pious Muses pay their vows,
And furnish all their laurels for your
brows;
Their tuneful voice shall rise for your de-
lights;
We want not poets fit to sing your flights.
But you, bright beauties, for whose only
sake
These doughty knights such dangers under-
take,
When they with happy gales are gone }
away,
With your propitious presence grace our
play,
And with a sigh their empty seats sur-
vey:
Then think: "On that bare bench my ser-
vant sate;
I see him ogle still, and hear him chat,
Selling facetious bargains, and propounding
That witty recreation, call'd dumfounding."
Their loss with patience we will try to
bear;
And would do more, to see you often here!
That our dead stage, reviv'd by your fair
eyes,
Under a female registry may rise.

PROLOGUE, EPILOGUE, AND
SONGS FROM AMPHITRYON

OR, THE TWO SOSIAS

[Dryden based his *Amphitryon* on the comedy of the same name by Molière, but borrowed some traits from Plautus and added important features of his own invention. (See Philipp Ott: *Über das Verhältnis des Lustspiel-Dichters Dryden zu . . . Molière*. Landshut, 1888.) The play was probably acted in the spring of 1690; it was published in October of that year. (See reference to the *London Gazette* in Scott-Saintsbury edition, xviii, 296.)]

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MRS. BRACEGIRDLE

THE lab'ring bee, when his sharp sting is
gone,
Forgets his golden work, and turns a
drone:
Such is a satire, when you take away
That rage in which his noble vigor lay.
What gain you by not suffering him to
tease ye?
He neither can offend you, now, nor please
ye.
The honey-bag and venom lay so near,
That both together you resolv'd to tear;
And lost your pleasure, to secure your
fear.
How can he show his manhood, if you bind
him
To box, like boys, with one hand tied be-
hind him?
This is plain leveling of wit, in which
The poor has all th' advantage, not the
rich.
The blockhead stands excus'd for wanting
sense,
And wits turn blockheads in their own de-
fense.
Yet, tho' the stage's traffic is undone,
Still Julian's interloping trade goes on:
Tho' satire on the theater you smother,
Yet, in lampoons, you libel one another.
The first produces still a second jig;
You whip 'em out, like schoolboys, till
they gig,
And with the same success, we readers
guess,
For every one still dwindles to a less;
And much good malice is so meanly dress'd,
That we would laugh, but cannot find the
jest.
If no advice your rhyming rage can stay,
Let not the ladies suffer in the fray:
Their tender sex is privileg'd from war;
'T is not like knights, to draw upon the fair.
What fame expect you from so mean a
prize?
We wear no murd'ring weapons but our
eyes.
Our sex, you know, was after yours de-
sign'd;
The last perfection of the Maker's mind:
Heav'n drew out all the gold for us, and
left your dross behind.

Beauty for valor's best reward he chose;
 Peace, after war; and after toil, repose.
 Hence, ye profane, excluded from our
 sights;
 And, charm'd by day with honor's vain
 delights,
 Go, make your best of solitary nights.
 Recant betimes, 't is prudence to submit; 40
 Our sex is still your overmatch in wit:
 We never fail with new, successful arts,
 To make fine fools of you, and all your
 parts.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY PHÆDRA, MRS. MOUNTFORT

I 'm thinking (and it almost makes me mad)
 How sweet a time those heathen ladies had.
 Idolatry was ev'n their gods' own trade;
 They worship'd the fine creatures they had
 made.

Cupid was chief of all the deities,
 And love was all the fashion in the skies.
 When the sweet nymph held up the lily
 hand,

Jove was her humble servant at command.
 The treasury of heav'n was ne'er so bare,
 But still there was a pension for the fair. 10
 In all his reign adultery was no sin,
 For Jove the good example did begin.
 Mark, too, when he usurp'd the husband's
 name,

How civilly he sav'd the lady's fame.
 The secret joys of love he wisely hid;
 But you, sirs, boast of more than e'er you
 did.

You tease your cuckolds; to their face tor-
 ment 'em:

But Jove gave his new honors to content 'em;
 And, in the kind remembrance of the fair,
 On each exalted son bestow'd a star. 20
 For those good deeds, as by the date ap-
 pears,

His godship flourish'd full two thousand
 years.

At last, when he and all his priests grew
 old,

The ladies grew in their devotion cold,
 And that false worship would no longer
 hold.

Severity of life did next begin,
 (And always does, when we no more can sin.)
 That doctrine, too, so hard in practice lies,

That the next age may see another rise. 29
 Then pagan gods may once again succeed,
 And Jove or Mars be ready, at our need,
 To get young godlings, and so mend our
 breed.

SONGS

I

SONG

I

CELIA, that I once was blest,
 Is now the torment of my breast,
 Since, to curse me, you bereave me
 Of the pleasures I possess'd:
 Cruel creature, to deceive me!
 First to love, and then to leave me!

II

Had you the bliss refus'd to grant,
 Then I had never known the want;
 But possessing once the blessing
 Is the cause of my complaint: 10
 Once possessing is but tasting;
 'T is no bliss that is not lasting.

III

Celia now is mine no more;
 But I am hers, and must adore,
 Nor to leave her will endeavor:
 Charms that captiv'd me before
 No unkindness can dis sever;
 Love that's true, is love forever.

II

MERCURY'S SONG TO PHÆDRA

I

FAIR Iris I love, and hourly I die,
 But not for a lip, nor a languishing eye:
 She's fickle and false, and there we agree,
 For I am as false and as fickle as she.
 We neither believe what either can say;
 And, neither believing, we neither betray.

II

'T is civil to swear, and say things of course;
 We mean not the taking for better for worse.
 When present, we love; when absent, agree:
 I think not of Iris, nor Iris of me. 10
 The legend of love no couple can find,
 So easy to part, or so equally join'd.

III

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE BETWEEN THYRSIS
AND IRIS

I

Thyrsis. FAIR Iris and her swain
Were in a shady bow'r;
Where Thyrsis long in vain
Had sought the shepherd's hour:
At length his hand advancing upon
her snowy breast,
He said: "O kiss me longer,
And longer yet and longer,
If you will make me blest."

II

Iris. An easy yielding maid
By trusting is undone; 10
Our sex is oft betray'd
By granting love too soon.
If you desire to gain me, your
suff'rings to redress,
Prepare to love me longer,
And longer yet, and longer,
Before you shall possess.

III

Thyrsis. The little care you show
Of all my sorrows past
Makes death appear too slow
And life too long to last. 20
Fair Iris, kiss me kindly, in pity
of my fate;
And kindly still, and kindly,
Before it be too late.

IV

Iris. You fondly court your bliss,
And no advances make;
'T is not for maids to kiss,
But 't is for men to take.
So you may kiss me kindly, and I
will not rebel;
And kindly still, and kindly,
But kiss me not and tell. 30

V

A RONDEAU

Chorus. Thus at the height we love and
live,
And fear not to be poor:
We give, and give, and give, and
give,
Till we can give no more;

But what to-day will take away,
To-morrow will restore.
Thus at the height we love and live,
And fear not to be poor.

PROLOGUE TO THE MISTAKES

OR, THE FALSE REPORT

[This play, a tragedy-comedy by Joseph Harris, a comic actor of no great note, was probably acted in 1690; it was published early in 1691, being entered in the *Term Catalogue* for Hilary Term (February). According to Giles Jacob, in *The Poetical Register, or The Lives and Characters of all the English Poets*, 1723, this play was "originally composed by another person; but being put into his [Harris's] hands, he, by altering, spoiled it."]

Enter MR. BRIGHT

GENTLEMEN, we must beg your pardon; here's no prologue to be had to-day; our new play is like to come on without a frontispiece, as bald as one of you young beaux without your periwig. I left our young poet sniveling and sobbing behind the scenes, and cursing somebody that has deceiv'd him.

Enter MR. BOWEN

Hold your prating to the audience: here's honest Mr. Williams, just come in, half mellow, from the Rose Tavern. He swears he is inspir'd with claret, and will come on, and that *extempore* too, either with a prologue of his own or something like one. O here he comes to his trial, at all adventures; for my part I wish him a good deliverance.

[*Exeunt Mr. Bright and Mr. Bowen.*]

Enter MR. WILLIAMS

Save ye, sirs, save ye! I am in a
hopeful way,
I should speak something, in rhyme,
now, for the play:
But the deuce take me, if I know what
to say.
I'll stick to my friend the author, that I
can tell ye,
To the last drop of claret in my belly.
So far I'm sure 't is rhyme—that needs
no granting:

And, if my verses' feet stumble — you see
 my own are wanting.
 Our young poet has brought a piece of }
 work,
 In which, tho' much of art there does }
 not lurk,
 It may hold out three days — and that's }
 as long as Cork.¹⁰
 But, for this play — (which till I have
 done, we show not)
 What may be its fortune — by the Lord —
 I know not.
 This I dare swear, no malice here is writ:
 'Tis innocent of all things; ev'n of wit.
 He's no high-flyer; he makes no sky-
 rockets,
 His squibs are only level'd at your pock-
 ets.
 And if his crackers light among your
 pelf,
 You are blown up; if not, then he's blown
 up himself.
 By this time, I'm something recover'd of
 my fluster'd madness:
 And now a word or two in sober sad-
 ness.²⁰
 Ours is a common play; and you pay
 down
 A common harlot's price — just half a
 crown.
 You'll say, I play the pimp on my
 friend's score;
 But since 'tis for a friend, your gibes
 give o'er:
 For many a mother has done that be-
 fore.
 How's this, you cry? an actor write? —
 we know it;
 But Shakespeare was an actor and a poet.
 Has not great Jonson's learning often
 fail'd?
 But Shakespeare's greater genius still pre-
 vail'd.
 Have not some writing actors, in this
 age,³⁰
 Deserv'd and found success upon the stage?
 To tell the truth, when our old wits are
 tir'd,
 Not one of us but means to be inspir'd.
 Let your kind presence grace our homely
 cheer;
 'Peace and the butt' is all our bus'ness
 here:
 So much for that — and the Devil take
 small beer.

PROLOGUE, EPILOGUE, AND SONGS FROM KING ARTHUR

OR, THE BRITISH WORTHY

[This opera Dryden originally designed as a sequel to *Albion and Albanus*. He had nearly completed it before the death of Charles II in February, 1685. The opera was finally acted, with many alterations from the original plan, in 1690 or 1691, and published in the latter year. Some copies of the first edition lack the prologue and the epilogue.]

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON

SURE there's a dearth of wit in this dull
 town,
 When silly plays so savorly go down;
 As, when clipp'd money passes, 't is a sign
 A nation is not over-stock'd with coin.
 Happy is he who, in his own defense,
 Can write just level to your humble sense;
 Who higher than your pitch can never
 go;
 And, doubtless, he must creep, who writes
 below.
 So have I seen, in hall of knight, or lord,
 A weak arm throw on a long shovel-board;
 He barely lays his piece, bar rubs and
 knocks,¹¹
 Secur'd by weakness not to reach the box.
 A feeble poet will his bus'ness do,
 Who, straining all he can, comes up to
 you;
 For, if you like yourselves, you like him
 too.
 An ape his own dear image will embrace;
 An ugly beau adores a hatchet face:
 So, some of you, on pure instinct of na-
 ture,
 Are led, by kind, t' admire your fellow
 creature.
 In fear of which, our house has sent this
 day,²⁰
 T' insure our new-built vessel, call'd a play;
 No sooner nam'd, than one cries out:
 "These stagers
 Come in good time, to make more work for
 wagers."
 The town divides, if it will take or no;
 The courtiers bet, the cits, the merchants
 too;
 A sign they have but little else to do.

Bets, at the first, were fool-traps; where
 the wise,
 Like spiders, lay in ambush for the flies:
 But now they're grown a common trade
 for all,
 And actions by the news-book rise and
 fall;
 Wits, cheats, and fops, are free of wager-
 hall.
 One policy as far as Lyons carries;
 Another, nearer home, sets up for Paris.
 Our bets, at last, would ev'n to Rome ex-
 tend,
 But that the Pope has prov'd our trusty
 friend.

Indeed, it were a bargain worth our money,
 Could we insure another Ottobuoni.
 Among the rest there are a sharpening set,
 That pray for us, and yet against us bet.
 Sure Heav'n itself is at a loss to know
 If these would have their pray'rs be heard,
 or no:

For in great stakes, we piously suppose,
 Men pray but very faintly they may lose.
 Leave off these wagers; for, in conscience
 speaking,

The city needs not your new tricks for
 breaking:

And if you gallants lose, to all appearing,
 You'll want an equipage for volunteering;
 While thus, no spark of honor left within
 ye,

When you should draw the sword, you
 draw the guinea.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY MRS. BRACEGIRDLE

I've had to-day a dozen *billets-doux*
 From fops, and wits, and cits, and Bow
 Street *beaux*;

Some from Whitehall, but from the Tem-
 ple more:

A Covent Garden porter brought me four.
 I have not yet read all; but, without feigning,
 We maids can make shrewd guesses at
 your meaning.

What if, to shew your styles, I read 'em
 here?

Methinks I hear one cry: "O Lord, for-
 bear!"

No, madam, no; by Heav'n, that's too
 severe."

Well then, be safe —

10

But swear henceforwards to renounce all
 writing,
 And take this solemn oath of my in-
 diting;
 As you love ease, and hate campaigns and
 fighting.
 Yet, faith, 't is just to make some few ex-
 amples:
 What if I shew'd you one or two for
 samples?
 (*Pulls one out.*) Here's one desires my
 ladyship to meet
 At the kind couch above in Bridges Street.
 O sharpening knave! that would have you
 know what,
 For a poor sneaking treat of chocolate.

(*Pulls out another.*) Now, in the name of
 luck, I'll break this open,
 Because I dreamt last night I had a token:
 The superscription is exceeding pretty:
To the desire of all the town and city.

Now, gallants, you must know, this pre-
 cious fop

Is foreman of a haberdasher's shop:
 One who devoutly cheats, demure in carriage,
 And courts me to the holy bands of mar-
 riage;

But with a civil innuendo too,
 My overplus of love shall be for you.
 (*Reads.*) "Madam, I swear your looks are
 so divine,

When I set up, your face shall be my sign:
 Tho' times are hard, to shew how I adore you,
 Here's my whole heart, and half a guinea
 for you.

But have a care of *beaux*; they're false,
 my honey;
 And, which is worse, have not one rag of
 money."

See how maliciously the rogue would
 wrong ye!

But I know better things of some among ye.
 My wisest way will be to keep the stage,
 And trust to the good nature of the age;
 And he that likes the music and the play
 Shall be my favorite gallant to-day.

SONGS

I

SONG OF TRIUMPH OF THE BRITONS

"COME if you dare," our *rumpets* sound;
 "Come if you dare," the foes rebound:

"We come, we come, we come, we come,"
Says the double, double, double beat of the
thund'ring drum.

Now they charge on amain,
Now they rally again:
The gods from above the mad labor be-
hold,
And pity mankind that will perish for
gold.

The fainting Saxons quit their ground;
Their trumpets languish in the sound; 10
They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly:
"Victoria, Victoria!" the bold Britons cry.

Now the victory's won,
To the plunder we run:
We return to our lasses like fortunate
traders,
Triumphant with spoils of the vanquish'd
invaders.

II

SONG

Man sings. O SIGHT, the mother of de-
sires,
What charming objects dost thou yield!
'Tis sweet, when tedious night ex-
pires,
To see the rosy morning gild
The mountain-tops, and paint the field!
But when Clorinda comes in sight,
She makes the summer's day more bright;
And when she goes away, 'tis night.
Chorus. When fair Clorinda comes in
sight, &c.

Woman sings. 'Tis sweet the blushing
morn to view; 10
And plains adorn'd with pearly dew;
But such cheap delights to see,
Heaven and nature
Give each creature;
They have eyes, as well as we;
This is the joy, all joys above,
To see, to see,
That only she,
That only she we love! 19
Chorus. This is the joy, all joys above, &c.

Man sings. And, if we may discover,
What charms both nymph and lover,
'Tis when the fair at mercy lies,

With kind and amorous anguish,
To sigh, to look, to languish,
On each other's eyes.

Chorus of all
men and wo- } And, if we may discover, &c.
men.

III

SONG

I

How happy the lover,
How easy his chain,
How pleasing his pain,
How sweet to discover,
He sighs not in vain!
For love every creature
Is form'd by his nature;
No joys are above
The pleasures of love.

II

In vain are our graces, 10
In vain are your eyes,
If love you despise;
When age furrows faces,
'Tis time to be wise.
Then use the short blessing
That flies in possessing:
No joys are above
The pleasures of love.

IV

HARVEST SONG

Comus. Your hay it is mow'd, and your
corn is reap'd;
Your barns will be full, and your hovels
heap'd:
Come, my boys, come;
Come, my boys, come;
And merrily roar out harvest-home;
Harvest-home,
Harvest-home;
And merrily roar out harvest-home.
Chorus. Come, my boys, come, &c.

First Man. We ha' cheated the parson,
we'll cheat him again, 10
For why should a blockhead ha' one in ten?
One in ten,
One in ten;
For why should a blockhead ha' one in ten?
Chorus. One in ten,
One in ten;
For why should a blockhead ha' one in ten?

Second Man. For prating so long like a
book-learn'd sot,
Till pudding and dumplin burn to pot;
Burn to pot, 20
Burn to pot;
Till pudding and dumplin burn to pot.
Chorus. Burn to pot, &c.

Third Man. We'll toss off our ale till we
canno' stand,
And hoigh for the honor of old England;
Old England,
Old England;
And hoigh for the honor of old Eng-
land.
Chorus. Old England, &c.

V

SONG SUNG BY VENUS IN HONOR OF
BRITANNIA

I

FAIREST isle, all isles excell'g,
Seat of pleasures and of loves;
Venus here will choose her dwelling,
And forsake her Cyprian groves.

II

Cupid from his fav'rite nation
Care and envy will remove;
Jealousy, that poisons passion,
And despair, that dies for love.

III

Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining,
Sighs that blow the fire of love; 10
Soft repulses, kind disdain'g,
Shall be all the pains you prove.

IV

Every swain shall pay his duty,
Grateful every nymph shall prove;
And as these excel in beauty,
Those shall be renown'd for love.

VI

SONG

I

She. You say 't is love creates the pain
Of which so sadly you complain,
And yet would fain engage my heart
In that uneasy cruel part:

But how, alas, think you that I
Can bear the wound of which you die ?

II

He. 'T is not my passion makes my care,
But your indiff'rence gives despair;
The lusty sun begets no spring,
Till gentle show'rs assistance bring: 10
So love that scorches and destroys,
Till kindness aids, can cause no joys.

III

She. Love has a thousand ways to please,
But more to rob us of our ease:
For wakeful nights and careful days
Some hours of pleasure he repays;
But absence soon, or jealous fears,
O'erflow the joys with floods of tears.

IV

He. By vain and senseless forms betray'd,
Harmless love's th' offender made, 20
While we no other pains endure,
Than those that we ourselves procure:
But one soft moment makes amends
For all the torment that attends.

V

Chorus of Both. Let us love, let us love,
and to happiness haste;
Age and wisdom come too fast:
Youth for loving was design'd.
He alone. I'll be constant, you be kind.
She alone. You be constant, I'll be kind.
Both. Heav'n can give no greater blessing
Than faithful love, and kind possessing. 31

AN EPITAPH ON THE LADY
WHITMORE

[These lines were written in honor of Frances, fourth daughter of Sir William Brooke (*alias* Cobham) and sister of the second wife of Sir John Denham, the poet. The lady married, first (before May, 1665), Sir Thomas Whitmore of Bridgenorth and Buddwas, who died in 1682; and, second, Matthew Harvey, Esq., of Twickenham, who died in 1693: she herself died in 1690. (See G. E. C.: *Complete Peerage of England*, etc., ii, 320, 321.) The Reverend Henry P. Prosser, vicar of Twickenham, writes to the present editor as follows:

"There is in the lobby of our church a massive monument, a pedestal with an urn upon it. On one side of the base it is thus inscribed,

Here lyeth ye Body of Matthew Harvie Esq^r, he dyed ye 14th of Janu^r, 1693. On the opposite side to this inscription are Dryden's lines to Lady Whitmore, whose name does not occur on the monument at all."

Dryden's verses were first printed in *Examen Poeticum*, 1693. The text is essentially the same as that on the monument.]

FAIR, kind, and true, a treasure each alone;
A wife, a mistress, and a friend in one;
Rest in this tomb, rais'd at thy husband's
cost,

Here sadly summing what he had, and lost.

Come, virgins, ere in equal bands you
join,

Come first, and offer at her sacred shrine;
Pray but for half the virtues of this wife,
Compound for all the rest with longer life;
And wish your vows like hers may be re-
turn'd,

So lov'd when living, and when dead so
mourn'd.

EPITAPH ON THE POET'S NEPHEW, ERASMUS LAWTON

[On a mural tablet in the church of Great Catworth, Huntingdonshire, there is the following inscription. The date of the verses contained in it cannot be determined: they are placed here for convenience.]

Near this Place
Was interred Dr John Lawton and
Mrs Rose Driden, his 2^d wife.
He was a Pious man and learned, both in Divinity: and
In Musick and diligently improved Both Studies to
[Glory of God
And to the good of His Neighbour.
She was daughter of Erasmus Driden: Son of St Erasmus
Driden of Canons Ashby in Northampton^{sh}ir and Mr
[Mary Pickering
His wife by whom He had 14 children, the Eldest was
John Dryden Esq^r the Laureat of his time who
Married the Lady Elizabeth Howard Daughter to Henry
[Earl of Berkshire
By whom she [sic] had 3 sons, Charles, John & Erasmus
[who all died fine young Gentlemen
The 2^d Brother to Mr Lawton is the present St Eras-
[mus Dryden of Canons Ashby
By lineal descent an ancient Baronet.
She was very beautifull and Pleasant in Her Youth
[always Good &
Charitable almost beyond her power, in which she
[followed the rare Example
of her Exelent Mother. Mr Lawton lived in this
[Town near 40 years
And died Lamented Decem 26. 1710. in the 77 Years
[of her age
Having first buried her only child Erasmus Lawton
on whom her Brother wrote these Lines
Stay Stranger Stay and drop one Tear
She always weeps that layd him Here

And will do, till her race is Run
His Father's fifth, her only Son.

This was placed here by a Relation of Hers
Whos friendship reaches beyond the grave.

THE LADY'S SONG

[This song is printed, with title, *The Lady's Song*, by Mr. Dryden, in *Poetical Miscellanies*, the Fifth Part, 1704, from which the present text is taken. It also appears, with the heading, *The Beautiful Lady of the May*, written by Mr. Dryden in the year 1691, in a volume of *Miscellaneous Works*, written by his Grace, George, late Duke of Buckingham . . . the second edition . . . printed for S. Briscoe, 1704, to which is added a collection of *State Poems* . . . by several Hands. The song obviously refers to the banishment of James II and his queen.]

I

A CHOIR of bright beauties in spring did
appear,
To choose a May-lady to govern the year;
All the nymphs were in white, and the
shepherds in green;
The garland was giv'n, and Phyllis was queen:
But Phyllis refus'd it, and sighing did say:
"I'll not wear a garland while Pan is
away."

II

While Pan and fair Syrinx are fled from
our shore,
The Graces are banish'd, and Love is no
more:
The soft god of pleasure, that warm'd our
desires,
Has broken his bow, and extinguish'd his
fires;
And vows that himself and his mother will
mourn,
Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

III

Forbear your addresses, and court us no
more,
For we will perform what the deity swore;
But if you dare think of deserving our
charms,
Away with your sheephooks, and take to
your arms:
Then laurels and myrtles your brows shall
adorn,
When Pan, and his son, and fair Syrinx
return.

EPITAPH ON JOHN GRAHAM
OF CLAVERHOUSE, VISCOUNT
DUNDEE

[John Graham of Claverhouse, created Viscount Dundee in 1688, perhaps the most famous of the Scotch Jacobite leaders, was killed at the battle of Killiecrankie, July 17, 1689. In his honor Dr. Archibald Pitcairne, a noted physician and Latin poet, composed the following epitaph, which is printed, together with the free translation by Dryden given below, in *Poems on Affairs of State*, vol. iii, 1704.]

Ultima Sceptorum, potuit quo sospite solo
Libertas patriæ salva fuisse tunc;
Te moriente novos accepit Scotia cives,
Accipitque novos te moriente deos.
Illa nequit superesse tibi, tu non potes illi,
Ergo Calidonia nomen inane vale;
Tuque vale nostra gentis fortissimi ductor,
Optime Sceptorum atque ultime Græhæ vale.

Dryden's lines are also printed, in an inferior text, under the title, *Upon the Death of the Earl of Dundee*, in *Poetical Miscellanies, the Fifth Part*, 1704. The date of composition is unknown. It seems appropriate to print this Jacobite epitaph immediately after *The Lady's Song*.]

O LAST and best of Scots ! who didst maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign;
New people fill the land now thou art gone,
New gods the temples, and new kings the throne.
Scotland and thou did each in other live;
Thou wouldst not her, nor could she thee survive.
Farewell, who living didst support the State,
And couldst not fall but with thy country's fate.

ELEONORA

A PANEGYRICAL POEM DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE
COUNTESS OF ABINGDON

—*Superas evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est. Pauci, quos æquus amavit
Juppiter, aut ardens crevit ad æthera virtus,
Dis genitri potuere.*

VIRGIL, *Æneid*, vi, 128-131.

[The following poem was written in memory of Eleonora, Countess of Abingdon, who died on May 31, 1691. Dryden, as he tells us in his dedication, was requested by the Earl of Abingdon, with whom he was not personally acquainted, to write an elegy upon his deceased wife, whom the poet had never seen. *Eleonora* was first published in March, 1692 (see reference to the *London Gazette* in Scott-Saintsbury edition, xviii, 296), and was not reprinted until it was included in the folio *Poems and Translations*, 1701.]

TO THE
RIGHT HONORABLE
THE
EARL OF ABINGDON, &c.

MY LORD,
THE commands with which you honor'd me some months ago are now perform'd: they had been sooner; but betwixt ill health, some business, and many troubles, I was forc'd to defer them till this time. Ovid, going to his banishment, and writing from on shipboard to his friends, excus'd the faults of his poetry by his misfortunes; and told them that good verses never flow but from a serene and compos'd spirit. Wit, which is a kind of Mercury, with

wings fasten'd to his head and heels, can fly but slowly in a damp air. I therefore chose rather to obey you late than ill: if at least I am capable of writing anything, at any time, which is worthy your perusal and your patronage. I cannot say that I have escap'd from a shipwreck; but have only gain'd a rock by hard swimming, where I may pant a while and gather breath; for the doctors give me a sad assurance, that my disease never took its leave of any man, but with a purpose to return. However, my Lord, I have laid hold on the interval, and menag'd the small stock which age has left me, to the best advantage, in performing this inconsiderable service to my Lady's memory. We, who are priests of Apollo, have not the inspiration when we please; but must

wait till the god comes rushing on us, and invades us with a fury which we are not able to resist: which gives us double strength while the fit continues, and leaves us languishing and spent, at its departure. Let me not seem to boast, my Lord, for I have really felt it on this occasion, and prophesied beyond my natural power. Let me add, and hope to be believ'd, that the excellency of the subject contributed much to the happiness of the execution; and that the weight of thirty years was taken off me, while I was writing. I swam with the tide, and the water under me was buoyant. The reader will easily observe, that I was transported by the multitude and variety of my similitudes; which are generally the product of a luxuriant fancy, and the wantonness of wit. Had I call'd in my judgment to my assistance, I had certainly retrench'd many of them. But I defend them not; let them pass for beautiful faults amongst the better sort of critics: for the whole poem, tho' written in that which they call heroic verse, is of the Pindaric nature, as well in the thought as the expression; and, as such, requires the same grains of allowance for it. It was intended, as your Lordship sees in the title, not for an elegy, but a panegyric: a kind of apotheosis, indeed, if a heathen word may be applied to a Christian use. And on all occasions of praise, if we take the ancients for our patterns, we are bound by prescription to employ the magnificence of words, and the force of figures, to adorn the sublimity of thoughts. Isocrates amongst the Grecian orators, and Cicero, and the younger Pliny, amongst the Romans, have left us their precedents for our security: for I think I need not mention the inimitable Pindar, who stretches on these pinions out of sight, and is carried upward, as it were, into another world.

This, at least, my Lord, I may justly plead, that, if I have not perform'd so well as I think I have, yet I have us'd my best endeavors to excel myself. One disadvantage I have had; which is, never to have known or seen my Lady; and to draw the lineaments of her mind, from the description which I have receiv'd from others, is for a painter to set himself at work without the living original before him: which, the more beautiful it is, will be so much the more difficult for him to conceive, when he has only a relation given him of such and such features by an acquaintance or a friend, without the nice touches which give the best resemblance and make the graces of the picture. Every artist is apt enough to flatter himself (and I amongst the rest) that their own ocular observations would have discover'd more perfections, at least others, than have been deliver'd to them: tho' I have receiv'd mine from

the best hands, that is, from persons who neither want a just understanding of my Lady's worth nor a due veneration for her memory.

Doctor Donne, the greatest wit, tho' not the greatest poet of our nation, acknowledges, that he had never seen Mrs. Drury, whom he has made immortal in his admirable *Anniversaries*. I have had the same fortune, tho' I have not succeeded to the same genius. However, I have follow'd his footsteps in the design of his panegyric; which was to raise an emulation in the living, to copy out the example of the dead. And therefore it was, that I once intended to have call'd this poem *The Pattern*: and tho', on a second consideration, I chang'd the title into the name of that illustrious person, yet the design continues, and *Eleanora* is still the pattern of charity, devotion, and humility; of the best wife, the best mother, and the best of friends.

And now, my Lord, tho' I have endeavor'd to answer your commands, yet I could not answer it to the world, nor to my conscience, if I gave not your Lordship my testimony of being the best husband now living: I say my testimony only; for the praise of it is given you by yourself. They who despise the rules of virtue both in their practice and their morals, will think this a very trivial commendation. But I think it the peculiar happiness of the Countess of Abington, to have been so truly lov'd by you, while she was living, and so gratefully honor'd after she was dead. Few there are who have either had, or could have, such a loss; and yet fewer who carried their love and constancy beyond the grave. The exteriors of mourning, a decent funeral, and black habits, are the usual stints of common husbands; and perhaps their wives deserve no better than to be mourn'd with hypocrisy, and forgot with ease. But you have distinguish'd yourself from ordinary lovers, by a real and lasting grief for the deceas'd; and by endeavoring to raise for her the most durable monument, which is that of verse. And so it would have prov'd, if the workman had been equal to the work, and your choice of the artificer as happy as your design. Yet as Phidias, when he had made the statue of Minerva, could not forbear to engrave his own name, as author of the piece: so give me leave to hope that, by subscribing mine to this poem, I may live by the goddess, and transmit my name to posterity by the memory of hers. 'Tis no flattery to assure your Lordship that she is remember'd, in the present age, by all who have had the honor of her conversation and acquaintance; and that I have never been in any company since the news of her death was first brought me, where they have not extoll'd her virtues, and even spoken the same things of her in prose, which I have done in verse.

I therefore think myself oblig'd to thank your Lordship for the commission which you have given me: how I have acquitted myself of it, must be left to the opinion of the world, in spite of any protestation which I can enter against the present age, as incompetent or corrupt judges. For my comfort, they are but Englishmen, and, as such, if they think ill of me to-day, they are inconstant enough to think well of me to-morrow. And, after all, I have not much to thank my fortune that I was born amongst them. The good of both sexes are so few, in England, that they stand like exceptions against general rules: and tho' one of them has deserv'd a greater commendation than I could give her, they have taken care that I should not tire my pen with frequent exercise on the like subjects; that praises, like taxes, should be appropriated, and left almost as individual as the person. They say, my talent is satire: if it be so, 'tis a fruitful age, and there is an extraordinary crop to gather. But a single hand is insufficient for such a harvest: they have sown the dragon's teeth themselves, and 't is but just they should reap each other in lampoons. You, my Lord, who have the character of honor, tho' 't is not my happiness to know you, may stand aside, with the small remainders of the English nobility, truly such, and, unhurt yourselves, behold the mad combat. If I have pleas'd you, and some few others, I have obtain'd my end. You see I have disabled myself, like an elected Speaker of the House; yet like him I have undertaken the charge, and find the burden sufficiently recompens'd by the honor. Be pleas'd to accept of these my unworthy labors, this paper monument; and let her pious memory, which I am sure is sacred to you, not only plead the pardon of my many faults, but gain me your protection, which is ambitiously sought by,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's
Most Obedient Servant,
JOHN DRYDEN.

ELEONORA

As, when some great and gracious monarch dies,
Soft whispers, first, and mourn-^{The introduc-}
ful murmurs rise tion.
Among the sad attendants; then the sound
Soon gathers voice, and spreads the news
around
Thro' town and country, till the dreadful
blast
Is blown to distant colonies at last;

Who, then, perhaps, were offering vows in vain,

For his long life, and for his happy reign:
So slowly, by degrees, unwilling fame
Did matchless Eleonora's fate proclaim,¹⁰
Till public as the loss the news became. }

The nation felt it in th' extremest parts,
With eyes o'erflowing, and with bleeding
hearts;

But most the poor, whom daily Of her charity.
she supplied,

Beginning to be such, but when she died.
For, while she liv'd, they slept in peace by
night,

Secure of bread, as of returning light;
And with such firm dependence on the day,
That need grew pamp'rd, and forgot to
pray:

So sure the dole, so ready at their call, ²⁰
They stood prepar'd to see the mamma fall.

Such multitudes she fed, she cloth'd, she
nurs'd,

That she herself might fear her wanting
first.

Of her five talents, other five she made;
Heav'n, that had largely giv'n, was largely
paid:

And in few lives, in wondrous few, we find
A fortune better fitted to the mind.

Nor did her alms from ostentation fall,
Or proud desire of praise; the soul gave
all:

Unbrib'd it gave; or, if a bribe appear, ³⁰
No less than heav'n, to heap huge treas-
ures there.

Want pass'd for merit at her open door:
Heav'n saw, he safely might increase his
poor,

And trust their sustenance with her so
well,

As not to be at charge of miracle.
None could be needy, whom she saw, or
knew;

All in the compass of her sphere she drew:
He, who could touch her garment, was as
sure,

As the first Christians of th' apostles' cure.
The distant heard, by fame, her pious
deeds, ⁴⁰

And laid her up for their extremest needs;
A future cordial for a fainting mind;
For, what was ne'er refus'd, all hop'd to
find,

Each in his turn: the rich might freely
come,

As to a friend; but to the poor, 't was home.
As to some holy house th' afflicted came,
The hunger-starv'd, the naked and the
lame;

Want and diseases fled before her name.
For zeal like hers her servants were too
slow;

She was the first, where need requir'd,
to go;

Herself the foundress and attendant too.

Sure she had guests sometimes to entertain,

Guests in disguise, of her great Master's
train.

Her Lord himself might come, for aught
we know,

Since in a servant's form he liv'd below:
Beneath her roof he might be pleas'd to
stay;

Or some benighted angel, in his way,
Might ease his wings, and, seeing heav'n
appear

In its best work of mercy, think it there,
Where all the deeds of charity and love
Were in as constant method, as above,
All carried on; all of a piece with theirs;
As free her alms, as diligent her cares;
As loud her praises, and as warm her
pray'rs.

Yet was she not profuse; but fear'd to
waste,

And wisely manag'd, that the ^{Of her prudent}
stock might last; management.

That all might be supplied, and she not
grieve,

When crowds appear'd, she had not to re-
lieve:

Which to prevent, she still increas'd her
store;

Laid up, and spar'd, that she might give
the more.

So Pharaoh, or some greater king than he,
Provided for the sev'nth necessity;
Taught from above his magazines to frame,
That famine was prevented ere it came.
Thus Heav'n, tho' all-sufficient, shows a
thrift

In his economy, and bounds his gift:
Creating, for our day, one single light;
And his reflection too supplies the night.
Perhaps a thousand other worlds, that lie
Remote from us, and latent in the sky,
Are lighten'd by his beams, and kindly
nurs'd;

Of which our earthly dunghill is the worst.

Now, as all virtues keep the middle line,
Yet somewhat more to one extreme incline,
Such was her soul; abhorring avarice,
Bounteous, but almost bounteous to a vice:
Had she giv'n more, it had profusion been,
And turn'd th' excess of goodness into sin.

These virtues rais'd her fabric to the
sky;

For that, which is next heav'n, ^{Of her}
is charity. humility.

But, as high turrets, for their airy steep, ^{or}
Require foundations, in proportion deep;
And lofty cedars as far upward shoot,
As to the nether heav'ns they drive the
root:

So low did her secure foundation lie,
She was not humble, but Humility.

Scarcely she knew that she was great, or
fair,

Or wise, beyond what other women are,
Or, which is better, knew, but never durst
compare.

For to be conscious of what all admire, ¹⁰⁰
And not be vain, advances virtue high'r.

But still she found, or rather thought she
found,

Her own worth wanting, others' to abound;
Ascrib'd above their due to ev'ry one,
Unjust and scanty to herself alone.

Such her devotion was, as might give
rules

Of speculation to disputing ^{Of her piety.}
schools,

And teach us equally the scales to hold
Betwixt the two extremes of hot and cold;
That pious heat may mod'rately prevail, ¹¹⁰
And we be warm'd, but not be scorch'd
with zeal.

Business might shorten, not disturb her
pray'r;

Heav'n had the best, if not the greater
share.

An active life long oraisons forbids;

Yet still she pray'd, for still she pray'd by
deeds.

Her ev'ry day was Sabbath; only free
From hours of pray'r, for hours of charity:
Such as the Jews from servile toil releas'd,
Where works of mercy were a part of rest;
Such as blest angels exercise above, ¹²⁰
Varied with sacred hymns and acts of love:
Such Sabbaths as that one she now enjoys,
Ev'n that perpetual one, which she employs
(For such vicissitudes in heav'n there are)
In praise alternate, and alternate pray'r.

All this she practis'd here; that when she
sprung

Amidst the choirs, at the first sight she
sung:

Sung, and was sung herself in angels' lays;
For, praising her, they did her Maker
praise.

All offices of heav'n so well she knew, ¹³⁰
Before she came, that nothing there was
new;

And she was so familiarly receiv'd,
As one returning, not as one arriv'd.

Muse, down again precipitate thy flight:
For how can mortal eyes sus- Of her various
tain immortal light! virtues.

But as the sun in water we can bear,
Yet not the sun, but his reflection there,
So let us view her, here, in what she
was,

And take her image in this wat'ry glass:
Yet look not ev'ry lineament to see; ¹⁴⁰
Some will be cast in shades, and some
will be

So lamely drawn, you'll scarcely know
't is she.

For where such various virtues we recite,
'T is like the Milky Way, all over bright,
But sown so thick with stars, 't is undis-
tinguish'd light.

Her virtue, not her virtues, let us call;
For one heroic comprehends 'em all:
One, as a constellation is but one,
Tho' 't is a train of stars, that, rolling on,
Rise in their turn, and in the zodiac
run: ¹⁵⁰

Ever in motion; now 't is Faith ascends,
Now Hope, now Charity, that upward
tends,
And downwards with diffusive good de-
scends.

As in perfumes compos'd with art and
cost,

'T is hard to say what scent is uppermost;
Nor this part musk or civet can we call,
Or amber, but a rich result of all;
So she was all a sweet, whose ev'ry part,
In due proportion mix'd, proclaim'd the
Maker's art.

No single virtue we could most commend,
Whether the wife, the mother, or the
friend; ¹⁶¹

For she was all, in that supreme degree,
That, as no one prevail'd, so all was she.
The sev'ral parts lay hidden in the piece;
Th' occasion but exerted that, or this.

A wife as tender, and as true withal,
As the first woman was before Of her conju-
gal virtues.

Made for the man, of whom she was a
part;

Made to attract his eyes, and keep his
heart.

A second Eve, but by no crime accus'd; ¹⁷⁰
As beauteous, not as brittle as the first.

Had she been first, still Paradise had bin,
And death had found no entrance by her
sin:

So she not only had preserv'd from ill
Her sex and ours, but liv'd their pattern
still.

Love and obedience to her lord she bore;
She much obey'd him, but she lov'd him
more:

Not aw'd to duty by superior sway,
But taught by his indulgence to obey.

Thus we love God, as author of our good;
So subjects love just kings, or so they
should. ¹⁸¹

Nor was it with ingratitude return'd;
In equal fires the blissful couple burn'd;
One joy possess'd 'em both, and in one
grief they mourn'd.

His passion still improv'd; he lov'd so
fast,

As if he fear'd each day would be her last:
Too true a prophet to foresee the fate
That should so soon divide their happy
state;

When he to heav'n entirely must restore
That love, that heart, where he went
halves before. ¹⁹⁰

Yet as the soul is all in ev'ry part,
So God and he might each have all her
heart.

So had her children too; for Charity
Was not more fruitful, or more
kind than she: Of her love
to her chil-

Each under other by degrees dren,
they grew;

A goodly perspective of distant view.
Anchises look'd not with so pleas'd a face,
In num'ring o'er his future Roman race,
And marshaling the heroes of his name,
As, in their order, next to light they came:
Nor Cybele with half so kind an eye ²⁰¹
Survey'd her sons and daughters of the
sky—

Proud, shall I say, of her immortal fruit?
As far as pride with heav'nly minds may
suit.

Her pious love excell'd to all she bore;
New objects only multiplied it
more.

*Her care of
their educa-
tion.*

And as the chosen found the
pearly grain

As much as ev'ry vessel could contain;
As in the blissful vision each shall share
As much of glory as his soul can bear;
So did she love, and so dispense her
care.

211

Her eldest thus, by consequence, was best,
As longer cultivated than the rest.

The babe had all that infant care beguiles,
And early knew his mother in her smiles;
But when dilated organs let in day

To the young soul, and gave it room to
play,

At his first aptness, the maternal love

Those rudiments of reason did improve.

The tender age was pliant to command;

Like wax it yielded to the forming hand:

True to th' artificer, the labor'd mind

With ease was pious, generous, just, and
kind;

Soft for impression from the first, prepar'd,

Till virtue with long exercise grew hard:

With ev'ry act confirm'd, and made at last

So durable as not to be effac'd,

It turn'd to habit; and, from vices free,

Goodness resolv'd into necessity.

Thus fix'd she Virtue's image, that's her
own,

230

Till the whole mother in the children shone;

For that was their perfection: she was such,

They never could express her mind too
much.

So unexhausted her perfections were,

That, for more children, she had more to
spare;

For souls unborn, whom her untimely death

Depriv'd of bodies, and of mortal breath;

And (could they take th' impressions of her
mind)

Enough still left to sanctify her kind.

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Then wonder not to see this soul extend

The bounds, and seek some
other self, a friend.

*Of her
friendship.*

As swelling seas to gentle rivers glide;

To seek repose, and empty out the tide;

So this full soul, in narrow limits pent,

Unable to contain her, sought a vent,

To issue out, and in some friendly breast

Discharge her treasures, and securely rest:

T' unbosom all the secrets of her heart,

Take good advice, but better to impart.

For 'tis the bliss of friendship's holy
state,

250

To mix their minds, and to communicate;

Tho' bodies cannot, souls can penetrate.

Fix'd to her choice, inviolably true,

And wisely choosing, for she chose but few:

Some she must have; but in no one could
find

A tally fitted for so large a mind.

The souls of friends like kings in pro-
gress are;

Still in their own, tho' from the palace
far:

Thus her friend's heart her country dwell-
ing was,

A sweet retirement to a coarser place;

260

Where pomp and ceremonies enter'd not,

Where greatness was shut out, and bus'ness
well forgot.

This is th' imperfect draught; but
short as far

As the true height and bigness of a star

Exceeds the measures of th' astronomer.

She shines above, we know; but in what
place,

How near the throne, and Heav'n's imperial
face,

By our weak optics is but vainly guess'd;

Distance and altitude conceal the rest.

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Tho' all these rare endowments of the
mind

Were in a narrow space of life
confine'd,

*Reflections
on the short-
ness of her
life.*

The figure was with full per-
fection crown'd;

Tho' not so large an orb, as truly round.

As when in glory, thro' the public place,

The spoils of conquer'd nations were to
pass,

And but one day for triumph was allow'd,

The consul was constrain'd his pomp to
crowd;

And so the swift procession hurried on,

That all, tho' not distinctly, might be
shown:

So, in the straiten'd bounds of life con-
fin'd,

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She gave but glimpses of her glorious mind;

And multitudes of virtues pass'd along,

Each pressing foremost in the mighty
throng,

Ambitious to be seen, and then make room
For greater multitudes that were to come.

Yet unemploy'd no minute slipp'd away;
Moments were precious in so short a stay.

The haste of heav'n to have her was so
 great,
 That some were single acts, tho' each
 complete;
 But ev'ry act stood ready to repeat. ²⁹⁰

Her fellow-saints with busy care will look
 For her blest name in fate's eternal book;
 And, pleas'd to be outdone, with joy will
 see

Numberless virtues, endless charity:
 But more will wonder at so short an age,
 To find a blank beyond the thirtieth page;
 And with a pious fear begin to

doubt
 The piece imperfect, and the <sup>She died in
 her thirty-
 third year.</sup>
 rest torn out.

But 't was her Savior's time; and, could
 there be

A copy near th' original, 't was she. ³⁰⁰
 As precious gums are not for lasting
 fire —

They but perfume the temple, and expire:
 So was she soon exhal'd, and vanish'd hence;
 A short sweet odor, of a vast expense.
 She vanish'd, we can scarcely say she died;
 For but a now did heav'n and earth divide:
 She pass'd serenely with a single breath;
 This moment perfect health, the next was
 death.

One sigh did her eternal bliss <sup>The manner of
 her death.</sup>
 assure;

So little penance needs, when souls are
 almost pure. ³¹⁰

As gentle dreams our waking thoughts
 pursue;

Or, one dream pass'd, we slide into a new;
 So close they follow, such wild order keep,
 We think ourselves awake, and are asleep:
 So softly death succeeded life in her;
 She did but dream of heav'n, and she was
 there.

No pains she suffer'd, nor expir'd with
 noise;

Her soul was whisper'd out with God's still
 voice;

As an old friend is beckon'd to a feast,
 And treated like a long familiar guest. ³²⁰
 He took her as he found, but found her so,
 As one in hourly readiness to <sup>Her prepared-
 ness to die.</sup>
 go:

Ev'n on that day, in all her trim prepar'd;
 As early notice she from heav'n had heard,
 And some descending courtier from above
 Had giv'n her timely warning to remove;
 Or counsel'd her to dress the nuptial room,

For on that night the bridegroom was to
 come.

He kept his hour, and found her where she
 lay

Cloth'd all in white, the liv'ry of the ³²⁹
 day:

Scarcely had she sinn'd in thought, <sup>She died on
 Whitsunday
 night.</sup>
 or word, or act;

Unless omissions were to pass for fact;
 That hardly death's consequence could draw,
 To make her liable to nature's law.

And, that she died, we only have to show
 The mortal part of her she left below;

The rest (so smooth, so suddenly she
 went)

Look'd like transition thro' the firma-
 ment,

Or like the fiery car on the third errand
 sent. ³³⁹

O happy soul! if thou canst view from
 high,

Where thou art all intelligence, <sup>Apoptrophe
 to her soul.</sup>
 all eye,

If looking up to God, or down to us,
 Thou find'st that any way be perview,

Survey the ruins of thy house, and see
 Thy widow'd, and thy orphan family:

Look on thy tender pledges left behind;
 And, if thou canst a vacant minute find

From heav'nly joys, that interval afford
 To thy sad children, and thy mourning lord.

See how they grieve, mistaken in their
 love, ³⁵⁰

And shed a beam of comfort from above;
 Give 'em, as much as mortal eyes can bear,

A transient view of thy full glories there;
 That they with mod'rate sorrow may sus-
 tain

And mollify their losses in thy gain.
 Or else divide the grief; for such thou
 wert,

That should not all relations bear a part,
 It were enough to break a single heart.

Let this suffice: nor thou, great saint,
 refuse

This humble tribute of no vul-
 gar Muse; <sup>Epiphonema,
 or close of
 the poem.</sup>

Who, not by cares, or wants, or age de-
 press'd,

Stems a wild deluge with a dauntless
 breast; ³⁶¹

And dares to sing thy praises in a clime
 Where vice triumphs, and virtue is a crime;

Where ev'n to draw the picture of thy
 mind

Is satire on the most of humankind:
 Take it, while yet 'tis praise; before my
 rage,
 Unsafely just, break loose on this bad age;
 So bad, that thou thyself hadst no defense
 From vice, but barely by departing hence.
 Be what, and where thou art: to wish
 thy place

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Were, in the best, presumption more than
 grace.
 Thy relics (such thy works of mercy are)
 Have, in this poem, been my holy care.
 As earth thy body keeps, thy soul the sky,
 So shall this verse preserve thy memory:
 For thou shalt make it live, because it
 sings of thee.

ON THE DEATH OF A VERY YOUNG GENTLEMAN

[This elegy was first printed in *Poetical Miscellanies, the Fifth Part*, 1704. Christie infers, because of the resemblance of certain lines in this poem to passages in *Eleonora* (see notes), that the two pieces were written at about the same time.]

He who could view the book of destiny,
 And read whatever there was writ of thee,
O charming youth, in the first op'ning page,
 So many graces in so green an age,
 Such wit, such modesty, such strength of
 mind,

A soul at once so manly, and so kind;
 Would wonder, when he turn'd the volume
 o'er,

And after some few leaves should find no
 more,

Naught but a blank remain, a dead void
 space,

A step of life that promis'd such a race. 10
 We must not, dare not think, that Heav'n
 began

A child, and could not finish him a man;
 Reflecting what a mighty store was laid
 Of rich materials, and a model made;
 The cost already furnish'd; so bestow'd,
 As more was never to one soul allow'd:
 Yet after this profusion spent in vain,
 Nothing but mold'ring ashes to remain.

I guess not, lest I split upon the shelf,
 Yet durst I guess, Heav'n kept it for him-
 self;

20

And giving us the use, did soon recall,
 Ere we could spare, the mighty principal.

Thus then he disappear'd, was rarified;
 For 't is improper speech to say he died:
 He was exhal'd; his great Creator drew
 His spirit, as the sun the morning dew.
 'T is sin produces death; and he had none,
 But the taint Adam left on ev'ry son.
 He added not, he was so pure, so good,

'T was but th' original forfeit of his blood; 30
 And that so little, that the river ran
 More clear than the corrupted fount began.
 Nothing remain'd of the first muddy clay;
 The length of course had wash'd it in the
 way:

So deep, and yet so clear, we might behold
 The gravel bottom, and that bottom gold.

As such we lov'd, admir'd, almost ador'd,
 Gave all the tribute mortals could afford.
 Perhaps we gave so much, the pow'rs above
 Grew angry at our superstitious love; 40
 For when we more than human homage pay,
 The charming cause is justly snatch'd away.

Thus was the crime not his, but ours }
 alone;

And yet we murmur that he went so soon,
 Tho' miracles are short and rarely shown. }

Hear then, ye mournful parents, and
 divide

That love in many, which in one was tied.
 That individual blessing is no more,
 But multiplied in your remaining store.

The flame's dispers'd, but does not all ex-
 pire; 50

The sparkles blaze, tho' not the globe of
 fire.

Love him by parts, in all your num'rous race,
 And from those parts form one collected
 grace;

Then, when you have refin'd to that degree,
 Imagine all in one, and think that one is he.

ON THE DEATH OF AMYNTAS

A PASTORAL ELEGY

[Nothing is known of the date or occasion of the following poem, which was first published in *Poetical Miscellanies, the Fifth Part*, 1704. It seems convenient to place it here, after another elegy, first printed in the same collection.]

'T WAS on a joyless and a gloomy morn,
Wet was the grass, and hung with pearls
the thorn;

When Damon, who design'd to pass the day
With hounds and horns, and chase the fly-
ing prey,

Rose early from his bed; but soon he }
found

The welkin pitch'd with sull'en clouds }
around,

An eastern wind, and dew upon the ground.
Thus while he stood, and sighing did sur-
vey

The fields, and curs'd th' ill omens of the
day,

He saw Menalcas come with heavy pace; so
Wet were his eyes, and cheerless was his
face:

He wrung his hands, distracted with his
care,

And sent his voice before him from afar.
"Return," he cried, "return, unhappy
swain,

The spongy clouds are fill'd with gath'ring
rain;

The promise of the day not only cross'd,
But ev'n the spring, the spring itself is
lost.

Amyntas — O!" — he could not speak the
rest,

Nor needed, for presaging Damon guess'd.
Equal with Heav'n young Damon lov'd the
boy,

The boast of nature, both his parents' }
joy.

His graceful form revolving in his mind;
So great a genius, and a soul so kind,

Gave sad assurance that his fears were true;
Too well the envy of the gods he knew:

For when their gifts too lavishly are plac'd,
Soon they repent, and will not make them
last.

For, sure, it was too bountiful a dole,
The mother's features, and the father's
soul.

Then thus he cried: "The Morn bespoke
the news;

The Morning did her cheerful light dif- }
fuse;

But see how suddenly she chang'd her
face,

And brought on clouds and rain, the day's
disgrace:

Just such, Amyntas, was thy promis'd
race!

What charms adorn'd thy youth, where
nature smil'd,

And more than man was giv'n us in a child!
His infancy was ripe; a soul sublime

In years so tender that prevented time:
Heav'n gave him all at once; then }
snatch'd away,

Ere mortals all his beauties could sur-
vey,

Just like the flow'r that buds and withers }
in a day."

MENALCAS

The mother, lovely, tho' with grief op-
press'd,

Reclin'd his dying head upon her breast.
The mournful family stood all around;

One groan was heard, one universal
sound:

All were in floods of tears and endless
sorrow drown'd.

So dire a sadness sate on ev'ry look,
Ev'n Death repented he had giv'n the stroke.

He griev'd his fatal work had been or-
dain'd,

But promis'd length of life to those who
yet remain'd.

The mother's and her eldest daughter's
grace,

It seems, had brib'd him to prolong their
space.

The father bore it with undaunted soul,
Like one who durst his destiny control;

Yet with becoming grief he bore his part,
Resign'd his son, but not resign'd his heart:

Patient as Job; and may he live to see,
Like him, a new increasing family!

DAMON

Such is my wish, and such my pro-
phesy,

For yet, my friend, the beauteous mold re-
mains;

Long may she exercise her fruitful pains!
But, ah! with better hap, and bring a race

More lasting, and endued with equal grace!
Equal she may, but farther none can go;

For he was all that was exact below.

MENALCAS

Damon, behold yon breaking purple cloud;
Hear'st thou not hymns and songs divinely

loud?
There mounts Amyntas; the young cherubs
play

About their godlike mate, and sing him on
his way.

He cleaves the liquid air, behold, he flies, ⁷⁰
And every moment gains upon the skies.

The new-come guest admires th' ethereal
state,

The sapphire portal, and the golden gate;
And now admitted in the shining throng,
He shows the passport which he brought
along.

His passport is his innocence and grace,
Well known to all the natives of the place.
Now sing, ye joyful angels, and admire
Your brother's voice that comes to mend
your choir:

Sing you, while endless tears our eyes be-
stow; ⁸⁰

For like Amyntas none is left below.

TO MR. SOUTHERNE, ON HIS COMEDY CALL'D THE WIVES' EXCUSE

[After *The Loyal Brother* and *The Disap-
pointment* (see pp. 122, 171, above), Southerne
brought out *Sir Anthony Love*, or *The Ram-
bling Lady* (1691) and *The Wives' Excuse*, or
Cuckolds Make Themselves (1692). This last
play had poor success on the stage. When it
was published, early in 1692—it is entered in
the *Term Catalogue* for Hilary Term (Febru-
ary)—Dryden prefixed to it the following
poem; and in his *Epistle Dedicatory* Southerne
boasts as follows:

"If Mr. Dryden's judgment goes for any-
thing, I have it on my side: for, speaking
of this play, he has publicly said, the town
was kind to *Sir Anthony Love*, I neede 'em
only to be just to this; and to prove there
was more than friendship in his opinion, upon
the credit of this play with him, falling sick
last summer, he bequeathed to my care the
writing of half the last act of his tragedy
of *Cleomenes*, which, when it comes into the
world, you will find to be so considerable a
trust, that all the town will pardon me for
defending this play, that preferred me to it.
If modesty be sometimes a weakness, what I
say can hardly be a crime. In a fair English
trial both parties are allowed to be heard; and,
without this vanity of mentioning Mr. Dryden,
I had lost the best evidence of my cause."

SURE there's a fate in plays, and 't is in
vain

To write, while these malignant planets
reign:

Some very foolish influence rules the pit,
Not always kind to sense, or just to wit;
And whilst it lasts, let buffoonry succeed,
To make us laugh; for never was more
need.

Farce, in itself, is of a nasty scent;
But the gain smells not of the excrement.
The Spanish nymph, a wit and beauty too,
With all her charms, bore but a single
show; ¹⁰

But let a monster Muscovite appear,
He draws a crowded audience round the
year.

Maybe thou hast not pleas'd the box }
and pit,

Yet those who blame thy tale commend }
thy wit;

So Terence plotted, but so Terence writ. }
Like his thy thoughts are true, thy lan-
guage clean;

Ev'n lewdness is made moral in thy scene.
The hearers may for want of Nokes re-
pine;

But rest secure, the readers will be thine.
Nor was thy labor'd drama damn'd or
hiss'd, ²⁰

But with a kind civility dismiss'd;

With such good manners, as ^{* The Wife in}
the * Wife did use, ^{the play, Mrs.}
Who, not accepting, did but ^{Friendall.}
just refuse.

There was a glance at parting; such a look,
As bids thee not give o'er, for one rebuke.
But if thou wouldst be seen, as well as
read,

Copy one living author, and one dead:
The standard of thy style let *Etherege* be;
For wit, th' immortal spring of *Wycherley*.
Learn, after both, to draw some just de-
sign, ³⁰

And the next age will learn to copy thine.

PROLOGUE, EPILOGUE, AND SONG FROM CLEOMENES, THE SPARTAN HERO

[This tragedy, written by Dryden with some
aid from Southerne (see headnote to the pre-
ceding piece), was performed, after some opo-
sition from the government, in May, 1692.
(Malone, I, 1, 213, on the authority of *Mot-
teux's Gentleman's Journal*.) The plot, of an
exiled king seeking help in a foreign country,
seemed capable of a political application. The
play was first published in 1692.]

PROLOGUE

SPOKE BY MR. MOUNTFORT

I THINK, or hope at least, the coast is clear;
That none but men of wit and sense are
here;

That our Bear Garden friends are all away,
Who bounce with hands and feet, and cry:
"Play, play,"

Who, to save coach hire, trudge along the
street,

Then print our matted seats with dirty feet;
Who, while we speak, make love to orange-
wenches,

And, between acts, stand strutting on the
benches;

Where got a-cock-horse, making vile gri-
maces,

They to the boxes show their booby faces.

A merry-andrew such a mob will serve,

And treat 'em with such wit as they deserve.

Let 'em go people Ireland, where there's
need

Of such new planters to repair the breed;

Or to Virginia or Jamaica steer,

But have a care of some French privateer;

For, if they should become the prize of
battle,

They'll take 'em, black and white, for Irish
cattle.

Arise, true judges, in your own defense,

Control those foplings, and declare for sense:

For, should the fools prevail, they stop not
there,

But make their next descent upon the fair.

Then rise, ye fair; for it concerns you most,

That fools no longer should your favors
boast;

'Tis time you should renounce 'em, for we
find

They plead a senseless claim to womankind:

Such squires are only fit for country towns,

To stink of ale, and dust a stand with
clowns;

Who, to be chosen for the land's protectors,

Tope and get drunk before their wise
electors.

Let not farce-lovers your weak choice up-
braid,

But turn 'em over to the chambermaid;

Or, if they come to see our tragic scenes,

Instruct them what a Spartan hero means:

Teach 'em how many passions ought to
move,

For such as cannot think, can never love;
And, since they needs will judge the poet's
art,

Point 'em with fescues to each shining part.

Our author hopes in you, but still in pain;

He fears your charms will be employ'd in
vain.

You can make fools of wits, we find each
hour;

But to make wits of fools, is past your
power.

EPILOGUE

SPOKE BY MRS. BRACEGIRDLE

THIS day the poet, bloodily inclin'd,
Has made me die, full sore against my
mind!

Some of you naughty men, I fear, will cry:

"Poor rogue! would I might teach thee
how to die!"

Thanks for your love; but I sincerely say,
I never mean to die, your wicked way.

Well, since it is decreed all flesh must go,
(And I am flesh — at least for aught you
know)

I first declare, I die with pious mind,

In perfect charity with all mankind.

Next for my will: I have in my dispose,

Some certain movables would please you
beaux;

As, first, my youth; for, as I have been told,
Some of you modish sparks are dev'lish
old.

My chastity I need not leave among ye;

For, to suspect old fops, were much to
wrong ye.

You swear y' are sinners; but, for all your
haste,

Your misses shake their heads, and find
you chaste.

I give my courage to those bold com-
manders

That stay with us, and dare not go to
Flanders.

I leave my truth (to make his plot more
clear)

To Mr. Fuller, when he next shall swear.

I give my judgment, craving all your
mercies,

To those that leave good plays for damn'd
dull farce.

My small devotion let the gallants share,
That come to ogle us at evening pray'r.

I give my person — let me well consider —
Faith, e'en to him that is the fairest bidder;
To some rich hunks, if any be so bold
To say those dreadful words, *To have and hold.*

But stay — to give, and be bequeathing still,
When I'm so poor, is just like Wickham's will:

Like that notorious cheat, vast sums I give,

Only that you may keep me while I live.
Buy a good bargain, gallants, while you may;
I'll cost you but your half a crown a day.

SONG

I

No, no, poor suff'ring heart, no change endeavor,

Choose to sustain the smart, rather than leave her;

My ravish'd eyes behold such charms about her,

I can die with her, but not live without her;
One tender sigh of hers to see me languish,
Will more than pay the price of my past anguish:

Beware, O cruel fair, how you smile on me,
'T was a kind look of yours that has undone me.

II

Love has in store for me one happy minute,
And she will end my pain, who did begin it;
Then no day void of bliss, or pleasure, leaving,

Ages shall slide away without perceiving:
Cupid shall guard the door, the more to please us,

And keep out Time and Death, when they would seize us;

Time and Death shall depart, and say, in flying,

Love has found out a way to live by dying.

EPILOGUE TO HENRY THE
SECOND, KING OF ENGLAND,
WITH THE DEATH OF ROSA-
MOND

SPOKE BY MRS. BRACEGIRDLE

[This tragedy was published in 1693, with no author's name attached, but with an *epistle*

dedicatory signed *Will. Mountfort*. Mountfort, who was a noted actor and a minor dramatist, does not, however, claim the play as his own. Gildon, in his continuation of Langbaine's *English Dramatic Poets*, 1699, assigns the play to John Bancroft, a surgeon, who may have presented his work to Mountfort for revision. In *Six Plays written by Mr. Mountfort: Printed for J. Tonson, G. Strahan, and W. Mears, 1720*, there occurs a preface, *The Booksellers to the Reader*, which concludes as follows:

"To the four pieces under his name . . . we have annexed *King Edward the Third*, and *Henry the Second*, which though not wholly composed by him, it is presumed he had, at least, a share in fitting them for the stage, otherwise it cannot be supposed he would have taken the liberty of writing dedications to them, which we hope is sufficient authority for this freedom, notwithstanding one of them * was afterwards owned by another author.

**Henry the Second*, by Mr. Bancroft."

The play was probably acted in 1692; Mountfort was killed on December 9 of that year.]

THUS you the sad catastrophe have seen,
Occasion'd by a mistress and a queen.

Queen Eleanor the proud was French, they say;

But English manufacture got the day.
Jane Clifford was her name, as books aver;
Fair Rosamond was but her *nom de guerre*.
Now tell me, gallants, would you lead your life

With such a mistress, or with such a wife?
If one must be your choice, which d'ye approve,

The curtain lecture, or the curtain love? ¹⁰
Would ye be godly with perpetual strife,
Still drudging on with homely Joan your wife,

Or take your pleasure in a wicked way,
Like honest whoring Harry in the play?
I guess your minds: the mistress would be taking,

And nauseous matrimony sent a packing.
The devil's in ye all; mankind's a rogue;
You love the bride, but you detest the clog.
After a year, poor spouse is left i' th' lurch,

And you, like Haynes, return to Mother Church. ²⁰

Or, if the name of Church comes cross your mind,

Chapels of ease behind our scenes you find.
The playhouse is a kind of market place;

One chaffers for a voice, another for a face:
 Nay, some of you, I dare not say how many,
 Would buy of me a pen'worth for your
 penny.
 Ev'n this poor face, which with my fan
 I hide,
 Would make a shift my portion to provide,
 With some small perquisites I have beside. }

Tho' for your love, perhaps, I should not
 care,
 I could not hate a man that bids me fair.
 What might ensue, 't is hard for me to
 tell;
 But I was drench'd to-day for loving well,
 And fear the poison that would make me
 swell. }

TRANSLATIONS FROM JUVENAL AND PERSIUS

[In October, 1692 (see advertisement in the *London Gazette*, referred to in the Scott-Saintsbury edition, xviii, 296), there appeared a folio volume with title-page reading as follows:

THE
 SATIRES
 of
 Decimus Junius Juvenalis.

Translated into
 ENGLISH VERSE

BY
 Mr. DRYDEN,
 AND
 Several other Eminent Hands.

Together with the
 SATIRES
 OF
 Aulus Persius Flaccus.

Made English by Mr. Dryden.

With Explanatory Notes at the end of each SATIRE.

To which is Prefix'd a Discourse concerning the Original and Progress
 of SATIRE. Dedicated to the Right Honourable *Charles Earl of
 Dorset*, &c. By Mr. DRYDEN.

*Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, Ira, voluptas,
 Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.*

LONDON,
 Printed for *Jacob Tonson* at the *Judge's-Head* in *Chancery-Lane*, near
Fleetstreet MDCXCIII.

The translation of Persius has a separate title-page with the motto:

*Sapius in libro memoratur Persius uno
 Quam levis in tota Marsus Amazonide.* — MARR.

To it there is prefixed a complimentary poem by Congreve.

Dryden's assistants on the *Juvenal* were Tate (*Satires* ii and xv), Bowles (*Satire* v), Stepney (*Satire* viii), Hervey (*Satire* ix), Congreve (*Satire* xii), Power (*Satire* xii), Creech (*Satire* xiii), and

unnamed writer (*Satire iv*), and his own sons, Charles and John (*Satires vii* and *xiv* respectively). A second edition of the whole work, in octavo, appeared near the close of 1696: it is entered in the *Term Catalogue* for Michaelmas Term (November) of that year.]

TO THE
RIGHT HONORABLE
CHARLES

EARL OF DORSET AND MIDDLESEX

LORD CHAMBERLAIN OF THEIR MAJESTIES' HOUSEHOLD, KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, &c.

MY LORD,

THE wishes and desires of all good men, which have attended your Lordship from your first appearance in the world, are at length accomplish'd, in your obtaining those honors and dignities which you have so long deserv'd. There are no factions, tho' irreconcilable to one another, that are not united in their affection to you, and the respect they pay you. They are equally pleas'd in your prosperity, and would be equally concern'd in your afflictions. Titus Vespasian was not more the delight of humankind. The universal empire made him only more known, and more powerful, but could not make him more belov'd. He had greater ability of doing good, but your inclination to it is not less; and tho' you could not extend your beneficence to so many persons, yet you have lost as few days as that excellent emperor; and never had his complaint to make when you went to bed, that the sun had shone upon you in vain, when you had the opportunity of relieving some unhappy man. This, my Lord, has justly acquir'd you as many friends as there are persons who have the honor to be known to you. Mere acquaintance you have none; you have drawn them all into a nearer line; and they who have convers'd with you are for ever after inviolably yours. This is a truth so generally acknowledg'd, that it needs no proof: 't is of the nature of a first principle, which is receiv'd as soon as it is propos'd; and needs not the reformation which Descartes us'd to his; for we doubt not, neither can we properly say we think we admire and love you above all other men; there is a certainty in the proposition, and we know it. With the

same assurance I can say, you neither have enemies, nor can scarce have any; for they who have never heard of you, can neither love or hate you; and they who have, can have no other notion of you, than that which they receive from the public, that you are the best of men. After this, my testimony can be of no farther use, than to declare it to be daylight at high noon; and all who have the benefit of sight, can look up as well, and see the sun.

'T is true, I have one privilege which is almost particular to myself, that I saw you in the east at your first arising above the hemisphere: I was as soon sensible as any man of that light, when it was but just shooting out, and beginning to travel upwards to the meridian. I made my early addresses to your Lordship, in my *Essay of Dramatic Poetry*; and therein bespoke you to the world, wherein I have the right of a first discoverer. When I was myself in the rudiments of my poetry, without name or reputation in the world, having rather the ambition of a writer, than the skill; when I was drawing the outlines of an art, without any living master to instruct me in it; an art which had been better prais'd than studied here in England, wherein Shakespeare, who created the stage among us, had rather written happily, than knowingly and justly, and Jonson, who, by studying Horace, had been acquainted with the rules, yet seem'd to envy to posterity that knowledge, and, like an inventor of some useful art, to make a monopoly of his learning; when thus, as I may say, before the use of the loadstone, or knowledge of the compass, I was sailing in a vast ocean, without other help than the polestar of the ancients, and the rules of the French stage amongst the moderns, which are extremely different from ours, by reason of their opposite taste; yet even then, I had the presumption to dedicate to your Lordship—a very unfinished piece, I must confess, and which only can be excus'd by the little experience of the author, and the modesty of the title, *An Essay*. Yet I was stronger in prophecy than I was in criticism; I was inspir'd to foretell you to mankind, as the restorer

of poetry, the greatest genius, the truest judge, and the best patron.

Good sense and good nature are never separated, tho' the ignorant world has thought otherwise. Good nature, by which I mean beneficence and candor, is the product of right reason; which of necessity will give allowance to the failings of others, by considering that there is nothing perfect in mankind; and by distinguishing that which comes nearest to excellency, tho' not absolutely free from faults, will certainly produce a candor in the judge. 'Tis incident to an elevated understanding, like your Lordship's, to find out the errors of other men; but 'tis your prerogative to pardon them; to look with pleasure on those things, which are somewhat congenial, and of a remote kindred to your own conceptions; and to forgive the many failings of those, who, with their wretched art, cannot arrive to those heights that you possess, from a happy, abundant, and native genius: which are as inborn to you, as they were to Shakespeare; and, for aught I know, to Homer; in either of whom we find all arts and sciences, all moral and natural philosophy, without knowing that they ever studied them.

There is not an English writer this day living, who is not perfectly convinc'd that your Lordship excels all others in all the several parts of poetry which you have undertaken to adorn. The most vain, and the most ambitious of our age, have not dar'd to assume so much as the competitors of Themistocles: they have yielded the first place without dispute; and have been arrogantly content to be esteem'd as second to your Lordship; and even that also, with a *longo, sed proximi intervallo*. If there have been, or are any, who go farther in their self-conceit, they must be very singular in their opinion; they must be like the officer in a play, who was call'd Captain, Lieutenant, and Company. The world will easily conclude whether such unattended generals can ever be capable of making a revolution in Parnassus.

I will not attempt, in this place, to say anything particular of your lyric poems, tho' they are the delight and wonder of this age, and will be the envy of the next. The subject of this book confines me to satire; and in that, an author of your own

quality (whose ashes I will not disturb) has given you all the commendation which his self-sufficiency could afford to any man:

The best good man, with the worst-natur'd Muse.

In that character, methinks, I am reading Jonson's verses to the memory of Shakespeare; an insolent, sparing, and invidious panegyric: where good nature, the most godlike commendation of a man, is only attributed to your person, and denied to your writings; for they are everywhere so full of candor, that, like Horace, you only expose the follies of men, without arraigning their vices; and in this excel him, that you add that pointedness of thought, which is visibly wanting in our great Roman. There is more of salt in all your verses than I have seen in any of the moderns, or even of the ancients; but you have been sparing of the gall, by which means you have pleas'd all readers, and offended none. Donne alone, of all our countrymen, had your talent; but was not happy enough to arrive at your versification; and were he translated into numbers, and English, he would yet be wanting in the dignity of expression. That which is the prime virtue, and chief ornament, of Virgil, which distinguishes him from the rest of writers, is so conspicuous in your verses, that it casts a shadow on all your contemporaries; we cannot be seen, or but obscurely, while you are present. You equal Donne in the variety, multiplicity, and choice of thoughts; you excel him in the manner and the words. I read you both with the same admiration, but not with the same delight. He affects the metaphysics, not only in his satires, but in his amorous verses, where nature only should reign; and perplexes the minds of the fair sex with nice speculations of philosophy, when he should ingage their hearts, and entertain them with the softnesses of love. In this (if I may be pardon'd for so bold a truth) Mr. Cowley has copied him to a fault; so great a one, in my opinion, that it throws his *Mistress* infinitely below his *Pindarics* and his latter compositions, which are undoubtedly the best of his poems, and the most correct. For my own part, I must avow it freely to the world, that I never attempted anything in satire,

wherein I have not studied your writings as the most perfect model. I have continually laid them before me; and the greatest commendation which my own partiality can give to my productions, is, that they are copies, and no farther to be allow'd, than as they have something more or less of the original. Some few touches of your Lordship, some secret graces which I have endeavor'd to express after your manner, have made whole poems of mine to pass with approbation; but take your verses altogether, and they are inimitable. If therefore I have not written better, 't is because you have not written more. You have not set me sufficient copy to transcribe; and I cannot add one letter of my own invention, of which I have not the example there.

'T is a general complaint against your Lordship, and I must have leave to upbraid you with it, that, because you need not write, you will not. Mankind, that wishes you so well in all things that relate to your prosperity, have their intervals of wishing for themselves, and are within a little of grudging you the fulness of your fortune: they would be more malicious if you us'd it not so well, and with so much generosity.

Fame is in itself a real good, if we may believe Cicero, who was perhaps too fond of it; but even fame, as Virgil tells us, acquires strength by going forward. Let Epicurus give indolency as an attribute to his gods, and place in it the happiness of the blest; the divinity which we worship has given us not only a precept against it, but his own example to the contrary. The world, my Lord, would be content to allow you a seventh day for rest; or if you thought that hard upon you, we would not refuse you half your time: if you came out, like some great monarch, to take a town but once a year, as it were for your diversion, tho' you had no need to extend your territories. In short, if you were a bad, or, which is worse, an indifferent poet, we would thank you for our own quiet, and not expose you to the want of yours. But when you are so great and so successful, and when we have that necessity of your writing, that we cannot subsist in poetry without it, any more (I may almost say) than the world without the daily course of

ordinary providence, methinks this argument might prevail with you, my Lord, to forego a little of your repose for the public benefit. 'T is not that you are under any force of working daily miracles, to prove your being; but now and then somewhat of extraordinary, that is, anything of your production, is requisite to refresh your character.

This, I think, my Lord, is a sufficient reproach to you; and should I carry it as far as mankind would authorise me, would be little less than satire. And, indeed, a provocation is almost necessary, in behalf of the world, that you might be induc'd sometimes to write; and in relation to a multitude of scribblers, who daily pester the world with their insufferable stuff, that they might be discourag'd from writing any more. I complain not of their lampoons and libels, tho' I have been the public mark for many years. I am vindictive enough to have repell'd force by force, if I could imagine that any of them had ever reach'd me; but they either shot at rovers, and therefore miss'd, or their powder was so weak, that I might safely stand them, at the nearest distance. I answer'd not *The Rehearsal*, because I knew the author sate to himself when he drew the picture, and was the very Bayes of his own farce; because also I knew that my betters were more concern'd than I was in that satire; and, lastly, because Mr. Smith and Mr. Johnson, the main pillars of it, were two such languishing gentlemen in their conversation, that I could liken them to nothing but to their own relations, those noble characters of men of wit and pleasure about the town. The like considerations have hinder'd me from dealing with the lamentable companions of their prose and doggrel. I am so far from defending my poetry against them, that I will not so much as expose theirs. And for my morals, if they are not proof against their attacks, let me be thought by posterity, what those authors would be thought, if any memory of them, or of their writings, could endure so long as to another age. But these dull makers of lampoons, as harmless as they have been to me, are yet of dangerous example to the public. Some witty men may perhaps succeed to their designs, and, mixing sense with malice, blast the reputation

of the most innocent amongst men, and the most virtuous amongst women.

Heaven be prais'd, our common libelers are as free from the imputation of wit as of morality; and therefore whatever mischief they have design'd, they have perform'd but little of it. Yet these ill-writers, in all justice, ought themselves to be expos'd; as Persius has given us a fair example in his *First Satire*, which is level'd particularly at them; and none is so fit to correct their faults, as he who is not only clear from any in his own writings, but is also so just, that he will never defame the good; and is arm'd with the power of verse, to punish and make examples of the bad. But of this I shall have occasion to speak further, when I come to give the definition and character of true satires.

In the mean time, as a counselor bred up in the knowledge of the municipal and statute laws, may honestly inform a just prince how far his prerogative extends; so I may be allow'd to tell your Lordship, who, by an undisputed title, are the king of poets, what an extent of power you have, and how lawfully you may exercise it, over the petulant scribblers of this age. As Lord Chamberlain, I know, you are absolute by your office, in all that belongs to the decency and good manners of the stage. You can banish from thence scurrility and profaneness, and restrain the licentious insolence of poets, and their actors, in all things that shock the public quiet, or the reputation of private persons, under the notion of humor. But I mean not the authority which is annex'd to your office; I speak of that only which is inborn and inherent to your person; what is produc'd in you by an excellent wit, a masterly and commanding genius over all writers: whereby you are empower'd, when you please, to give the final decision of wit; to put your stamp on all that ought to pass for current; and set a brand of reprobation on clipp'd poetry, and false coin. A shilling dipp'd in the bath may go for gold amongst the ignorant, but the scepters on the guineas shew the difference. That your Lordship is form'd by nature for this supremacy, I could easily prove (were it not already granted by the world) from the distinguishing character of your writing: which is so visible to me, that I never

could be impos'd on to receive for yours, what was written by any others; or to mistake your genuine poetry for their spurious productions. I can farther add, with truth, (tho' not without some vanity in saying it,) that in the same paper, written by divers hands, whereof your Lordship's was only part, I could separate your gold from their copper; and tho' I could not give back to every author his own brass, (for there is not the same rule for distinguishing betwixt bad and bad, as betwixt ill and excellently good,) yet I never fail'd of knowing what was yours, and what was not; and was absolutely certain, that this, or the other part, was positively yours, and could not possibly be written by any other.

True it is, that some bad poems, tho' not all, carry their owners' marks about 'em. There is some peculiar awkwardness, false grammar, imperfect sense, or, at the least, obscurity; some brand or other on this buttock, or that ear, that 'tis notorious who are the owners of the cattle, tho' they should not sign it with their names. But your Lordship, on the contrary, is distinguish'd, not only by the excellency of your thoughts, but by your style and manner of expressing them. A painter, judging of some admirable piece, may affirm, with certainty, that it was of Holbein, or Vanduyck; but vulgar designs, and common draughts, are easily mistaken, and misapplied. Thus, by my long study of your Lordship, I am arriv'd at the knowledge of your particular manner. In the good poems of other men, like those artists, I can only say, this is like the draught of such a one, or like the coloring of another. In short, I can only be sure, that 'tis the hand of a good master; but in your performances 'tis scarcely possible for me to be deceiv'd. If you write in your strength, you stand reveal'd at the first view; and should you write under it, you cannot avoid some peculiar graces, which only cost me a second consideration to discover you: for I may say it, with all the severity of truth, that every line of yours is precious. Your Lordship's only fault is, that you have not written more; unless I could add another, and that yet greater, but I fear for the public the accusation would not be true — that you have written, and out of a vicious modesty will not publish.

Virgil has confin'd his works within the compass of eighteen thousand lines, and has not treated many subjects; yet he ever had, and ever will have, the reputation of the best poet. Martial says of him, that he could have excell'd Varius in tragedy, and Horace in lyric poetry, but out of deference to his friends, he attempted neither.

The same prevalence of genius is in your Lordship, but the world cannot pardon your concealing it on the same consideration; because we have neither a living Varius, nor a Horace, in whose excellencies, both of poems, odes, and satires, you had equal'd them, if our language had not yielded to the Roman majesty, and length of time had not added a reverence to the works of Horace. For good sense is the same in all or most ages, and course of time rather improves Nature than impairs her. What has been, may be again: another Homer, and another Virgil, may possibly arise from those very causes which produc'd the first; tho' it would be impudence to affirm, that any such have yet appear'd.

'Tis manifest that some particular ages have been more happy than others in the production of great men, in all sorts of arts and sciences; as that of Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, and the rest, for stage poetry amongst the Greeks; that of Augustus, for heroic, lyric, dramatic, elegiac, and indeed all sorts of poetry, in the persons of Virgil, Horace, Varius, Ovid, and many others; especially if we take into that century the latter end of the commonwealth, wherein we find Varro, Lucretius, and Catullus; and at the same time liv'd Cicero, and Sallust, and Cæsar. A famous age in modern times, for learning in every kind, was that of Lorenzo de Medici, and his son Leo the Tenth; wherein painting was reviv'd, and poetry flourish'd, and the Greek language was restor'd.

Examples in all these are obvious: but what I would infer is this; that in such an age, 'tis possible some great genius may arise, to equal any of the ancients; abating only for the language. For great contemporaries whet and cultivate each other; and mutual borrowing, and commerce, makes the common riches of learning, as it does of the civil government.

But suppose that Homer and Virgil were

the only of their species, and that Nature was so much worn out in producing them, that she is never able to bear the like again, yet the example only holds in heroic poetry: in tragedy and satire, I offer myself to maintain against some of our modern critics, that this age and the last, particularly in England, have excell'd the ancients in both those kinds; and I would instance in Shakespeare of the former, of your Lordship in the latter sort.

Thus I might safely confine myself to my native country; but if I would only cross the seas, I might find in France a living Horace and a Juvenal, in the person of the admirable Boileau; whose numbers are excellent, whose expressions are noble, whose thoughts are just, whose language is pure, whose satire is pointed, and whose sense is close; what he borrows from the ancients, he repays with usury of his own, in coin as good, and almost as universally valuable: for, setting prejudice and partiality apart, tho' he is our enemy, the stamp of a Louis, the patron of all arts, is not much inferior to the medal of an Augustus Cæsar. Let this be said without ent'ring into the interests of factions and parties, and relating only to the bounty of that king to men of learning and merit; a praise so just, that even we, who are his enemies, cannot refuse it to him.

Now if it may be permitted me to go back again to the consideration of epic poetry, I have confess'd that no man hitherto has reach'd, or so much as approach'd, to the excellencies of Homer, or of Virgil; I must farther add, that Statius, the best versificator next to Virgil, knew not how to design after him, tho' he had the model in his eye; that Lucan is wanting both in design and subject, and is besides too full of heat and affectation; that amongst the moderns, Ariosto neither design'd justly, nor observ'd any unity of action, or compass of time, or moderation in the vastness of his draught: his style is luxurious, without majesty or decency, and his adventures without the compass of nature and possibility. Tasso, whose design was regular, and who observ'd the rules of unity in time and place more closely than Virgil, yet was not so happy in his action; he confesses himself to have been too lyrical, that is, to have written beneath the dignity of heroic

verse, in his episodes of Sophronia, Erminia, and Armida. His story is not so pleasing as Ariosto's; he is too flatulent sometimes, and sometimes too dry; many times unequal, and almost always fore'd; and, besides, is full of conceits, points of epigram, and witticisms; all which are not only below the dignity of heroic verse, but contrary to its nature: Virgil and Homer have not one of them. And those who are guilty of so boyish an ambition in so grave a subject, are so far from being consider'd as heroic poets, that they ought to be turn'd down from Homer to the *Anthologia*, from Virgil to Martial and Owen's *Epigrams*, and from Spenser to Flecknoe; that is, from the top to the bottom of all poetry. But to return to Tasso: he borrows from the invention of Boiardo, and in his alteration of his poem, which is infinitely for the worse, imitates Homer so very servilely, that (for example) he gives the King of Jerusalem fifty sons, only because Homer had bestow'd the like number on King Priam; he kills the youngest in the same manner, and has provided his hero with a Patroclus, under another name, only to bring him back to the wars, when his friend was kill'd. The French have perform'd nothing in this kind which is not far below those two Italians, and subject to a thousand more reflections, without examining their *St. Lewis*, their *Pucelle*, or their *Alaric*. The English have only to boast of Spenser and Milton, who neither of them wanted either genius or learning to have been perfect poets, and yet both of them are liable to many censures. For there is no uniformity in the design of Spenser: he aims at the accomplishment of no one action; he raises up a hero for every one of his adventures; and endows each of them with some particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal, without subordination or preference. Every one is most valiant in his own legend: only we must do him that justice to observe, that magnanimity, which is the character of Prince Arthur, shines throughout the whole poem; and succors the rest, when they are in distress. The original of every knight was then living in the court of Queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them that virtue, which he thought was most conspicuous in them; an ingenious piece of flattery, tho' it turn'd not much to his ac-

count. Had he liv'd to finish his poem, in the six remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece; but could not have been perfect, because the model was not true. But Prince Arthur, or his chief patron Sir Philip Sidney, whom he intended to make happy by the marriage of his Gloriana, dying before him, depriv'd the poet both of means and spirit to accomplish his design. For the rest, his obsolete language, and the ill choice of his stanza, are faults but of the second magnitude; for, notwithstanding the first, he is still intelligible, at least after a little practice; and for the last, he is the more to be admir'd, that, laboring under such a difficulty, his verses are so numerous, so various, and so harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he profess'dly imitated, has surpass'd him among the Romans; and only Mr. Waller among the English.

As for Mr. Milton, whom we all admire with so much justice, his subject is not that of an heroic poem, properly so call'd. His design is the losing of our happiness; his event is not prosperous, like that of all other epic works; his heavenly machines are many, and his human persons are but two. But I will not take Mr. Rymer's work out of his hands: he has promis'd the world a critique on that author; wherein, tho' he will not allow his poem for heroic, I hope he will grant us, that his thoughts are elevated, his words sounding, and that no man has so happily copied the manner of Homer, or so copiously translated his Grecisms, and the Latin elegancies of Virgil. 'Tis true, he runs into a flat of thought, sometimes for a hundred lines together, but 'tis when he is got into a track of Scripture. His antiquated words were his choice, not his necessity; for therein he imitated Spenser, as Spenser did Chaucer. And tho', perhaps, the love of their masters may have transported both too far, in the frequent use of them, yet, in my opinion, obsolete words may then be laudably reviv'd, when either they are more sounding, or more significant, than those in practice; and when their obscurity is taken away, by joining other words to them which clear the sense; according to the rule of Horace, for the admission of new words. But in both cases a moderation is to be observ'd in the use

of them: for unnecessary coinage, as well as unnecessary revival, runs into affectation; a fault to be avoided on either hand. Neither will I justify Milton for his blank verse, tho' I may excuse him, by the example of Hannibal Caro, and other Italians, who have us'd it; for whatever causes he alleges for the abolishing of rhyme, (which I have not now the leisure to examine,) his own particular reason is plainly this, that rhyme was not his talent; he had neither the ease of doing it, nor the graces of it; which is manifest in his *Juvenilia*, or verses written in his youth, where his rhyme is always constrain'd and forc'd, and comes hardly from him, at an age when the soul is most pliant, and the passion of love makes almost every man a rhymers, tho' not a poet.

By this time, my Lord, I doubt not but that you wonder, why I have run off from my bias so long together, and made so tedious a digression from satire to heroic poetry. But if you will not excuse it by the tattling quality of age, which, as Sir William Davenant says, is always narrative, yet I hope the usefulness of what I have to say on this subject will qualify the remoteness of it; and this is the last time I will commit the crime of prefaces, or trouble the world with my notions of anything that relates to verse. I have then, as you see, observ'd the failings of many great wits amongst the moderns, who have attempted to write an epic poem. Besides these, or the like animadversions of them by other men, there is yet a farther reason given, why they cannot possibly succeed so well as the ancients, even tho' we could allow them not to be inferior, either in genius or learning, or the tongue in which they write, or all those other wonderful qualifications which are necessary to the forming of a true accomplish'd heroic poet. The fault is laid on our religion; they say, that Christianity is not capable of those embellishments which are afforded in the belief of those ancient heathens.

And 't is true, that, in the severe notions of our faith, the fortitude of a Christian consists in patience, and suffering, for the love of God, whatever hardships can befall him in the world; not in any great attempt, or in performance of those enterprises which the poets call heroic, and which are com-

monly the effects of interest, ostentation, pride, and worldly honor: that humility and resignation are our prime virtues; and that these include no action but that of the soul; when as, on the contrary, an heroic poem requires to its necessary design, and as its last perfection, some great action of war, the accomplishment of some extraordinary undertaking; which requires the strength and vigor of the body, the duty of a soldier, the capacity and prudence of a general, and, in short, as much, or more, of the active virtue, than the suffering. But to this the answer is very obvious. God has plac'd us in our several stations; the virtues of a private Christian are patience, obedience, submission, and the like; but those of a magistrate, or general, or a king, are prudence, counsel, active fortitude, coercive power, awful command, and the exercise of magnanimity, as well as justice. So that this objection hinders not but that an epic poem, or the heroic action of some great commander, enterpris'd for the common good, and honor of the Christian cause, ^{on god} executed happily, may be as well writt^{nd es} as it was of old by the heathens; ^{in now,} the poet be endued with the same ^{provided} and the language, tho' not of equal ^{lents;} yet as near approaching to it, as our ^{nity,} barbarism will allow; which is all ^{tern} be expected from our own, or any ^{other} extant, tho' more refin'd; and ^{e refu} we are to rest contented with that ^{ore} inferiority, which is not possibly to be remedied.

I wish I could as easily remove that other difficulty which yet remains. 'T is objected by a great French critic, as well as an admirable poet, yet living, and whom I have mention'd with that honor which his merit exacts from me, I mean Boileau, that the machines of our Christian religion, in heroic poetry, are much more feeble to support that weight than those of heathenism. Their doctrine, grounded as it was on ridiculous fables, was yet the belief of the two victorious monarchies, the Grecian and Roman. Their gods did not only interest themselves in the event of wars, (which is the effect of a superior providence,) but also espous'd the several parties in a visible corporeal descent, manag'd their intrigues, and fought their battles sometimes in opposition to each other: tho' Virgil

(more discreet than Homer in that last particular) has contented himself with the partiality of his deities, their favors, their counsels or commands, to those whose cause they had espous'd, without bringing them to the outrageousness of blows. Now, our religion (says he) is depriv'd of the greatest part of those machines; at least the most shining in epic poetry. Tho' St. Michael, in Ariosto, seeks out Discord, to send her amongst the Pagans, and finds her in a convent of friars, where peace should reign, which indeed is fine satire; and Satan, in Tasso, excites Solymán to an attempt by night on the Christian camp, and brings an host of devils to his assistance; yet the archangel, in the former example, when Discord was restive, and would not be drawn from her belov'd monastery with fair words, has the whip-hand of her, drags her out with many stripes, sets her, on God's name, about her business, and makes her know the difference of strength betwixt a nuncio of heaven, and a minister of hell. The same angel, in the latter instance from Tasso, (as if God had never another messenger belonging to the court, but was confin'd like Jupiter to Mercury, and Juno to Iris,) when he sees his time, that is, when half of the Christians are already kill'd, and all the rest are in a fair way to be routed, stickles betwixt the remainders of God's host, and the race of fiends; pulls the devils backward by their tails, and drives them from their quarry; or otherwise the whole business had miscarried, and Jerusalem remain'd untaken. This, says Boileau, is a very unequal match for the poor devils, who are sure to come by the worst of it in the combat; for nothing is more easy, than for an Almighty Power to bring his old rebels to reason when he pleases. Consequently, what pleasure, what entertainment, can be rais'd from so pitiful a machine, where we see the success of the battle from the very beginning of it; unless that, as we are Christians, we are glad that we have gotten God on our side, to maul our enemies, when we cannot do the work ourselves? For if the poet had given the faithful more courage, which had cost him nothing, or at least have made them exceed the Turks in number, he might have gain'd the victory for us Christians, without interesting Heaven in the quarrel; and that with as much ease,

and as little credit to the conqueror, as when a party of a hundred soldiers defeats another which consists only of fifty.

This, my Lord, I confess, is such an argument against our modern poetry, as cannot be answer'd by those mediums which have been us'd. We cannot hitherto boast, that our religion has furnish'd us with any such machines as have made the strength and beauty of the ancient buildings.

But what if I venture to advance an invention of my own, to supply the manifest defect of our new writers? I am sufficiently sensible of my weakness; and 't is not very probable that I should succeed in such a project, whereof I have not had the least hint from any of my predecessors, the poets, or any of their seconds and coadjutors, the critics. Yet we see the art of war is improv'd in sieges, and new instruments of death are invented daily; something new in philosophy and the mechanics is discover'd almost every year; and the science of former ages is improv'd by the succeeding. I will not detain you with a long preamble to that which better judges will, perhaps, conclude to be little worth.

'T is this, in short — that Christian poets have not hitherto been acquainted with their own strength. If they had search'd the Old Testament as they ought, they might there have found the machines which are proper for their work; and those more certain in their effect, than it may be the New Testament is, in the rules sufficient for salvation. The perusing of one chapter in the prophecy of Daniel, and accommodating what there they find with the principles of Platonic philosophy, as it is now Christianis'd, would have made the ministry of angels as strong an engine for the working up heroic poetry, in our religion, as that of the ancients has been to raise theirs by all the fables of their gods, which were only receiv'd for truths by the most ignorant and weakest of the people.

'T is a doctrine almost universally receiv'd by Christians, as well Protestants as Catholics, that there are guardian angels, appointed by God Almighty, as his vicegerents, for the protection and government of cities, provinces, kingdoms, and mon-

archies; and those as well of heathens, as of true believers. All this is so plainly prov'd from those texts of Daniel, that it admits of no farther controversy. The Prince of the Persians, and that other of the Grecians, are granted to be the guardians and protecting ministers of those empires. It cannot be denied that they were opposite, and resisted one another. St. Michael is mention'd by his name as the patron of the Jews, and is now taken by the Christians, as the protector-general of our religion. These tutelar genii, who presided over the several people and regions committed to their charge, were watchful over them for good, as far as their commissions could possibly extend. The general purpose and design of all was certainly the service of their Great Creator. But 'tis an undoubted truth, that, for ends best known to the Almighty Majesty of Heaven, his providential designs for the benefit of his creatures, for the debasing and punishing of some nations, and the exaltation and temporal reward of others, were not wholly known to these his ministers; else why those factious quarrels, controversies, and battles amongst themselves, when they were all united in the same design, the service and honor of their common master? But being instructed only in the general, and zealous of the main design; and, as finite beings, not admitted into the secrets of government, the last resorts of providence, or capable of discovering the final purposes of God, who can work good out of evil as he pleases, and irresistibly sways all manner of events on earth, directing them finally for the best, to his creation in general, and to the ultimate end of his own glory in particular; they must, of necessity, be sometimes ignorant of the means conducing to those ends, in which alone they can jar and oppose each other. One angel, as we may suppose, the Prince of Persia, as he is call'd, judging that it would be more for God's honor, and the benefit of his people, that the Median and Persian monarchy, which deliver'd them from the Babylonish captivity, should still be uppermost; and the patron of the Grecians, to whom the will of God might be more particularly reveal'd, contending, on the other side, for the rise of Alexander and his successors, who were appointed to pun-

ish the backsliding Jews, and thereby to put them in mind of their offences, that they might repent, and become more virtuous, and more observant of the law reveal'd. But how far these controversies and appearing enmities of those glorious creatures may be carried; how these oppositions may best be manag'd, and by what means conducted, is not my business to shew or determine; these things must be left to the invention and judgment of the poet; if any of so happy a genius be now living, or any future age can produce a man, who, being conversant in the philosophy of Plato, as it is now accommodated to Christian use, for (as Virgil gives us to understand by his example) that is the only proper, of all others, for an epic poem; who, to his natural endowments, of a large invention, a ripe judgment, and a strong memory, has join'd the knowledge of the liberal arts and sciences, and particularly moral philosophy, the mathematics, geography, and history, and with all these qualifications is born a poet; knows, and can practice the variety of numbers, and is master of the language in which he writes — if such a man, I say, be now arisen, or shall arise, I am vain enough to think that I have propos'd a model to him by which he may build a nobler, a more beautiful, and more perfect poem, than any yet extant since the ancients.

There is another part of these machines yet wanting; but, by what I have said, it would have been easily supplied by a judicious writer. He could not have fail'd to add the opposition of ill spirits to the good; they have also their design, ever opposite to that of Heaven; and this alone has hitherto been the practice of the moderns: but this imperfect system, if I may call it such, which I have given, will infinitely advance and carry farther that hypothesis of the evil spirits contending with the good. For, being so much weaker, since their fall, than those blessed beings, they are yet suppos'd to have a permitted power from God of acting ill, as, from their own deprav'd nature, they have always the will of designing it. A great testimony of which we find in Holy Writ, when God Almighty suffer'd Satan to appear in the holy synod of the angels, (a thing not hitherto drawn into example by any of the poets,) and also

gave him power over all things belonging to his servant Job, excepting only life.

Now, what these wicked spirits cannot compass, by the vast disproportion of their forces to those of the superior beings, they may by their fraud and cunning carry farther, in a seeming league, confederacy, or subserviency to the designs of some good angel, as far as consists with his purity to suffer such an aid, the end of which may possibly be disguis'd, and conceal'd from his finite knowledge. This is, indeed, to suppose a great error in such a being; yet since a devil can appear like an angel of light; since craft and malice may sometimes blind for a while a more perfect understanding; and, lastly, since Milton has given us an example of the like nature, when Satan, appearing like a cherub to Uriel, the Intelligence of the Sun, circumvented him even in his own province, and pass'd only for a curious traveler thro' those new-created regions, that he might observe therein the workmanship of God, and praise him in his works; I know not why, upon the same supposition, or some other, a fiend may not deceive a creature of more excellency than himself, but yet a creature; at least, by the connivance, or tacit permission, of the Omniscent Being.

Thus, my Lord, I have, as briefly as I could, given your Lordship, and by you the world, a rude draught of what I have been long laboring in my imagination, and what I had intended to have put in practice, (tho' far unable for the attempt of such a poem,) and to have left the stage (to which my genius never much inclin'd me) for a work which would have taken up my life in the performance of it. This, too, I had intended chiefly for the honor of my native country, to which a poet is particularly oblig'd. Of two subjects, both relating to it, I was doubtful whether I should choose that of King Arthur conquering the Saxons, which, being farther distant in time, gives the greater scope to my invention; or that of Edward, the Black Prince, in subduing Spain, and restoring it to the lawful prince, tho' a great tyrant, Don Pedro the Cruel: which, for the compass of time, including only the expedition of one year; for the greatness of the action, and its answerable event; for the magnanimity of the English hero, oppos'd to the ingrat-

itude of the person whom he restor'd; and for the many beautiful episodes, which I had interwoven with the principal design, together with the characters of the chiefest English persons; wherein, after Virgil and Spenser, I would have taken occasion to represent my living friends and patrons of the noblest families, and also shadow'd the events of future ages, in the succession of our imperial line. With these helps, and those of the machines, which I have mention'd, I might perhaps have done as well as some of my predecessors, or at least chalk'd out a way for others to amend my errors in a like design; but being encourag'd only with fair words by King Charles II, my little salary ill paid, and no prospect of a future subsistence, I was then discourag'd in the beginning of my attempt; and now age has overtaken me, and want, a more insufferable evil, thro' the change of the times, has wholly disabled me. Tho' I must ever acknowledge, to the honor of your Lordship, and the eternal memory of your charity, that, since this revolution, wherein I have patiently suffer'd the ruin of my small fortune, and the loss of that poor subsistence which I had from two kings, whom I had serv'd more faithfully than profitably to myself — then your Lordship was pleas'd, out of no other motive but your own nobleness, without any desert of mine, or the least solicitation from me, to make me a most bountiful present, which at that time, when I was most in want of it, came most seasonably and unexpectedly to my relief. That favor, my Lord, is of itself sufficient to bind any grateful man to a perpetual acknowledgment, and to all the future service which one of my mean condition can be ever able to perform. May the Almighty God return it for me, both in blessing you here, and rewarding you hereafter! I must not presume to defend the cause for which I now suffer, because your Lordship is engag'd against it; but the more you are so, the greater is my obligation to you, for your laying aside all the considerations of factions and parties, to do an action of pure disinterest'd charity. This is one amongst many of your shining qualities, which distinguish you from others of your rank. But let me add a farther truth, that, without these ties of gratitude, and abstracting

from them all, I have a most particular inclination to honor you; and, if it were not too bold an expression, to say, I love you. 'Tis no shame to be a poet, tho' 'tis to be a bad one. Augustus Cæsar of old, and Cardinal Richelieu of late, would willingly have been such; and David and Solomon were such. You, who, without flattery, are the best of the present age in England, and would have been so, had you been born in any other country, will receive more honor in future ages by that one excellency, than by all those honors to which your birth has intitled you, or your merits have acquir'd you.

Ne, forte, pudori

Sit tibi Musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo.

I have formerly said in this epistle, that I could distinguish your writings from those of any others; 'tis now time to clear myself from any imputation of self-conceit on that subject. I assume not to myself any particular lights in this discovery; they are such only as are obvious to every man of sense and judgment who loves poetry, and understands it. Your thoughts are always so remote from the common way of thinking, that they are, as I may say, of another species than the conceptions of other poets; yet you go not out of nature for any of them. Gold is never bred upon the surface of the ground, but lies so hidden, and so deep, that the mines of it are seldom found; but the force of waters casts it out from the bowels of mountains, and exposes it amongst the sands of rivers; giving us of her bounty what we could not hope for by our search. This success attends your Lordship's thoughts, which would look like chance, if it were not perpetual, and always of the same tenor. If I grant that there is care in it, 'tis such a care as would be ineffectual and fruitless in other men. 'Tis the *curiosa felicitas* which Petronius ascribes to Horace in his *Odes*. We have not wherewithal to imagine so strongly, so justly, and so pleasantly; in short, if we have the same knowledge, we cannot draw out of it the same quintessence; we cannot give it such a turn, such a propriety, and such a beauty; something is deficient in the manner, or the words, but more in the nobleness of our conception. Yet when you have finish'd all, and it appears in its full luster, when the diamond is not only

found, but the roughness smooth'd, when it is cut into a form, and set in gold, then we cannot but acknowledge, that it is the perfect work of art and nature; and every one will be so vain, to think he himself could have perform'd the like, till he attempts it. 'Tis just the description that Horace makes of such a finish'd piece: it appears so easy,

— *ut sibi quivis*

*Speret idem, sudet multum, frustra que laboret,
Ausus idem.*

And, besides all this, 'tis your Lordship's particular talent to lay your thoughts so close together, that, were they closer, they would be crowded, and even a due connection would be wanting. We are not kept in expectation of two good lines, which are to come after a long parenthesis of twenty bad; which is the April poetry of other writers, a mixture of rain and sunshine by fits: you are always bright, even almost to a fault, by reason of the excess. There is continual abundance, a magazine of thought, and yet a perpetual variety of entertainment; which creates such an appetite in your reader, that he is not cloy'd with anything, but satisfied with all. 'Tis that which the Romans call *cæna dubia*; where there is such plenty, yet withal so much diversity, and so good order, that the choice is difficult betwixt one excellency and another; and yet the conclusion, by a due climax, is evermore the best; that is, as a conclusion ought to be, ever the most proper for its place. See, my Lord, whether I have not studied your Lordship with some application; and, since you are so modest that you will not be judge and party, I appeal to the whole world, if I have not drawn your picture to a great degree of likeness, tho' 'tis but in miniature, and that some of the best features are yet wanting. Yet what I have done is enough to distinguish you from any other, which is the proposition that I took upon me to demonstrate.

And now, my Lord, to apply what I have said to my present business. The *Satires* of Juvenal and Persius, appearing in this new English dress, cannot so properly be inscrib'd to any man as to your Lordship, who are the first of the age in that way of writing. Your Lordship, amongst many other favors, has given me your permission

for this address; and you have particularly encourag'd me by your perusal and approbation of the *Sixth* and *Tenth Satires* of Juvenal, as I have translated them. My fellow-laborers have likewise commission'd me to perform, in their behalf, this office of a dedication to you; and will acknowledge, with all possible respect and gratitude, your acceptance of their work. Some of them have the honor to be known to your Lordship already, and they who have not yet that happiness desire it now. Be pleas'd to receive our common endeavors with your wonted candor, without intitling you to the protection of our common failings in so difficult an undertaking. And allow me your patience, if it be not already tir'd with this long epistle, to give you, from the best authors, the origin, the antiquity, the growth, the change, and the completement of satire among the Romans; to describe, if not define, the nature of that poem, with its several qualifications and virtues, together with the several sorts of it; to compare the excellencies of Horace, Persius, and Juvenal, and shew the particular manners of their satires; and, lastly, to give an account of this new way of version, which is attempted in our performance: all which, according to the weakness of my ability, and the best lights which I can get from others, shall be the subject of my following discourse.

The most perfect work of poetry, says our master Aristotle, is tragedy. His reason is, because it is the most united; being more severely confin'd within the rules of action, time, and place. The action is entire, of a piece, and one, without episodes; the time limited to a natural day; and the place circumscrib'd at least within the compass of one town, or city. Being exactly proportion'd thus, and uniform in all its parts, the mind is more capable of comprehending the whole beauty of it without distraction.

But, after all these advantages, an heroic poem is certainly the greatest work of human nature. The beauties and perfections of the other are but mechanical; those of the epic are more noble: tho' Homer has limited his place to Troy, and the fields about it; his actions to forty-eight natural days, whereof twelve are holidays, or cessation from business, during the funerals of

Patroclus. To proceed; the action of the epic is greater; the extension of time enlarges the pleasure of the reader, and the episodes give it more ornament, and more variety. The instruction is equal; but the first is only instructive, the latter forms a hero, and a prince.

If it signifies anything which of them is of the more ancient family, the best and most absolute heroic poem was written by Homer long before tragedy was invented. But, if we consider the natural endowments and acquir'd parts which are necessary to make an accomplish'd writer in either kind, tragedy requires a less and more confin'd knowledge; moderate learning, and observation of the rules, is sufficient, if a genius be not wanting. But in an epic poet, one who is worthy of that name, besides an universal genius, is requir'd universal learning, together with all those qualities and acquisitions which I have nam'd above, and as many more as I have, thro' haste or negligence, omitted. And, after all, he must have exactly studied Homer and Virgil as his patterns; Aristotle and Horace as his guides; and Vida and Bossu as his commentators; with many others, both Italian and French critics, which I want leisure here to recommend.

In a word, what I have to say in relation to this subject, which does not particularly concern satire, is, that the greatness of an heroic poem, beyond that of a tragedy, may easily be discover'd, by observing how few have attempted that work in comparison of those who have written dramas; and, of those few, how small a number have succeeded. But leaving the critics, on either side, to contend about the preference due to this or that sort of poetry, I will hasten to my present business, which is the antiquity and origin of satire, according to those informations which I have receiv'd from the learned Casaubon, Heinsius, Rigaltius, Dacier, and the Dauphin's *Juvenal*; to which I shall add some observations of my own.

There has been a long dispute amongst the modern critics, whether the Romans deriv'd their satire from the Grecians, or first invented it themselves. Julius Scaliger and Heinsius are of the first opinion; Casaubon, Rigaltius, Dacier, and the publisher of the Dauphin's *Juvenal* maintain

the latter. If we take satire in the general signification of the word, as it is us'd in all modern languages, for an invective, 't is certain that it is almost as old as verse; and tho' hymns, which are praises of God, may be allow'd to have been before it, yet the defamation of others was not long after it. After God had curs'd Adam and Eve in Paradise, the husband and wife excus'd themselves by laying the blame on one another, and gave a beginning to those conjugal dialogues in prose which the poets have perfected in verse. The third chapter of Job is one of the first instances of this poem in holy Scripture; unless we will take it higher, from the latter end of the second, where his wife advises him to curse his Maker.

This original, I confess, is not much to the honor of satire; but here it was nature, and that deprav'd: when it became an art, it bore better fruit. Only we have learnt thus much already, that scoffs and revilings are of the growth of all nations; and, consequently, that neither the Greek poets borrow'd from other people their art of railing, neither needed the Romans to take it from them. But, considering satire as a species of poetry, here the war begins amongst the critics. Scaliger, the father, will have it descend from Greece to Rome; and derives the word satire from *Satyrus*, that mix'd kind of animal, or, as the ancients thought him, rural god, made up betwixt a man and a goat; with a human head, hook'd nose, pouting lips, a bunch, or struma, under the chin, prick'd ears, and upright horns; the body shagg'd with hair, especially from the waist, and ending in a goat, with the legs and feet of that creature. But Casaubon, and his followers, with reason, condemn this derivation; and prove, that from *Satyrus*, the word *satira*, as it signifies a poem, cannot possibly descend. For *satira* is not properly a substantive, but an adjective; to which the word *lanx* (in English, a charger, or large platter) is understood; so that the Greek poem, made according to the manners of a Satyr, and expressing his qualities, must properly be call'd satyirical, and not satire. And thus far 't is allow'd that the Grecians had such poems; but that they were wholly different in *specie* from that to which the Romans gave the name of satire.

Aristotle divides all poetry, in relation to the progress of it, into nature without art, art begun, and art completed. Man-kind, even the most barbarous, have the seeds of poetry implanted in them. The first specimen of it was certainly shewn in the praises of the Deity, and prayers to him; and as they are of natural obligation, so they are likewise of divine institution: which Milton observing, introduces Adam and Eve every morning adoring God in hymns and prayers. The first poetry was thus begun, in the wild notes of nature, before the invention of feet and measures. The Grecians and Romans had no other original of their poetry. Festivals and holidays soon succeeded to private worship, and we need not doubt but they were enjoind by the true God to his own people, as they were afterwards imitated by the heathens; who, by the light of reason, knew they were to invoke some superior being in their necessities, and to thank him for his benefits. Thus the Grecian holidays were celebrated with offerings to Bacchus, and Ceres, and other deities, to whose bounty they suppos'd they were owing for their corn and wine, and other helps of life; and the ancient Romans, as Horace tells us, paid their thanks to Mother Earth, or Vesta, to Silvanus, and their Genius, in the same manner. But as all festivals have a double reason of their institution, the first of religion, the other of recreation, for the unbending of our minds, so both the Grecians and Romans agreed, after their sacrifices were perform'd, to spend the remainder of the day in sports and merriments; amongst which, songs and dances, and that which they call'd wit, (for want of knowing better,) were the chiefest entertainments. The Grecians had a notion of Satyrs, whom I have already describ'd; and taking them, and the Sileni, that is, the young Satyrs and the old, for the tutors, attendants, and humble companions of their Bacchus, habited themselves like those rural deities, and imitated them in their rustic dances, to which they join'd songs, with some sort of rude harmony, but without certain numbers; and to these they added a kind of chorus.

The Romans, also, (as nature is the same in all places,) tho' they knew nothing of those Grecian demigods, nor had any com-

munication with Greece, yet had certain young men, who, at their festivals, danc'd and sung, after their uncouth manner, to a certain kind of verse, which they call'd Saturnian. What it was, we have no very certain light from antiquity to discover; but we may conclude, that, like the Grecian, it was void of art, or at least with very feeble beginnings of it. Those ancient Romans, at these holidays, which were a mixture of devotion and debauchery, had a custom of reproaching each other with their faults, in a sort of *ex tempore* poetry, or rather of tunable hobbling verse; and they answer'd in the same kind of gross railery; their wit and their music being of a piece. The Grecians, says Casaubon, had formerly done the same, in the persons of their petulant Satyrs. But I am afraid he mistakes the matter, and confounds the singing and dancing of the Satyrs with the rustical entertainments of the first Romans. The reason of my opinion is this: that Casaubon, finding little light from antiquity of these beginnings of poetry amongst the Grecians, but only these representations of Satyrs, who carried canisters and cornucopias full of several fruits in their hands, and danc'd with them at their public feasts; and afterwards reading Horace, who makes mention of his homely Romans jesting at one another in the same kind of solemnities, might suppose those wanton Satyrs did the same; and especially because Horace possibly might seem to him to have shewn the original of all poetry in general, including the Grecians as well as Romans; tho' 't is plainly otherwise, that he only describ'd the beginning and first rudiments of poetry in his own country. The verses are these, which he cites from the First Epistle of the Second Book, which was written to Augustus:

*Agricolæ prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,
Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
Corpus, et ipsum animum spe finis dura feren-
tem,
Cum sociis operum, et pueris, et conjuge fida,
Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant;
Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis ævi.
Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
Versibus æternis opprobria rustica fudit.*

Our brawny clowns, of old, who turn'd the soil,
Content with little, and inur'd to toil,

At harvest-home, with mirth and country cheer,
Restor'd their bodies for another year;
Refresh'd their spirits, and renew'd their hope
Of such a future feast, and future crop.
Then, with their fellow-joggers of the plows,
Their little children, and their faithful spouse,
A sow they slew to Vesta's deity.
And kindly milk, Silvanus, pour'd to thee;
With flow'rs, and wine, their Genius they ador'd;
A short life, and a merry, was the word.
From flowing cups, defaming rhymes ensue,
And at each other homely taunts they threw.

Yet since it is a hard conjecture, that so great a man as Casaubon should misapply what Horace writ concerning ancient Rome, to the ceremonies and manners of ancient Greece, I will not insist on this opinion, but rather judge in general, that since all poetry had its original from religion, that of the Grecians and Rome had the same beginning. Both were invented at festivals of thanksgiving, and both were prosecuted with mirth and railery, and rudiments of verses: amongst the Greeks, by those who represented Satyrs; and amongst the Romans, by real clowns.

For, indeed, when I am reading Casaubon on these two subjects, methinks I hear the same story told twice over with very little alteration. Of which Dacier taking notice, in his interpretation of the Latin verses which I have translated, says plainly, that the beginning of poetry was the same, with a small variety, in both countries; and that the mother of it, in all nations, was devotion. But, what is yet more wonderful, that most learned critic takes notice also, in his illustrations on the First Epistle of the Second Book, that as the poetry of the Romans, and that of the Grecians, had the same beginning, at feasts of thanksgiving, as it has been observ'd, and the Old Comedy of the Greeks, which was invective, and the satire of the Romans, which was of the same nature, were begun on the very same occasion, so the fortune of both, in process of time, was just the same; the Old Comedy of the Grecians was forbidden, for its too much licence in exposing of particular persons; and the rude satire of the Romans was also punish'd by a law of the Decemviri, as Horace tells us, in these words:

*Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos
Lusit amabiliter; donec jam savus apertam
In rabiem verti cepit focus, et per honestas
Ire domos impune minax: dolere cruento
Dente lacessiti; fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione super communi: quin etiam lex,
Penaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quem-
quam*

*Describi: vertere modum, formidine fustis
Ad benedicendum delectandunque redacti.*

The law of the Decemviri was this: *Siquis occentassit malum carmen, sive condidisset, quod infamiam faxit, flagitiumve alteri, capital esto.* A strange likeness, and barely possible; but the critics being all of the same opinion, it becomes me to be silent, and submit to better judgments than my own.

But, to return to the Grecians, from whose satyric dramas the elder Scaliger and Heinsius will have the Roman satire to proceed, I am to take a view of them first, and see if there be any such descent from them as those authors have pretended.

Thespis, or whosoever he were that invented tragedy, (for authors differ,) mingled with them a chorus and dances of Satyrs, which had before been us'd in the celebration of their festivals; and there they were ever afterwards retain'd. The character of them was also kept, which was mirth and wantonness; and this was given, I suppose, to the folly of the common audience, who soon grow weary of good sense, and, as we daily see in our own age and country, are apt to forsake poetry, and still ready to return to buffoonery and farce. From hence it came, that, in the Olympic games, where the poets contended for four prizes, the satyric tragedy was the last of them; for, in the rest, the Satyrs were excluded from the chorus. Amongst the plays of Euripides which are yet remaining, there is one of these satyries, which is call'd the *Cyclops*; in which we may see the nature of those poems, and from thence conclude what likeness they have to the Roman satire.

The story of this *Cyclops*, whose name was Polyphemus, so famous in the Grecian fables, was, that Ulysses, who, with his company, was driven on that coast of Sicily, where those *Cyclops* inhabited, coming to ask relief from Silenus, and the Satyrs, who were herdsmen to that one-ey'd giant,

was kindly receiv'd by them, and entertain'd; till, being perceiv'd by Polyphemus, they were made prisoners, against the rites of hospitality, for which Ulysses eloquently pleaded, were afterwards put down into the den, and some of them devour'd; after which Ulysses, having made him drunk, when he was asleep, thrust a great fire-brand into his eye, and so, revenging his dead followers, escap'd with the remaining party of the living; and Silenus and the Satyrs were freed from their servitude under Polyphemus, and remitted to their first liberty of attending and accompanying their patron, Bacchus.

This was the subject of the tragedy; which, being one of those that end with a happy event, is therefore, by Aristotle, judg'd below the other sort, whose success is unfortunate. Notwithstanding which, the Satyrs, who were part of the *dramatis personæ*, as well as the whole chorus, were properly introduc'd into the nature of the poem, which is mix'd of farce and tragedy. The adventure of Ulysses was to entertain the judging part of the audience; and the uncouth persons of Silenus, and the Satyrs, to divert the common people with their gross raileries.

Your Lordship has perceiv'd by this time that this satyric tragedy, and the Roman satire, have little resemblance in any of their features. The very kinds are different; for what has a pastoral tragedy to do with a paper of verses satirically written? The character and railery of the Satyrs is the only thing that could pretend to a likeness, were Scaliger and Heinsius alive to maintain their opinion. And the first farces of the Romans, which were the rudiments of their poetry, were written before they had any communication with the Greeks, or indeed any knowledge of that people.

And here it will be proper to give the definition of the Greek satyric poem from Casaubon, before I leave this subject. "The Satyric," says he, "is a dramatic poem, annex'd to a tragedy, having a chorus, which consists of Satyrs. The persons represented in it are illustrious men; the action of it is great; the style is partly serious, and partly jocular; and the event of the action most commonly is happy."

The Grecians, besides these satyric tragedies, had another kind of poem, which they

call'd *silli*, which were more of kin to the Roman satire. Those *silli* were indeed invective poems, but of a different species from the Roman poems of Ennius, Pacuvius, Lucilius, Horace, and the rest of their successors. They were so call'd, says Casaubon in one place, from Silenus, the foster-father of Bacchus; but, in another place, bethinking himself better, he derives their name ἀπὸ τοῦ σιλλαίνειν, from their scoffing and petulancy. From some fragments of the *silli*, written by Timon, we may find, that they were satiric poems, full of parodies; that is, of verses patch'd up from great poets, and turn'd into another sense than their author intended them. Such, amongst the Romans, is the famous *Cento* of Ausonius; where the words are Virgil's, but, by applying them to another sense, they are made a relation of a wedding night; and the act of consummation fulsomely describ'd in the very words of the most modest amongst all poets. Of the same manner are our songs which are turn'd into burlesque, and the serious words of the author perverted into a ridiculous meaning. Thus in Timon's *silli* the words are generally those of Homer and the tragic poets; but he applies them, satirically, to some customs and kinds of philosophy, which he arraigns. But the Romans, not using any of these parodies in their satires — sometimes, indeed, repeating verses of other men, as Persius cites some of Nero's, but not turning them into another meaning — the *silli* cannot be suppos'd to be the original of Roman satire. To these *silli*, consisting of parodies, we may properly add the satires which were written against particular persons; such as were the iambs of Archilochus against Lycambes, which Horace undoubtedly imitated in some of his *Odes* and *Epodes*, whose titles bear sufficient witness of it. I might also name the invective of Ovid against Ibis, and many others; but these are the underwood of satire, rather than the timber trees: they are not of general extension, as reaching only to some individual person. And Horace seems to have purg'd himself from those splenetic reflections in those *Odes* and *Epodes*, before he undertook the noble work of *Satires*, which were properly so call'd.

Thus, my Lord, I have at length disengag'd myself from those antiquities of

Greece; and have prov'd, I hope, from the best critics, that the Roman satire was not borrow'd from thence, but of their own manufacture. I am now almost gotten into my depth; at least, by the help of Dacier, I am swimming towards it. Not that I will promise always to follow him, any more than he follows Casaubon; but to keep him in my eye, as my best and truest guide; and where I think he may possibly mislead me, there to have recourse to my own lights, as I expect that others should do by me.

Quintilian says, in plain words, *Satira quidem tota nostra est*; and Horace had said the same thing before him, speaking of his predecessor in that sort of poetry: *Et Græcis intacti carminis auctor*. Nothing can be clearer than the opinion of the poet, and the orator, both the best critics of the two best ages of the Roman Empire, than that satire was wholly of Latin growth, and not transplanted to Rome from Athens. Yet, as I have said, Scaliger, the father, according to his custom, that is, insolently enough, contradicts them both; and gives no better reason than the derivation of *satyrus* from σάτυρ, *salacitas*; and so, from the lechery of those fauns, thinks he has sufficiently prov'd that satire is deriv'd from them: as if wantonness and lubricity were essential to that sort of poem, which ought to be avoided in it. His other allegation, which I have already mention'd, is as pitiful; that the Satyrs carried platters and canisters full of fruit in their hands. If they had enter'd empty-handed, had they been ever the less Satyrs? Or were the fruits and flowers which they offer'd anything of kin to satire? Or any argument that this poem was originally Grecian? Casaubon judg'd better, and his opinion is grounded on sure authority, that satire was deriv'd from *satura*, a Roman word, which signifies full and abundant, and full also of variety, in which nothing is wanting to its due perfection. 'Tis thus, says Dacier, that we say a *full color*, when the wool has taken the whole tincture, and drunk in as much of the dye as it can receive. According to this derivation, from *satur* comes *satura*, or *satira*, according to the new spelling, as *optimus* and *maximus* are now spell'd *optimus* and *maximus*. *Satura*, as I have formerly noted, is an adjective, and relates to the word *lanx*, which is understood; and this *lanx*, in English a charger,

or large platter, was yearly fill'd with all sorts of fruits, which were offer'd to the gods at their festivals, as the *premites*, or first gatherings. These offerings of several sorts, thus mingled, 't is true, were not unknown to the Grecians, who call'd them *παρκαρὶν ἐστίαν*, a sacrifice of all sorts of fruits; and *παιστροπύαν*, when they offer'd all kinds of grain. Virgil has mention'd these sacrifices in his *Georgics*:

Lanceibus et pandis fumantia reddimus exta,

and in another place, *lancesque et liba feremus*: that is, *we offer the smoking entrails in great platters, and we will offer the chargers and the cakes.*

This word *satura* has been afterward applied to many other sorts of mixtures; as Festus calls it a kind of *olla*, or hotchpotch, made of several sorts of meats. Laws were also call'd *leges saturnæ*, when they were of several heads and titles, like our tack'd bills of Parliament: and *per saturnam legem ferre*, in the Roman senate, was to carry a law without telling the senators, or counting voices, when they were in haste. Sallust uses the word, *per saturnam sententias exquirere*, when the majority was visibly on one side. From hence it might probably be conjectur'd, that the *Discourses*, or *Satires*, of Ennius, Lucilius, and Horace, as we now call them, took their name; because they are full of various matters, and are also written on various subjects, as Porphyrius says. But Dacier affirms that it is not immediately from thence that these satires are so call'd; for that name had been us'd formerly for other things, which bore a nearer resemblance to those discourses of Horace. In explaining of which, continues Dacier, a method is to be pursued, of which Casaubon himself has never thought, and which will put all things into so clear a light, that no farther room will be left for the least dispute.

During the space of almost four hundred years, since the building of their city, the Romans had never known any entertainments of the stage. Chance and jollity first found out those verses which they call'd *Saturnian* and *Fescennine*; or rather human nature, which is inclin'd to poetry, first produc'd them, rude and barbarous, and unpolish'd, as all other operations of the soul are in their beginnings, before they are cul-

tivated with art and study. However, in occasions of merriment they were first practis'd; and this roughcast unhewn poetry was instead of stageplays for the space of an hundred and twenty years together. They were made *ex tempore*, and were, as the French call them, *impromptus*; for which the Tarsians of old were much renown'd; and we see the daily examples of them in the Italian farces of Harlequin and Scaramucha. Such was the poetry of that salvage people, before it was tun'd into numbers, and the harmony of verse. Little of the Saturnian verses is now remaining; we only know from authors that they were nearer prose than poetry, without feet, or measure. They were *ἑρπυριοί*, but not *ἐμμετροί*. Perhaps they might be us'd in the solemn part of their ceremonies; and the Fescennine, which were invented after them, in their afternoon's debauchery, because they were scoffing and obscene.

The Fescennine and Saturnian were the same; for as they were call'd Saturnian from their ancientness, when Saturn reign'd in Italy, they were also call'd Fescennine, from Fescennia, a town in the same country, where they were first practis'd. The actors, with a gross and rustic kind of railery, reproach'd each other with their failings; and at the same time were nothing sparing of it to their audience. Somewhat of this custom was afterwards retain'd in their Saturnalia, or feasts of Saturn, celebrated in December; at least all kind of freedom in speech was then allow'd to slaves even against their masters; and we are not without some imitation of it in our Christmas gambols. Soldiers also us'd those Fescennine verses, after measure and numbers had been added to them, at the triumph of their generals: of which we have an example, in the triumph of Julius Cæsar over Gaul, in these expressions:

Cæsar Gallias subegit, Nicomedes Cæsarem.

*Ecce Cæsar nunc triumphat, qui subegit Gal-
lias:*

Nicomedes non triumphat, qui subegit Cæsarem.

The vapors of wine made those first satirical poets amongst the Romans; which, says Dacier, we cannot better represent, than by imagining a company of clowns on a holiday, dancing lubberly, and upbraiding one another, in *ex tempore* doggrel, with their

defects and vices, and the stories that were told of them in bakehouses and barbers' shops.

When they began to be somewhat better bred, and were entering, as I may say, into the first rudiments of civil conversation, they left these hedge-notes for another sort of poem, somewhat polish'd, which was also full of pleasant railery, but without any mixture of obscenity. This sort of poetry appear'd under the name of satire, because of its variety; and this satire was adorn'd with compositions of music, and with dances; but lascivious postures were banish'd from it. In the Tuscan language, says Livy, the word *hister* signifies a player; and therefore those actors, which were first brought from Etruria to Rome, on occasion of a pestilence, when the Romans were admonish'd to avert the anger of the gods by plays, in the year *ab urbe condita* CCCXC, those actors, I say, were therefore call'd *histriones*; and that name has since remain'd, not only to actors Roman born, but to all others of every nation. They play'd not the former *ex tempore* stuff of Fescennine verses, or clownish jests; but what they acted was a kind of civil, cleanly farce, with music and dances, and motions that were proper to the subject.

In this condition Livius Andronicus found the stage, when he attempted first, instead of farces, to supply it with a nobler entertainment of tragedies and comedies. This man was a Grecian born, and being made a slave by Livius Salinator, and brought to Rome, had the education of his patron's children committed to him; which trust he discharg'd so much to the satisfaction of his master, that he gave him his liberty.

Andronicus, thus become a freeman of Rome, added to his own name that of Livius his master; and, as I observ'd, was the first author of a regular play in that commonwealth. Being already instructed, in his native country, in the manners and decencies of the Athenian theater, and conversant in the *Archæa Comedia*, or Old Comedy of Aristophanes, and the rest of the Grecian poets, he took from that model his own designing of plays for the Roman stage; the first of which was represented in the year 514 since the building of Rome, as Tully, from the commentaries of Atticus,

has assur'd us: it was after the end of the first Punic war, the year before Ennius was born. Dacier has not carried the matter altogether thus far; he only says, that one Livius Andronicus was the first stage-poet at Rome. But I will adventure on this hint, to advance another proposition, which I hope the learned will approve. And tho' we have not anything of Andronicus remaining to justify my conjecture, yet 'tis exceeding probable, that, having read the works of those Grecian wits, his countrymen, he imitated not only the groundwork, but also the manner of their writing; and how grave soever his tragedies might be, yet, in his comedies, he express'd the way of Aristophanes, Eupolis, and the rest, which was to call some persons by their own names, and to expose their defects to the laughter of the people: the examples of which we have in the foremention'd Aristophanes, who turn'd the wise Socrates into ridicule, and is also very free with the management of Cleon, Alcibiades, and other ministers of the Athenian government. Now if this be granted, we may easily suppose that the first hint of satirical plays on the Roman stage was given by the Greeks: not from their *Satyrice*, for that has been reasonably exploded in the former part of this discourse; but from their Old Comedy, which was imitated first by Livius Andronicus. And then Quintilian and Horace must be cautiously interpreted, where they affirm that satire is wholly Roman, and a sort of verse, which was not touch'd on by the Grecians. The reconciliation of my opinion to the standard of their judgment is not, however, very difficult, since they spoke of satire, not as in its first elements, but as it was form'd into a separate work; begun by Ennius, pursued by Lucilius, and completed afterwards by Horace. The proof depends only on this *postulatum*, that the comedies of Andronicus, which were imitations of the Greek, were also imitations of their raileries, and reflections on particular persons. For, if this be granted me, which is a most probable supposition, 'tis easy to infer that the first light which was given to the Roman theatrical satire, was from the plays of Livius Andronicus; which will be more manifestly discover'd when I come to speak of Ennius. In the mean time I will return to Dacier.

The people, says he, ran in crowds to these new entertainments of Andronicus, as to pieces which were more noble in their kind, and more perfect than their former satires, which for some time they neglected and abandon'd. But not long after, they took them up again, and then they join'd them to their comedies; playing them at the end of every drama, as the French continue at this day to act their farces, in the nature of a separate entertainment from their tragedies. But more particularly they were join'd to the *Atellane* fables, says Casaubon; which were plays invented by the Osci. Those fables, says Valerius Maximus, out of Livy, were temper'd with the Italian severity, and free from any note of infamy, or obscenity; and, as an old commentator on Juvenal affirms, the *Exodiarii*, which were singers and dancers, enter'd to entertain the people with light songs, and mimical gestures, that they might not go away oppress'd with melancholy, from those serious pieces of the theater. So that the ancient satire of the Romans was in extemporary reproaches; the next was farce, which was brought from Tuscany; to that succeeded the plays of Andronicus, from the Old Comedy of the Grecians; and out of all these sprung two several branches of new Roman satire, like different scions from the same root, which I shall prove with as much brevity as the subject will allow.

A year after Andronicus had open'd the Roman stage with his new dramas, Ennius was born; who, when he was grown to man's estate, having seriously consider'd the genius of the people, and how eagerly they follow'd the first satires, thought it would be worth his pains to refine upon the project, and to write satires, not to be acted on the theater, but read. He preserv'd the groundwork of their pleasantries, their venom, and their raillery on particular persons, and general vices; and by this means, avoiding the danger of any ill success in a public representation, he hop'd to be as well receiv'd in the cabinet, as Andronicus had been upon the stage. The event was answerable to his expectation. He made discourses in several sorts of verse, varied often in the same paper; retaining still in the title their original name of satire. Both in relation to the subjects, and the variety of

matters contain'd in them, the satires of Horace are entirely like them; only Ennius, as I said, confines not himself to one sort of verse, as Horace does; but taking example from the Greeks, and even from Homer himself in his *Margites*, which is a kind of satire, as Scaliger observes, gives himself the license, when one sort of numbers comes not easily, to run into another, as his fancy dictates. For he makes no difficulty to mingle hexameters with iambic trimeters, or with trochaic tetrameters; as appears by those fragments which are yet remaining of him. Horace has thought him worthy to be copied; inserting many things of his into his own *Satires*, as Virgil has done into his *Aeneids*.

Here we have Dacier making out that Ennius was the first satirist in that way of writing, which was of his invention; that is, satire abstracted from the stage, and new-model'd into papers of verses on several subjects. But he will have Ennius take the groundwork of satire from the first farces of the Romans, rather than from the form'd plays of Livius Andronicus, which were copied from the Grecian comedies. It may possibly be so; but Dacier knows no more of it than I do. And it seems to me the more probable opinion, that he rather imitated the fine railleries of the Greeks, which he saw in the pieces of Andronicus, than the coarseness of his old countrymen, in their clownish extemporary way of jeering.

But besides this, 't is universally granted that Ennius, tho' an Italian, was excellently learn'd in the Greek language. His verses were stuff'd with fragments of it, even to a fault; and he himself believ'd, according to the Pythagorean opinion, that the soul of Homer was transfus'd into him; which Persius observes, in his *Sixth Satire*: *postquam destertuit esse Maenides*. But this being only the private opinion of so inconsiderable a man as I am, I leave it to the farther disquisition of the critics, if they think it worth their notice. Most evident it is, that whether he imitated the Roman farce, or the Greek comedies, he is to be acknowledg'd for the first author of Roman satire, as it is properly so call'd, and distinguish'd from any sort of stageplay.

Of Pacuvius, who succeeded him, there is little to be said, because there is so little

remaining of him; only that he is taken to be the nephew of Ennius, his sister's son; that in probability he was instructed by his uncle, in his way of satire, which we are told he has copied: but what advances he made we know not.

Lucilius came into the world when Pacuvius flourish'd most. He also made satires after the manner of Ennius, but he gave them a more graceful turn, and endeavor'd to imitate more closely the *Vetus Comœdia* of the Greeks, of the which the old original Roman satire had no idea, till the time of Livius Andronicus. And tho' Horace seems to have made Lucilius the first author of satire in verse amongst the Romans, in these words:

— *Quid? cum est Lucilius ausus
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina mo-
rem,*

he is only thus to be understood; that Lucilius had given a more graceful turn to the satire of Ennius and Pacuvius, not that he invented a new satire of his own: and Quintilian seems to explain this passage of Horace in these words: *Satira quidem tota nostra est; in qua primus insignem laudem adeptus est Lucilius.*

Thus, both Horace and Quintilian give a kind of primacy of honor to Lucilius, amongst the Latin satirists. For, as the Roman language grew more refin'd, so much more capable it was of receiving the Grecian beauties, in his time. Horace and Quintilian could mean no more, than that Lucilius writ better than Ennius and Pacuvius; and on the same account we prefer Horace to Lucilius. Both of them imitated the old Greek comedy; and so did Ennius and Pacuvius before them. The polishing of the Latin tongue, in the succession of times, made the only difference; and Horace himself, in two of his satires, written purposely on this subject, thinks the Romans of his age were too partial in their commendations of Lucilius; who writ not only loosely, and muddily, with little art, and much less care, but also in a time when the Latin tongue was not yet sufficiently purg'd from the dregs of barbarism; and many significant and sounding words, which the Romans wanted, were not admitted even in the times of Lucretius and Cicero, of which both complain.

But to proceed: Dacier justly taxes Casaubon for saying that the satires of Lucilius were wholly different in *specie* from those of Ennius and Pacuvius. Casaubon was led into that mistake by Diomedes the grammarian, who in effect says this: satire amongst the Romans, but not amongst the Greeks, was a biting invective poem, made after the model of the ancient comedy, for the reprehension of vices; such as were the poems of Lucilius, of Horace, and of Persius. But in former times the name of satire was given to poems which were compos'd of several sorts of verses, such as were made by Ennius and Pacuvius; more fully expressing the etymology of the word satire, from *satura*, which we have observ'd. Here 't is manifest, that Diomedes makes a specific distinction betwixt the satires of Ennius, and those of Lucilius. But this, as we say in English, is only a distinction without a difference; for the reason of it is ridiculous, and absolutely false. This was that which cozen'd honest Casaubon, who, relying on Diomedes, had not sufficiently examin'd the origin and nature of those two satires; which were entirely the same, both in the matter and the form: for all that Lucilius perform'd beyond his predecessors, Ennius and Pacuvius, was only the adding of more politeness, and more salt, without any change in the substance of the poem. And tho' Lucilius put not together in the same satire several sorts of verses, as Ennius did, yet he compos'd several satires, of several sorts of verses, and mingled them with Greek verses: one poem consisted only of hexameters, and another was entirely of iambs; a third of trochaics; as is visible by the fragments yet remaining of his works. In short, if the satires of Lucilius are therefore said to be wholly different from those of Ennius, because he added much more of beauty and polishing to his own poems than are to be found in those before him, it will follow from hence that the satires of Horace are wholly different from those of Lucilius, because Horace has not less surpass'd Lucilius in the elegance of his writing, than Lucilius surpass'd Ennius in the turn and ornament of his. This passage of Diomedes has also drawn Dousa, the son, into the same error

of Casaubon, which I say, not to expose the little failings of those judicious men, but only to make it appear, with how much diffidence and caution we are to read their works, when they treat a subject of so much obscurity, and so very ancient, as is this of satire.

Having thus brought down the history of satire from its original to the times of Horace, and shewn the several changes of it, I should here discover some of those graces which Horace added to it, but that I think it will be more proper to defer that undertaking, till I make the comparison betwixt him and Juvenal. In the mean while, following the order of time, it will be necessary to say somewhat of another kind of satire, which also was descended from the ancient; 'tis that which we call the Varroian satire, (but which Varro himself calls the Menippean,) because Varro, the most learn'd of the Romans, was the first author of it, who imitated, in his works, the manners of Menippus the Gadarenian, who profess'd the philosophy of the Cynics.

This sort of satire was not only compos'd of several sorts of verse, like those of Ennius, but was also mix'd with prose; and Greek was sprinkled amongst the Latin. Quintilian, after he had spoken of the satire of Lucilius, adds what follows: *There is another and former kind of satire, compos'd by Terentius Varro, the most learn'd of the Romans; in which he was not satisfied alone with mingling in it several sorts of verse.* The only difficulty of this passage is, that Quintilian tells us that this satire of Varro was of a former kind. For how can we possibly imagine this to be, since Varro, who was contemporary to Cicero, must consequently be after Lucilius? But Quintilian meant not, that the satire of Varro was in order of time before Lucilius; he would only give us to understand, that the Varroian satire, with mixture of several sorts of verses, was more after the manner of Ennius and Pacuvius, than that of Lucilius, who was more severe, and more correct, and gave himself less liberty in the mixture of his verses in the same poem.

We have nothing remaining of those Varroian satires, excepting some inconsiderable fragments, and those for the most part much corrupted. The titles of many of them are indeed preserv'd, and they are

generally double; from whence, at least, we may understand, how many various subjects were treated by that author. Tully, in his *Academics*, introduces Varro himself giving us some light concerning the scope and design of these works. Wherein, after he had shewn his reasons why he did not *ex professo* write of philosophy, he adds what follows: *Notwithstanding*, says he, *that those pieces of mine, wherein I have imitated Menippus, tho' I have not translated him, are sprinkled with a kind of mirth and gaiety, yet many things are there inserted, which are drawn from the very intrails of philosophy, and many things severely argued; which I have mingled with pleasantries on purpose, that they may more easily go down with the common sort of unlearn'd readers.* The rest of the sentence is so lame, that we can only make thus much out of it, that in the composition of his satires he so temper'd philosophy with philosophy, that his work was a mixture of them both. And Tully himself confirms us in this opinion, when a little after he addresses himself to Varro in these words: *And you yourself have compos'd a most elegant and complete poem; you have begun philosophy in many places; sufficient to incite us, tho' too little to instruct us.* Thus it appears that Varro was one of those writers whom they call'd *σπουδαγέλοιοι*, studious of laughter; and that, as learned as he was, his business was more to divert his reader, than to teach him. And he entitled his own satires Menippean; not that Menippus had written any satires, (for his were either dialogues or epistles,) but that Varro imitated his style, his manner, and his facetiousness. All that we know farther of Menippus and his writings, which are wholly lost, is that by some he is esteem'd, as, amongst the rest, by Varro; by others he is noted of cynical impudence and obscenity; that he was much given to those parodies which I have already mention'd; that is, he often quoted the verses of Homer and the tragic poets, and turn'd their serious meaning into something that was ridiculous; whereas Varro's satires are by Tully call'd absolute, and most elegant and various poems. Lucian, who was emulous of this Menippus, seems to have imitated both his manners and his style in many of his *Dialogues*; where Menippus himself is often introduc'd as a speaker in them, and as a perpetual buffoon;

particularly his character is express'd in the beginning of that dialogue which is call'd *Νεκροπαρτεία*. But Varro, in imitating him, avoids his impudence and filthiness, and only expresses his witty pleasantry.

This we may believe for certain, that as his subjects were various, so most of them were tales or stories of his own invention. Which is also manifest from antiquity, by those authors who are acknowledg'd to have written Varroian satires, in imitation of his; of whom the chief is Petronius Arbiter, whose satire, they say, is now printing in Holland, wholly recover'd and made complete: when 't is made public, it will easily be seen by any one sentence, whether it be supposititious, or genuine. Many of Lucian's *Dialogues* may also properly be call'd Varroian satires, particularly his *True History*; and consequently the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius, which is taken from him. Of the same stamp is the mock deification of Clandius, by Seneca; and the *Symposium* or *Cæsars* of Julian the Emperor. Amongst the moderns, we may reckon the *Encomium Moria* of Erasmus, Barclay's *Euphormio*, and a volume of German authors, which my ingenious friend, Mr. Charles Killegrew, once lent me. In the English, I remember none which are mix'd with prose, as Varro's were; but of the same kind is *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, in Spenser; and (if it be not too vain to mention anything of my own) the poems of *Absalom* and *Mac Flecknoe*.

This is what I have to say in general of satire; only, as Dacier has observ'd before me, we may take notice that the word *satire* is of a more general signification in Latin, than in French, or English. For amongst the Romans it was not only us'd for those discourses which decried vice, or expos'd folly, but for others also, where virtue was recommended. But in our modern languages we apply it only to invective poems, where the very name of satire is formidable to those persons who would appear to the world what they are not in themselves; for in English, to say satire, is to mean reflection, as we use that word in the worst sense; or as the French call it, more properly, *méditation*. In the criticism of spelling, it ought to be with *i*, and not with *y*, to distinguish its true derivation from *satúra*, not from *satyrus*. And if this be so,

then 't is false spell'd throughout this book; for here 't is written *satyr*: which having not consider'd at the first, I thought it not worth correcting afterwards. But the French are more nice, and never spell it any other ways than *satire*.

I am now arriv'd at the most difficult part of my undertaking, which is, to compare Horace with Juvenal and Persius. 'T is observ'd by Rigaltius, in his preface before Juvenal, written to Thuanus, that these three poets have all their particular partisans and favorers. Every commentator, as he has taken pains with any of them, thinks himself oblig'd to prefer his author to the other two; to find out their failings, and decry them, that he may make room for his own darling. Such is the partiality of mankind, to set up that interest which they have once espous'd, tho' it be to the prejudice of truth, morality, and common justice; and especially in the productions of the brain. As authors generally think themselves the best poets, because they cannot go out of themselves to judge sincerely of their betters; so it is with critics, who, having first taken a liking to one of these poets, proceed to comment on him, and to illustrate him; after which, they fall in love with their own labors, to that degree of blind fondness, that at length they defend and exalt their author, not so much for his sake as for their own. 'T is a folly of the same nature with that of the Romans themselves, in their games of the Circus. The spectators were divided in their factions, betwixt the Veneti and the Prasini; some were for the charioteer in blue, and some for him in green. The colors themselves were but a fancy; but when once a man had taken pains to set out those of his party, and had been at the trouble of procuring voices for them, the case was alter'd; he was concern'd for his own labor, and that so earnestly, that disputes and quarrels, animosities, commotions, and bloodshed, often happen'd; and in the declension of the Grecian Empire, the very sovereigns themselves engag'd in it, even when the barbarians were at their doors, and stickled for the preference of colors, when the safety of their people was in question. I am now myself on the brink of the same precipice; I have spent some time on the translation of Juvenal and Persius; and it behoves me to

be wary, lest, for that reason, I should be partial to them, or take a prejudice against Horace. Yet, on the other side, I would not be like some of our judges, who would give the cause for a poor man, right or wrong; for, tho' that be an error on the better hand, yet it is still a partiality; and a rich man, unheard, cannot be concluded an oppressor. I remember a saying of K. Charles the Second, on Sir Matthew Hale, (who was doubtless an uncorrupt and upright man,) that his servants were sure to be cast on any trial which was heard before him; not that he thought the judge was possibly to be brib'd, but that his integrity might be too scrupulous; and that the causes of the crown were always suspicious, when the privileges of subjects were concern'd.

It had been much fairer, if the modern critics, who have embark'd in the quarrels of their favorite authors, had rather given to each his proper due; without taking from another's heap, to raise their own. There is praise enough for each of them in particular, without encroaching on his fellows, and detracting from them, or enriching themselves with the spoils of others. But to come to particulars. Heinsius and Dacier are the most principal of those who raise Horace above Juvenal and Persius. Scaliger the father, Rigaltius, and many others, debase Horace, that they may set up Juvenal; and Casaubon, who is almost single, throws dirt on Juvenal and Horace, that he may exalt Persius, whom he understood particularly well, and better than any of his former commentators; even Stelluti, who succeeded him. I will begin with him, who, in my opinion, defends the weakest cause, which is that of Persius; and laboring, as Tacitus professes of his own writing, to divest myself of partiality, or prejudice, consider Persius, not as a poet whom I have wholly translated, and who has cost me more labor and time than Juvenal, but according to what I judge to be his own merit; which I think not equal, in the main, to that of Juvenal or Horace, and yet in some things to be preferr'd to both of them.

First, then, for the verse; neither Casaubon himself, nor any for him, can defend either his numbers, or the purity of his Latin. Casaubon gives this point for lost, and pretends not to justify either the measures or the words of Persius; he is

evidently beneath Horace and Juvenal in both.

Then, as his verse is scabrous and hobbling, and his words not everywhere well chosen, the purity of Latin being more corrupted than in the time of Juvenal, and consequently of Horace, who writ when the language was in the height of its perfection, so his diction is hard, his figures are generally too bold and daring, and his tropes, particularly his metaphors, insufferably strain'd.

In the third place, notwithstanding all the diligence of Casaubon, Stelluti, and a Scotch gentleman, (whom I have heard extremely commended for his illustrations of him,) yet he is still obscure: whether he affected not to be understood, but with difficulty; or whether the fear of his safety under Nero compell'd him to this darkness in some places; or that it was occasion'd by his close way of thinking, and the brevity of his style, and crowding of his figures; or lastly, whether, after so long a time, many of his words have been corrupted, and many customs, and stories relating to them, lost to us: whether some of these reasons, or all, concurr'd to render him so cloudy, we may be bold to affirm, that the best of commentators can but guess at his meaning, in many passages; and none can be certain that he has divin'd rightly.

After all, he was a young man, like his friend and contemporary Lucan; both of them men of extraordinary parts, and great acquir'd knowledge, considering their youth: but neither of them had arriv'd to that maturity of judgment which is necessary to the accomplishing of a form'd poet. And this consideration, as, on the one hand, it lays some imperfections to their charge, so, on the other side, 'tis a candid excuse for those failings which are incident to youth and inexperience; and we have more reason to wonder how they, who died before the thirtieth year of their age, could write so well, and think so strongly, than to accuse them of those faults from which human nature, and more especially in youth, can never possibly be exempted.

To consider Persius yet more closely: he rather insulted over vice and folly, than expos'd them, like Juvenal and Horace; and as chaste and modest as he is esteem'd,

it cannot be denied but that in some places he is broad and fulsome, as the latter verses of the *Fourth Satire*, and of the *Sixth*, sufficiently witness. And 't is to be believ'd that he who commits the same crime often, and without necessity, cannot but do it with some kind of pleasure.

To come to a conclusion: he is manifestly below Horace, because he borrows most of his greatest beauties from him; and Casaubon is so far from denying this, that he has written a treatise purposely concerning it, wherein he shews a multitude of his translations from Horace, and his imitations of him, for the credit of his author; which he calls *Imitatio Horatiana*.

To these defects, which I casually observ'd while I was translating this author, Scaliger has added others; he calls him, in plain terms, a silly writer and a trifler, full of ostentation of his learning, and, after all, unworthy to come into competition with Juvenal and Horace.

After such terrible accusations, 't is time to hear what his patron Casaubon can allege in his defense. Instead of answering, he excuses for the most part; and, when he cannot, accuses others of the same crimes. He deals with Scaliger, as a modest scholar with a master. He compliments him with so much reverence, that one would swear he fear'd him as much at least as he respected him. Scaliger will not allow Persius to have any wit; Casaubon interprets this in the mildest sense, and confesses his author was not good at turning things into a pleasant ridicule; or, in other words, that he was not a laughable writer. That he was *ineptus*, indeed, but that was *non aptissimus ad jocandum*; but that he was ostentatious of his learning, that, by Scaliger's good favor, he denies. Persius shew'd his learning, but was no boaster of it; he did *ostendere*, but not *ostentare*; and so, he says, did Scaliger: where, methinks, Casaubon turns it handsomely upon that supercilious critic, and silently insinuates that he himself was sufficiently vainglorious, and a boaster of his own knowledge. All the writings of this venerable censor, continues Casaubon, which are *χρυσὸν χρυσότερα*, more golden than gold itself, are everywhere smelling of that thyme which, like a bee, he has gather'd from ancient authors; but

far be ostentation and vainglory from a gentleman so well born, and so nobly educated as Scaliger. But, says Scaliger, he is so obscure, that he has got himself the name of Scotinus, a dark writer. Now, says Casaubon, 't is a wonder to me that anything could be obscure to the divine wit of Scaliger, from which nothing could be hidden. This is indeed a strong compliment, but no defense; and Casaubon, who could not but be sensible of his author's blind side, thinks it time to abandon a post that was untenable. He acknowledges that Persius is obscure in some places; but so is Plato, so is Thucydides; so are Pindar, Theocritus, and Aristophanes, amongst the Greek poets; and even Horace and Juvenal, he might have added, amongst the Romans. The truth is, Persius is not sometimes, but generally, obscure; and therefore Casaubon, at last, is forc'd to excuse him, by alleging that it was *se defendendo*, for fear of Nero; and that he was commanded to write so cloudily by Cornutus, in virtue of holy obedience to his master. I cannot help my own opinion; I think Cornutus needed not to have read many lectures to him on that subject. Persius was an apt scholar; and when he was bidden to be obscure in some places, where his life and safety were in question, took the same counsel for all his book; and never afterwards wrote ten lines together clearly. Casaubon, being upon this chapter, has not fail'd, we may be sure, of making a compliment to his own dear comment. If Persius, says he, be in himself obscure, yet my interpretation has made him intelligible. There is no question but he deserves that praise which he has given to himself; but the nature of the thing, as Lucretius says, will not admit of a perfect explanation. Besides many examples which I could urge, the very last verse of his last satire, upon which he particularly values himself in his preface, is not yet sufficiently explicated. 'T is true, Holyday has endeavor'd to justify his construction; but Stelluti is against it; and, for my part, I can have but a very dark notion of it. As for the chastity of his thoughts, Casaubon denies not but that one particular passage, in the *Fourth Satire*: *At si unctus cesses*, &c., is not only the most obscure, but the most obscene of all his works. I understood it, but for that reason

turn'd it over. In defense of his boist'rous metaphors, he quotes Longinus, who accounts them as instruments of the sublime; fit to move and stir up the affections, particularly in narration. To which it may be replied, that where the trope is farfetch'd and hard 't is fit for nothing but to puzzle the understanding; and may be reckon'd amongst those things of Demosthenes which Æschines call'd *βαρυατα*, not *ψευατα*, that is, prodigies, not words. It must be granted to Casaubon, that the knowledge of many things is lost in our modern ages, which were of familiar notice to the ancients; and that satire is a poem of a difficult nature in itself, and is not written to vulgar readers: and thro' the relation which it has to comedy, the frequent change of persons makes the sense perplex'd, when we can but divine who it is that speaks; whether Persius himself, or his friend and monitor; or, in some places, a third person. But Casaubon comes back always to himself, and concludes, that if Persius had not been obscure, there had been no need of him for an interpreter. Yet when he had once enjoin'd himself so hard a task, he then consider'd the Greek proverb, that he must *γεωδώνης φαγεῖν ἢ μὴ φαγεῖν*, either eat the whole snail, or let it quite alone; and so he went thro' with his laborious task, as I have done with my difficult translation.

Thus far, my Lord, you see it has gone very hard with Persius: I think he cannot be allow'd to stand in competition either with Juvenal or Horace. Yet for once I will venture to be so vain as to affirm, that none of his hard metaphors, or forc'd expressions, are in my translation. But more of this in its proper place, where I shall say somewhat in particular of our general performance, in making these two authors English. In the mean time, I think myself oblig'd to give Persius his undoubted due, and to acquaint the world, with Casaubon, in what he has equal'd, and in what excell'd, his two competitors.

A man who is resolv'd to praise an author, with any appearance of justice, must be sure to take him on the strongest side, and where he is least liable to exceptions. He is therefore oblig'd to choose his mediums accordingly. Casaubon, who saw that Persius could not laugh with a becoming

grace, that he was not made for jesting, and that a merry conceit was not his talent, turn'd his feather, like an Indian, to another light, that he might give it the better gloss. Moral doctrine, says he, and urbanity, or well-manner'd wit, are the two things which constitute the Roman satire; but of the two, that which is most essential to this poem, and is, as it were, the very soul which animates it, is the scourging of vice and exhortation to virtue. Thus wit, for a good reason, is already almost out of doors; and allow'd only for an instrument, a kind of tool, or a weapon, as he calls it, of which the satirist makes use in the compassing of his design. The end and aim of our three rivals is consequently the same. But by what methods they have prosecuted their intention is farther to be consider'd. Satire is of the nature of moral philosophy, as being instructive: he, therefore, who instructs most usefully, will carry the palm from his two antagonists. The philosophy in which Persius was educated, and which he professes thro' his whole book, is the Stoic; the most noble, most generous, most beneficial to humankind, amongst all the sects, who have given us the rules of ethics, thereby to form a severe virtue in the soul; to raise in us an undaunted courage against the assaults of fortune; to esteem as nothing the things that are without us, because they are not in our power; not to value riches, beauty, honors, fame, or health, any farther than as conveniences, and so many helps to living as we ought, and doing good in our generation: in short, to be always happy, while we possess our minds with a good conscience, are free from the slavery of vices, and conform our actions and conversation to the rules of right reason. See here, my Lord, an epitome of Epictetus; the doctrine of Zeno, and the education of our Persius: and this he express'd, not only in all his satires, but in the manner of his life. I will not lessen this commendation of the Stoic philosophy by giving you an account of some absurdities in their doctrine, and some perhaps impieties, if we consider them by the standard of Christian faith. Persius has fall'n into none of them; and therefore is free from those imputations. What he teaches might be taught from pulpits, with more profit to the audience than all the nice speculations of divinity, and controversies concerning faith;

which are more for the profit of the shepherd than for the edification of the flock. Passion, interest, ambition, and all their bloody consequences of discord and of war, are banish'd from this doctrine. Here is nothing propos'd but the quiet and tranquillity of mind; Virtue lodg'd at home, and afterwards diffus'd in her general effects, to the improvement and good of humankind. And therefore I wonder not that the present Bishop of Salisbury has recommended this our author, and the *Tenth Satire* of Juvenal, in his Pastoral Letter, to the serious perusal and practice of the divines in his diocese, as the best commonplaces for their sermons, as the storehouses and magazines of moral virtues, from whence they may draw out, as they have occasion, all manner of assistance for the accomplishment of a virtuous life, which the Stoics have assign'd for the great end and perfection of mankind. Herein then it is, that Persius has excell'd both Juvenal and Horace. He sticks to his one philosophy; he shifts not sides, like Horace, who is sometimes an Epicurean, sometimes a Stoic, sometimes an Eclectic, as his present humor leads him; nor declaims like Juvenal against vices, more like an orator than a philosopher. Persius is everywhere the same; true to the dogmas of his master. What he has learnt, he teaches vehemently; and what he teaches, that he practices himself. There is a spirit of sincerity in all he says; you may easily discern that he is in earnest, and is persuaded of that truth which he inculcates. In this I am of opinion that he excels Horace, who is commonly in jest, and laughs while he instructs; and is equal to Juvenal, who was as honest and serious as Persius, and more he could not be.

Hitherto I have follow'd Casaubon, and enlarg'd upon him, because I am satisfied that he says no more than truth; the rest is almost all frivolous. For he says that Horace, being the son of a taxgatherer, or a collector, as we call it, smells everywhere of the meanness of his birth and education: his conceits are vulgar, like the subjects of his satire; that he does *plebeium sapere*, and writes not with that elevation which becomes a satirist: that Persius, being nobly born, and of an opulent family, had likewise the advantage of a better master; Cornutus being the most learned of his time, a man

of a most holy life, the chief of the Stoic sect at Rome, and not only a great philosopher, but a poet himself, and in probability a coadjutor of Persius: that, as for Juvenal, he was long a declaimer, came late to poetry, and had not been much conversant in philosophy.

'Tis granted that the father of Horace was *libertinus*, that is, one degree remov'd from his grandfather, who had been once a slave. But Horace, speaking of him, gives him the best character of a father which I ever read in history; and I wish a witty friend of mine, now living, had such another. He bred him in the best school, and with the best company of young noblemen; and Horace, by his gratitude to his memory, gives a certain testimony that his education was ingenuous. After this, he form'd himself abroad, by the conversation of great men. Brutus found him at Athens, and was so pleas'd with him that he took him thence into the army, and made him *tribunus militum*, a colonel in a legion, which was the preferment of an old soldier. All this was before his acquaintance with Mæcenæ, and his introduction into the court of Augustus, and the familiarity of that great emperor; which, had he not been well-bred before, had been enough to civilize his conversation, and render him accomplish'd and knowing in all the arts of complacency and good behavior; and, in short, an agreeable companion for the retir'd hours and privacies of a favorite, who was first minister. So that, upon the whole matter, Persius may be acknowledg'd to be equal with him in those respects, tho' better born, and Juvenal inferior to both. If the advantage be anywhere, 'tis on the side of Horace; as much as the court of Augustus Cæsar was superior to that of Nero. As for the subjects which they treated, it will appear hereafter that Horace writ not vulgarly on vulgar subjects, nor always chose them. His style is constantly accommodated to his subject, either high or low. If his fault be too much lowness, that of Persius is the fault of the hardness of his metaphors, and obscurity: and so they are equal in the failings of their style; where Juvenal manifestly triumphs over both of them.

The comparison betwixt Horace and Juvenal is more difficult, because their forces were more equal. A dispute has

always been, and ever will continue, betwixt the favorers of the two poets. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites*. I shall only venture to give my own opinion, and leave it for better judges to determine. If it be only argued in general, which of them was the better poet, the victory is already gain'd on the side of Horace; Virgil himself must yield to him in the delicacy of his turns, his choice of words, and perhaps the purity of his Latin. He who says that Pindar is inimitable, is himself inimitable in his *Odes*. But the contention betwixt these two great masters is for the prize of satire; in which controversy all the *Odes* and *Epodes* of Horace are to stand excluded. I say this, because Horace has written many of them satirically, against his private enemies; yet these, if justly consider'd, are somewhat of the nature of the Greek *silli*, which were invectives against particular sects and persons. But Horace had purg'd himself of this choler before he enter'd on those discourses which are more properly call'd the Roman satire. He has not now to do with a Lyce, a Canidia, a Cassius Severus, or a Menas; but is to correct the vices and the follies of his time, and to give the rules of a happy and virtuous life. In a word, that former sort of satire, which is known in England by the name of lampoon, is a dangerous sort of weapon, and for the most part unlawful. We have no moral right on the reputation of other men. 'Tis taking from them what we cannot restore to them. There are only two reasons for which we may be permitted to write lampoons; and I will not promise that they can always justify us. The first is revenge, when we have been affronted in the same nature, or have been any ways notoriously abus'd, and can make ourselves no other reparation. And yet we know, that, in Christian charity, all offenses are to be forgiven, as we expect the like pardon for those which we daily commit against Almighty God. And this consideration has often made me tremble when I was saying our Savior's prayer; for the plain condition of the forgiveness which we beg is the pardoning of others the offenses which they have done to us; for which reason I have many times avoided the commission of that fault, ev'n when I have been notoriously provok'd. Let not this, my Lord, pass for vanity in me; for 'tis truth. More libels

have been written against me, than almost any man now living; and I had reason on my side, to have defended my own innocence. I speak not of my poetry, which I have wholly given up to the critics: let them use it as they please; posterity, perhaps, may be more favorable to me; for interest and passion will lie buried in another age, and partiality and prejudice be forgotten. I speak of my morals, which have been sufficiently aspers'd: that only sort of reputation ought to be dear to every honest man, and is to me. But let the world witness for me, that I have been often wanting to myself in that particular; I have seldom answer'd any scurrilous lampoon, when it was in my power to have expos'd my enemies; and, being naturally vindictive, have suffer'd in silence, and possess'd my soul in quiet.

Anything, tho' never so little, which a man speaks of himself, in my opinion, is still too much; and therefore I will waive this subject, and proceed to give the second reason which may justify a poet when he writes against a particular person; and that is, when he is become a public nuisance. All those whom Horace in his *Satires*, and Persius and Juvenal have mention'd in theirs, with a brand of infamy, are wholly such. 'Tis an action of virtue to make examples of vicious men. They may and ought to be upbraided with their crimes and follies; both for their own amendment, if they are not yet incorrigible, and for the terror of others, to hinder them from falling into those enormities which they see are so severely punish'd in the persons of others. The first reason was only an excuse for revenge; but this second is absolutely of a poet's office to perform: but how few lampooners are there now living, who are capable of this duty! When they come in my way, 'tis impossible sometimes to avoid reading them. But, good God! how remote they are, in common justice, from the choice of such persons as are the proper subject of satire! And how little wit they bring for the support of their injustice! The weaker sex is their most ordinary theme, and the best and fairest are sure to be the most severely handled. Amongst men, those who are prosperously unjust are intitled to a panegyric, but afflicted virtue is insolently stabb'd with all manner of reproaches; no decency is consider'd, no fulsome

omitted; no venom is wanting, as far as dullness can supply it: for there is a perpetual dearth of wit, a barrenness of good sense and entertainment. The neglect of the readers will soon put an end to this sort of scribbling. There can be no pleasantry where there is no wit; no impression can be made where there is no truth for the foundation. To conclude: they are like the fruits of the earth in this unnatural season; the corn which held up its head is spoil'd with rankness; but the greater part of the harvest is laid along, and little of good income and wholesome nourishment is receiv'd into the barns. This is almost a digression, I confess to your Lordship; but a just indignation forc'd it from me. Now I have remov'd this rubbish, I will return to the comparison of Juvenal and Horace.

I would willingly divide the palm betwixt them, upon the two heads of profit and delight, which are the two ends of poetry in general. It must be granted by the favorers of Juvenal, that Horace is the more copious and profitable in his instructions of human life; but, in my particular opinion, which I set not up for a standard to better judgments, Juvenal is the more delightful author. I am profited by both, I am pleas'd with both; but I owe more to Horace for my instruction, and more to Juvenal for my pleasure. This, as I said, is my particular taste of these two authors: they who will have either of them to excel the other in both qualities, can scarce give better reasons for their opinion than I for mine. But all unbias'd readers will conclude that my moderation is not to be condemn'd: to such impartial men I must appeal; for they who have already form'd their judgment may justly stand suspected of prejudice; and tho' all who are my readers will set up to be my judges, I enter my *caveat* against them, that they ought not so much as to be of my jury; or, if they be admitted, 't is but reason that they should first hear what I have to urge in the defense of my opinion.

That Horace is somewhat the better instructor of the two, is prov'd from hence, that his instructions are more general, Juvenal's more limited. So that, granting that the counsels which they give are equally good for moral use, Horace, who gives the most various advice, and most applicable to all occasions which can occur to

us in the course of our lives—as including in his discourses not only all the rules of morality, but also of civil conversation—is undoubtedly to be preferr'd to him who is more circumscrib'd in his instructions, makes them to fewer people, and on fewer occasions, than the other. I may be pardon'd for using an old saying, since 't is true, and to the purpose: *Bonum quo communius, eo melius*. Juvenal, excepting only his *First Satire*, is in all the rest confin'd to the exposing of some particular vice; that he lashes, and there he sticks. His sentences are truly shining and instructive; but they are sprinkled here and there. Horace is teaching us in every line, and is perpetually moral: he had found out the skill of Virgil, to hide his sentences; to give you the virtue of them, without shewing them in their full extent; which is the ostentation of a poet, and not his art: and this Petronius charges on the authors of his time, as a vice of writing which was then growing on the age: *ne sententiae extra corpus orationis emineant*: he would have them wear'd into the body of the work, and not appear emboss'd upon it, and striking directly on the reader's view. Folly was the proper quarry of Horace, and not vice; and as there are but few notoriously wicked men, in comparison with a shoal of fools and fops, so 't is a harder thing to make a man wise than to make him honest; for the will is only to be reclaim'd in the one, but the understanding is to be inform'd in the other. There are blind sides and follies, even in the professors of moral philosophy; and there is not any one sect of them that Horace has not expos'd: which, as it was not the design of Juvenal, who was wholly employ'd in lashing vices, some of them the most enormous that can be imagin'd, so, perhaps, it was not so much his talent.

*Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit.*

This was the commendation which Persius gave him: where, by *vitium*, he means those little vices which we call follies, the defects of human understanding, or, at most, the peccadillos of life, rather than the tragical vices, to which men are hurried by their unruly passions and exorbitant desires. But in the word *omne*, which is universal, he concludes with me, that the

divine wit of Horace left nothing untouched; that he enter'd into the inmost recesses of nature; found out the imperfections even of the most wise and grave, as well as of the common people; discovering, even in the great Trebatius, to whom he addresses the *First Satire*, his hunting after business, and following the court, as well as in the persecutor Crispinus, his impertinence and importunity. 'Tis true, he exposes Crispinus openly, as a common nuisance; but he rallies the other, as a friend, more finely. The exhortations of Persius are confin'd to noblemen; and the Stoic philosophy is that alone which he recommends to them; Juvenal exhorts to particular virtues, as they are oppos'd to those vices against which he declaims; but Horace laughs to shame all follies, and insinuates virtue rather by familiar examples than by the severity of precepts.

This last consideration seems to incline the balance on the side of Horace, and to give him the preference to Juvenal, not only in profit, but in pleasure. But, after all, I must confess that the delight which Horace gives me is but languishing. Be pleas'd still to understand, that I speak of my own taste only: he may ravish other men; but I am too stupid and insensible to be tickled. Where he barely grins himself, and, as Scaliger says, only shews his white teeth, he cannot provoke me to any laughter. His urbanity, that is, his good manners, are to be commended, but his wit is faint; and his salt, if I may dare to say so, almost insipid. Juvenal is of a more vigorous and masculine wit; he gives me as much pleasure as I can bear; he fully satisfies my expectation; he treats his subject home: his spleen is rais'd, and he raises mine: I have the pleasure of concernment in all he says; he drives his reader along with him; and when he is at the end of his way, I willingly stop with him. If he went another stage, it would be too far; it would make a journey of a progress, and turn delight into fatigue. When he gives over, 'tis a sign the subject is exhausted, and the wit of man can carry it no farther. If a fault can be justly found in him, 'tis that he is sometimes too luxuriant, too redundant; says more than he needs, like my friend the *Plain Dealer*, but never more than pleases. Add to this,

that his thoughts are as just as those of Horace, and much more elevated. His expressions are sonorous and more noble; his verse more numerous, and his words are suitable to his thoughts, sublime and lofty. All these contribute to the pleasure of the reader; and the greater the soul of him who reads, his transports are the greater. Horace is always on the amble, Juvenal on the gallop; but his way is perpetually on carpet-ground. He goes with more impetuosity than Horace, but as securely; and the swiftness adds a more lively agitation to the spirits. The low style of Horace is according to his subject, that is, generally groveling. I question not but he could have rais'd it; for the *First Epistle* of the *Second Book*, which he writes to Augustus, (a most instructive satire concerning poetry,) is of so much dignity in the words, and of so much elegance in the numbers, that the author plainly shews the *sermo pedestris*, in his other satires, was rather his choice than his necessity. He was a rival to Lucilius, his predecessor, and was resolv'd to surpass him in his own manner. Lucilius, as we see by his remaining fragments, minded neither his style, nor his numbers, nor his purity of words, nor his run of verse. Horace therefore copes with him in that humble way of satire, writes under his own force, and carries a dead weight, that he may match his competitor in the race. This, I imagine, was the chief reason why he minded only the clearness of his satire, and the cleanness of expression, without ascending to those heights to which his own vigor might have carried him. But, limiting his desires only to the conquest of Lucilius, he had his ends of his rival, who liv'd before him; but made way for a new conquest over himself, by Juvenal, his successor. He could not give an equal pleasure to his reader, because he us'd not equal instruments. The fault was in the tools, and not in the workman. But versification and numbers are the greatest pleasures of poetry: Virgil knew it, and practis'd both so happily, that, for aught I know, his greatest excellency is in his diction. In all other parts of poetry, he is faultless; but in this he plac'd his chief perfection. And give me leave, my Lord, since I have here an apt occasion, to say that Virgil could have

written sharper satires than either Horace or Juvenal, if he would have employ'd his talent that way. I will produce a verse and half of his, in one of his *Eclogues*, to justify my opinion; and with commas after every word, to shew that he has given almost as many lashes as he has written syllables. 'T is against a bad poet, whose ill verses he describes:

— non tu, in triviis, indocte, solebas
Stridenti, miserum, stipula, disperdere carmen?

But to return to my purpose. When there is anything deficient in numbers and sound, the reader is uneasy and unsatisfied; he wants something of his complement, desires somewhat which he finds not: and this being the manifest defect of Horace, 't is no wonder that, finding it supplied in Juvenal, we are more delighted with him. And, besides this, the sauce of Juvenal is more poignant, to create in us an appetite of reading him. The meat of Horace is more nourishing; but the cookery of Juvenal more exquisite: so that, granting Horace to be the more general philosopher, we cannot deny that Juvenal was the greater poet, I mean in satire. His thoughts are sharper; his indignation against vice is more vehement; his spirit has more of the commonwealth genius; he treats tyranny, and all the vices attending it, as they deserve, with the utmost rigor: and consequently, a noble soul is better pleas'd with a zealous vindicator of Roman liberty, than with a temporizing poet, a well-manner'd court slave, and a man who is often afraid of laughing in the right place; who is ever decent, because he is naturally servile. After all, Horace had the disadvantage of the times in which he liv'd; they were better for the man, but worse for the satirist. 'T is generally said, that those enormous vices which were practic'd under the reign of Domitian, were unknown in the time of Augustus Caesar; that therefore Juvenal had a larger field than Horace. Little follies were out of doors, when oppression was to be scourg'd instead of avarice: it was no longer time to turn into ridicule the false opinions of philosophers, when the Roman liberty was to be asserted. There was more need of a Brutus in Domitian's days, to redeem or mend, than of a Horace, if he had then been living, to laugh at a fly-catcher. This

reflection at the same time excuses Horace, but exalts Juvenal. I have ended, before I was aware, the comparison of Horace and Juvenal, upon the topics of instruction and delight; and, indeed, I may safely here conclude that commonplace; for, if we make Horace our minister of state in satire, and Juvenal of our private pleasures, I think the latter has no ill bargain of it. Let profit have the preëminence of honor, in the end of poetry. Pleasure, tho' but the second in degree, is the first in favor. And who would not choose to be lov'd better, rather than to be more esteem'd? But I am enter'd already upon another topic, which concerns the particular merits of these two satirists. However, I will pursue my business where I left it, and carry it farther than that common observation of the several ages in which these authors flourish'd. When Horace writ his *Satires*, the monarchy of his Cæsar was in its newness, and the government but just made easy to the conquer'd people. They could not possibly have forgotten the usurpation of that prince upon their freedom, nor the violent methods which he had us'd in the compassing of that vast design: they yet remember'd his proscriptions, and the slaughter of so many noble Romans, their defenders: amongst the rest, that horrible action of his, when he forc'd Livia from the arms of her husband, who was constrain'd to see her married, as Dion relates the story, and, big with child as she was, convey'd to the bed of his insulting rival. The same Dion Cassius gives us another instance of the crime before mention'd; that Cornelius Sisenna being reproach'd, in full senate, with the licentious conduct of his wife, return'd this answer, that he had married her by the counsel of Augustus; intimating, says my author, that Augustus had oblig'd him to that marriage, that he might, under that covert, have the more free access to her. His adulteries were still before their eyes, but they must be patient where they had not power. In other things that emperor was moderate enough: propriety was generally secur'd; and the people entertain'd with public shows and donatives, to make them more easily digest their lost liberty. But Augustus, who was conscious to himself of so many crimes which he had committed, thought, in the first place, to provide for

his own reputation, by making an edict against lampoons and satires, and the authors of those defamatory writings which my author Tacitus, from the law-term, calls *famosos libellos*.

In the first book of his *Annals*, he gives the following account of it, in these words: *Primus Augustus cognitionem de famosis libellis, specie legis ejus, tractavit; commotus Cassii Severi libidine, qua viros feminasque illustres, procacibus scriptis diffamaverat*. Thus in English: "Augustus was the first who under the color of that law took cognizance of lampoons, being provok'd to it by the petulance of Cassius Severus, who had defam'd many illustrious persons of both sexes in his writings." The law to which Tacitus refers was *Lex læste Majestatis*; commonly call'd, for the sake of brevity, *Majestas*; or, as we say, high treason. He means not that this law had not been enacted formerly: for it had been made by the Decemviri, and was inscrib'd amongst the rest in the Twelve Tables; to prevent the aspersion of the Roman majesty, either of the people themselves, or their religion, or their magistrates: and the infringement of it was capital; that is, the offender was whipp'd to death with the *fascēs*, which were borne before their chief officers of Rome. But Augustus was the first who restor'd that intermitted law. By the words, *under color of that law*, he insinuates that Augustus caus'd it to be executed, on pretense of those libels which were written by Cassius Severus against the nobility; but, in truth, to save himself from such defamatory verses. Suetonius likewise makes mention of it thus: *Sparsos de se in curia famosos libellos, nec expavit, et magna cura redarguit. Ac ne requisitis quidem auctoribus, id modo censuit, cognoscendum posthac de iis qui libellos aut carmina ad infamiam cujuspiam sub alieno nomine edant*. "Augustus was not afraid of libels," says that author; "yet he took all care imaginable to have them answer'd; and then decreed, that for the time to come the authors of them should be punish'd." But Aurelius makes it yet more clear, according to my sense, that this emperor for his own sake durst not permit them: *Fecit id Augustus in speciem, et quasi gratificaretur populo Romano, et primoribus urbis; sed revera ut sibi consuleret: nam habuit in animo, comprimere nimiam quorundam procacitatem in*

loquendo, a qua nec ipse exemptus fuit. Nam suo nomine compescere erat invidiosum, sub alieno facile et utile. Ergo specie legis tractavit, quasi populi Romani majestas infamaretur. This, I think, is a sufficient comment on that passage of Tacitus. I will add only by the way, that the whole family of the Cæsars, and all their relations, were included in the law; because the majesty of the Romans, in the time of the empire, was wholly in that house; *omnia Cæsar erat*: they were all accounted sacred who belong'd to him. As for Cassius Severus, he was contemporary with Horace; and was the same poet against whom he writes in his *Epodes*, under this title, *In Cassium Severum maledicum poetam*; perhaps intending to kill two crows, according to our proverb, with one stone, and revenge both himself and his emperor together.

From hence I may reasonably conclude, that Augustus, who was not altogether so good as he was wise, had some by-respect in the enacting of this law; for to do anything for nothing was not his maxim. Horace, as he was a courtier, complied with the interest of his master; and, avoiding the lashing of greater crimes, confin'd himself to the ridiculing of petty vices and common follies; excepting only some reserv'd cases, in his *Odes* and *Epodes*, of his own particular quarrels, which either with permission of the magistrate, or without it, every man will revenge, tho' I say not that he should; for *prior læsit* is a good excuse in the civil law, if Christianity had not taught us to forgive. However, he was not the proper man to arraign great vices, at least if the stories which we hear of him are true, that he practic'd some, which I will not here mention, out of honor to him. It was not for a Claudius to accuse adulterers, especially when Augustus was of that number; so that tho' his age was not exempted from the worst of villainies, there was no freedom left to reprehend them, by reason of the edict; and our poet was not fit to represent them in an odious character, because himself was dip'd in the same actions. Upon this account, with out farther insisting on the different tempers of Juvenal and Horace, I conclude, that the subjects which Horace chose for satire are of a lower nature than those of which Juvenal has written.

Thus I have treated, in a new method, ve

comparison betwixt Horace, Juvenal, and Persius; somewhat of their particular manner belonging to all of them is yet remaining to be consider'd. Persius was grave, and particularly oppos'd his gravity to lewdness, which was the predominant vice in Nero's court at the time when he publish'd his *Satires*, which was before that emperor fell into the excess of cruelty. Horace was a mild admonisher, a court satirist, fit for the gentle times of Augustus, and more fit, for the reasons which I have already given. Juvenal was as proper for his times, as they for theirs; his was an age that deserv'd a more severe chastisement; vices were more gross and open, more flagitious, more encouraged by the example of a tyrant, and more protected by his authority. Therefore, wheresoever Juvenal mentions Nero, he means Domitian, whom he dares not attack in his own person, but scourges him by proxy. Heinsius urges in praise of Horace, that, according to the ancient art and law of satire, it should be nearer to comedy than to tragedy; not declaiming against vice, but only laughing at it. Neither Persius nor Juvenal were ignorant of this, for they had both studied Horace. And the thing itself is plainly true. But as they had read Horace, they had likewise read Lucilius, of whom Persius says, *secuti urbem; et genuinum fregit in illis*; meaning Mutius and Lupus; and Juvenal also mentions him in these words: *Ense velut stricto, quoties Lucilius ardens infremuit*, &c. So that they thought the imitation of Lucilius was more proper to their purpose than that of Horace. "They chang'd satire," says Holyday, "but they chang'd it for the better; for the business being to reform great vices, chastisement goes farther than admonition; whereas a perpetual grin, like that of Horace, does rather anger than amend a man."

Thus far that learned critic, Barten Holyday, whose interpretation and illustrations of Juvenal are as excellent, as the verse of his translation and his English are lame and pitiful. For 'tis not enough to give us the meaning of a poet, which I acknowledge him to have perform'd most faithfully, but he must also imitate his genius and his numbers, as far as the English will come up to the elegance of the original. In few words, 'tis only for a poet to translate a poet. Holyday and Stapylton had not enough con-

sider'd this, when they attempted Juvenal: but I forbear reflections; only I beg leave to take notice of this sentence, where Holyday says: "A perpetual grin, like that of Horace, rather angers than amends a man." I cannot give him up the manner of Horace in low satire so easily. Let the chastisements of Juvenal be never so necessary for his new kind of satire; let him declaim as wittily and sharply as he pleases; yet still the nicest and most delicate touches of satire consist in fine raillery. This, my Lord, is your particular talent, to which even Juvenal could not arrive. 'Tis not reading, 'tis not imitation of an author, which can produce this fineness; it must be inborn; it must proceed from a genius, and particular way of thinking, which is not to be taught; and therefore not to be imitated by him who has it not from nature. How easy it is to call rogue and villain, and that wittily! But how hard to make a man appear a fool, a blockhead, or a knave, without using any of those opprobrious terms! To spare the grossness of the names, and to do the thing yet more severely, is to draw a full face, and to make the nose and cheeks stand out, and yet not to employ any depth of shadowing. This is the mystery of that noble trade, which yet no master can teach to his apprentice; he may give the rules, but the scholar is never the nearer in his practice. Neither is it true, that this fineness of raillery is offensive. A witty man is tickled while he is hurt in this manner, and a fool feels it not. The occasion of an offense may possibly be given, but he cannot take it. If it be granted, that in effect this way does more mischief; that a man is secretly wounded, and tho' he be not sensible himself, yet the malicious world will find it for him; yet there is still a vast difference betwixt the slovenly butchering of a man, and the fineness of a stroke that separates the head from the body, and leaves it standing in its place. A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife said of his servant, of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging; but to make a malefactor die sweetly, was only belonging to her husband. I wish I could apply it to myself, if the reader would be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The character of Zimri in my *Abalom* is, in my opinion, worth the whole poem: 'tis not bloody, but 'tis ridiculous enough; and he for whom it was intended was too witty

to resent it as an injury. If I had rail'd, I might have suffer'd for it justly; but I manag'd my own work more happily, perhaps more dextrously. I avoided the mention of great crimes, and applied myself to the representing of blind sides, and little extravagancies; to which, the wittier a man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It succeeded as I wish'd; the jest went round, and he was laugh'd at in his turn who began the frolic.

And thus, my Lord, you see I have prefer'd the manner of Horace, and of your Lordship, in this kind of satire, to that of Juvenal, and, I think, reasonably. Holyday ought not to have arraign'd so great an author for that which was his excellency and his merit; or if he did, on such a palpable mistake, he might expect that some one might possibly arise, either in his own time, or after him, to rectify his error, and restore to Horace that commendation of which he has so unjustly robb'd him. And let the *manes* of Juvenal forgive me, if I say that this way of Horace was the best for amending manners, as it is the most difficult. His was an *ense rescindendum*; but that of Horace was a pleasant cure, with all the limbs preserv'd entire; and, as our mountebanks tell us in their bills, without keeping the patient within-doors for a day. What they promise only, Horace has effectually perform'd: yet I contradict not the proposition which I formerly advanc'd. Juvenal's times requir'd a more painful kind of operation; but if he had liv'd in the age of Horace, I must needs affirm that he had it not about him. He took the method which was prescrib'd him by his own genius, which was sharp and eager; he could not rally, but he could declaim; and as his provocations were great, he has reveng'd them tragically. This notwithstanding, I am to say another word, which, as true as it is, will yet displease the partial admirers of our Horace. I have hinted it before, but 't is time for me now to speak more plainly.

This manner of Horace is indeed the best; but Horace has not executed it altogether so happily, at least not often. The manner of Juvenal is confess'd to be inferior to the former, but Juvenal has excell'd him in his performance. Juvenal has rail'd more wittily than Horace has rallied. Horace means to make his reader laugh, but he is not sure

of his experiment. Juvenal always intends to move your indignation, and he always brings about his purpose. Horace, for aught I know, might have tickled the people of his age; but amongst the moderns he is not so successful. They who say he entertains so pleasantly may perhaps value themselves on the quickness of their own understandings, that they can see a jest farther off than other men. They may find occasion of laughter in the wit-battle of the two buffoons, Sarmentus and Cicerrus; and hold their sides for fear of bursting, when Rupilius and Persius are scolding. For my own part, I can only like the characters of all four, which are judiciously given; but for my heart I cannot so much as smile at their insipid raillery. I see not why Persius should call upon Brutus to revenge him on his adversary; and that because he had kill'd Julius Cæsar, for endeavoring to be a king, therefore he should be desir'd to murder Rupilius, only because his name was Mr. King. A miserable clench, in my opinion, for Horace to record: I have heard honest Mr. Swan make many a better, and yet have had the grace to hold my countenance. But it may be puns were then in fashion, as they were wit in the sermons of the last age, and in the court of King Charles the Second. I am sorry to say it, for the sake of Horace; but certain it is, he has no fine palate who can feed so heartily on garbidge.

But I have already wearied myself, and doubt not but I have tir'd your Lordship's patience, with this long, rambling, and, I fear, trivial discourse. Upon the one half of the merits, that is, pleasure, I cannot but conclude that Juvenal was the better satirist. They who will descend into his particular praises may find them at large in the *Dissertation* of the learned Rigaltius to Thuanus. As for Persius, I have given the reasons why I think him inferior to both of them; yet I have one thing to add on that subject.

Barten Holyday, who translated both Juvenal and Persius, has made this distinction betwixt them, which is no less true than witty; that in Persius the difficulty is to find a meaning, in Juvenal to choose a meaning: so crabbed is Persius, and so copious is Juvenal; so much the understanding is employ'd in one, and so much the

judgment in the other; so difficult it is to find any sense in the former, and the best sense of the latter.

If, on the other side, any one suppose I have commended Horace below his merit, when I have allow'd him but the second place, I desire him to consider, if Juvenal, a man of excellent natural endowments, besides the advantages of diligence and study, and coming after him, and building upon his foundations, might not probably, with all these helps, surpass him; and whether it be any dishonor to Horace to be thus surpass'd, since no art or science is at once begun and perfected, but that it must pass first thro' many hands, and even thro' several ages. If Lucilius could add to Ennius, and Horace to Lucilius, why, without any diminution to the fame of Horace, might not Juvenal give the last perfection to that work? Or rather, what disreputation is it to Horace, that Juvenal excels in the tragical satire, as Horace does in the comical? I have read over attentively both Heinsius and Dacier, in their commendations of Horace; but I can find no more in either of them, for the preference of him to Juvenal, than the instructive part; the part of wisdom, and not that of pleasure; which, therefore, is here allow'd him, notwithstanding what Scaliger and Rigaltius have pleaded to the contrary for Juvenal. And, to shew I am impartial, I will here translate what Dacier has said on that subject:

"I cannot give a more just idea of the two books of *Satires* made by Horace, than by comparing them to the statues of the Sileni, to which Alcibiades compares Socrates in the *Symposium*. They were figures which had nothing of agreeable, nothing of beauty, on their outside; but when any one took the pains to open them, and search into them, he there found the figures of all the deities. So, in the shape that Horace presents himself to us in his *Satires*, we see nothing, at the first view, which deserves our attention: it seems that he is rather an amusement for children, than for the serious consideration of men. But, when we take away his crust, and that which hides him from our sight, when we discover him to the bottom, then we find all the divinities in a full assembly; that is to say, all the virtues which ought to be the continual exercise

of those who seriously endeavor to correct their vices."

'Tis easy to observe, that Dacier, in this noble similitude, has confin'd the praise of his author wholly to the instructive part; the commendation turns on this, and so does that which follows:

"In these two books of satire, 'tis the business of Horace to instruct us how to combat our vices, to regulate our passions, to follow nature, to give bounds to our desires, to distinguish betwixt truth and falsehood, and betwixt our conceptions of things, and things themselves; to come back from our prejudicate opinions, to understand exactly the principles and motives of all our actions; and to avoid the ridicule into which all men necessarily fall, who are intoxicated with those notions which they have receiv'd from their masters, and which they obstinately retain, without examining whether or no they are founded on right reason.

"In a word, he labors to render us happy in relation to ourselves; agreeable and faithful to our friends; and discreet, serviceable, and well-bred, in relation to those with whom we are oblig'd to live, and to converse. To make his figures intelligible, to conduct his readers thro' the labyrinth of some perplex'd sentence, or obscure parenthesis, is no great matter; and, as Epictetus says, there is nothing of beauty in all this, or what is worthy of a prudent man. The principal business, and which is of most importance to us, is to shew the use, the reason, and the proof of his precepts.

"They who endeavor not to correct themselves according to so exact a model, are just like the patients who have open before them a book of admirable receipts for their diseases, and please themselves with reading it, without comprehending the nature of the remedies, or how to apply them to their cure."

Let Horace go off with these encomiums, which he has so well deserv'd.

To conclude the contention betwixt our three poets, I will use the words of Virgil, in his fifth *Æneid*, where Æneas proposes the rewards of the foot race to the three first who should reach the goal:

— tres præmia primi
Accipient, flavaque caput nectentur oliva.

Let these three ancients be preferr'd to all the moderns, as first arriving at the goal; let them all be crown'd, as victors, with the wreath that properly belongs to satire; but, after that, with this distinction amongst themselves:

Primus equum phaleris insignem victor habeto: —

let Juvenal ride first in triumph:

*Alter Amazoniam pharetram, plenamque sagittis
Threiciis, lato quam circumplectitur auro
Balleus, et tereti subnectit fibula gemma: —*

let Horace, who is the second, and but just the second, carry off the quivers and the arrows, as the badges of his satire, and the golden belt, and the diamond button:

Tertius Argolico hoc clypeo contentus abito: —

and let Persius, the last of the first three worthies, be contented with this Grecian shield, and with victory, not only over all the Grecians, who were ignorant of the Roman satire, but over all the moderns in succeeding ages, excepting Boileau and your Lordship.

And thus I have given the history of satire, and deriv'd it as far as from Ennius to your Lordship; that is, from its first rudiments of barbarity to its last polishing and perfection; which is, with Virgil, in his address to Augustus:

— *nomen fama tot ferre per annos,
Tithoni prima quot abest ab origine Cæsar.*

I said only from Ennius; but I may safely carry it higher, as far as Livius Andronicus; who, as I have said formerly, taught the first play at Rome, in the year *ab urbe condita* 514. I have since desir'd my learn'd friend, Mr. Maidwell, to compute the difference of times betwixt Aristophanes and Livius Andronicus; and he assures me, from the best chronologers, that *Plutus*, the last of Aristophanes his plays, was represented at Athens, in the year of the 97th Olympiad, which agrees with the year *urbis conditæ* 364. So that the difference of years betwixt Aristophanes and Andronicus is 150; from whence I have probably deduc'd, that Livius Andronicus, who was a Grecian, had read the plays of the Old Comedy, which were satirical, and also of the New; for Menander was fifty years before him, which must needs be a great light to him in his

own plays, that were of the satirical nature. That the Romans had farces before this, 't is true; but then they had no communication with Greece; so that Andronicus was the first who wrote after the manner of the Old Comedy in his plays: he was imitated by Ennius, about thirty years afterwards. Tho' the former writ fables, the latter, speaking properly, began the Roman satire; according to that description which Juvenal gives of it in his *First*:

Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,

Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.

This is that in which I have made bold to differ from Casaubon, Rigaltius, Dacier, and indeed from all the modern critics, that not Ennius, but Andronicus was the first; who, by the *Archæa Comædia* of the Greeks, added many beauties to the first rude and barbarous Roman satire: which sort of poem, tho' we had not deriv'd from Rome, yet nature teaches it mankind in all ages, and in every country.

'T is but necessary, that after so much has been said of satire, some definition of it should be given. Heinsius, in his *Dissertations on Horace*, makes it for me, in these words: "Satire is a kind of poetry, without a series of action, invented for the purging of our minds; in which human vices, ignorance, and errors, and all things besides, which are produc'd from them in every man, are severely reprehended; partly dramatically, partly simply, and sometimes in both kinds of speaking; but, for the most part, figuratively, and occultly; consisting in a low familiar way, chiefly in a sharp and pungent manner of speech; but partly, also, in a facetious and civil way of jesting; by which either hatred, or laughter, or indignation is mov'd." — Where I cannot but observe, that this obscure and perplex'd definition, or rather description, of satire, is wholly accommodated to the Horatian way; and excluding the works of Juvenal and Persius, as foreign from that kind of poem. The clause in the beginning of it, *without a series of action*, distinguishes satire properly from stageplays, which are all of one action, and one continued series of action. The end or scope of satire is to purge the passions; so far it is common to the satires of Juvenal and Persius. The rest

which follows is also generally belonging to all three; till he comes upon us, with the excluding clause, *consisting in a low familiar way of speech*, which is the proper character of Horace; and from which the other two, for their honor be it spoken, are far distant. But how come lowness of style, and the familiarity of words, to be so much the propriety of satire, that without them a poet can be no more a satirist, than without risibility he can be a man? Is the fault of Horace to be made the virtue and standing rule of this poem? Is the *grande sophos* of Persius, and the sublimity of Juvenal, to be circumscrib'd with the meanness of words and vulgarity of expression? If Horace refus'd the pains of numbers, and the loftiness of figures, are they bound to follow so ill a precedent? Let him walk afoot, with his pad in his hand, for his own pleasure; but let not them be accounted no poets, who choose to mount, and shew their horsemanship. Holyday is not afraid to say, that there was never such a fall, as from his *Odes* to his *Satires*, and that he, injuriously to himself, untun'd his harp. The majestic way of Persius and Juvenal was new when they began it, but 'tis old to us; and what poems have not, with time, receiv'd an alteration in their fashion? "Which alteration," says Holyday, "is to aftertimes as good a warrant as the first." Has not Virgil chang'd the manners of Homer's heroes in his *Æneis*? Certainly he has, and for the better: for Virgil's age was more civiliz'd, and better bred; and he writ according to the politeness of Rome, under the reign of Augustus Cæsar, not to the rudeness of Agamemnon's age, or the times of Homer. Why should we offer to confine free spirits to one form, when we cannot so much as confine our bodies to one fashion of apparel? Would not Donne's *Satires*, which abound with so much wit, appear more charming, if he had taken care of his words, and of his numbers? But he follow'd Horace so very close, that of necessity he must fall with him; and I may safely say it of this present age, that if we are not so great wits as Donne, yet certainly we are better poets.

But I have said enough, and it may be too much, on this subject. Will your Lordship be pleas'd to prolong my audience, only so far, till I tell you my own trivial

thoughts, how a modern satire should be made. I will not deviate in the least from the precepts and examples of the ancients, who were always our best masters. I will only illustrate them, and discover some of the hidden beauties in their designs, that we thereby may form our own in imitation of them. Will you please but to observe, that Persius, the least in dignity of all the three, has notwithstanding been the first who has discover'd to us this important secret in the designing of a perfect satire — that it ought only to treat of one subject; to be confin'd to one particular theme; or at least, to one principally. If other vices occur in the management of the chief, they should only be transiently lash'd, and not be insisted on, so as to make the design double. As in a play of the English fashion, which we call a *tragi-comedy*, there is to be but one main design; and tho' there be an underplot, or second walk of comical characters and adventures, yet they are subservient to the chief fable, carried along under it, and helping to it; so that the drama may not seem a monster with two heads. Thus, the Copernican system of the planets makes the moon to be mov'd by the motion of the earth, and carried about her orb, as a dependent of hers. Mascardi, in his discourse of the *Doppia favola*, or double tale in plays, gives an instance of it in the famous pastoral of Guarini, call'd *Il Pastor Fido*; where Corisca and the Satyr are the under parts; yet we may observe that Corisca is brought into the body of the plot, and made subservient to it. 'Tis certain that the divine wit of Horace was not ignorant of this rule — that a play, tho' it consists of many parts, must yet be one in the action, and must drive on the accomplishment of one design; for he gives this very precept, *sit quodvis simplex duntaxat et unum*; yet he seems not much to mind it in his *Satires*, many of them consisting of more arguments than one; and the second without dependence on the first. Casaubon has observ'd this before me, in his preference of Persius to Horace; and will have his own below'd author to be the first who found out and introduc'd this method of confining himself to one subject. I know it may be urg'd in defense of Horace, that this unity is not necessary; because the very word *satura* signifies a dish plentifully stor'd with all variety of fruits and grains. Yet

Juvenal, who calls his poems a *farrago*, which is a word of the same signification with *satura*, has chosen to follow the same method of Persius, and not of Horace; and Boileau, whose example alone is a sufficient authority, has wholly confin'd himself, in all his *Satires*, to this unity of design. That variety, which is not to be found in any one satire, is at least in many, written on several occasions. And if variety be of absolute necessity in every one of them, according to the etymology of the word, yet it may arise naturally from one subject, as it is diversely treated, in the several subordinate branches of it, all relating to the chief. It may be illustrated accordingly with variety of examples in the subdivisions of it, and with as many precepts as there are members of it; which, altogether, may complete that *olla*, or hotchpotch, which is properly a satire.

Under this unity of theme, or subject, is comprehended another rule for perfecting the design of true satire. The poet is bound, and that *ex officio*, to give his reader some one precept of moral virtue, and to caution him against some one particular vice or folly. Other virtues, subordinate to the first, may be recommended under that chief head; and other vices or follies may be scourg'd, besides that which he principally intends. But he is chiefly to inculcate one virtue, and insist on that. Thus Juvenal, in every satire excepting the *First*, ties himself to one principal instructive point, or to the shunning of moral evil. Even in the *Sixth*, which seems only an arraignment of the whole sex of womankind, there is a latent admonition to avoid ill women, by shewing how very few who are virtuous and good are to be found amongst them. But this, tho' the wittiest of all his satires, has yet the least of truth or instruction in it. He has run himself into his old declamatory way, and almost forgotten that he was now setting in for a moral poet.

Persius is never wanting to us in some profitable doctrine, and in exposing the opposite vices to it. His kind of philosophy is one, which is the Stoic; and every satire is a comment on one particular dogma of that sect, unless we will except the *First*, which is against bad writers; and yet ev'n there he forgets not the precepts of the Porch. In general, all virtues are every-

where to be prais'd and recommended to practice; and all vices to be reprehended, and made either odious or ridiculous; or else there is a fundamental error in the whole design.

I have already declar'd who are the only persons that are the adequate object of private satire, and who they are that may properly be expos'd by name for public examples of vices and follies; and therefore I will trouble your Lordship no farther with them. Of the best and finest manner of satire, I have said enough in the comparison betwixt Juvenal and Horace: 't is that sharp, well-manner'd way of laughing a folly out of countenance, of which your Lordship is the best master in this age. I will proceed to the versification which is most proper for it, and add somewhat to what I have said already on that subject. The sort of verse which is call'd *burlesque*, consisting of eight syllables, or four feet, is that which our excellent Hudibras has chosen. I ought to have mention'd him before, when I spoke of Donne; but by a slip of an old man's memory he was forgotten. The worth of his poem is too well known to need my commendation, and he is above my censure. His satire is of the Varronian kind, tho' unmix'd with prose. The choice of his numbers is suitable enough to his design, as he has manag'd it; but in any other hand, the shortness of his verse, and the quick returns of rhyme, had debas'd the dignity of style. And besides, the double rhyme (a necessary companion of burlesque writing) is not so proper for manly satire; for it turns earnest too much to jest, and gives us a boyish kind of pleasure. It tickles awkwardly with a kind of pain, to the best sort of readers: we are pleas'd ungratefully, and, if I may say so, against our liking. We thank him not for giving us that unseasonable delight, when we know he could have given us a better, and more solid. He might have left that task to others, who, not being able to put in thought, can only make us grin with the exerescence of a word of two or three syllables in the close. 'Tis, indeed, below so great a master to make use of such a little instrument. But his good sense is perpetually shining thro' all he writes; it affords us not the time of finding faults. We pass thro' the levity of his rhyme, and are im-

mediately carried into some admirable useful thought. After all, he has chosen this kind of verse, and has written the best in it; and had he taken another, he would always have excell'd: as we say of a court favorite, that whatsoever his office be, he still makes it uppermost, and most beneficial to himself.

The quickness of your imagination, my Lord, has already prevented me; and you know beforehand, that I would prefer the verse of ten syllables, which we call the English heroic, to that of eight. This is truly my opinion; for this sort of number is more roomy: the thought can turn itself with greater ease in a larger compass. When the rhyme comes too thick upon us, it straitens the expression: we are thinking of the close, when we should be employ'd in adorning the thought. It makes a poet giddy with turning in a space too narrow for his imagination; he loses many beauties, without gaining one advantage. For a burlesque rhyme I have already concluded to be none; or, if it were, 'tis more easily purchas'd in ten syllables than in eight. In both occasions 'tis as in a tennis court, when the strokes of greater force are given, when we strike out and play at length. Tassoni and Boileau have left us the best examples of this way, in the *Secchia Rapita*, and the *Lutrin*; and next them Merlin Coccaius in his *Baldus*. I will speak only of the two former, because the last is written in Latin verse. The *Secchia Rapita* is an Italian poem, a satire of the Varronian kind. 'Tis written in the stanza of eight, which is their measure for heroic verse. The words are stately, the numbers smooth, the turn both of thoughts and words is happy. The first six lines of the stanza seem majestic and severe; but the two last turn them all into a pleasant ridicule. Boileau, if I am not much deceiv'd, has model'd from hence his famous *Lutrin*. He had read the burlesque poetry of Scarron with some kind of indignation, as witty as it was, and found nothing in France that was worthy of his imitation; but he copied the Italian so well, that his own may pass for an original. He writes it in the French heroic verse, and calls it an heroic poem; his subject is trivial, but his verse is noble. I doubt not but he had Virgil in his eye, for we find many admirable imitations of him, and some par-

odies; as particularly this passage in the fourth of the *Æneids*:

*Nec tibi diva parens, generis nec Dardanus auctor,
Perfide; sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucasus; Hyrcanæque admorunt ubera tigris:*

which he thus translates, keeping to the words, but altering the sense:

*Non, ton père à Paris ne fut point boulanger;
Et tu n'es point du sang de Gervais, horloger:
Ta mère ne fut point la maîtresse d'un coche;
Caucase dans ses flancs te forma d'une écarte:
Une tigresse affreuse, en quelque antre écarté,
Te fit, avec son lait, sucer sa cruauté.*

And, as Virgil in his *Fourth Georgic*, of the Bees, perpetually raises the lowness of his subject by the loftiness of his words, and ennobles it by comparisons drawn from empires, and from monarchs:

*Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum,
Magnanimosque duces, totiusque ordine gentis
Mores et studia, et populos, et prælia dicam;*

and again:

*Sed genus immortale manet; multosque per annos
Stat fortuna domus, et avi numerantur aeorum;*

we see Boileau pursuing him in the same flights, and scarcely yielding to his master. This, I think, my Lord, to be the most beautiful and most noble kind of satire. Here is the majesty of the heroic, finely mix'd with the venom of the other; and raising the delight which otherwise would be flat and vulgar, by the sublimity of the expression. I could say somewhat more of the delicacy of this and some other of his satires; but it might turn to his prejudice, if 't were carried back to France.

I have given your Lordship but this bare hint, in what verse and in what manner this sort of satire may best be manag'd. Had I time, I could enlarge on the beautiful turns of words and thoughts, which are as requisite in this, as in heroic poetry itself, of which this satire is undoubtedly a species. With these beautiful turns, I confess myself to have been unacquainted, till about twenty years ago, in a conversation which I had with that noble wit of Scotland, Sir George Mackenzie, he ask'd me why I did not imitate in my verses the turns of Mr. Waller and Sir John Denham, of which he repeated many to me. I had often read with pleasure,

and with some profit, those two fathers of our English poetry, but had not seriously enough consider'd those beauties which give the last perfection to their works. Some sprinklings of this kind I had also formerly in my plays; but they were casual, and not design'd. But this hint, thus seasonably given me, first made me sensible of my own wants, and brought me afterwards to seek for the supply of them in other English authors. I look'd over the darling of my youth, the famous Cowley; there I found, instead of them, the points of wit, and quirks of epigram, even in the *Dauides*, a heroic poem, which is of an opposite nature to those puerilities; but no elegant turns either on the word or on the thought. Then I consulted a greater genius, (without offense to the *manes* of that noble author,) I mean Milton; but as he endeavors everywhere to express Homer, whose age had not arriv'd to that fineness, I found in him a true sublimity, lofty thoughts, which were cloth'd with admirable Grecisms, and ancient words, which he had been digging from the mines of Chaucer and of Spenser, and which, with all their rusticity, had somewhat of venerable in them. But I found not there neither that for which I look'd. At last I had recourse to his master, Spenser, the author of that immortal poem call'd *The Fairy Queen*, and there I met with that which I had been looking for so long in vain. Spenser had studied Virgil to as much advantage as Milton had done Homer, and amongst the rest of his excellencies had copied that. Looking farther into the Italian, I found Tasso had done the same; nay more, that all the sonnets in that language are on the turn of the first thought; which Mr. Walsh, in his late ingenious preface to his poems, has observ'd. In short, Virgil and Ovid are the two principal fountains of them in Latin poetry. And the French at this day are so fond of them, that they judge them to be the first beauties: *délicat et bien tourné* are the highest commendations which they bestow on somewhat which they think a masterpiece.

An example of the turn on words, amongst a thousand others, is that in the last book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*:

Hæu! quantum scelus est, in viscera, viscera condi!
Congestogue avidum pinguescere corpore corpus;
Alteriusque animantem animantis vivere leto.

An example on the turn both of thoughts and words is to be found in Catullus, in the complaint of Ariadne, when she was left by Theseus:

Tum jam nulla viro juranti fœmina credat;
Nulla viri speret sermones esse fideles;
Qui, dum aliquid cupiens animus prægestit
apisci,

Nil metuunt jurare, nihil promittere parcunt:
Sed simul ac cupidae mentis satiata libido est,
Dicta nihil metuere, nihil perjurâ curant.

An extraordinary turn upon the words is that in Ovid's *Epistolæ Heroidum*, of Sappho to Phaon:

Si, nisi quæ forma poterit te digna videri,
Nulla futura tua est, nulla futura tua est.

Lastly, a turn, which I cannot say is absolutely on words, for the thought turns with them, is in the *Fourth Georgic* of Virgil; where Orpheus is to receive his wife from hell, on express condition not to look on her till she was come on earth:

Cum subita incautum dementia cepit amantem;
Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes.

I will not burthen your Lordship with more of them, for I write to a master who understands them better than myself. But I may safely conclude them to be great beauties. I might descend also to the mechanic beauties of heroic verse; but we have yet no English *prosodia*, not so much as a tolerable dictionary, or a grammar; so that our language is in a manner barbarous; and what government will encourage any one, or more, who are capable of refining it, I know not: but nothing under a public expense can go thro' with it. And I rather fear a declination of the language, than hope an advancement of it in the present age.

I am still speaking to you, my Lord, tho', in all probability, you are already out of hearing. Nothing which my meanness can produce is worthy of this long attention. But I am come to the last petition of Abraham; if there be ten righteous lines in this vast preface, spare it for their sake; and also spare the next city, because it is but a little one.

I would excuse the performance of this translation, if it were all my own; but the better, tho' not the greater part, being the work of some gentlemen who have succeeded very happily in their undertaking,

let their excellencies atone for my imperfections, and those of my sons. I have perus'd some of the satires which are done by other hands, and they seem to me as perfect in their kind as anything I have seen in English verse. The common way which we have taken is not a literal translation, but a kind of paraphrase; or somewhat which is yet more loose, betwixt a paraphrase and imitation. It was not possible for us, or any men, to have made it pleasant any other way. If rend'ring the exact sense of these authors, almost line for line, had been our business, Barten Holyday had done it already to our hands; and, by the help of his learned notes and illustrations, not only Juvenal and Persius, but, what yet is more obscure, his own verses, might be understood.

But he wrote for fame, and wrote to scholars; we write only for the pleasure and entertainment of those gentlemen and ladies, who, tho' they are not scholars, are not ignorant: persons of understanding and good sense, who, not having been conversant in the original, or at least not having made Latin verse so much their business as to be critics in it, would be glad to find if the wit of our two great authors be answerable to their fame and reputation in the world. We have, therefore, endeavor'd to give the public all the satisfaction we are able in this kind.

And if we are not altogether so faithful to our author, as our predecessors Holyday and Stapylton, yet we may challenge to ourselves this praise, that we shall be far more pleasing to our readers. We have follow'd our authors at greater distance, tho' not step by step, as they have done: for oftentimes they have gone so close, that they have trod on the heels of Juvenal and Persius, and hurt them by their too near approach. A noble author would not be pursued too close by a translator. We lose his spirit, when we think to take his body. The grosser part remains with us, but the soul is flown away in some noble expression, or some delicate turn of words or thought. Thus Holyday, who made this way his choice, seiz'd the meaning of Juvenal; but the poetry has always scap'd him.

They who will not grant me that pleasure is one of the ends of poetry, but that it is only a means of compassing the only end,

which is instruction, must yet allow, that, without the means of pleasure, the instruction is but a bare and dry philosophy: a crude preparation of morals, which we may have from Aristotle and Epictetus, with more profit than from any poet. Neither Holyday nor Stapylton have imitated Juvenal in the poetical part of him, his diction and his elocution. Nor had they been poets, as neither of them were, yet, in the way they took, it was impossible for them to have succeeded in the poetic part.

The English verse which we call heroic consists of no more than ten syllables; the Latin hexameter sometimes rises to seventeen; as, for example, this verse in Virgil:

Pulverulenta putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

Here is the difference of no less than seven syllables in a line, betwixt the English and the Latin. Now the medium of these is about fourteen syllables; because the daetyl is a more frequent foot in hexameters than the spondee. But Holyday, without considering that he writ with the disadvantage of four syllables less in every verse, endeavors to make one of his lines to comprehend the sense of one of Juvenal's. According to the falsity of the proposition was the success. He was forc'd to crowd his verse with ill-sounding monosyllables, of which our barbarous language affords him a wild plenty; and by that means he arriv'd at his pedantic end, which was to make a literal translation. His verses have nothing of verse in them, but only the worst part of it, the rhyme; and that, into the bargain, is far from good. But, which is more intolerable, by cramming his ill-chosen and worse-sounding monosyllables so close together, the very sense which he endeavors to explain is become more obscure than that of his author; so that Holyday himself cannot be understood, without as large a commentary as that which he makes on his two authors. For my own part, I can make a shift to find the meaning of Juvenal without his notes; but his translation is more difficult than his author. And I find beauties in the Latin to recompense my pains; but, in Holyday and Stapylton, my ears, in the first place, are mortally offended; and then their sense is so perplex'd, that I return to the original, as the more pleasing task, as well as the more easy.

This must be said for our translation,

that, if we give not the whole sense of Juvenal, yet we give the most considerable part of it: we give it, in general, so clearly, that few notes are sufficient to make us intelligible. We make our author at least appear in a poetic dress. We have actually made him more sounding, and more elegant, than he was before in English; and have endeavor'd to make him speak that kind of English which he would have spoken had he liv'd in England, and had written to this age. If sometimes any of us (and 't is but seldom) make him express the customs and manners of our native country rather than of Rome, 't is either when there was some kind of analogy betwixt their customs and ours, or when, to make him more easy to vulgar understandings, we gave him those manners which are familiar to us. But I defend not this innovation; 't is enough if I can excuse it. For, to speak sincerely, the manners of nations and ages are not to be confounded; we should either make them English, or leave them Roman. If this can neither be defended nor excus'd, let it be pardon'd at least, because it is acknowledg'd; and so much the more easily, as being a fault which is never committed without some pleasure to the reader.

Thus, my Lord, having troubled you with a tedious visit, the best manners will be shewn in the least ceremony. I will slip away while your back is turn'd, and while you are otherwise employ'd; with great confusion for having entertain'd you so long with this discourse, and for having no other recompense to make you, than the worthy labors of my fellow-undertakers in this work, and the thankful acknowledgments, prayers, and perpetual good wishes, of,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most oblig'd, most humble,

And most obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

Aug. 18, 1692.

THE FIRST SATIRE OF JUVENAL

THE ARGUMENT

The poet gives us first a kind of humorous reason for his writing: that being provok'd by hearing so many ill poets rehearse their

works, he does himself justice on them, by giving them as bad as they bring. But since no man will rank himself with ill writers, 't is easy to conclude, that if such wretches could draw an audience, he thought it no hard matter to excel them, and gain a greater esteem with the public. Next he informs us more openly, why he rather addicts himself to satire, than any other kind of poetry. And here he discovers that it is not so much his indignation to ill poets, as to ill men, which has prompted him to write. He therefore gives us a summary and general view of the vices and follies reigning in his time. So that this first satire is the natural groundwork of all the rest. Herein he confines himself to no one subject, but strikes indifferently at all men in his way: in every following satire he has chosen some particular moral which he would inculcate; and lashes some particular vice or folly (an art with which our lampooners are not much acquainted). But our poet being desirous to reform his own age, and not daring to attempt it by an overt act of naming living persons, inveighs only against those who were infamous in the times immediately preceding his, whereby he not only gives a fair warning to great men, that their memory lies at the mercy of future poets and historians, but also, with a finer stroke of his pen, brands ev'n the living, and personates them under dead men's names.

I have avoided as much as I could possibly the borrow'd learning of marginal notes and illustrations, and for that reason have translated this satire somewhat largely; and freely own (if it be a fault) that I have likewise omitted most of the proper names, because I thought they would not much edify the reader. To conclude, if in two or three places I have deserted all the commentators, 't is because I thought they first deserted my author, or at least have left him in so much obscurity, that too much room is left for guessing.

STILL shall I hear, and never quit the score,

Stunn'd with hoarse Codrus'¹ *Theseid*, o'er and o'er?

Shall this man's elegies and t'other's play
Unpunish'd murder a long summer's day?
Huge *Telephus*;² a formidable page,
Cries vengeance; and *Orestes*'³ bulky rage,
Unsatisfied with margins closely writ,
Foams o'er the covers, and not finish'd yet.
No man can take a more familiar note
Of his own home, than I of Vulcan's grot,

Or Mars his grove,⁴ or hollow winds that
 blow¹¹
 From Ætna's top, or tortur'd ghosts below.
 I know by rote the fam'd exploits of
 Greece;
 The Centaurs' fury, and the Golden Fleece;
 Thro' the thick shades th' eternal scribbler
 bawls,
 And shakes the statues on their pedestals.
 The best and worst⁵ on the same theme
 employs
 His Muse, and plagues us with an equal
 noise.
 Provok'd by these incorrigible fools,
 I left declaiming in pedantic schools;²⁰
 Where, with men-boys, I strove to get re-
 nown,
 Advising Sylla⁶ to a private gown.
 But, since the world with writing is pos-
 sess'd,
 I'll versify in spite; and do my best,
 To make as much waste paper as the
 rest.
 But why I lift aloft the Satire's rod,
 And tread the path which fam'd Lucilius⁷
 trod,
 Attend the causes which my Muse have led:
 When sapless eunuchs mount the marriage-
 bed;
 When mannish Mævia,⁸ that two-handed
 whore,³⁰
 Astride on horseback hunts the Tuscan boar;
 When all our lords are by his wealth out-
 vied,
 Whose razor⁹ on my callow beard was
 tried;
 When I behold the spawn of conquer'd
 Nile,
 Crispinus,¹⁰ both in birth and manners vile,
 Pacing in pomp, with cloak of Tyrian dye,
 Chang'd oft a day for needless luxury;
 And finding oft occasion to be fann'd,
 Ambitious to produce his lady-hand;
 Charg'd with light summer-rings¹¹ his fin-
 gers sweat,⁴⁰
 Unable to support a gem of weight —
 Such fulsome objects meeting everywhere,
 'T is hard to write, but harder to forbear.
 To view so lewd a town, and to refrain,
 What hoops of iron could my spleen con-
 tain!
 When pleading Matho,¹² borne abroad for
 air,
 With his fat paunch fills his new-fashion'd
 chair,

And after him the wretch in pomp convey'd,
 Whose evidence his lord and friend betray'd,
 And but the wish'd occasion does attend
 From the poor nobles the last spoils to
 rend,⁵¹
 Whom ev'n spies dread as their superior
 fiend,
 And bribe with presents; or, when presents
 fail,
 They send their prostituted wives for bail:
 When night-performance holds the place of
 merit,
 And brawn and back the next of kin dis-
 herit;
 For such good parts are in preferment's
 way,
 The rich old madam never fails to pay
 Her legacies, by nature's standard giv'n,
 One gains an ounce, another gains eleven:
 A dear-bought bargain, all things duly
 weigh'd,⁶¹
 For which their thrice concocted blood is
 paid:
 With looks as wan, as he who in the brake
 At mawares has trod upon a snake;
 Or play'd at Lyons¹³ a declaiming prize,
 For which the vanquish'd rhetorician dies.
 What indignation boils within my veins,
 When perjurd guardians, proud with im-
 pious gains,
 Choke up the streets, too narrow for their
 trains!
 Whose wards, by want betray'd, to crimes
 are led⁷⁰
 Too foul to name, too fulsome to be read!
 When he who pill'd his province scapes the
 laws,
 And keeps his money, tho' he lost his cause:
 His fine begg'd off, contemns his infamy,
 Can rise at twelve, and get him drunk ere
 three;
 Enjoys his exile, and, condemn'd in vain,
 Leaves thee, prevailing province,¹⁴ to com-
 plain!
 Such villainies rous'd Horace¹⁵ into
 wrath;
 And 't is more noble to pursue his path,
 Than an old tale of Diomedes to repeat,
 Or lab'ring after Hercules to sweat,⁸¹
 Or wand'ring in the winding maze of
 Crete;
 Or with the winged smith aloft to fly,
 Or flutt'ring perish with his foolish boy.
 With what impatience must the Muse
 behold

The wife by her procuring husband sold ?
For tho' the law makes null th' adulterer's
deed

Of lands to her, the cuckold may succeed;
Who his taught eyes up to the ceiling
throws,⁸⁹

And sleeps all over but his wakeful nose.
When he dares hope a colonel's command,
Whose coursers kept, ran out his father's
land;

Who, yet a stripling, Nero's chariot }
drove,

Whirl'd o'er the streets, while his vain }
master strove

With boasted art to please his eunuch-
love.¹⁸

Would it not make a modest author dare
To draw his table-book within the square,
And fill with notes, when lolling at his ease,
Mæcenas-like,⁹⁹ the happy rogue he sees
Borne by six wearied slaves in open view,
Who cancel'd an old will and forg'd a new;
Made wealthy at the small expense of sign-
ing

With a wet seal, and a fresh interlining ?

The lady, next, requires a lashing line,
Who squeeze'd a toad into her husband's
wine:

So well the fashionable med'cine thrives,
That now 'tis practic'd ev'n by country
wives;

Pois'ning, without regard of fame or fear:
And spotted corps are frequent on the bier.
Wouldst thou to honors and preferments
climb,¹¹⁰

Be bold in mischief, dare some mighty
crime,

Which dungeons, death, or banishment de-
serves:

For virtue is but dryly prais'd, and sterves.
Great men, to great crimes, owe their
plate emboss'd,

Fair palaces, and furniture of cost; }
And high commands: a sneaking sin is
lost.

Who can behold that rank old lecher keep
His son's corrupted wife, and hope to
sleep ?¹⁸

Or that male-harlot, or that unfledg'd boy,
Eager to sin, before he can enjoy ?¹²⁰
If nature could not, anger would indite
Such woful stuff as I or S——ll write.

Count from the time, since old Deuca-
lion's¹⁹ boat,

Rais'd by the flood, did on Parnassus float;

And scarcely mooring on the cliff, implor'd
An oracle how man might be restor'd;
When soften'd stones and vital breath en-
sued,

And virgins naked were by lovers view'd;
Whatever since that Golden Age was done,
What humankind desires, and what they
shun,¹³⁰

Rage, passions, pleasures, impotence of will,
Shall this satirical collection fill.

What age so large a crop of vices bore,
Or when was avarice extended more ?
When were the dice with more profusion
thrown ?

The well-fill'd fob not emptied now alone,
But gamesters for whole patrimonies play;
The steward brings the deeds which must
convey

The lost estate: what more than madness
reigns,

When one short sitting many hundreds
drains,¹⁴⁰

And not enough is left him to supply
Board-wages, or a footman's livery ?

What age so many summer seats did
see ?

Or which of our forefathers far'd so well,
As on seven dishes, at a private meal ?
Clients of old were feasted; now a poor
Divided dole is dealt at th' outward door,
Which by the hungry rout is soon dis-
patch'd:

The paltry largess, too, severely watch'd
Ere given; and every face observ'd with
care,¹⁵⁰

That no intruding guest usurp a share.
Known, you receive: the crier calls aloud
Our old nobility of Trojan blood,
Who gape among the crowd for their
precarious food.

The pretors' and the tribunes' voice is
heard;

The freedman justles, and will be prefer'd;
"First come, first serv'd," he cries; "and I,
in spite

Of your great lordships, will maintain my
right.

Tho' born a slave, tho' my torn ears are
bor'd,²⁰

'Tis not the birth, 'tis money makes the
lord.¹⁶⁰

The rents of five fair houses I receive;
What greater honors can the purple give ?

The poor patrician²¹ is reduc'd to keep
In melancholy walks a grazier's sheep:

Not Pallas nor Licinius²² had my treasure;
Then let the sacred tribunes wait my leisure.

Once a poor rogue, 't is true, I trod the street,
And trudg'd to Rome upon my naked feet:

Gold is the greatest god; tho' yet we see
No temples rais'd to Money's majesty, ¹⁷⁰
No altars fuming to her pow'r divine,
Such as to Valor, Peace, and Virtue shine,
And Faith, and Concord: where the stork
on high²³

Seems to salute her infant progeny,
Presaging pious love with her auspicious cry."

But since our knights and senators account
To what their sordid begging vails amount,
Judge what a wretched share the poor attends,

Whose whole subsistence on those alms depends!

Their household fire, their raiment, and their food, ¹⁸⁰

Prevented by those harpies;²⁴ when a wood
Of litters thick besiege the donor's gate,
And begging lords and teeming ladies wait
The promis'd dole: nay, some have learn'd the trick

To beg for absent persons; feign them sick,
Close mew'd in their sedans, for fear of air;

And for their wives produce an empty chair.

"This is my spouse: dispatch her with her share.

'T is Galla."²⁵ "Let her ladyship but peep."

"No, sir, 't is pity to disturb her sleep."¹⁹⁰
Such fine employments our whole days divide:

The salutations of the morning tide
Call up the sun; those ended, to the hall
We wait the patron, hear the lawyers bawl;
Then to the statues;²⁶ where, amidst the race

Of conqu'ring Rome, some Arab shews his face,

Inscrib'd with titles, and profanes the place;

Fit to be piss'd against, and somewhat more.
The great man, home conducted, shuts his door: ¹⁹⁹

Old clients, wearied out with fruitless care,
Dismiss their hopes of eating, and despair;

Tho' much against the grain, forc'd to retire,

Buy roots for supper, and provide a fire.

Meantime his lordship lolls within at ease,
Pamp'ring his paunch with foreign rarities;
Both sea and land are ransack'd for the feast,

And his own gut the sole invited guest.
Such plate, such tables, dishes dress'd so well,

That whole estates are swallow'd at a meal.
Ev'n parasites are banish'd from his board:
(At once a sordid and luxurious lord:) ²¹¹
Prodigious throat, for which whole boars
are dress'd;

(A creature form'd to furnish out a feast.)
But present punishment pursues his maw,
When, surfeited and swell'd, the peacock raw

He bears into the bath; whence want of breath,

Replections, apoplex, intestate death.

His fate makes table talk, divulg'd with scorn,

And he, a jest, into his grave is borne.

No age can go beyond us; future times ²²⁰
Can add no farther to the present crimes.
Our sons but the same things can wish
and do;

Vice is at stand, and at the highest flow.
Then, Satire, spread thy sails; take all the winds can blow.

Some may, perhaps, demand what Muse can yield

Sufficient strength for such a spacious field;
From whence can be deriv'd so large a vein,

Bold truths to speak, and spoken to maintain,

When godlike freedom is so far bereft
The noble mind, that scarce the name is left. ²³⁰

Ere *scandalum magnatum* was begot,

No matter if the great forgave or not:

But if that honest license now you take,
If into rogues omnipotent you rake,
Death is your doom, impal'd upon a stake,
Smear'd o'er with wax, and set on fire, to light

The streets, and make a dreadful blaze by night.

Shall they, who drench'd three uncles in a draught

Of pois'nous juice, be then in triumph brought,

Make lanes among the people where they
 go, ²⁴⁰
 And, mounted high on downy chariots, }
 throw
 Disdainful glances on the crowd below ?
 Be silent, and beware, if such you see;
 'Tis defamation but to say: "That's he!"
 Against bold Turnus" the great Trojan
 arm,
 Amidst their strokes the poet gets no
 harm:
 Achilles may in epic verse be slain,
 And none of all his Myrmidons complain:
 Hylas may drop his pitcher, none will cry;
 Not if he drown himself for company: ²⁵⁰
 But when Lucilius brandishes his pen,
 And flashes in the face of guilty men,
 A cold sweat stands in drops on ev'ry part;
 And rage succeeds to tears, revenge to
 smart.
 Muse, be advis'd; 't is past consid'ring time,
 When enter'd once the dangerous lists of
 rhyme:
 Since none the living villains dare implead,
 Arraign them in the persons of the dead.

EXPLANATORY NOTES ON THE FIRST SATIRE

1 *Codrus*, or it may be *Cordus*, a bad poet who wrote the life and actions of Theseus.

2 *Telephus*, the name of a tragedy.

3 *Orestes*, another tragedy.

4 *Mars his grove*. Some commentators take this grove to be a place where poets were us'd to repeat their works to the people; but more probably, both this and Vulcan's grot, or cave, and the rest of the places and names here mention'd, are only meant for the commonplaces of Homer in his *Iliads* and *Odysseys*.

5 *The best and worst*; that is, the best and the worst poets.

6 *Advising Sylla*, &c. This was one of the themes given in the schools of rhetoricians, in the deliberative kind; whether Sylla should lay down the supreme power of dictatorship, or still keep it.

7 *Lucilius*, the first satirist of the Romans, who wrote long before Horace.

8 *Mævia*, a name put for any impudent or mannish woman.

9 *Whose razor*, &c. Juvenal's barber now grown wealthy.

10 *Crispinus*, an Egyptian slave; now by his riches transform'd into a nobleman.

11 *Chary'd with light summer-rings*, &c. The Romans were grown so effeminate in Juvenal's time, that they wore light rings in the summer and heavier in the winter.

12 *Matho*, a famous lawyer, mention'd in other places by Juvenal and Martial.

13 *At Lyons*. A city in France, where annual sacrifices and games were made in honor of Augustus Cæsar.

14 *Prevailing province*, &c. Here the poet complains that the governors of provinces, being accus'd for their unjust exactions, tho' they were condemn'd at their trials, yet got off by bribery.

15 *Horace*, who wrote satires: 't is more noble, says our author, to imitate him in that way, than to write the labors of Hercules, the sufferings of Diomedes and his followers, or the flight of Dædalus, who made the Labyrinth, and the death of his son Icarus.

16 *His eunuch-love*. Nero married Sporus, an eunuch; tho' it may be, the poet meant Nero's mistress in man's apparel.

17 *Mæcenus-like*. Mæcenus is often tax'd by Seneca and others for his effeminacy.

18 *And hope to sleep*. The meaning is, that the very consideration of such a crime will hinder a virtuous man from taking his repose.

19 *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha*, when the world was drown'd, escap'd to the top of Mount Parnassus, and were commanded to restore mankind, by throwing stones over their heads: the stones he threw became men, and those she threw became women.

20 *Tho' my torn ears are bor'd*. The ears of all slaves were bor'd, as a mark of their servitude; which custom is still usual in the East Indies, and in other parts, even for whole nations, who bore prodigious holes in their ears, and wear vast weights at them.

21 *The poor patrician*. The poor nobleman.

22 *Pallas*, or *Licinius*. Pallas, a slave freed by Claudius Cæsar, and rais'd by his favor to great riches. Licinius was another wealthy freedman, belonging to Augustus.

23 *Where the stork on high*, &c. Perhaps the storks were us'd to build on the top of the temple dedicated to Concord.

24 *Prevented by those harpies*. He calls the Roman knights, &c., harpies, or devourers. In those days the rich made doles intended for the poor; but the great were either so covetous, or so needy, that they came in their litters to demand their shares of the largess, and thereby prevented, and consequently starv'd, the poor.

25 *'T is Galla*, &c. The meaning is, that noblemen would cause empty litters to be carried to the giver's door, pretending their wives were within them. "'T is Galla," that is, "my wife;" the next words, "Let her ladyship but peep," are of the servant who distributes the dole; "Let me see her, that I may be sure she is within the litter." The husband answers: "She is asleep, and to open the litter would disturb her rest."

26 *Next to the statues*, &c. The poet here tells you how the idle pass'd their time; in going first to the levees of the great, then to the hall, that is, to the temple of Apollo, to hear the lawyers plead, then to the marketplace of Augustus, where the statues of the famous Romans were set in ranks on pedestals, amongst which statues were seen those of foreigners, such as Arabs, &c., who, for no desert, but only on the account of

their wealth or favor, were plac'd amongst the noblest

27 *Against bold Turnus, &c.* A poet may safely write an heroic poem, such as that of Virgil who describes the duel of Turnus and Æneas; or of Homer, who writes of Achilles and Hector; or the death of Hylas, the catamite of Hercules, who, stooping for water, dropp'd his pitcher, and fell into the well after it. But 't is dangerous to write satire, like Lucilius.

THE THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL

THE ARGUMENT

The story of this satire speaks itself. Umbritius, the suppos'd friend of Juvenal, and himself a poet, is leaving Rome, and retiring to Cumæ. Our author accompanies him out of town. Before they take leave of each other, Umbritius tells his friend the reasons which oblige him to lead a private life, in an obscure place. He complains that an honest man cannot get his bread at Rome; that none but flatterers make their fortunes there; that Grecians and other foreigners raise themselves by those sordid arts which he describes, and against which he bitterly inveighs. He reckons up the several inconveniencies which arise from a city life, and the many dangers which attend it; upbraids the noblemen with covetousness, for not rewarding good poets; and arraigns the government for starving them. The great art of this satire is particularly shown in commonplaces, and drawing in as many vices as could naturally fall into the compass of it.

GRIEV'D tho' I am an ancient friend to }
lose, }
I like the solitary seat he chose, }
In quiet Cumæ ' fixing his repose: }
Where, far from noisy Rome, secure he }
lives, }
And one more citizen to Sibyl gives; }
The road to Bajæ, and that soft recess, }
Which all the gods with all their bounty }
bless. }
Tho' I in Prochyta ³ with greater ease }
Could live, than in a street of palaces. }
What scene so desert, or so full of fright, }
As tow'ring houses tumbling in the night, }
And Rome on fire beheld by its own blaz- }
ing light? }
But worse than all, the clatt'ring tiles; and }
worse }
Than thousand padders, is the poet's curse;

Rogues that in dog days ¹ cannot rhyme for-
bear:

But without mercy read, and make you
hear.

Now while my friend, just ready to de-
part,

Was packing all his goods in one poor cart;
He stopp'd a little at the Conduit-gate,
Where Numa ² model'd once the Roman
State,

In mighty councils with his nymph ⁶ retir'd:
Tho' now the sacred shades and founts are
hir'd

By banish'd Jews, who their whole wealth
can lay

In a small basket, on a wisp of hay;
Yet such our avarice is, that every tree
Pays for his head; not sleep itself is free:
Nor place, nor persons, now are sacred held;
From their own grove the Muses are ex-
pell'd.

Into this lonely vale our steps we bend,
I and my sullen discontented friend: ³⁰
The marble caves, and aqueducts we view;
But how adult'rate now, and different from
the true!

How much more beauteous had the foun-
tain been,

Embellish'd with her first created green,
Where crystal streams thro' living turf had
run,

Contented with an urn of native stone!

Then thus Umbritius (with an angry
frown,

And looking back on this degen'rate town):

"Since noble arts in Rome have no support,
And ragged virtue not a friend at court, ⁴⁰

No profit rises from th' ungrateful stage,
My poverty encreasing with my age,

'Tis time to give my just disdain a vent,
And, cursing, leave so base a government.

Where Dædalus' his borrow'd wings laid by,
To that obscure retreat I choose to fly:

While yet few furrows on my face are
seen,

While I walk upright, and old age is
green,

And Lachesis ³ has somewhat left to spin. }
Now, now 't is time to quit this cursed
place, ⁵⁰

And hide from villains my too honest face:
Here let Arturius ⁹ live, and such as he;

Such manners will with such a town agree.
Knaves who in full assemblies have the
knack

Of turning truth to lies, and white to black;
Can hire large houses, and oppress the poor
By farm'd excise; can cleanse the common
shore,

And rent the fishery; can bear the dead;
And teach their eyes dissembled tears to
shed:

All this for gain; for gain they sell their
very head. ⁶⁰

These fellows (see what Fortune's pow'r can
do)

Were once the minstrels of a country show:
Follow'd the prizes thro' each paltry town,
By trumpet-cheeks and bloated faces known.
But now, grown rich, on drunken holi-
days,

At their own costs exhibit public plays;
Where, influenc'd by the rabble's bloody
will,

With thumbs bent back,¹⁰ they popularly
kill.

From thence return'd, their sordid avarice
rakes

In excrements again, and hires the jakes.⁷⁰
Why hire they not the town, not ev'ry-
thing,

Since such as they have Fortune in a string,
Who, for her pleasure, can her fools ad-
vance,

And toss 'em topmost on the wheel of
chance?

What's Rome to me, what bus'ness have I
there,

I who can neither lie, nor falsely swear?
Nor praise my patron's undeserving rhymes,
Nor yet comply with him, nor with his
times;

Unskill'd in schemes by planets to foreshow,
Like canting rascals, how the wars will go:
I neither will, nor can prognosticate ⁸¹

To the young gaping heir, his father's fate;
Nor in the entrails of a toad have pried,

Nor carried bawdy presents to a bride:
For want of these town virtues, thus, alone,

I go conducted on my way by none:
Like a dead member from the body rent;

Maim'd, and unuseful to the government.
"Who now is lov'd, but he who loves the
times,

Conscious of close intrigues, and dipp'd in
crimes; ⁹⁰

Lab'ring with secrets which his bosom burn,
Yet never must to public light return?

They get reward alone who can betray:
For keeping honest counsels none will pay.

He who can Verres,¹¹ when he will, accuse,
The purse of Verres may at pleasure use:
But let not all the gold which Tagus¹² hides,
And pays the sea in tributary tides,
Be bribe sufficient to corrupt thy breast,
Or violate with dreams thy peaceful rest. ¹⁰⁰
Great men with jealous eyes the friend be-
hold,

Whose secrecy they purchase with their
gold.

"I haste to tell thee, nor shall shame
oppose,

What confidents our wealthy Romans chose;
And whom I most abhor: to speak my mind,
I hate, in Rome, a Grecian town to find:
To see the scum of Greece transplanted
here,

Receiv'd like gods, is what I cannot bear.
Nor Greeks alone, but Syrians here abound;

Obscene Orontes,¹³ diving under ground, ¹¹⁰
Conveys his wealth to Tiber's¹⁴ hungry
shores,

And fattens Italy with foreign whores:
Hether their crooked harps and customs
come;

All find receipt in hospitable Rome.
The barbarous harlots crowd the public
place:

Go, fools, and purchase an unclean em-
brace;

The painted miter court, and the more
painted face.

Old Romulus,¹⁵ and Father Mars, look
down!

Your herdsman primitive, your homely
clown

Is turn'd a beau in a loose tawdry gown.
His once unkemm'd and horrid locks, be-
hold ¹²¹

Stilling sweet oil: his neck inchain'd with
gold;

Aping the foreigners, in ev'ry dress,
Which, bought at greater cost, becomes
him less.

Meantime they wisely leave their native
land;

From Sicyon, Samos, and from Alaband,
And Amydon, to Rome they swarm in
shoals:

So sweet and easy is the gain from fools.
Poor refugees at first, they purchase here;

And, soon as denizen'd, they domineer; ¹³⁰
Grow to the great a flatt'ring servile rout:
Work themselves inward, and their patrons
out:

Quick-witted, brazen-fac'd, with fluent
tongues,

Patient of labors, and dissembling wrongs.
Riddle me this, and guess him if you can,
Who bears a nation in a single man?

A cook, a conjurer, a rhetorician,
A painter, pedant, a geometrician,
A dancer on the ropes, and a physician. }

All things the hungry Greek exactly knows:
And bid him go to heav'n, to heav'n he
goes: ¹⁴¹

In short, no Scythian, Moor, or Thracian
born,

But in that town¹⁶ which arms and arts
adorn.

Shall he be plac'd above me at the board,
In purple cloth'd, and lolling like a lord?
Shall he before me sign, whom t'other
day

A small-craft vessel hither did convey;
Where, stow'd with prunes, and rotten
figs, he lay? }

How little is the privilege become
Of being born a citizen of Rome! ¹⁵⁰

The Greeks get all by fulsome flatteries;
A most peculiar stroke they have at lies.

They make a wit of their insipid friend;
His blobber lips, and beetle brows commend;
His long crane neck, and narrow shoulders
praise —

You'd think they were describing Hercules.
A creaking voice for a clear treble goes;
Tho' harsher than a cock that treads and
crows.

We can as grossly praise; but, to our grief,
No flattery but from Grecians gains belief.

Besides these qualities, we must agree ¹⁶¹
They mimic better on the stage than we:
The wife, the whore, the shepherdess they
play,

In such a free, and such a graceful way,
That we believe a very woman shown,
And fancy something underneath the gown.

But not Antiochus, nor Stratoles,¹⁷
Our ears and ravish'd eyes can only
please:

The nation is compos'd of such as these.
All Greece is one comedian: laugh, and
they ¹⁷⁰

Return it louder than an ass can bray:
Grieve, and they grieve; if you weep
silently,

There seems a silent echo in their eye:
They cannot mourn like you; but they
can cry. }

Call for a fire, their winter clothes they
take:

Begin but you to shiver, and they shake:
In frost and snow, if you complain of heat,
They rub th' unsweating brow, and swear
they sweat.

We live not on the square with such as
these; ¹⁷⁹

Such are our betters who can better please;
Who day and night are like a looking-glass,

Still ready to reflect their patron's face;
The panegyric hand, and lifted eye,

Prepar'd for some new piece of flattery.
Ev'n nastiness occasions will afford;

They praise a belching, or well-pissing lord.
Besides, there's nothing sacred, nothing free

From bold attempts of their rank lechery.
Tho' the whole family their labors run;

The daughter is debauch'd, the wife is
won: ¹⁹⁰

Nor escapes the bridegroom, or the bloom-
ing son. }

If none they find for their lewd purpose fit,
They with the walls and very floors commit.

They search the secrets of the house, and
so

Are worship'd there, and fear'd for what
they know.

"And, now we talk of Grecians, cast a
view

On what, in schools, their men of morals
do;

A rigid Stoic¹⁸ his own pupil slew:
A friend, against a friend, of his own cloth,

Turn'd evidence, and murder'd on his oath.
What room is left for Romans in a town ²⁰¹

Where Grecians rule, and cloaks control
the gown?

Some Diphilus, or some Protogenes,¹⁹
Look sharply out, our senators to seize:

Engross 'em wholly, by their native art,
And fear no rivals in their bubble's heart:

One drop of poison in my patron's ear,
One slight suggestion of a senseless fear,

Infus'd with cunning, serves to ruin me;
Disgrac'd and banish'd from the family. ²¹⁰

In vain forgotten services I boast;
My long dependence in an hour is lost:

Look round the world, what country will
appear,

Where friends are left with greater ease
than here?

At Rome (nor think me partial to the poor)
All offices of ours are out of door:

In vain we rise, and to their levees run;

My lord himself is up, before, and gone;
The prætor bids his lictors mend their pace,
Lest his colleague outstrip him in the
 race;

The childless matrons are, long since,
 awake,

And for affronts the tardy visits take.

“T is frequent, here, to see a freeborn
 son

On the left hand of a rich hireling run;
Because the wealthy rogue can throw away,
For half a brace of bouts, a tribune’s pay:
But you, poor sinner, tho’ you love the vice
And like the whore, demur upon the price;
And, frighted with the wicked sum, forbear
To lend a hand, and help her from the
 chair.

“Produce a witness of unblemish’d life,
Holy as Numa, or as Numa’s wife,
Or him who bid²⁰ th’ unhallow’d flames
 retire,

And snatch’d the trembling goddess from
 the fire;

The question is not put, how far extends
His piety, but what he yearly spends:
Quick, to the bus’ness; how he lives and
 eats;

How largely gives; how splendidly he
 treats;

How many thousand acres feed his sheep;
What are his rents; what servants does he
 keep?

Th’ account is soon cast up; the judges
 rate

Our credit in the court by our estate.
Swear by our gods, or those the Greeks
 adore,

Thou art as sure forsworn, as thou art poor;
The poor must gain their bread by per-
 jury;

And even the gods, that other means
 deny,

In conscience must absolve ’em, when
 they lie.

“Add, that the rich have still a gibe in
 store;

And will be monstrous witty on the poor:
For the torn surtout and the tatter’d vest,
The wretch and all his wardrobe are a jest;
The greasy gown, sullied with often turn-
 ing,

Gives a good hint, to say: ‘The man’s in
 mourning:’

Or if the shoe be ripp’d, or patches put:
‘He’s wounded! see the plaster on his foot.’

Want is the scorn of ev’ry wealthy fo-^{lunal}
And wit in rags is turn’d to ridicul’^{Au-}

“Pack hence, and from th^{over}
 benches rise,’

The master of the ceremonies cries,
‘This is no place for you, whose small estate
Is not the value of the settled rate;’²⁶¹

The sons of happy punks, the pander’s
 heir,

Are privileg’d to sit in triumph there,
To clap the first, and rule the theater.
Up to the galleries, for shame, retreat;
For, by the Roscian law,²¹ the poor can
 claim no seat.’

Who ever brought to his rich daughter’s bed
The man that poll’d but twelvepence for
 his head?

Who ever nam’d a poor man for his heir,
Or call’d him to assist the judging chair?
The poor were wise, who, by the rich op-
 press’d,

Withdrew, and sought a sacred place of
 rest.

Once they did well, to free themselves from
 scorn;

But had done better never to return.
Rarely they rise by virtue’s aid, who lie
Plung’d in the depth of helpless poverty.

“At Rome ’t is worse; where house-
 rent by the year

And servants’ bellies cost so dev’lish dear;
And tavern bills run high for hungry
 cheer.

To drink or eat in earthenware we
 scorn,

Which cheaply country cupboards does
 adorn;

And coarse blue hoods on holidays are
 worn.

Some distant parts of Italy are known,
Where none, but only dead men,²² wear a
 gown;

On theaters of turf, in homely state,
Old plays they act, old feasts they cele-
 brate;

The same rude song returns upon the crowd,
And, by tradition, is for wit allow’d.

The mimic yearly gives the same delights;
And in the mother’s arms the clownish in-
 fant frights.

Their habits (undistinguish’d by degree)²⁹⁰
Are plain, alike; the same simplicity,
Both on the stage, and in the pit, you see.

In his white cloak the magistrate appears;
The country bumpkin the same liv’ry wears.

But here, attir'd beyond our purse we go,
For useless ornament and flaunting show:
We take on trust, in purple robes to shine;
And poor, are yet ambitious to be fine.
This is a common vice, tho' all things here
Are sold, and sold unconscionably dear. ³⁰¹
What will you give that Cossus²³ may but
view

Your face, and in the crowd distinguish
you;

May take your incense like a gracious god,
And answer only with a civil nod?
To please our patrons, in this vicious age,
We make our entrance by the fav'rite page;
Shave his first down, and when he polls his
hair,

The consecrated locks to temples bear;
Pay tributary cracknels, which he sells, ³¹⁰
And, with our offerings, help to raise his
vails.

"Who fears, in country towns, a house's
fall,
Or to be caught betwixt a riven wall?
But we inhabit a weak city, here;
Which buttresses and props but scarcely
bear:

And 't is the village mason's daily calling,
To keep the world's metropolis from fall-
ing,
To cleanse the gutters, and the chinks to
close,

And, for one night, secure his lord's repose.
At Cumæ we can sleep, quite round the
year, ³²⁰

Nor falls, nor fires, nor nightly dangers fear;
While rolling flames from Roman turrets
fly,

And the pale citizens for buckets cry.
Thy neighbor has remov'd his wretched
store,

(Few hands will rid the lumber of the
poor;)

Thy own third story smokes, while thou,
supine,

Art drench'd in fumes of undigested wine.
For if the lowest floors already burn,
Cocklofts and garrets soon will take the
turn,

Where thy tame pigeons²⁴ next the tiles
were bred, ³³⁰

Which, in their nests unsafe, are timely fled.
"Codrus²⁵ had but one bed, so short to
boot,

That his short wife's short legs hung dan-
gling out;

His cupboard's head six earthen pitchers
grac'd,

Beneath 'em was his trusty tankard plac'd;
And, to support this noble plate, there lay
A bending Chiron cast from honest clay;
His few Greek books a rotten chest con-
tain'd,

Whose covers much of moldiness com-
plain'd: ³³⁹

Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread,
And with heroic verse luxuriously were fed.
'T is true, poor Codrus nothing had to boast,
And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost;
Begg'd naked thro' the streets of wealthy
Rome;

And found not one to feed, or take him
home.

"But if the palace of Arturius burn,
The nobles change their clothes, the ma-
trons mourn;

The city prætor will no pleadings hear;
The very name of fire we hate and fear,
And look agast, as if the Gauls were
here. ³⁵⁰

While yet it burns, th' officious nation flies,
Some to condole, and some to bring supplies:
One sends him marble to rebuild; and one
White naked statues of the Parian stone,
The work of Polyclete, that seem to live;
While others images for altars give;
One books and screens, and Pallas to the
breast;

Another bags of gold; and he gives best.
Childless Arturius, vastly rich before,
Thus by his losses multiplies his store; ³⁶⁰
Suspected for accomplice to the fire,
That burnt his palace but to build it higher.

"But, could you be content to bid adieu
To the dear playhouse, and the players too;
Sweet country seats are purchas'd ev'ry-
where,

With lands and gardens, at less price
than here

You hire a darksome doghole by the year:
A small convenience, decently prepar'd,
A shallow well, that rises in your yard,
That spreads his easy crystal streams
around, ³⁷⁰

And waters all the pretty spot of ground.
There, love the fork, thy garden cultivate,
And give thy frugal friends a Pythago-
rean treat.²⁶

'T is somewhat to be lord of some small
ground,

In which a lizard may, at least, turn round.

" 'T is frequent, here, for want of sleep
 to die;
 Which fumes of undigested feasts deny;
 And, with imperfect heat, in languid
 stomachs fry.
 What house secure from noise the poor can
 keep,
 When ev'n the rich can scarce afford to
 sleep?
 So dear it costs to purchase rest in Rome;
 And hence the sources of diseases come.
 The drover who his fellow-drover meets
 In narrow passages of winding streets;
 The wagoners, that curse their standing
 teams,
 Would wake ev'n drowsy Drusus from his
 dreams.
 And yet the wealthy will not brook de-
 lay,
 But sweep above our heads; and make
 their way,
 In lofty litters borne, and read and write,
 Or sleep at ease: the shutters make it
 night.
 Yet still he reaches, first, the public place:
 The prease before him stops the client's
 pace.
 The crowd that follows crush his panting
 sides,
 And trip his heels; he walks not, but he
 rides.
 One elbows him, one justles in the shole,
 A rafter breaks his head, or chairman's
 pole:
 Stocking'd with loads of fat town-dirt
 he goes;
 And some rogue-soldier, with his hob-
 nail'd shoes,
 Indents his legs behind in bloody rows.
 " See with what smoke our doles we
 celebrate:
 A hundred guests, invited, walk in state;
 A hundred hungry slaves, with their
 Dutch kitchens, wait.
 Huge pans the wretches on their heads
 must bear,
 Which scarce gigantic Corbulo²⁷ could
 rear:
 Yet they must walk upright beneath the
 load;
 Nay, run, and, running, blow the sparkling
 flames a-road.
 Their coats, from botching newly brought,
 are torn;
 Unwieldy timber-trees in wagons borne,

Stretch'd at their length, beyond their car-
 riage lie,
 That nod, and threaten ruin from on high;
 For, should their axle break, its over-
 throw
 Would crush, and pound to dust, the
 crowd below;
 Nor friends their friends, nor sires their
 sons could know:
 Nor limbs, nor bones, nor carcass would
 remain:
 But a mash'd heap, a hotchpotch of the
 slain;
 One vast destruction; not the soul alone,
 But bodies, like the soul, invisible are
 flown.
 Meantime, unknowing of their fellows'
 fate,
 The servants wash the platter, scour the
 plate,
 Then blow the fire, with puffing cheeks,
 and lay
 The rubbers, and the bathing-sheets dis-
 play;
 And oil them first; and each is handy in
 his way.
 But he, for whom this busy care they take,
 Poor ghost, is wand'ring by the Stygian
 lake;
 Affrighted with the ferryman's²⁸ grim face,
 New to the horrors of that uncouth place,
 His passage begs with unregarded pray'r,
 And wants two farthings to discharge his
 fare.
 " Return we to the dangers of the night:
 And, first, behold our houses' dreadful
 height;
 From whence come broken potsherds
 tumbling down;
 And leaky ware, from garret windows
 thrown:
 Well may they break our heads, that
 mark the flinty stone.
 'T is want of sense to sup abroad too late,
 Unless thou first hast settled thy estate.
 As many fates attend, thy steps to meet,
 As there are waking windows in the street.
 Bless the good gods, and think thy chance
 is rare,
 To have a pisspot only for thy share.
 " The scouring drunkard, if he does not
 fight
 Before his bedtime, takes no rest that
 night;
 Passing the tedious hours in greater pain

Than stern Achilles,²⁹ when his friend was slain:

'T is so ridiculous, but so true withal,
A bully cannot sleep without a brawl:
Yet tho' his youthful blood be fir'd with wine,

He wants not wit, the danger to decline;
Is cautious to avoid the coach and six,
And on the lackeys will no quarrel fix.

His train of flambeaux, and embroider'd
coat,
May privilege my lord to walk secure on
foot.

But me, who must by moonlight home-
ward bend,
Or lighted only with a candle's end,
Poor me he fights, if that he fighting, where
He only cudgels, and I only bear.

He stands, and bids me stand; I must
abide;

For he's the stronger, and is drunk beside.

"Where did you whet your knife to-
night?" he cries,
'And shred the leeks that in your stomach
rise?

Whose windy beans have stuff'd your guts,
and where

Have your black thumbs been dipp'd in
vinegar?

With what companion cobbler have you fed,
On old ox-cheeks, or he-goat's tougher
head?

What, are you dumb? Quick, with your
answer, quick,

Before my foot salutes you with a kick.
Say, in what nasty cellar, under ground,
Or what church poreh, your roguishness may
be found?

Answer, or answer not, 't is all the same:
He lays me on, and makes me bear the
blame.

Before the bar, for beating him, you come;
This is a poor man's liberty in Rome.

You beg his pardon; happy to retreat
With some remaining teeth, to chew your
meat.

"Nor is this all; for, when retir'd, you
think

To sleep securely; when the candles wink,
When every door with iron chains is barr'd,
And roaring taverns are no longer heard;
The ruffian robbers, by no justice aw'd,
And unpaid cutthroat soldiers, are abroad,
Those venal souls, who, harden'd in each
ill,

To save complaints and prosecution, kill.
Chas'd from their woods and bogs, the
padders come

To this vast city, as their native home;
To live at ease, and safely skulk in
Rome.

"The forge in fetters only is employ'd;
Our iron mimes exhausted and destroy'd
In shackles; for these villains scarce allow
Goads for the teams, and plowshares for
the plow.

O happy ages of our ancestors,
Beneath the kings³⁰ and tribunitia pow'rs!
One jail did all their criminals restrain,
Which, now, the walls of Rome can scarce
contain.

"More I could say, more causes I could
show

For my departure; but the sun is low;
The waggoner grows weary of my stay,
And whips his horses forwards on their
way.

"Farewell; and when, like me, o'er-
whelm'd with care,
You to your own Aquinum³¹ shall repair,
To take a mouthful of sweet country air,
Be mindful of your friend; and send me
word,

What joys your fountains and cool shades
afford:

Then, to assist your satires, I will come;
And add new venom, when you write of
Rome."

EXPLANATORY NOTES ON THE THIRD SATIRE

1 *Cumæ*, a small city in Campania, near Pu-
teoli, or Puzzolo, as it is call'd. The habitation
of the Cumæan Sibyl.

2 *Bajæ*, another little town in Campania, near
the sea; a pleasant place.

3 *Prochyta*, a small barren island belonging to
the kingdom of Naples.

4 *In dog days*. The poets in Juvenal's time
us'd to rehearse their poetry in August.

5 *Numa*, the second king of Rome, who made
their laws, and instituted their religion.

6 *Nymph*. *Egeria*, a nymph, or goddess, with
whom *Numa* feign'd to converse by night, and
to be instructed by her in modeling his super-
stitions.

7 *Where Dædalus, &c.*, meaning at *Cumæ*.

8 *Lachesis*, one of the three Destinies, whose
office was to spin the life of every man; as it
was of *Clotho* to hold the distaff, and *Atropos*
to cut the thread.

9 *Arturius*, any debauch'd, wicked fellow,
who gains by the times.

10 *With thumbs bent backward.* In a prize of sword-players, when one of the fencers had the other at his mercy, the vanquish'd party implor'd the clemency of the spectators. If they thought he deserv'd it not, they held up their thumbs and bent them backwards in sign of death.

11 *Verres*, prætor in Sicily, contemporary with Cicero, by whom accus'd of oppressing the province, he was condemn'd: his name is us'd here for any rich vicious man.

12 *Tagus*, a famous river in Spain, which discharges itself into the ocean near Lisbon, in Portugal. It was held of old to be full of golden sands.

13 *Orontes*, the greatest river of Syria. The poet here puts the river for the inhabitants of Syria.

14 *Tiber*, the river which runs by Rome.

15 *Romulus*, first king of Rome; son of Mars, as the poets feign. The first Romans were originally herdsmen.

16 *But in that town*, &c. He means Athens, of which Pallas, the Goddess of Arms and Arts, was patroness.

17 *Antiochus* and *Stratocles*, two famous Grecian mimics, or actors, in the poet's time.

18 *A rigid Stoic*, &c. Publius Egnatius, a Stoic, falsely accus'd Bæreas Soranus, as Tacitus tells us.

19 *Diphilus* and *Protagenes*, &c., were Grecians living in Rome.

20 *Or him who bade*, &c. Lucius Metellus, the high priest, who, when the temple of Vesta was on fire, sav'd the Palladium.

21 *For, by the Roscan law*, &c. Roscius, a tribune, who order'd the distinction of places in public shows betwixt the noblemen of Rome and the plebeians.

22 *Where none, but only dead men*, &c. The meaning is, that men in some parts of Italy never wore a gown (the usual habit of the Romans) till they were buried in one.

23 *Cossus* is here taken for any great man.

24 *Where the tame pigeons*, &c. The Romans us'd to breed their tame pigeons in their garrets.

25 *Codrus*, a learned man, very poor: by his books, suppos'd to be a poet; for, in all probability, the heroic verses here mention'd, which rats and mice devour'd, were Homer's works.

26 *A Pythagorean treat.* He means herbs, roots, fruits, and salads.

27 *Gigantic Corbulo.* Corbulo was a famous general, in Nero's time, who conquer'd Armenia, and was afterwards put to death by that tyrant, when he was in Greece, in reward of his great services. His stature was not only tall, above the ordinary size, but he was also proportionally strong.

28 *The ferryman's*, &c. Charon, the ferryman of hell, whose fare was a halfpenny for every soul.

29 *Stern Achilles.* The friend of Achilles was Patroclus, who was slain by Hector.

30 *Beneath the kings*, &c. Rome was origi-

nally rul'd by kings, till, for the rape of Lucretia, Tarquin the Proud was expell'd; after which it was govern'd by two consuls, yearly chosen; but they oppressing the people, the commons mutinied and procur'd tribunes to be created, who defended their privileges and often oppos'd the consular authority and the senate.

31 *Aquinum* was the birthplace of Juvenal.

THE SIXTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL

THE ARGUMENT

This satire, of almost double length to any of the rest, is a bitter invective against the fair sex. 'Tis, indeed, a commonplace, from whence all the moderns have notoriously stolen their sharpest railleries. In his other satires, the poet has only glanc'd on some particular women and generally scourg'd the men. But this he reserv'd wholly for the ladies. How they had offended him I know not; but upon the whole matter he is not to be excus'd for imputing to all the vices of some few amongst them. Neither was it generously done of him, to attack the weakest as well as the fairest part of the creation; neither do I know what moral he could reasonably draw from it. It could not be to avoid the whole sex, if all had been true which he alleges against them; for that had been to put an end to humankind. And to bid us beware of their artifices, is a kind of silent acknowledgment, that they have more wit than men: which turns the satire upon us, and particularly upon the poet; who thereby makes a compliment, where he meant a libel. If he intended only to exercise his wit, he has forfeited his judgment, by making the one half of his readers his mortal enemies; and amongst the men, all the happy lovers, by their own experience, will disprove his accusations. The whole world must allow this to be the wittiest of his satires; and truly he had need of all his parts, to maintain, with so much violence, so unjust a charge. I am satisfied he will bring but few over to his opinion; and on that consideration chiefly I ventur'd to translate him. Tho' there wanted not another reason, which was, that no one else would undertake it: at least, Sir C. S., who could have done more right to the author, after a long delay, at length absolutely refus'd so ungrateful an employment; and everyone will grant that the work must have been imperfect and lame, if it had appear'd without one of the principal members belonging to it. Let the poet there-

fore bear the blame of his own invention ; and let me satisfy the world that I am not of his opinion. Whatever his Roman ladies were, the English are free from all his imputations. They will read with wonder and abhorrence the vices of an age which was the most infamous of any on record. They will bless themselves when they behold those examples related of Domitian's time ; they will give back to antiquity those monsters it produc'd ; and believe with reason that the species of those women is extinguish'd, or at least that they were never here propagated. I may safely therefore proceed to the argument of a satire, which is no way relating to them ; and first observe that my author makes their lust the most heroic of their vices : the rest are in a manner but digression. He skims them over ; but he dwells on this : when he seems to have taken his last leave of it, on the sudden he returns to it : 't is one branch of it in Hippia, another in Messalina, but lust is the main body of the tree. He begins with this text in the first line, and takes it up with intermissions to the end of the chapter. Every vice is a ladder, but that's a ten. The fillers, or intermediate parts, are their revenge ; their contrivances of secret crimes ; their arts to hide them ; their wit to excuse them ; and their impudence to own them, when they can no longer be kept secret. Then, the persons to whom they are most addicted, and on whom they commonly bestow the last favors : as stage-players, fiddlers, singing-boys, and fencers. Those who pass for chaste amongst them, are not really so ; but only, for their vast dowries, are rather suffer'd, than lov'd, by their own husbands. That they are imperious, domineering, scolding wives ; set up for learning and criticism in poetry, but are false judges. Love to speak Greek (which was then the fashionable tongue, as French is now with us). That they plead causes at the bar, and play prizes at the bear garden. That they are gossips and newsmongers ; wrangle with their neighbors abroad, and beat their servants at home. That they lie in for new faces once a month ; are sluttish with their husbands in private ; and paint and dress in public for their lovers. That they deal with Jews, diviners, and fortune tellers ; learn the arts of misecarrying, and barrenness. Buy children, and produce them for their own. Murder their husband's sons, if they stand in their way to his estate, and make their adulterers his heirs. From hence the poet proceeds to shew the occasions of all these vices, their original, and how they were introduc'd in Rome, by peace, wealth, and luxury. In conclusion, if we will take the word of our ma-

licious author, bad women are the general standing rule ; and the good, but some few exceptions to it.

In Saturn's reign,¹ at Nature's early birth,
There was that thing call'd chastity on earth ;
When in a narrow cave, their common shade,
The sheep, the shepherds, and their gods
were laid :

When reeds, and leaves, and hides of
beasts were spread
By mountain huswives for their homely
bed,
And mossy pillows rais'd, for the rude
husband's head.

Unlike the niceness of our modern dames,
(Affected nymphs with new affected
names,) ⁹

The Cynthias and the Lesbias of our years,
Who for a sparrow's death dissolve in
tears ;

Those first unpolish'd matrons, big and
bold,

Gave suck to infants of gigantic mold ;
Rough as their savage lords who rang'd
the wood,

And fat with acorns² belch'd their windy
food.

For when the world was buxom, fresh, and
young,

Her sons were undebauch'd and therefore
strong ;

And whether born in kindly beds of earth,
Or struggling from the teeming oaks to
birth,

Or from what other atoms they begun, ²⁰
No sires they had, or, if a sire, the sun.

Some thin remains of chastity appear'd,
Ev'n under Jove,³ but Jove without a
beard ;

Before the servile Greeks had learnt to
swear

By heads of kings ; while yet the bounteous
year

Her common fruits in open plains expos'd,
Ere thieves were fear'd, or gardens were
enclos'd.

At length uneasy Justice⁴ upwards flew,
And both the sisters to the stars withdrew ;
From that old era whoring did begin, ³⁰
So venerably ancient is the sin.

Adulterers next invade the nuptial state,
And marriage beds creak'd with a foreign
weight ;

All other ills did iron times adorn,
But whores and silver in one age were born.

Yet thou, they say, for marriage dost provide:
 Is this an age to buckle with a bride?
 They say thy hair the curling art is taught,
 The wedding ring perhaps already bought:
 A sober man like thee to change his life!
 What fury would possess thee with a wife?
 Art thou of ev'ry other death bereft,
 No knife, no ratsbane, no kind halter left?
 (For every noose compar'd to hers is cheap)
 Is there no city bridge from whence to leap?
 Wouldst thou become her drudge, who dost enjoy
 A better sort of bedfellow, thy boy?
 He keeps thee not awake with nightly brawls,
 Nor with a begg'd reward thy pleasure palls;
 Nor with insatiate heavings calls for more,
 When all thy spirits were drain'd out before.
 But still Ursidius courts the marriage bait,
 Longs for a son to settle his estate,
 And takes no gifts, tho' ev'ry gaping heir
 Would gladly grease the rich old bachelor.
 What revolution can appear so strange,
 As such a lecher, such a life to change?
 A rank, notorious whoremaster, to choose
 To thrust his neck into the marriage noose!
 He who so often in a dreadful fright
 Had in a coffer scap'd the jealous cuckold's sight,
 That he, to wedlock dotingly betray'd,
 Should hope in this lewd town to find a maid!
 The man's grown mad: to ease his frantic pain,
 Run for the surgeon; breathe the middle vein:
 But let a heifer with gilt horns be led
 To Juno, regent of the marriage bed,
 And let him every deity adore,
 If his new bride prove not an arrant whore
 In head and tail, and every other pore.
 On Ceres' feast,⁵ restrain'd from their delight,
 Few matrons, there, but curse the tedious night;
 Few whom their fathers dare salute, such lust
 Their kisses have, and come with such a gust.
 With ivy now adorn thy doors, and wed;
 Such is thy bride, and such thy genial bed.

Think'st thou one man is for one woman meant?
 She, sooner, with one eye would be content.
 And yet, 't is nois'd, a maid did once appear
 In some small village, tho' fame says not where:
 'T is possible; but sure no man she found;
 'T was desert, all, about her father's ground:
 And yet some lustful god might there make bold;
 Are Jove and Mars⁸ grown impotent and old?
 Many a fair nymph has in a cave been spread,
 And much good love without a feather bed.
 Whither wouldst thou to choose a wife resort,
 The Park, the Mall, the Playhouse, or the Court?
 Which way soever thy adventures fall,
 Secure alike of chastity in all.
 One sees a dancing master cap'ring high,
 And raves, and pisses, with pure ecstasy;
 Another does with all his motions move,
 And gapes, and grins, as in the feat of love;
 A third is charm'd with the new opera notes,
 Admires the song, but on the singer dotes:
 The country lady in the box appears,
 Softly she warbles over all she hears;
 And sucks in passion, both at eyes and ears.
 The rest, (when now the long vacation's come,
 The noisy hall and theaters grown dumb,)
 Their memories to refresh, and cheer their hearts,
 In borrow'd breeches act the players' parts.
 The poor, that scarce have wherewithal to eat,
 Will pinch, to make the singing-boy a treat:
 The rich, to buy him, will refuse no price;
 And stretch his quail-pipe, till they crack his voice.
 Tragedians, acting love, for lust are sought:
 (Tho' but the parrots of a poet's thought.)
 The pleading lawyer, tho' for counsel us'd,
 In chamber practice often is refus'd.
 Still thou wilt have a wife, and father heirs;
 (The product of concurring theaters.)
 Perhaps a fencer did thy brows adorn,
 And a young swordman to thy lands is born.
 Thus Hippia loath'd her old patrician lord,

And left him for a brother of the sword:
To wond'ring Pharos⁷ with her love she
fled,

To shew one monster more than Afric bred:
Forgetting house and husband, left be-
hind,

Ev'n children too; she sails before the
wind;

False to 'em all, but constant to her kind.

But, stranger yet, and harder to conceive,
She could the playhouse and the players
leave.

Born of rich parentage, and nicely bred,
She lodg'd on down, and in a damask bed;
Yet daring now the dangers of the deep,
On a hard mattress is content to sleep.

Ere this, 'tis true, she did her fame expose:
But that, great ladies with great ease can
lose.

The tender nymph could the rude ocean
bear:

So much her lust was stronger than her fear.
But, had some honest cause her passage
press'd,

The smallest hardship had disturb'd her
breast:

Each inconvenience makes their virtue cold;
But womankind, in ills, is ever bold.

Were she to follow her own lord to sea,
What doubts and scruples would she raise
to stay?

Her stomach sick, and her head giddy
grows;

The tar and pitch are nauseous to her nose.
But in love's voyage nothing can offend;

Women are never seasick with a friend.
Amidst the crew, she walks upon the
board;

She eats, she drinks, she handles every
cord;

And if she spews, 'tis thinking of her
lord.

Now ask, for whom her friends and fame she
lost?

What youth, what beauty could th' adul-
terer boast?

What was the face, for which she could
sustain

To be call'd mistress to so base a man?
The gallant of his days had known the
best:

Deep scars were seen indented on his
breast;

And all his batter'd limbs requir'd their
needful rest.

A promontory wen, with grisly grace,
Stood high, upon the handle of his face:
His bleak eyes ran in gutters to his chin;
His beard was stubble, and his cheeks were
thin.

But 't was his fencing did her fancy move:
'T is arms and blood and cruelty they love.

But should he quit his trade, and sheathe
his sword,

Her lover would begin to be her lord.

This was a private crime; but you shall
hear

What fruits the sacred brows of monarchs
bear:

The good old sluggard but began to snore,
When from his side up rose th' imperial
whore:⁸

She who prefer'd the pleasures of the
night

To pomps, that are but impotent delight;
Strode from the palace, with an eager
pace,

To cope with a more masculine embrace;
Muffled she march'd, like Juno in a cloud,

Of all her train but one poor wench allow'd;
One whom in secret service she could trust,

The rival and companion of her lust.

To the known brothel-house she takes her
way;

And for a nasty room gives double pay;
That room in which the rankest harlot
lay.

Prepar'd for fight, expectingly she lies,
With heaving breasts, and with desiring
eyes:

Still as one drops, another takes his place,
And baffled still succeeds to like disgrace.

At length, when friendly darkness is ex-
pir'd,

And every strumpet from her cell retir'd,
She lags behind, and, ling'ring at the gate,

With a repining sigh submits to fate:
All filth without, and all a fire within,

Tir'd with the toil, unsated with the sin.
Old Caesar's bed the modest matron seeks;

The steam of lamps still hanging on her
cheeks

In rosy smut: thus foul, and thus bedight,
She brings him back the product of the
night.

Now should I sing what poisons they
provide,

With all their trumpery of charms beside,
And all their arts of death, it would be
known

Lust is the smallest sin the sex can own;
 Cæsinia still, they say, is guiltless found
 Of every vice, by her own lord renown'd:
 And well she may, she brought ten thousand pound.

She brought him wherewithal to be call'd chaste;

His tongue is tied in golden fetters fast:
 He sighs, adores, and courts her every hour;
 Who would not do as much for such a dower?

She writes love letters to the youth in grace;
 Nay, tips the wink before the cuckold's face;
 And might do more; her portion makes it good;

Wealth has the privilege⁹ of widowhood.

These truths with his example you disprove,

Who with his wife is monstrously in love:
 But know him better; for I heard him swear,

'T is not that she's his wife, but that she's fair.

Let her but have three wrinkles in her face,
 Let her eyes lessen, and her skin unbrace,²¹⁰
 Soon you will hear the saucy steward say:
 "Pack up with all your trinkets, and away;
 You grow offensive both at bed and board:
 Your betters must be had to please my lord."

Meantime she's absolute upon the throne;
 And, knowing time is precious, loses none:
 She must have flocks of sheep, with wool more fine

Than silk, and vineyards of the noblest wine;
 Whole droves of pages for her train she craves,

And sweeps the prisons for attending slaves.²²⁰

In short, whatever in her eyes can come,
 Or others have abroad, she wants at home.
 When winter shuts the seas, and fleecy snows

Make houses white, she to the merchant goes;

Rich crystals of the rock she takes up there,

Huge agate vases, and old China ware:
 Then Berenice's ring¹⁰ her finger proves,
 More precious made by her incestuous loves,
 And infamously dear; a brother's bribe,
 Ev'n God's anointed, and of Judah's tribe;
 Where barefoot they approach the sacred shrine,

And think it only sin to feed on swine.²³¹

But is none worthy to be made a wife
 In all this town? Suppose her free from strife,
 Rich, fair, and fruitful, of unblemish'd life;

Chaste as the Sabines, whose prevailing charms

Dismiss'd their husbands', and their brothers' arms:

Grant her, besides, of noble blood, that ran

In ancient veins ere heraldry began:
 Suppose all these, and take a poet's word,²⁴⁰
 A black swan is not half so rare a bird.

A wife, so hung with virtues, such a freight,
 What mortal shoulders could support the weight!

Some country girl, scarce to a curtsy bred,
 Would I much rather than Cornelia¹¹ wed:
 If supercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
 She brought her father's triumphs in her train.

Away with all your Carthaginian state;
 Let vanquish'd Hannibal without doors wait,

Too burly and too big to pass my narrow gate.²⁵⁰

"O Pæan,"¹² cries Amphion, "bend thy bow

Against my wife, and let my children go!"

But sullen Pæan shoots at sons and mothers too.

His Niobe and all his boys he lost;
 Ev'n her who did her num'rous offspring boast,

As fair and fruitful as the sow that carried
 The thirty pigs¹³ at one large litter farrow'd.

What beauty or what chastity can bear
 So great a price, if, stately and severe
 She still insults, and you must still adore?
 Grant that the honey's much, the gall is more.²⁶¹

Upbraided with the virtues she displays,
 Sev'n hours in twelve you loathe the wife you praise.

Some faults, tho' small, intolerable grow;
 For what so nauseous and affected too,
 As those that think they due perfection want,

Who have not learnt to lisp the Grecian cant?¹⁴

In Greece, their whole accomplishments they seek;

Their fashion, breeding, language, must be Greek:

But, raw in all that does to Rome belong,
They scorn to cultivate their mother tongue.
In Greek they flatter, all their fears they

speak,
Tell all their secrets; nay, they scold in Greek:

Ev'n in the feat of love, they use that tongue.

Such affectations may become the young;
But thou, old hag, of threescore years and three,

Is shewing of thy parts in Greek for thee?
Zwή και ψυχή! All those tender words
The momentary trembling bliss affords,
The kind soft murmurs of the private sheets,

Are bawdy, while thou speak'st in public streets.

Those words have fingers; and their force is such,

They raise the dead, and mount him with a touch:

But all provocatives from thee are vain;
No blandishment the slacken'd nerve can strain.

If then thy lawful spouse thou canst not love,

What reason should thy mind to marriage move?

Why all the charges of the nuptial feast,
Wine and desserts, and sweetmeats to digest;
Th' indowing gold that buys the dear de-

light,
Giv'n for thy first and only happy night?

If thou art thus uxoriously inclin'd,
To bear thy bondage with a willing mind,
Prepare thy neck, and put it in the yoke;

But for no mercy from thy woman look.
For tho', perhaps, she loves with equal fires,
To absolute dominion she aspires;

Joys in the spoils, and triumphs o'er thy purse;

The better husband makes the wife the worse.

Nothing is thine to give, or sell, or buy, 300
All offices of ancient friendship die;
Nor hast thou leave to make a legacy.

By thy imperious wife thou art bereft
A privilege,¹⁵ to pimps and panders left.
Thy testament's her will; where she pre-

fers
Her ruffians, drudges, and adulterers,

Adopting all thy rivals for thy heirs.

"Go drag that slave to death!"¹⁰ "Your reason, why?"¹⁷

Should the poor innocent be doom'd to die?
What proofs? For, when man's life is in debate,

The judge can ne'er too long deliberate."¹⁰
"Call'st thou that slave a man?"¹⁸ the wife replies;

"Prov'd, or unprov'd the crime, the villain dies.

I have the sovereign pow'r to save or kill,
And give no other reason but my will."

Thus the she-tyrant reigns, till, pleas'd with change,

Her wild affections to new empires range:
Another subject-husband she desires;

Divore'd from him, she to the first retires,
While the last wedding feast is scarcely

o'er,
And garlands hang yet green upon the door.

So still the reek'ning rises; and appears,
In total sum, eight husbands in five years.

The title for a tombstone might be fit,
But that it would too commonly be writ.

Her mother living, hope no quiet day;
She sharpens her, instructs her how to flay

Her husband bare, and then divides the prey.

She takes love letters, with a crafty smile,
And in her daughter's answer mends the style.

In vain the husband sets his watchful spies;
She cheats their cunning, or she bribes

their eyes.
The doctor's call'd; the daughter, taught

the trick,
Pretends to faint; and in full health is sick.

The panting stallion, at the closet door,
Hears the consult, and wishes it were o'er.

Canst thou, in reason, hope, a bawd so known

Should teach her other manners than her own?

Her int'rest is in all th' advice she gives:
'T is on the daughter's rents the mother

lives.

No cause is tried at the litigious bar,
But women plaintiffs or defendants are;

They form the process, all the briefs they write;

The topics furnish, and the pleas indite;
And teach the toothless lawyer how to

bite.

They turn viragoes too; the wrastler's toil

They try, and smear their naked limbs with oil:

Against the post their wicker shields they crush,

Flourish the sword, and at the plastron push.

Of every exercise the mannish crew ³⁵⁰

Fulfills the parts, and oft excels us too;

Prepar'd not only in feign'd fights t' engage,
But rout the gladiators on the stage.

What sense of shame in such a breast can lie,

Inur'd to arms, and her own sex to fly?

Yet to be wholly man she would disclaim;

To quit her tenfold pleasure at the game,

For frothy praises and an empty name. }

O what a decent sight 't is to behold

All thy wife's magazine by auction sold ! ³⁶⁰

The belt, the crested plume, the several suits

Of armor, and the Spanish-leather boots !

Yet these are they, that cannot bear the heat

Of figur'd silks, and under sarcenet sweat.

Behold the strutting Amazonian whore:

She stands in guard with her right foot before;

Her coats tuck'd up, and all her motions just;

She stamps, and then cries Hah ! at every thrust:

But laugh to see her, tir'd with many a bout,

Call for the pot, and like a man piss out. ³⁷⁰

The ghosts of ancient Romans, should they rise,

Would grin to see their daughters play a prize.

Besides, what endless brawls by wives are bred !

The curtain lecture makes a mournful bed.

Then, when she has thee sure within the sheets,

Her cry begins, and the whole day repeats.

Conscious of crimes herself, she teases first;

Thy servants are accus'd; thy whore is curs'd;

She acts the jealous, and at will she cries;

For women's tears are but the sweat of eyes. ³⁸⁰

Poor cuckold-fool, thou think'st that love sincere,

And suck'st between her lips the falling tear;

But search her cabinet, and thou shalt find
Each tiller there with love epistles lin'd.

Suppose her taken in a close embrace,

This you would think so manifest a case, }

No rhetoric could defend, no impudence
outface:

And yet even then she cries: "The marriage vow

A mental reservation must allow;

And there's a silent bargain still implied, }

The parties should be pleas'd on either
side; ³⁹⁰

And both may for their private needs provide.

Tho' men yourselves, and women us you call,

Yet *homo* is a common name for all."

There's nothing bolder than a woman caught;

Guilt gives 'em courage to maintain their fault.

You ask from whence proceed these monstrous crimes.

Once poor, and therefore chaste, in former times,

Our matrons were: no luxury found room
In low-roof'd houses, and bare walls of loam;

Their hands with labor harden'd while 't was light, ⁴⁰⁰

And frugal sleep supplied the quiet night;

While pinch'd with want, their hunger held 'em straight,

When Hannibal ¹⁰ was hov'ring at the gate:

But wanton now, and lolling at our ease,

We suffer all th' invet'rate ills of peace,

And wasteful riot; whose destructive charms

Revenge the vanquish'd world of our victorious arms.

No crime, no lustful postures are unknown;

Since Poverty, our guardian god, is gone:

Pride, laziness, and all luxurious arts, ⁴¹⁰

Pour like a deluge in, from foreign parts;

Since gold obscene and silver found the way,

Strange fashions, with strange bullion, to convey, }

And our plain simple manners to betray.

What care our drunken dames to whom they spread ?

Wine no distinction makes of tail or head:

Who, lewdly dancing at a midnight ball,

For hot eringoes and fat oysters call;

Full brimmers to their fuddled noses thrust,

Brimmers, the last provocatives of lust; 421
When vapors to their swimming brains advance,

And double tapers on the tables dance.

Now think what bawdy dialogues they have,

What Tullia talks to her confiding slave,
At Modesty's old statue; when by night
They make a stand, and from their litters
light:

The good man early to the levee goes,
And treads the nasty paddle of his spouse.

The secrets of the goddess nam'd the
Good,²⁰ 430

Are even by boys and barbers understood:
Where the rank matrons, dancing to the
pipe,

Gig with their bums, and are for action
ripe;

With music rais'd, they spread abroad their
hair,

And toss their heads like an enamor'd
mare:

Laufella lays her garland by, and proves
The mimic lechery of manly loves.
Rank'd with the lady the cheap sinner lies;
For here not blood, but virtue, gives the
prize.

Nothing is feign'd in this venereal strife; 440
'T is downright lust, and acted to the life.
So full, so fierce, so vigorous, and so strong,
That looking on would make old Nestor²¹
young.

Impatient of delay, a general sound,
An universal groan of lust goes round;
For then, and only then, the sex sincere
is found. }

"Now is the time of action; now begin,"
They cry, "and let the lusty lovers in."
"The whoresons are asleep." "Then bring
the slaves,

And watermen, a race of strong-back'd
knaves." 450

I wish, at least, our sacred rites were
free

From those pollutions of obscenity:
But 't is well known what singer,²² how dis-
guis'd,

A lewd audacious action enterpriz'd:
Into the fair, with women mix'd, he went,
Arm'd with a huge two-handed instrument;
A grateful present to those holy choirs,
Where the mouse, guilty of his sex, retires,
And even male pictures modestly are veil'd:
Yet no profaneness on that age prevail'd; 460

No scoffers at religious rites were found;
Tho' now, at every altar they abound.

I hear your cautious counsel, you would
say:

"Keep close your women under lock and
key."

But, who shall keep those keepers? Wo-
men, nurs'd

In craft, begin with those, and bribe 'em
first.

The sex is turn'd all whore; they love the
game:

And mistresses and maids are both the
same.

The poor Ogulnia, on the poet's day,
Will borrow clothes, and chair, to see the
play: 470

She, who before had mortgag'd her estate,
And pawn'd the last remaining piece of
plate.

Some are reduc'd their utmost shifts to try,
But women have no shame of poverty.

They live beyond their stint; as if their
store,

The more exhausted, would increase the
more:

Some men, instructed by the lab'ring ant,
Provide against th' extremities of want;
But womankind, that never knows a mean,
Down to the dregs their sinking fortune
drain: 480

Hourly they give, and spend, and waste,
and wear,

And think no pleasure can be bought too
dear.

There are, who in soft eunuchs place their
bliss,²³

To shun the scrubbing of a bearded kiss,
And scape abortion; but their solid joy
Is when the page, already past a boy,
Is capon'd late, and to the gelder shown;
With his two pounders to perfection grown;
When all the navel-string could give, ap-
pears;

All but the beard, and that's the barber's
loss, not theirs. 490

Seen from afar, and famous for his ware,
He struts into the bath, among the fair:
Th' admiring crew to their devotions fall;
And, kneeling, on their new Priapus²⁴ call.
Kerv'd for his lady's use, with her he lies;
And let him drudge for her, if thou art
wise,

Rather than trust him with thy fav'rite boy;
He proffers death, in proffering to enjoy.

If songs they love, the singer's voice they
force
Beyond his compass, till his quail-pipe's
hoarse;
His lute and lyre with their embrace is
worn;
With knots they trim it, and with gems
adorn:

Run over all the strings, and kiss the case;
And make love to it in the master's place.

A certain lady once, of high degree,
To Janus vow'd, and Vesta's deity,
That Pollio²⁵ might, in singing, win the
prize;

Pollio the dear, the darling of her eyes:
She pray'd, and brib'd; what could she
more have done

For a sick husband, or an only son? ⁵¹⁰
With her face veil'd, and heaving up her
hands,

The shameless suppliant at the altar stands;
The forms of prayer she solemnly pursues;
And, pale with fear, the offer'd entrails
views.

Answer, ye pow'rs: for, if you heard her
vow,

Your godships, sure, had little else to do.

This is not all; for actors²⁶ they implore:
An impudence unknown to Heav'n before.
Th' Aruspex,²⁷ tir'd with this religious rout,
Is forc'd to stand so long, he gets the
gout. ⁵²⁰

But suffer not thy wife abroad to roam:
If she love singing, let her sing at home;
Not strut in streets, with Amazonian pace,
For that's to cuckold thee before thy face.

Their endless itch of news comes next in
play;
They vent their own, and hear what others
say:

Know what in Thrace, or what in France is
done;

Th' intrigues betwixt the stepdam and the
son:

Tell who loves who, what favors some par-
take;

And who is jilted for another's sake: ⁵³⁰
What pregnant widow in what month was
made;

How oft she did, and, doing, what she said.

She, first, beholds the raging comet rise;
Knows whom it threatens, and what lands
destroys.

Still for the newest news she lies in wait,
And takes reports just ent'ring at the gate.

Wrecks, floods, and fires, whatever she can
meet,
She spreads; and is the Fame of every
street.

This is a grievance; but the next is worse,
A very judgment, and her neighbors'
curse: ⁵⁴⁰

For if their barking dog disturb her ease,
No pray'r can bend her, no excuse appease.
Th' unmanner'd malefactor is arraign'd;
But first the master, who the cur maintain'd,
Must feel the scourge; by night she leaves
her bed,

By night her bathing equipage is led,
That marching armies a less noise create;
She moves in tumult, and she sweats in
state.

Meanwhile, her guests their appetites must
keep;

Some gape for hunger, and some gasp for
sleep. ⁵⁵⁰

At length she comes, all flush'd; but ere
she sup,

Swallows a swingeing preparation cup;
And then, to clear her stomach, spews it
up.

The deluge-vomit all the floor o'erflows,
And the sour savor nauseates every nose.
She drinks again; again she spews a lake;
Her wretched husband sees, and dares not
speak;

But mutters many a curse against his wife,
And damns himself for choosing such a life.

But of all plagues, the greatest is untold;
The book-learn'd wife, in Greek and Latin
bold: ⁵⁶⁰

The critic-dame, who at her table sits,
Homer and Virgil quotes, and weighs
their wits;

And pities Dido's agonizing fits.
She has so far th' ascendant of the board,
The prating pedant puts not in one word:
The man of law is non-plus'd in his suit;
Nay, every other female tongue is mute.

Hammers and beating anvils, you would
swear, ⁵⁶⁹

And Vulcan²⁸ with his whole militia there.
Tabors and trumpets²⁹ cease; for she alone
Is able to redeem the lab'ring Moon.

Ev'n wit's a burthen, when it talks too
long;

But she, who has no continence of tongue,
Should walk in breeches, and should wear
a beard,

And mix among the philosophic herd.

O what a midnight curse has he, whose side
Is pester'd with a mood and figure bride!³⁰
Let mine, ye gods, (if such must be my
fate,)

No logic learn, nor history translate; 580
But rather be a quiet, humble fool:
I hate a wife to whom I go to school,
Who climbs the grammar tree, distinctly
knows

Where noun, and verb, and participle grows;
Corrects her country neighbor; and, abed,
For breaking Priscian's,³¹ breaks her hus-
band's head.

The gaudy gossip, when she's set agog,
In jewels dress'd, and at each ear a bob,
Goes flaunting out, and, in her trim of pride,
Thinks all she says or does is justified. 590
When poor, she's scarce a tolerable evil;
But rich, and fine, a wife's a very devil.

She duly, once a month, renews her face;
Meantime, it lies in daub, and hid in grease:
Those are the husband's nights; she craves
her due,

He takes fat kisses, and is stuck in glue.
But, to the lov'd adult'rer when she steers,
Fresh from the bath, in brightness she
appears:

For him the rich Arabia sweats her gum,
And precious oils from distant Indies
come, 600

How haggardly soe'er she looks at home.
Th' eclipse then vanishes; and all her face
Is open'd, and restor'd to ev'ry grace;
The crust remov'd, her cheeks, as smooth
as silk,

Are polish'd with a wash of asses' milk;
And should she to the farthest North be
sent,

A train of these³² attend her banishment.
But, hadst thou seen her plaister'd up before,
'T was so unlike a face, it seem'd a sore.

'T is worth our while to know what all
the day 610

They do, and how they pass their time
away;

For, if o'ernight the husband has been
slack,

Or counterfeited sleep, and turn'd his
back,

Next day, be sure, the servants go to
wrack.

The chambermaid and dresser are call'd
whores,

The page is stripp'd, and beaten out of
doors;

The whole house suffers for the master's
crime,
And he himself is warn'd to wake another
time.

She hires tormentors by the year; she
treats

Her visitors, and talks, but still she beats; 620
Beats while she paints her face, surveys
her gown,

Casts up the day's account, and still beats
on:

Tir'd out, at length, with an outrageous
tone,

She bids 'em in the Devil's name be gone.

Compar'd with such a proud, insulting
dame,

Sicilian tyrants³³ may renounce their name.

For, if she hastes abroad to take the air,
Or goes to Isis' church, (the bawdyhouse
of pray'r,)

She hurries all her handmaids to the task;
Her head, alone, will twenty dressers ask.

Psecas, the chief, with breast and shoulders
bare, 631

Trembling, considers every sacred hair;

If any straggler from his rank be found,

A pinch must for the mortal sin compound.

Psecas is not in fault; but, in the glass,

The dame's offended at her own ill face.

That maid is banish'd; and another girl,

More dextrous, manages the comb and curl;

The rest are summon'd on a point so nice;

And first, the grave old woman gives ad-
vice. 640

The next is call'd, and so the turn goes
round,

As each for age, or wisdom, is renown'd:

Such counsel, such delib'rate care they take,

As if her life and honor lay at stake:

With curls on curls, they build her head
before,

And mount it with a formidable tow'r.³⁴

A giantess she seems; but, look behind,

And then she dwindles to the pigmy kind.

Duck-legg'd, short-waisted, such a dwarf
she is,

That she must rise on tiptoes for a kiss. 650

Meanwhile her husband's whole estate is
spent;

He may go bare, while she receives his
rent.

She minds him not; she lives not as a wife,

But like a bawling neighbor, full of strife:

Near him in this alone, that she extends

Her hate to all his servants and his friends.

Bellona's priests,³⁵ an eunuch at their head,
 About the streets a mad procession lead;
 The venerable gelding, large and high,
 O'erlooks the herd of his inferior fry. 660
 His awkward clergymen about him prance,
 And beat the timbrels to their mystic dance;
 Guiltless of testicles, they tear their throats,
 And squeak, in treble, their unmanly notes.
 Meanwhile, his cheeks the miter'd prophet swells,
 And dire presages of the year foretells;
 Unless with eggs (his priestly hire) they haste
 To expiate, and avert th' autumnal blast;
 And add beside³⁶ a murrey-color'd vest,
 Which, in their places, may receive the pest;
 And, thrown into the flood, their crimes 670
 may bear
 To purge th' unlucky omens of the year.
 Th' astonish'd matrons pay, before the rest;
 That sex is still obnoxious to the priest.
 Thro' ice they beat, and plunge into the stream,
 If so the god has warn'd 'em in a dream.
 Weak in their limbs, but in devotion strong,
 On their bare hands and feet they crawl along
 A whole field's length, the laughter of the throng.
 Should Io (Io's priest I mean) command
 A pilgrimage to Meroe's burning sand, 681
 Thro' deserts they would seek the secret spring;
 And holy water, for lustration, bring.
 How can they pay their priests too much respect,
 Who trade with heav'n, and earthly gains neglect?
 With him, domestic gods discourse by night;
 By day, attended by his choir in white,
 The baldpate tribe runs madding thro' the street,
 And smile to see with how much ease they cheat. 689
 The ghostly sire forgives the wife's delights,
 Who sins, thro' frailty, on forbidden nights,
 And tempts her husband in the holy time,
 When carnal pleasure is a mortal crime.
 The sweating image shakes its head, but he
 With numbled prayers atones the deity.

The pious priesthood the fat goose receive,
 And they once brib'd, the godhead must forgive.

No sooner these remove, but, full of fear,
 A gypsy Jewess whispers in your ear,
 And begs an alms; an high priest's daughter she, 700

Vers'd in their Talmud, and divinity,
 And prophecies beneath a shady tree.
 Her goods a basket, and old hay her bed,
 She strolls, and, telling fortunes, gains her bread:

Farthings, and some small moneys, are her fees;

Yet she interprets all your dreams for these;

Foretells th' estate, when the rich uncle dies,

And sees a sweetheart in the sacrifice.

Such toys a pigeon's entrails can disclose,
 Which yet th' Armenian augur far outgoes;
 In dogs, a victim more obscene, he rakes, 711
 And murder'd infants for inspection takes:
 For gain his impious practice he pursues;
 For gain, will his accomplices accuse.

More credit, yet, is to Chaldeans³⁷ giv'n;
 What they foretell, is deem'd the voice of Heav'n.

Their answers, as from Hammon's altar, come;

Since now the Delphian oracles are dumb.
 And mankind, ignorant of future fate,
 Believes what fond astrologers relate. 720

Of these the most in vogue is he, who, sent

Beyond seas, is return'd from banishment;
 His art who to aspiring Otho³⁸ sold,
 And sure succession to the crown foretold:
 For his esteem is in his exile plac'd;
 The more believ'd, the more he was disgrac'd.

No astrologic wizard honor gains,
 Who has not oft been banish'd, or in chains.
 He gets renown, who, to the halter near,
 But narrowly escapes, and buys it dear.

From him your wife enquires the planets' will,

When the black jaundice shall her mother kill; 731

Her sister's and her uncle's end, would know;

But, first, consults his art, when you shall go;

And, what's the greatest gift that Heav'n can give.

If, after her, th' adulterer shall live.
She neither knows nor cares to know the
rest;

If Mars and Saturn ³⁶ shall the world infest;
Or Jove and Venns, with their friendly
rays,

Will interpose, and bring us better days. ⁷⁴⁰
Beware the woman, too, and shun her
sight,

Who in these studies does herself delight;
By whom a greasy almanac is borne,
With often handling, like chaf'd amber,
worn:

Not now consulting, but consulted, she
Of the twelve houses, and their lords, is free.
She, if the scheme a fatal journey show,
Stays safe at home, but lets her husband
go.

If but a mile she travel out of town,
The planetary hour must first be known, ⁷⁵⁰
And lucky moment; if her eye but aches
Or itches, its decumbiture she takes;
No nourishment receives in her disease,
But what the stars and Ptolemy ⁴⁰ shall
please.

The middle sort, who have not much to
spare,
To chironancers' cheaper art repair,
Who clap the pretty palm, to make the
lines more fair.

But the rich matron, who has more to
give,
Her answers from the Brachman ⁴¹ will re-
ceive:

Skill'd in the globe and sphere, he gravely
stands, ⁷⁶⁰

And, with his compass, measures seas and
lands.

The poorest of the sex have still an itch
To know their fortunes, equal to the rich.
The dairymaid enquires, if she shall take
The trusty tailor, and the cook forsake.

Yet these, tho' poor, the pain of childbed
bear;

And, without nurses, their own infants rear:
You seldom hear of the rich mantle, spread
For the babe, born in the great lady's bed.
Such is the pow'r of herbs; such arts they
use ⁷⁷⁰

To make them barren, or their fruit to lose.
But thou, whatever slops she will have
brought,

Be thankful, and supply the deadly draught;
Help her to make manslaughter; let her
bleed,

And never want for savin at her need.
For, if she holds till her nine months be
run,

Thou mayst be father to an Ethiop's son; ⁴²
A boy, who ready gotten to thy hands,
By law is to inherit all thy lands;

One of that hue, that should he cross the
way, ⁷⁸⁰

His omen ⁴³ would discolor all the day.
I pass the founding by, a race unknown,
At doors expos'd, whom matrons make their
own;

And into noble families advance
A nameless issue, the blind work of chance.
Indulgent Fortune does her care employ,
And, smiling, broods upon the naked boy:
Her garment spreads, and laps him in the
fold,

And covers with her wings from nightly
cold:

Gives him her blessing; puts him in a way;
Sets up the farce, and laughs at her own
play. ⁷⁹¹

Him she promotes; she favors him alone,
And makes provision for him as her own.

The craving wife the force of magic
tries,

And plunders for th' unable husband buys:
The potion works not on the part design'd;
But turns his brains, and stupefies his mind.
The sotted mooncalf gapes, and, staring on,
Sees his own business by another done:

A long oblivion, a benumbing frost, ⁸⁰⁰
Constrains his head; and yesterday is lost:
Some nimble juice would make him foam
and rave,

Like that Cæsonia ⁴⁴ to her Caius gave;
Who, plucking from the forehead of the
foal

His mother's love, infus'd it in the bowl:
The boiling blood ran hissing in his veins,
Till the mad vapor mounted to his brains.
The Thund'r'er ⁴⁵ was not half so much on
fire,

When Juno's girdle kindled his desire.
What woman will not use the poisning
trade, ⁸¹⁰

When Cæsar's wife the precedent has made?
Let Agrippina's ⁴⁶ mushroom be forgot,
Giv'n to a slav'r'ing, old, unuseful sot;
That only clos'd the driveling dotard's eyes,
And sent his godhead downward to the
skies:

But this fierce potion calls for fire and
sword,

Nor spares the commons, when it strikes the lord;

So many mischiefs were in one combin'd;
So much one single pois'n'er cost mankind.

If stepdames seek their sons-in-law to kill,
'Tis venial trespass; let them have their will:

But let the child, entrusted to the care
Of his own mother, of her bread beware:
Beware the food she reaches with her hand;
The morsel is intended for thy land.
Thy tutor be thy taster, ere thou eat;
There's poison in thy drink and in thy meat.

You think this feign'd; the satire in a rage

Struts in the buskins of the tragic stage,
Forgets his bus'n'ss is to laugh and bite; ⁸²⁰
And will of deaths and dire revenges write.

Would it were all a fable that you read;
But Drymon's wife "pleads guilty to the deed.

"I," she confesses, "in the fact was caught,
Two sons dispatching at one deadly draught."

"What two! two sons, thou viper, in one day!"

"Yes, sev'n," she cries, "if sev'n were in my way."

Medea's ⁸³⁰ legend is no more a lie;
Our age adds credit to antiquity.

Great ills, we grant, in former times did reign, ⁸⁴⁰

And murders then were done: but not for gain.

Less admiration to great crimes is due,
Which they thro' wrath, or thro' revenge pursue.

For, weak of reason, impotent of will,
The sex is hurried headlong into ill;
And, like a cliff from its foundations torn
By raging earthquakes, into seas is borne.
But those are fiends, who crimes from thought begin;

And, cool in mischief, meditate the sin.
They read th' example of a pious wife, ⁸⁵⁰
Redeeming, with her own, her husband's life;

Yet, if the laws did that exchange afford,
Would save their lapdog sooner than their lord.

Where'er you walk, the Belides ⁸⁶⁰ you meet;

And Clytemnestras ⁸⁶⁰ grow in every street.

But here's the difference; Agamemnon's wife

Was a gross butcher with a bloody knife;
But murder, now, is to perfection grown,
And subtle poisons are employ'd alone;
Unless some antidote prevents their arts, ⁸⁶⁰
And lines with balsam all the noble parts:
In such a case, reserv'd for such a need,
Rather than fail, the dagger does the deed.

EXPLANATORY NOTES ON THE SIXTH SATIRE

1 In the Golden Age, when Saturn reign'd.

2 *Fat with acorns.* Acorns were the bread of mankind, before corn was found.

3 *Under Jove.* When Jove had driven his father into banishment, the Silver Age began, according to the poets.

4 *Uneasy Justice, &c.* The poet makes Justice and Chastity sisters; and says that they fled to heaven together, and left earth for ever.

5 *Ceres' feast.* When the Roman women were forbidden to bed with their husbands.

6 *Jove and Mars,* of whom more fornicating stories are told than any of the other gods.

7 *Wond'ring Pharos.* She fled to Egypt, which wonder'd at the enormity of her crime.

8 He tells the famous story of Messalina, wife to the Emperor Claudius.

9 *Wealth has the privilege, &c.* His meaning is, that a wife who brings a large dowry may do what she pleases, and has all the privileges of a widow.

10 *Berenice's ring.* A ring of great price, which Herod Agrippa gave to his sister Berenice. He was King of the Jews, but tributary to the Romans.

11 *Cornelia,* mother to the Gracchi, of the family of the Corneli, from whence Scipio the African was descended, who triumph'd over Hannibal.

12 *O Pæan, &c.* He alludes to the known fable of Niobe, in Ovid. Amphion was her husband. Pæan is Apollo, who with his arrows kill'd her children, because she boasted that she was more fruitful than Latona, Apollo's mother.

13 *The thirty pigs, &c.* He alludes to the white sow in Virgil, who farrow'd thirty pigs.

14 *The Grecian cant.* Women then learnt Greek, as ours speak French.

15 All the Romans, even the most inferior and most infamous sort of them, had the power of making their wills.

16 *"Go drag that slave, &c.* These are the words of the wife.

17 *"Your reason, why, &c.* The answer of the husband.

18 *"Call'st thou that slave a man?"* The wife again.

19 *Hannibal,* a famous Carthaginian captain, who was upon the point of conquering the Romans.

20 *The Good Goddess*, at whose feasts no men were to be present.

21 *Nestor*, who liv'd three hundred years.

22 *What singer*, &c. He alludes to the story of P. Clodius, who, disguis'd in the habit of a singing woman, went into the house of Caesar, where the feast of the Good Goddess was celebrated, to find an opportunity with Caesar's wife, Pompeia.

23 He taxes women with their loving eunuchs, who can get no children; but adds that they only love such eunuchs as are gelded when they are already at the age of manhood.

24 *Priapus*, the God of Lust.

25 *Pollio*, a famous singing-boy.

26 That such an actor whom they love might obtain the prize.

27 *Th' Aruspex*. He who inspects the entrails of the sacrifice, and from thence foretells the successor.

28. *Vulcan*, the god of smiths.

29 *Tubors and trumpets*, &c. The ancients thought that with such sounds they could bring the Moon out of her eclipse.

30 *A mood and figure bride*. A woman who has learn'd logic.

31 A woman-grammarian, who corrects her husband for speaking false Latin, which is call'd breaking Priscian's head.

32 *A train of these*. That is, of she-asses.

33 *Sicilian tyrants* are grown to a proverb, in Latin, for their cruelty.

34 This dressing up the head so high, which we call a tow'r, was an ancient way amongst the Romans.

35 *Bellona's priests* were a sort of fortune tellers, and the high priest an eunuch.

36 *And add beside*, &c. A garment was given to the priest, which he threw into the river; and that, they thought, bore all the sins of the people, which were drown'd with it.

37 *Chaldeans* are thought to have been the first astrologers.

38 *Otho* succeeded Galba in the empire, which was foretold him by an astrologer.

39 *Mars and Saturn* are the two unfortunate planets; Jupiter and Venus the two fortunate.

40 *Ptolemy*, a famous astrologer; an Egyptian.

41 *The Brachmans* are Indian philosophers, who remain to this day, and hold, after Pythagoras, the translation of souls from one body to another.

42 *To an Ethiop's son*. His meaning is, help her to any kind of slops which may cause her to miscarry, for fear she may be brought to bed of a blackmoor, which thou, being her husband, art bound to father; and that bastard may, by law, inherit thy estate.

43 *His omen*, &c. The Romans thought it ominous to see a blackmoor in the morning, if he were the first man they met.

44 *Caesonia*, wife to Caius Caligula, the great tyrant. 'Tis said she gave him a love potion, which, flying up into his head, distracted him, and was the occasion of his committing so many acts of cruelty.

45 *The Thunderer*, &c. The story is in Homer, where Juno borrow'd the girdle of Venus, call'd *cestos*, to make Jupiter in love with her, while the Grecians and Trojans were fighting, that he might not help the latter.

46 *Agrippina* was the mother of the tyrant Nero, who poison'd her husband Claudius, that Nero might succeed, who was her son, and not Britannicus, who was the son of Claudius by a former wife.

47 *The widow* of Drymon poison'd her sons, that she might succeed to their estate. This was done either in the poet's time, or just before it.

48 *Medea*, out of revenge to Jason, who had forsaken her, kill'd the children which she had by him.

49 The Belides, who were fifty sisters, married to fifty young men, their cousin-germans, and kill'd them all on their wedding night, excepting Hypermnestra, who sav'd her husband Linus.

50 *Clytemnestra*, the wife of Agamemnon, who, in favor to her adulterer, Ægisthus, was consenting to his murder.

THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL

THE ARGUMENT

The poet's design, in this divine satire, is to represent the various wishes and desires of mankind, and to set out the folly of 'em. He runs thro' all the several heads of riches, honors, eloquence, fame for martial achievements, long life, and beauty; and gives instances, in each, how frequently they have prov'd the ruin of those that own'd them. He concludes, therefore, that since we generally choose so ill for ourselves, we should do better to leave it to the gods to make the choice for us. All we can safely ask of Heaven lies within a very small compass. 'Tis but health of body and mind. And if we have these, 'tis not much matter what we want besides, for we have already enough to make us happy.

Look round the habitable world: how few
Know their own good; or knowing it, pursue.

How void of reason are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun,
But, when we have our wish, we wish
undone?

Whole houses, of their whole desires
possess'd,
Are often ruin'd, at their own request.

In wars, and peace, things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own desire. 10

With laurels some have fatally been
crown'd;

Some, who the depths of eloquence have
found,

In that unnavigable stream were drown'd.
The brawny fool,¹ who did his vigor
boast,

In that presuming confidence was lost;
But more have been by avarice oppress'd,
And heaps of money crowded in the chest:
Unwieldy sums of wealth, which higher
mount

Than files of marshal'd figures can account;
To which the stores of Cræsus, in the
scale, 20

Would look like little dolphins, when they
sail

In the vast shadow of the British whale.
For this, in Nero's arbitrary time,

When virtue was a guilt, and wealth a
crime,

A troop of cutthroat guards were sent to
seize

The rich men's goods, and gut their palaces:
The mob, commission'd by the government,
Are seldom to an empty garret sent.

The fearful passenger, who travels late,
Charg'd with the carriage of a paltry plate,
Shakes at the moonshine shadow of a
rush, 31

And sees a redcoat rise from every bush:
The beggar sings, ev'n when he sees the
place

Beset with thieves, and never mends his
pace.

Of all the vows, the first and chief re-
quest

Of each is, to be richer than the rest;
And yet no doubts the poor man's draught
control,

He dreads no poison in his homely bowl.
Then fear the deadly drug, when gems di-
vine

Enchase the cup, and sparkle in the wine. 40

Will you not now the pair of sages praise,
Who the same end pursued, by several
ways?

One pitied, one condemn'd the woful times;
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes:
Laughter is easy; but the wonder lies,
What stores of brine supplied the weeper's
eyes.

Democritus could feed his spleen, and shake

His sides and shoulders till he felt 'em ache;
Tho' in his country town no lictors were,
Nor rods, nor ax, nor tribune did appear; 50
Nor all the foppish gravity of show
Which cunning magistrates on crowds be-
stow.

What had he done, had he beheld, on
high,

Our prætor seated, in mock majesty?
His chariot rolling o'er the dusty place,
While, with dumb pride, and a set formal
face,

He moves in the dull ceremonial track,
With Jove's embroider'd coat upon his
back:

A suit of hangings had not more oppress'd
His shoulders, than that long, laborious vest:
A heavy gewgaw, (call'd a crown,) that
spread 61

About his temples, drown'd his narrow
head;

And would have crush'd it with the massy
freight,

But that a sweating slave sustain'd the
weight:

A slave in the same chariot seen to ride,
To mortify the mighty madman's pride.
Add now th' imperial eagle, rais'd on high,
With golden beak (the mark of majesty),
Trumpets before, and on the left and right,
A cavalcade of nobles, all in white: 70

In their own natures false and flatt'ring
tribes,

But made his friends by places and by
bribes.

In his own age, Democritus could find
Sufficient cause to laugh at humankind:
Learn from so great a wit: a land of bogs
With ditches fence'd, a heaven fat with fogs,
May form a spirit fit to sway the State;
And make the neighb'ring monarchs fear
their fate.

He laughs at all the vulgar cares and
fears;

At their vain triumphs, and their vainer
tears: 80

An equal temper in his mind he found,
When Fortune flatter'd him, and when she
frown'd.

'Tis plain, from hence, that what our vows
request

Are hurtful things, or useless at the best.
Some ask for envied pow'r; which public
hate

Pursues, and hurries headlong to their fate:

Down go the titles; and the statue crown'd
Is by base hands in the next river drown'd.
The guiltless horses, and the chariot wheel,
The same effects of vulgar fury feel: 90
The smith prepares his hammer for the
stroke,

While the lung'd bellows hissing fire pro-
voke;

Sejanus,² almost first of Roman names,
The great Sejanus crackles in the flames:
Form'd in the forge, the pliant brass is
laid

On anvils; and of head and limbs are
made

Pans, cans, and pisspots, a whole kitchen
trade.

Adorn your doors with laurels; and a bull,
Milk-white, and large, lead to the Capitol;
Sejanus with a rope is dragg'd along, 100
The sport and laughter of the giddy throng!
"Good Lord," they cry, "what Ethiop lips
he has,

How foul a snout, and what a hanging face!
By Heav'n, I never could endure his sight;
But say, how came his monstrous crimes to
light?

What is the charge, and who the evidence
(The savior of the nation and the prince)?
"Nothing of this; but our old Cæsar sent
A noisy letter to his parliament."

"Nay, sirs, if Cæsar writ, I ask no more —
He's guilty; and the question's out of
door." 111

How goes the mob? (for that's a mighty
thing.)

When the king's trump, the mob are for
the king:

They follow Fortune, and the common cry
Is still against the rogue condemn'd to die.

But the same very mob, that rascal crowd,
Had cried Sejanus, with a shout as loud,
Had his designs (by Fortune's favor blest)
Succeeded, and the prince's age oppress'd,
But long, long since, the times have chang'd
their face, 120

The people grown degenerate and base;
Not suffer'd now the freedom of their choice,
To make their magistrates, and sell their
voice.

Our wise forefathers, great by sea and
land,

Had once the pow'r and absolute command;
All offices of trust, themselves dispos'd;
Rais'd whom they pleas'd, and whom they
pleas'd depos'd.

But we, who give our native rights away,
And our enslav'd posterity betray,
Are now reduc'd to beg an alms, and go 130
On holidays to see a puppet show.

"There was a damn'd design," cries one,
"no doubt;

For warrants are already issued out:
I met Brutidius in a mortal fright;
He's dipp'd for certain, and plays least in
sight:

I fear the rage of our offended prince,
Who thinks the senate slack in his defense!
Come, let us haste, our loyal zeal to show,
And spurn the wretched corpse of Cæsar's
foe: 139

But let our slaves be present there, lest they
Accuse their masters, and for gain betray."

Such were the whispers of those jealous
times

About Sejanus' punishment and crimes.

Now, tell me truly, wouldst thou change
thy fate

To be, like him, first minister of state?
To have thy levees crowded with resort,
Of a depending, gaping, servile court;
Dispose all honors of the sword and gown,
Grace with a nod, and ruin with a frown;
To hold thy prince in pupillage, and sway
That monarch whom the master'd world
obey? 151

While he, intent on secret lusts alone,
Lives to himself, abandoning the throne;
Coop'd in a narrow isle,³ observing dreams
With flatt'ring wizards, and erecting
schemes!

I well believe, thou wouldst be great as
he;

For every man's a fool to that degree;
All wish the dire prerogative to kill;
Ev'n they would have the pow'r, who want
the will:

But wouldst thou have thy wishes under-
stood, 160

To take the bad together with the good?
Wouldst thou not rather choose a small re-
nown,

To be the may'r of some poor paltry town,
Bigly to look, and bar'b'rously to speak;
To pound false weights, and scanty mea-
sures break?

Then, grant we that Sejanus went astray
In ev'ry wish, and knew not how to pray:
For he who grasp'd the world's exhausted
store,

Yet never had enough, but wish'd for more,

Rais'd a top-heavy tow'r, of monstrous
height,¹⁷⁰
Which mold'ring, crush'd him underneath
the weight.

What did the mighty Pompey's fall be-
get;
And ruin'd him,⁴ who, greater than the
Great,

The stubborn pride of Roman nobles broke,
And bent their haughty necks beneath his
yoke?

What else but his immoderate lust of
pow'r,
Pray'rs made and granted in a luckless
hour?

For few usurpers to the shades descend
By a dry death, or with a quiet end.

The boy, who scarce has paid his entrance
down¹⁸⁰

To his proud pedant, or declin'd a noun,
(So small an elf, that, when the days are
foul,

He and his satchel must be borne to school,⁵)
Yet prays, and hopes, and aims at nothing
less,

To prove a Tully, or Demosthenes:⁶
But both those orators, so much renown'd,
In their own depths of eloquence were
drown'd:

The hand and head were never lost of those
Who dealt in dogg'rel, or who punn'd in
prose.

"Fortune foretun'd the dying notes of
Rome:¹⁹⁰

Till I, thy consul sole, consol'd thy doom."^{7 8}
His fate had crept below the lifted swords,
Had all his malice been to murder words.
I rather would be Mævius, thrash for
rhymes

Like his, the scorn and scandal of the times,
Than that *Philippic*,⁷ fatally divine,
Which is inscrib'd the *Second*, should be
mine.

Nor he, the wonder of the Grecian throng,
Who drove them with the torrent of his
tongue,

Who shook the theaters, and sway'd the
state²⁰⁰

Of Athens, found a more propitious fate:
Whom, born beneath a boding horoscope,
His sire, the blear-ey'd Vulcan of a shop,
From Mars his forge, sent to Minerva's
schools,

To learn th' unlucky art of wheedling fools.
With itch of honor and opinion vain,

All things beyond their native worth we
strain:

The spoils⁸ of war, brought to Feretrian
Jove,

An empty coat of armor hung above
The conqueror's chariot, and in triumph
borne,²¹⁰

A streamer from a boarded galley torn,
A chap-fall'n beaver loosely hanging by
The cloven helm, an arch of victory,
On whose high convex sits a captive foe,
And sighing casts a mournful look below;
Of ev'ry nation each illustrious name,
Such toys as these have cheated into fame:
Exchanging solid quiet, to obtain
The windy satisfaction of the brain.

So much the thirst of honor fires the
blood;²²⁰

So many would be great, so few be good.
For who would Virtue for herself regard,
Or wed, without the portion of reward?
Yet this mad chase of fame, by few pur-
sued,

Has drawn destruction on the multitude:
This avarice of praise in times to come,
Those long inscriptions, crowded on the
tomb,

Should some wild fig tree take her native
bent,

And heave below the gaudy monument,
Would crack the marble titles, and dis-
perse²³⁰

The characters of all the lying verse.
For sepulchers themselves must crumbling
fall

In time's abyss, the common grave of all.

Great Hannibal within the balance lay,
And tell how many pounds his ashes weigh;
Whom Afric was not able to contain,
Whose length runs level with th' Atlantic
main,

And wearies fruitful Nilus, to convey
His sun-beat waters by so long a way;
Which Ethiopia's double clime divides,²⁴⁰
And elephants in other mountains hides.
Spain first he won, the Pyreneans pass'd,
And steepy Alps, the mounds that Nature
cast;

And with corroding juices, as he went,
A passage thro' the living rocks he rent.
Then, like a torrent, rolling from on high,
He pours his headlong rage on Italy;
In three victorious battles overrun;
Yet, still uneasy, cries: "There's nothing
done,

Till level with the ground their gates are
laid, ²⁵⁰
And Punie flags on Roman tow'rs dis-
play'd."

Ask what a face belong'd to this high
fame:

His picture scarcely would deserve a frame;
A signpost dauber would disdain to paint
The one-ey'd hero on his elephant.
Now what's his end, O charming Glory!

say,
What rare fifth act to crown this huffing
play?

In one deciding battle overcome,
He flies, is banish'd from his native home;
Begs refuge in a foreign court, and there
Attends, his mean petition to prefer; ²⁶¹
Repuls'd by surly grooms, who wait before
The sleeping tyrant's interdicted door.

What wondrous sort of death has
Heav'n design'd,
Distinguish'd from the herd of human-
kind,

For so untam'd, so turbulent a mind!
Nor swords at hand, nor hissing darts afar,
Are doom'd t' avenge the tedious bloody
war;

But poison, drawn thro' a ring's hollow
plate,

Must finish him; a sucking infant's fate. ²⁷⁰
Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool,
To please the boys, and be a theme at school.

One world suffic'd not Alexander's mind:
Coop'd up, he seem'd in earth and seas con-
fin'd;

And, struggling, stretch'd his restless limbs
about

The narrow globe, to find a passage out.
Yet, enter'd in the brick-built town,⁹ he
tried

The tomb, and found the strait dimensions
wide:

"Death only this mysterious truth unfolds,
The mighty soul, how small a body holds."

Old Greece a tale of Athos ¹⁰ would make
out, ²⁸¹

Cut from the continent, and sail'd about;
Seas hid with navies, chariots passing o'er
The channel, on a bridge from shore to
shore:

Rivers, whose depth no sharp beholder sees,
Drunk at an army's dinner, to the lees;
With a long legend of romantic things,
Which in his cups the bowsy poet sings.
But how did he return, this haughty brave,

Who whipp'd the winds, and made the sea
his slave?

(Tho' Neptune took unkindly to be ²⁹⁰
bound;

And Enrus never such hard usage found
In his Æolian prisons under ground;)

What god so mean, ev'n he who points the
way,¹¹

So merciless a tyrant to obey!

But how return'd he? let us ask again:
In a poor skiff he pass'd the bloody main,

Chok'd with the slaughter'd bodies of
his train.

For fame he pray'd, but let th' event de-
clare

He had no mighty penn'worth of his pray'r.
"Jove, grant me length of life, and years'

good store ³⁰¹
Heap on my bending back; I ask no more."

Both sick and healthful, old and young,
conspire

In this one silly mischievous desire.
Mistaken blessing, which old age they call!

'T is a long, nasty, darksome hospital,
A ropy chain of rheums; a visage rough,

Deform'd, unfeatur'd, and a skin of buff;
A stitch-fall'n cheek, that hangs below the
jaw;

Such wrinkles, as a skilful hand would
draw ³¹⁰

For an old grandam ape, when, with a grace,
She sits at squat, and scrubs her leathern
face.

In youth, distinctions infinite abound;
No shape or feature just alike are found;

The fair, the black, the feeble, and the
strong;

But the same foulness does to age belong,
The selfsame palsy, both in limbs and
tongue;

The skull and forehead one bald barren
plain,

And gums unarm'd to mumble meat in
vain:

Besides th' eternal drivel, that supplies ³²⁰
The dropping beard, from nostrils, mouth,
and eyes.

His wife and children loathe him, and,
what's worse,

Himself does his offensive carrion curse!
Flatt'ers forsake him too; for who would
kill

Himself, to be remember'd in a will?
His taste not only pall'd to wine and meat,
But to the relish of a nobler treat.

The limber nerve, in vain provok'd to rise,
 Inglorious from the field of battle flies:
 Poor feeble dotard, how could he advance
 With his blue headpiece, and his broken
 lance ? ³³¹

Add, that endeavoring still without effect,
 A lust more sordid justly we suspect.

Those senses lost, behold a new defeat,
 The soul dislodging from another seat.
 What music, or enchanting voice, can cheer
 A stupid, old, impenetrable ear ?
 No matter in what place, or what degree
 Of the full theater, he sits to see;
 Cornets and trumpets cannot reach his ear:
 Under an actor's nose he's never near. ³⁴¹

His boy must bawl, to make him understand

The hour o' th' day, or such a lord 's at hand:
 The little blood that creeps within his veins,
 Is but just warm'd in a hot fever's pains.
 In fine, he wears no limb about him sound;
 With sores and sicknesses beleagu'rd round:
 Ask me their names, I sooner could relate
 How many drudges on salt Hippia wait;
 What crowds of patients the town doctor
 kills, ³⁵⁰

Or how, last fall, he rais'd the weekly bills;
 What provinces by Basilus were spoil'd;
 What herds of heirs by guardians are be-
 guil'd;

How many bouts a day that bitch has tried;
 How many boys that pedagogue can ride;
 What lands and lordships for their owners
 know

My quondam barber, but his worship now.

This dotard of his broken back com-
 plains,

One his legs fail, and one his shoulder
 pains;

Another is of both his eyes bereft, ³⁶⁰
 And envies who has one for aiming left.
 A fifth with trembling lips expecting stands,
 As in his childhood, cram'm'd by others'
 hands;

One, who at sight of supper open'd wide }
 His jaws before, and whetted grinders
 tried;

Now only pawns, and waits to be sup-
 plied: }

Like a young swallow, when with weary
 wings

Expected food her fasting mother brings.

His loss of members is a heavy curse,
 But all his faculties decay'd, a worse ! ³⁷⁰
 His servants' names he has forgotten quite;

Knows not his friend who supp'd with him
 last night:

Not ev'n the children he begot and bred;
 Or his will knows 'em not; for, in their
 stead,

In form of law, a common hackney jade,
 Sole heir, for secret services, is made:

So lewd, and such a batter'd brothel whore,
 That she defies all comers at her door.

Well, yet suppose his senses are his own,
 He lives to be chief mourner for his son: ³⁸⁰
 Before his face his wife and brother burns;
 He numbers all his kindred in their urns.

These are the fines he pays for living long,
 And dragging tedious age in his own wrong:
 Grievs always green, a household still in
 tears,

Sad pouns, a threshold throng'd with
 daily biers,

And liveries of black for length of years. }

Next to the raven's age, the Pylian king ¹²

Was longest liv'd of any two-legg'd thing;
 Blest, to defraud the grave so long, to
 mount ³⁹⁰

His number'd years, and on his right hand
 count ¹³

Three hundred seasons, guzzling must of
 wine !

But, hold a while, and hear himself repine
 At fate's unequal laws; and at the clue
 Which, merciless in length, the midmost
 sister ¹⁴ drew.

When his brave son upon the fun'ral pyre
 He saw extended, and his beard on fire,
 He turn'd, and weeping, ask'd his friends
 what crime

Had curs'd his age to this unhappy time.

Thus mourn'd old Peleus for Achilles
 slain, ⁴⁰⁰

And thus Ulysses' father did complain.

How fortunate an end had Priam made,
 Among his ancestors a mighty shade,
 While Troy yet stood; when Hector, with
 the race

Of royal bastards, might his funeral grace:
 Amidst the tears of Trojan dames inurn'd,
 And by his loyal daughters truly mourn'd !
 Had Heav'n so blest him, he had died before
 The fatal fleet to Sparta Paris bore.

But mark what age produc'd; he liv'd to
 see ⁴¹⁰

His town in flames, his falling monarchy:
 In fine, the feeble sire, reduc'd by fate,
 To change his scepter for a sword, too late,
 His last effort before Jove's altar tries; ¹⁵

A soldier half, and half a sacrifice:
Falls like an ox, that waits the coming
blow;

Old and unprofitable to the plow.

At least, he died a man; his queen ¹⁶ sur-
viv'd,

To howl, and in a barking body liv'd.

I hasten to our own; nor will relate ⁴²⁰
Great Mithridates' ¹⁷ and rich Croesus' ¹⁸ fate;
Whom Solon wisely counsel'd to attend
The name of happy, till he knew his end.

That Marius was an exile, that he fled,
Was ta'en, in ruin'd Carthage begg'd his
bread,

All these were owing to a life too long:
For whom had Rome beheld so happy,
young!

High in his chariot, and with laurel crown'd,
When he had led the Cimbrian captives
round

The Roman streets; descending from his
state, ⁴³⁰

In that blest hour he should have begg'd
his fate:

Then, then, he might have died of all ad-
mir'd,

And his triumphant soul with shouts ex-
pir'd.

Campania, Fortune's malice to prevent,
To Pompey ¹⁹ an indulgent fever sent;
But public pray'rs impos'd on Heav'n, to
give

Their much-lov'd leader an unkind reprieve.
The city's fate and his conspir'd to save
The head reserv'd for an Egyptian slave.

Cethegus, ²⁰ tho' a traitor to the State, ⁴⁴⁰
And tortur'd, scap'd this ignominious fate:

And Sergius, ²¹ who a bad cause bravely
tried,

All of a piece, and undiminish'd, died.

To Venus the fond mother makes a
pray'r,

That all her sons and daughters may be
fair:

True, for the boys a mumbling vow she
sends;

But, for the girls, the vaulted temple rends:
They must be finish'd pieces; 't is allow'd
Diana's beauty made Latona proud,
And pleas'd, to see the wond'ring people
pray ⁴⁵⁰

To the new-rising sister of the day.

And yet Lucretia's fate would bar that
vow;

And fair Virginia ²² would her fate bestow

On Rutila, and change her faultless make
For the foul rump of her camel back.

But, for his mother's boy, the bean, what
frights

His parents have by day, what anxious
nights!

Form join'd with virtue is a sight too rare:
Chaste is no epithet to suit with fair.

Suppose the same traditionary strain ⁴⁶⁰
Of rigid manners in the house remain;

Inveterate truth, an old plain Sabine's heart;
Suppose that Nature, too, has done her part;

Infus'd into his soul a sober grace,
And blush'd a modest blood into his face,

(For Nature is a better guardian far
Than saucy pedants, or dull tutors are:)

Yet still the youth must ne'er arrive at
man;

(So much almighty bribes and presents
can;)

Ev'n with a parent, where persuasions fail,
Money is impudent, and will prevail. ⁴⁷¹

We never read of such a tyrant king,
Who gelt a boy deform'd, to hear him sing.

Nor Nero, in his more luxurious rage,
E'er made a mistress of an ugly page:

Sporus, his spouse, nor crooked was, nor
lame,

With mountain back, and belly, from the
game

Cross-barr'd; but both his sexes well
became.

Go, boast your springal, by his beauty curst
To ills, nor think I have declar'd the
worst: ⁴⁸⁰

His form procures him journeywork; a strife
Betwixt town-madams, and the merchant's
wife:

Guess, when he undertakes this public war,
What furious beasts offended cuckolds are.

Adult'ers are with dangers round beset;
Born under Mars, they cannot scape the
net;

And from revengeful husbands oft have
tried

Worse handling than severest laws provide:
One stabs; one slashes; one, with cruel art,

Makes colon suffer for the peccant part. ⁴⁹⁰

But your Endymion, your smooth, smock-
fac'd boy,

Unrival'd, shall a beauteous dame enjoy.
Not so: one more salacious, rich, and old,

Outbids, and buys her pleasure for her gold:
Now he must moil and drudge for one he
loathes;

She keeps him high in equipage and clothes;
 She pawns her jewels and her rich attire,
 And thinks the workman worthy of his hire:
 In all things else immoral, stingy, mean;

But, in her lusts, a conscionable quean. ⁵⁰⁰
 "She may be handsome, yet be chaste,"
 you say —

Good observator, not so fast away:
 Did it not cost the modest youth ²³ his life,
 Who shunn'd th' embraces of his father's
 wife?

And was not t'other stripling ²⁴ fore'd to
 fly,

Who coldly did his patron's queen deny,
 And pleaded laws of hospitality?
 The ladies charg'd 'em home, and turn'd
 the tale;

With shame they redden'd, and with spite
 grew pale.

'T is dang'rous to deny the longing dame;
 She loses pity, who has lost her shame. ⁵¹¹

Now Silius wants thy counsel, give ad-
 vice;

Wed Caesar's wife, ²⁵ or die; the choice is
 nice.

Her comet-eyes she darts on ev'ry grace,
 And takes a fatal liking to his face.

Adorn'd with bridal pomp she sits in state;
 The public notaries and auspex wait:

The genial bed is in the garden dress'd, ⁵¹⁸
 The portion paid, and ev'ry rite express'd }
 Which in a Roman marriage is profess'd.

'T is no stol'n wedding this, rejecting awe;
 She scorns to marry, but in form of law.

In this moot case, your judgment: to re-
 fuse

Is present death, besides the night you
 lose:

If you consent, 't is hardly worth your pain;
 A day or two of anxious life you gain,

Till loud reports thro' all the town have
 pass'd,

And reach the prince; for cuckolds hear
 the last.

Indulge thy pleasure, youth, and take thy
 swing;

For not to take is but the selfsame thing:
 Inevitable death before thee lies, ⁵³¹

But looks more kindly thro' a lady's eyes.
 What then remains? Are we depriv'd

of will;

Must we not wish, for fear of wishing
 ill?

Receive my counsel, and securely move;
 Intrust thy fortune to the pow'rs above.

Leave them to manage for thee, ^{h him}
 grant

What their unerring wisdom sees thee ^{l;} win.

In goodness as in greatness they excel;

Ah, that we lov'd ourselves but half ^{so}
 well!

We, blindly by our headstrong passions led,

Are hot for action, and desire to wed;

Then wish for heirs: but to the gods alone

Our future offspring, and our wives are
 known;

Th' audacious strumpet, and ungracious
 son.

Yet, not to rob the priests of pious gain,
 That altars be not wholly built in vain;

Forgive the gods the rest, and stand con-
 fin'd

To health of body, and content of mind:

A soul, that can seemely death defy, ⁵⁵⁰

And count it nature's privilege to die;

Serene and manly, harden'd to sustain

The load of life, and exercis'd in pain;

Guiltless of hate, and proof against desire;

That all things weighs, and nothing can ad-
 mire;

That dares prefer the toils of Hercules

To dalliance, banquets, and ignoble ease.

The path to peace is virtue: what I show,
 Thyself may freely on thyself bestow:

Fortune was never worship'd by the wise;

But, set aloft by fools, usurps the skies. ⁵⁶¹

EXPLANATORY NOTES ON THE TENTH SATIRE

1 Milo, of Crotona; who, for a trial of his strength, going to rend an oak, perish'd in the attempt, for his arms were caught in the trunk of it, and he was devour'd by wild beasts.

2 *Sejanus* was *Tiberius's* first favorite; and, while he continued so, had the highest marks of honor bestow'd on him: statues and triumphal chariots were everywhere erected to him. But, as soon as he fell into disgrace with the emperor, these were all immediately dismounted, and the senate and common people insulted over him as meanly as they had fawn'd on him before.

3 The island of *Capreae*, which lies about a league out at sea from the Campanian shore, was the scene of *Tiberius's* pleasures in the latter part of his reign. There he liv'd, for some years, with diviners, soothsayers, and worse company; and from thence dispatch'd all his orders to the senate.

4 *Julius Cæsar*, who got the better of *Pompey*, that was styl'd "the Great."

5 *Demosthenes* and *Tully* both died for their oratory: *Demosthenes* gave himself poison, to avoid being carried to *Antipater*, one of *Alexander's* captains, who had then made himself

A soldier of Athens. Tully was murder'd by Antony's order, in return for those invectives he had made against him.

6 The Latin of this couplet is a famous verse of Tully's, in which he sets out the happiness of his own consulship, famous for the vanity and the ill poetry of it; for Tully, as he had a good deal of the one, so he had no great share of the other.

7 The orations of Tully against M. Antony were styl'd by him *Philippics*, in imitation of Demosthenes, who had given that name before to those he made against Philip of Macedon.

8 This is a mock account of a Roman triumph.

9 Babylon, where Alexander died.

10 Xerxes is represented in history after a very romantic manner: affecting fame beyond measure, and doing the most extravagant things to compass it. Mount Athos made a prodigious promontory in the *Ægean* Sea; he is said to have cut a channel thro' it, and to have sail'd round it. He made a bridge of boats over the Hellespont, where it was three miles broad; and order'd a whipping for the winds and seas, because they had once cross'd his designs; as we have a very solemn account of it in Herodotus. But, after all these vain boasts, he was shamefully beaten by Themistocles at Salamis; and return'd home, leaving most of his fleet behind him.

11 Mercury, who was a god of the lowest size, and employ'd always in errands between heaven and hell; and mortals us'd him accordingly: for his statues were anciently plac'd where roads met, with directions on the fingers of 'em, pointing out the several ways to travelers.

12 Nestor, King of Pylus; who was three hundred years old, according to Homer's account; at least as he is understood by his expositors.

13 The ancients counted by their fingers. Their left hands serv'd 'em till they came up to an hundred. After that they us'd their right, to express all greater numbers.

14 The Fates were three sisters, which had all some peculiar business assign'd 'em by the poets, in relation to the lives of men. The first held the distaff, the second spun the thread, and the third cut it.

15 Whilst Troy was sacking by the Greeks, old King Priam is said to have buckled on his armor to oppose 'em; which he had no sooner done, but he was met by Pyrrhus, and slain before the altar of Jupiter, in his own palace; as we have the story finely told in Virgil's second *Æneid*.

16 Hecuba, his queen, escap'd the swords of the Grecians, and outliv'd him. It seems she behav'd herself so fiercely and uneasily to her husband's murderers while she liv'd, that the poets thought fit to turn her into a bitch when she died.

17 *Mithridates*, after he had disputed the empire of the world for forty years together, with the Romans, was at last depriv'd of life and empire by Pompey the Great.

18 *Cæsus*, in the midst of his prosperity,

making his boast to Solon how happy he was, receiv'd this answer from the wise man: that no one could pronounce himself happy, till he saw what his end should be. The truth of this *Cæsus* found, when he was put in chains by Cyrus, and condemn'd to die.

19 *Pompey*, in the midst of his glory, fell into a dangerous fit of sickness at Naples. A great many cities then made public supplications for him. He recover'd; was beaten at Pharsalia; fled to Ptolemy, King of Egypt; and, instead of receiving protection at his court, had his head struck off by his order, to please Cæsar.

20 *Cethegus* was one that conspir'd with Catiline, and was put to death by the Senate.

21 Catiline died fighting.

22 *Virginia* was kill'd by her own father, to prevent her being expos'd to the lust of Appius Claudius, who had ill designs upon her. The story at large is in Livy's third book; and 't is a remarkable one, as it gave occasion to the putting down the power of the Decemviri, of whom Appius was one.

23 Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, was lov'd by his mother-in-law, Phædra; but he not complying with her, she procur'd his death.

24 Bellerophon, the son of King Glaucus, residing some time at the court of Pætus, King of the Argives, the queen, Sthenobea, fell in love with him; but he refusing her, she turn'd the accusation upon him, and he narrowly escap'd Pætus's vengeance.

25 Messalina, wife to the Emperor Claudius, infamous for her lewdness. She set her eyes upon C. Silius, a fine youth; forc'd him to quit his own wife, and marry her, with all the formalities of a wedding, whilst Claudius Cæsar was sacrificing at *Hostia*. Upon his return, he put both Silius and her to death.

THE SIXTEENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL

THE ARGUMENT

The poet in this satire proves that the condition of a soldier is much better than that of a countryman: first, because a countryman, however affronted, provok'd, and struck himself, dares not strike a soldier who is only to be judg'd by a court-martial; and, by the law of Camillus, which obliges him not to quarrel without the trenches, he is also assur'd to have a speedy hearing and quick dispatch: whereas, the townsman or peasant is delay'd in his suit by frivolous pretences, and not sure of justice when he is heard in the court. The soldier is also privileg'd to make a will, and to give away his estate, which he got in war, to whom he pleases, without consideration of parentage or relations, which is denied to all other Romans. This satire was written by Juvenal when he

was a commander in Egypt: 't is certainly his, tho' I think it not finish'd. And, if it be well observ'd, you will find he intended an invective against a standing army.

WHAT vast prerogatives, my Gallus, are Accruing to the mighty man of war !
For, if into a lucky camp I light,
Tho' raw in arms, and yet afraid to fight,
Befriend me, my good stars, and all goes }
right:

One happy hour is to a soldier better,
Than Mother Juno's¹ recommending letter,

Or Venus, when to Mars she would prefer
My suit, and own the kindness done to her.

See what our common privileges are: 10
As, first, no saucy citizen shall dare
To strike a soldier, nor, when struck, resent

The wrong, for fear of farther punishment:

Not tho' his teeth are beaten out, his eyes
Hang by a string, in bumps his forehead rise,

Shall he presume to mention his disgrace,
Or beg amends for his demolish'd face.
A booted judge shall sit to try his cause,
Not by the statute, but by martial laws,
Which old Camillus² order'd, to confine 20
The brawls of soldiers to the trench and line:

A wise provision; and from thence 't is clear,

That officers a soldier's cause should hear;
And, taking cognizance of wrongs receiv'd,
An honest man may hope to be reliev'd.

So far 't is well: but with a general cry,
The regiment will rise in mutiny,
The freedom of their fellow-rogué demand,
And, if refus'd, will threaten to disband.

Withdraw thy action, and depart in peace;
The remedy is worse than the disease; 31
This cause is worthy him,³ who in the hall
Would for his fee, and for his client, bawl:
But wouldst thou, friend, who hast two legs alone,

(Which, Heav'n be prais'd, thou yet mayst call thy own,)

Wouldst thou to run the gauntlet these expose

To a whole company of hobnail'd shoes ?⁴
Sure the good breeding of wise citizens
Should teach 'em more good nature to their shins.

Besides, whom canst thou think so much thy friend ?

Who dares appear thy business to defend ?

Dry up thy tears, and pocket up th' }
abuse,

Nor put thy friend to make a bad excuse:

The judge cries out: "Your evidence produce."

Will he, who saw the soldier's mutton fist,
And saw thee maul'd, appear within the list,

To witness truth ? When I see one so brave,
The dead, think I, are risen from the grave;

And with their long spade beards and matted hair,

Our honest ancestors are come to take the air. 50

Against a clown, with more security,
A witness may be brought to swear a lie,
Than, tho' his evidence be full and fair,
To vouch a truth against a man of war.

More benefits remain, and claim'd as rights,

Which are a standing army's perquisites.
If any rogue vexatious suits advance

Against me for my known inheritance,
Enter by violence my fruitful grounds,

Or take the sacred landmark from my bounds, 60

Those bounds which, with procession and with pray'r,

And offer'd cakes, have been my annual care;⁵

Or if my debtors do not keep their day,
Deny their hands, and then refuse to pay;
I must with patience all the terms attend,
Among the common causes that depend,
Till mine is call'd; and that long-look'd-for day

Is still enumber'd with some new delay.
Perhaps the cloth of state is only spread,⁶

Some of the quorum may be sick abed; 70
That judge is hot, and doffs his gown, while this

O'ernight was bowsy, and goes out to piss:
So many rubs appear, the time is gone
For hearing, and the tedious suit goes on;
But buff and beltmen never know these cares,

No time, nor trick of law, their action bars:
Their cause they to an easier issue put;
They will be heard, or they lug out, and cut.

Another branch of their revenue still
Remains, beyond their boundless right
to kill,
Their father yet alive, impow'r'd to
make a will.⁷
For, what their prowess gain'd, the law declares,
Is to themselves alone, and to their heirs:
No share of that goes back to the begger,
But if the son fights well, and plunders better,
Like stout Coranus, his old shaking sire
Does a remembrance in his will desire;
Inquisitive of fights, and longs in vain
To find him in the number of the slain:
But still he lives, and, rising by the war,
Enjoys his gains, and has enough to spare;
For 't is a noble general's prudent part
To cherish valor, and reward desert:
Let him be daub'd with lace, live high, and
whore;
Sometimes be lousy, but be never poor.

EXPLANATORY NOTES ON THE SIXTEENTH SATIRE

1 *Juno* was mother to Mars, the God of War; *Venus* was his mistress.

2 *Camillus*, who, being first banish'd by his ungrateful countrymen the Romans, afterwards return'd, and freed them from the Gauls, made a law which prohibited the soldiers from quarreling without the camp, lest upon that pretense they might happen to be absent when they ought to be on duty.

3 *This cause is worthy him, &c.* The poet names a Modenese lawyer, whom he calls *Vagellius*, who was so impudent that he would plead any cause, right or wrong, without shame or fear.

4 *Hobnail'd shoes.* The Roman soldiers wore plates of iron under their shoes, or stuck them with nails, as countrymen do now.

5 Landmarks were us'd by the Romans almost in the same manner as now; and as we go once a year in procession about the bounds of parishes, and renew them, so they offer'd cakes upon the stone, or landmark.

6 The courts of judicature were hung, and spread, as with us; but spread only before the hundred judges were to sit and judge public causes, which were call'd by lot.

7 The Roman soldiers had the privilege of making a will, in their father's lifetime, of what they had purchas'd in the wars, as being no part of their patrimony. By this will they had power of excluding their own parents, and giving the estate so gotten to whom they pleas'd. Therefore, says the poet, *Coranus* (a soldier

contemporary with Juvenal, who had rais'd his fortune by the wars) was courted by his own father to make him his heir.

THE FIRST SATIRE OF PERSIUS

ARGUMENT OF THE PROLOGUE TO THE FIRST SATIRE

The design of the author was to conceal his name and quality. He liv'd in the dangerous times of the tyrant Nero, and aims particularly at him in most of his satires. For which reason, tho' he was a Roman knight, and of a plentiful fortune, he would appear in this *Prologue* but a beggarly poet, who writes for bread. After this, he breaks into the business of the *First Satire*; which is chiefly to decry the poetry then in fashion, and the impudence of those who were endeavoring to pass their stuff upon the world.

PROLOGUE TO THE FIRST SATIRE

I NEVER did on cleft Parnassus¹ dream,
Nor taste the sacred Heliconian stream;
Nor can remember when my brain, inspir'd,
Was by the Muses into madness fir'd.
My share in pale Pyrene² I resign,
And claim no part in all the mighty Nine.
Statues,³ with winding ivy crown'd, be-
long
To nobler poets, for a nobler song:
Heedless of verse, and hopeless of the
crown,
Scarce half a wit, and more than half a
clown,
Before the shrine⁴ I lay my rugged num-
bers down.
Who taught the parrot human notes to
try,
Or with a voice endued the chatt'ring pie?
'T was witty want, fierce hunger to appease;
Want taught their masters, and their mas-
ters these.
Let gain, that gilded bait, be hung on
high;
The hungry wittlings have it in their eye:
Pies, crows, and daws, poetic presents
bring;
You say they squeak, but they will swear
they sing.

THE FIRST SATIRE

IN DIALOGUE

BETWIXT THE POET AND HIS FRIEND OR
MONITOR

THE ARGUMENT

I need not repeat that the chief aim of the author is against bad poets in this satire. But I must add that he includes also bad orators, who began at that time (as Petronius in the beginning of his book tells us) to enervate manly eloquence by tropes and figures, ill plac'd, and worse applied. Amongst the poets, Persius covertly strikes at Nero, some of whose verses he recites with scorn and indignation. He also takes notice of the noblemen and their abominable poetry, who, in the luxury of their fortune, set up for wits and judges. The satire is in dialogue, betwixt the author and his friend or monitor; who dissuades him from this dangerous attempt of exposing great men. But Persius, who is of a free spirit, and has not forgotten that Rome was once a commonwealth, breaks thro' all those difficulties, and boldly arraigns the false judgment of the age in which he lives. The reader may observe that our poet was a Stoic philosopher; and that all his moral sentences, both here and in all the rest of his satires, are drawn from the dogmas of that sect.

PERSIUS. How anxious are our cares, and yet how vain
The bent of our desires!

FRIEND. Thy spleen contain;
For none will read thy satires.

PER. This to me?

FRIEND. None; or what's next to none,
but two or three.

PER. 'Tis nothing; I can bear
That paltry scribblers have the public ear:
That this vast universal fool, the Town,
Should cry up Labeco's stuff,¹ and cry me
down.

They damn themselves; nor will my Muse
descend

To clap with such, who fools and knaves
commend:

Their smiles and censures are to me the
same;

I care not what they praise, or what they
blame.

In full assemblies let the crowd prevail:
I weigh no merit by the common scale.

The conscience is the test of ev'ry mind;
"Seek not thyself, without thyself, to find."
But where's that Roman? — Somewhat I
would say,
But fear — let Fear, for once, to Truth
give way.

Truth lends the Stoic courage: when I look
On human acts, and read in Nature's book,
From the first pastimes of our infant age,
To elder cares, and man's severer page;²²
When stern as tutors, and as uncles hard,
We lash the pupil, and defraud the ward:
Then, then I say — or would say, if I
durst —

But thus provok'd, I must speak out, or
burst.

FRIEND. Once more forbear.

PER. I cannot rule my spleen;
My scorn rebels, and tickles me within.

First, to begin at home: our authors write
In lonely rooms, secur'd from public sight;
Whether in prose, or verse, 'tis all the
same;

The prose is fustian, and the numbers
lame:

All noise, and empty pomp, a storm of
words,

Lab'ring with sound, that little sense af-
fords.

They comb,² and then they order ev'ry
hair:

A gown, or white, or scour'd to whiteness,
wear;

A birthday jewel bobbing at their ear:
Next, gargle well their throats, and thus
prepar'd,

They mount, a-God's name, to be seen and
heard,

From their high scaffold, with a trumpet
cheek,

And ogling all their audience ere they
speak.

The nauseous nobles, ev'n the chief of
Rome,

With gaping mouths to these rehearsals
come,

And pant with pleasure, when some lusty
line

The marrow pierces, and invades the chine;
At open fulsome bawdry they rejoice,

And slimy jests applaud with broken voice.
Base prostitute, thus dost thou gain thy
bread?

Thus dost thou feed their ears, and thus
art fed?

At his own filthy stuff he grins and brays,
And gives the sign where he expects their
praise.

Why have I learn'd, say'st thou, if, thus
confin'd,

I choke the noble vigor of my mind?

Know, my wild fig tree,⁵¹ which in rocks is
bred,

Will split the quarry, and shoot out the
head.

Fine fruits of learning! old ambitious fool,
Dar'st thou apply that adage of the school;
As if 't is nothing worth that lies conceal'd,
And "science is not science till reveal'd"?

O, but 't is brave to be admir'd, to see
The crowd, with pointing fingers, cry:
"That's he:

That's he whose wondrous poem is become
A lecture for the noble youth of Rome!
Who, by their fathers, is at feasts renown'd;
And often quoted when the bowls go round."
Full gorg'd and flush'd, they wantonly re-
hearse,

And add to wine the luxury of verse.
One, clad in purple, not to lose his time,
Eats, and recites some lamentable rhyme:
Some senseless Phyllis, in a broken note, ⁷⁰
Snuffing at nose, or croaking in his throat.
Then graciously the mellow audience nod;
Is not th' immortal author made a god?
Are not his manes blest, such praise to have?
Lies not the turf more lightly on his grave?
And roses (while his loud applause they
sing)

Stand ready from his sepulcher to spring?
All these, you cry, but light objections
are;

Mere malice, and you drive the jest too far.
For does there breathe a man who can re-
ject

A general fame, and his own lines neglect?
In cedar tablets ⁸⁰ worthy to appear,
That need not fish, or frankincense to
fear?

Thou, whom I make the adverse part
to bear,

Be answer'd thus. — If I by chance succeed
In what I write, (and that's a chance in-
deed,)

Know, I am not so stupid, or so hard,
Not to feel praise, or fame's deserv'd re-
ward:

But this I cannot grant, that thy applause
Is my work's ultimate, or only cause. ⁹⁰
Prudence can ne'er propose so mean a prize;

For mark what vanity within it lies.
Like Laboe's *Iliads*, in whose verse is found
Nothing but trifling care, and empty sound:
Such little elegies as nobles write,
Who would be poets, in Apollo's spite.
Them and their woful works the Muse de-
fies:

Products of citron beds,⁵ and golden cano-
pies.

To give thee all thy due, thou hast the
heart

To make a supper, with a fine dessert; ¹⁰⁰
And to thy threadbare friend, a cast old
suit impart.

Thus brib'd, thou thus bespeak'st him:
"Tell me, friend,

(For I love truth, nor can plain speech
offend,)

What says the world of me and of my
Muse?"

The poor dare nothing tell but flatt'ring
news:

But shall I speak? Thy verse is wretched
rhyme,

And all thy labors are but loss of time.
Thy strutting belly swells, thy paunch is
high;

Thou writ'st not, but thou pisses poetry.
All authors to their own defects are
blind;

Hadst thou but, Janus-like,¹¹⁰ a face behind,
To see the people, what splaymouths they
make;

To mark their fingers, pointed at thy back;
Their tongues loll'd out, a foot beyond
the pitch,

When most athirst, of an Apulian bitch:
But noble scribblers are with flatt'ry fed;
For none dare find their faults, who eat
their bread.

To pass the poets of patrician blood,
What is't the common reader takes for
good?

The verse in fashion is, when numbers
flow, ¹²⁰

Soft without sense, and without spirit slow:
So smooth and equal, that no sight can find
The rivet, where the polish'd piece was
join'd:

So even all, with such a steady view,
As if he shut one eye to level true.

Whether the vulgar vice his satire stings,
The people's riots, or the rage of kings,
The gentle poet is alike in all;
His reader hopes no rise, and fears no fall.

FRIEND. Hourly we see some raw pin-
feather'd thing ¹³⁰
Attempt to mount, and fights and heroes
sing;
Who for false quantities was whipp'd at
school
But t'other day, and breaking grammar
rule;
Whose trivial art was never tried above
The bare description of a native grove;
Who knows not how to praise the coun-
try store,
The feasts, the baskets, nor the fatted
boar;
Nor paint the flow'ry fields, that paint
themselves before;
Where Romulus' was bred, and Quintius
born,
Whose shining plowshare was in furrows
worn, ¹⁴⁰
Met by his trembling wife, returning home,
And rustically joy'd, as chief of Rome:
She wip'd the sweat from the dictator's
brow,
And o'er his back his robe did rudely
throw;
The lictors bore in state their lord's tri-
umphant plow.
Some love to hear the fustian poet roar,
And some on antiquated authors pore;
Rummage for sense, and think those only
good
Who labor most, and least are understood.
When thou shalt see the blear-ey'd fathers
teach ¹⁵⁰
Their sons this harsh and moldy sort of
speech;
Or others new affected ways to try,
Of wanton smoothness, female poetry;
One would enquire from whence this mot-
ley style
Did first our Roman purity defile:
For our old dotards cannot keep their seat,
But leap and catch at all that's obsolete.
Others, by foolish ostentation led,
When call'd before the bar, to save their
head,
Bring trifling tropes, instead of solid sense,
And mind their figures more than their de-
fense; ¹⁶¹
Are pleas'd to hear their thick-skull'd
judges cry:
"Well mov'd, O finely said, and decently!"
"Theft," says th' accuser, "to thy charge
I lay,

O Pedius!" What does gentle Pedius say?
Studious to please the genius of the times,
With periods,⁸ points, and tropes, he slurs
his crimes:
"He robb'd not, but he borrow'd from the
poor;
And took but with intention to restore."
He lards with flourishes his long harangue;
"Tis fine," say'st thou;— what, to be
prais'd and hang? ¹⁷¹
Effeminate Roman, shall such stuff prevail
To tickle thee, and make thee wag thy
tail?
Say, should a shipwreck'd sailor sing his
woe,
Wouldst thou be mov'd to pity, or bestow
An alms? What's more prepost'rous than
to see
A merry beggar? Mirth in misery?
PER. He seems a trap for charity to lay,
And cons, by night, his lesson for the day.
FRIEND. But to raw numbers, and un-
finish'd verse, ¹⁸⁰
Sweet sound is added now, to make it terse:
"Tis tagg'd with rhyme, like Bercyn-
thian Atys."⁹
The mid-part chimes with art, which never
flat is.
The dolphin brave, that cut the liquid wave,
Or he who in his line can chime the long-
ribb'd Apennine."
PER. All this is dogg'rel stuff.
FRIEND. What if I bring
A nobler verse? "Arms and the man I
sing."¹⁰
PER. Why name you Virgil with such
fops as these?
He's truly great, and must for ever please;
Not fierce, but awful is his manly page; ¹⁹⁰
Bold is his strength, but sober is his rage.
FRIEND. What poems think you soft?
and to be read
With languishing regards, and bending
head?
PER. "Their crooked horns" the Mi-
mallonian crew
With blasts inspir'd; and Bassaris who slew
The scornful calf, with sword advanc'd on
high,
Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.
And Mænas, when with ivy bridles bound,
She led the spotted lynx, then Evion
rung around;
Evion from woods and floods repairing
echoes sound." ²⁰⁰

* Could such rude lines a Roman mouth become,

Were any manly greatness left in Rome ?
Mænas and Atys¹² in the mouth were bred,
And never hatch'd within the lab'ring head:
No blood from bitten nails those poems drew;

But churn'd, like spittle, from the lips they flew.

FRIEND. 'Tis fustian all; 'tis execrably bad:

But if they will be fools, must you be mad ?
Your satires, let me tell you, are too fierce;
The great will never bear so blunt a verse.
Their doors are barr'd against a bitter flout:
Snarl, if you please, but you shall snarl without.

Expect such pay as railing rhymes deserve,
Y' are in a very hopeful way to starve.

PER. Rather than so, uncensur'd let 'em be;

All, all is admirably well, for me.
My harmless rhyme shall scape the dire disgrace

Of common shores, and ev'ry pissing-place.
Two painted serpents¹³ shall on high appear:
"Tis holy ground; you must not urine here."

This shall be writ to fright the fry away,
Who draw their little baubles, when they play.

Yet old Lucilius¹⁴ never fear'd the times,
But lash'd the city, and dissected crimes.
Mutius and Lupus both by name he brought;
He mouth'd 'em, and betwixt his grinders caught.

Unlike in method, with conceal'd design,
Did crafty Horace his low numbers join;
And, with a sly insinuating grace,
Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face:

Would raise a blush, where secret vice he found

And tickle, and gently prob'd the wound

With seeming innocence the crowd beguil'd,

But made the desperate passes, when he smil'd.

Could he do this, and is my Muse contentroll'd

By servile awe ? Born free, and not be bold ?

At least, I'll dig a hole within the ground,
And to the trusty earth commit the sound:

The reeds shall tell you what the poet fears:

"King Midas¹⁵ has a snout, and ass's ears."²³⁹
This mean conceit, this darling mystery,
Which thou think'st nothing, friend, thou shalt not buy;

Nor will I change for all the flashy wit
That flatt'ring Labeo in his *Iliads* writ.

Thou, if there be a thou in this base town,
Who dares, with angry Eupolis;¹⁶ to frown;
He who, with bold Cratinus, is inspir'd
With zeal, and equal indignation fir'd;

Who at enormous villainy turns pale,²⁴⁰
And steers against it with a full-blown sail,
Like Aristophanes; let him but smile
On this my honest work, tho' writ in homely style:

And if two lines or three in all the vein
Appear less drossy, read those lines again.
May they perform their author's just intent,
Glow in thy ears, and in thy breast ferment.
But from the reading of my book and me,
Be far, ye foes of virtuous poverty:

Who Fortune's fault¹⁷ upon the poor can throw,

Point at the tatter'd coat and ragged shoe;
Lay Nature's failings to their charge, and jeer

The dim weak eyesight, when the mind is clear:

When thou thyself, thus insolent in state,
Art but, perhaps, some country magistrate;
Whose pow'r extends no farther than to speak

Big on the bench, and scanty weights to break.

Him, also, for my censor I disdain,
Who thinks all science, as all virtue, vain;
Who counts geometry and numbers toys,
And with his foot¹⁸ the sacred dust destroys;

Whose pleasure is to see a strumpet tear
A Cynic's beard, and lug him by the hair.
Such, all the morning, to the pleadings run;

But, when the bus'ness of the day is done,
On dice, and drink, and drabs, they spend their afternoon.

EXPLANATORY NOTES ON THE PROLOGUE

1 *Parnassus* and *Helicon* were hills consecrated to the Muses, and the suppos'd place of their abode. *Parnassus* was fork'd on the top;

and from Helicon ran a stream, the spring of which was call'd the Muses' Well.

2 *Pyrene*, a fountain in Corinth, consecrated also to the Muses.

3 *Statues*, &c. The statues of the poets were crown'd with ivy about their brows.

4 *Before the shrine*; that is, before the shrine of Apollo, in his temple at Rome, call'd the Palatine.

EXPLANATORY NOTES ON THE FIRST SATIRE

1 *Labco's stuff*. Nothing is remaining of Atticus Labco (so he is call'd by the learned Casaubon); nor is he mention'd by any other poet besides Persius. Casaubon, from an old commentator on Persius, says that he made a very foolish translation of Homer's *Iliads*.

2 *They comb*, &c. He describes a poet preparing himself to rehearse his works in public, which was commonly perform'd in August. A room was hir'd, or lent by some friend; a scaffold was rais'd, and a pulpit plac'd for him who was to hold forth; who borrow'd a new gown, or secur'd his old one, and adorn'd his ears with jewels, &c.

3 *My wild fig tree*. Trees of that kind grow wild in many parts of Italy, and make their way thro' rocks, sometimes splitting the tombstones.

4 The Romans wrote on cedar and cypress tables, in regard of the duration of the wood. Ill verses might justly be afraid of frankincense, for the papers in which they were written were fit for nothing but to wrap it up.

5 *Products of citron beds*, &c. Writings of noblemen, whose bedsteads were of the wood of citron.

6 *Janus-like*, &c. Janus was the first king of Italy, who refus'd Saturn when he was expell'd, by his son Jupiter, from Crete (or, as we now call it, Candia). From his name the first month of the year is call'd January. He was pictur'd with two faces, one before and one behind, as regarding the past time and the future. Some of the mythologists think he was Noah, for the reason given above.

7 *Where Romulus*, &c. He speaks of the country in the foregoing verses; the praises of which are the most easy theme for poets, but which a bad poet cannot naturally describe; then he makes a digression to Romulus, the first king of Rome, who had a rustical education; and enlarges upon Quintus Cincinnatus, a Roman senator, who was call'd from the plow to be dictator of Rome.

8 *In periods*, &c. Persius here names antitheses, or seeming contradictions; which, in this place, are meant for rhetorical flourishes, as I think, with Casaubon.

9 *Berecynthian Atys* (or *Attin*), &c. Foolish verses of Nero, which the poet repeats; and which cannot be translated properly into English.

10 *Arms and the man*, &c. The first line of Virgil's *Æneids*.

11 *Their crooked horns*, &c. Other verses of Nero, that were mere bombast. I only note that the repetition of these and the former verses of Nero might justly give the poet a caution to conceal his name.

12 *Mænias and Atys*. Poems on the Mænades, who were priestesses of Bacchus; and of Atys, who made himself an eunuch to attend on the sacrifices of Cybele, call'd Berecynthia by the poets. She was mother of the gods.

13 *Two painted serpents*, &c. Two snakes, twin'd with each other, were painted on the walls, by the ancients, to show the place was holy.

14 *Yet old Lucilius*, &c. Lucilius wrote long before Horace, who imitates his manner of satire, but far excels him in the design.

15 *King Midas*, &c. The story is vulgar, that Midas, King of Phrygia, was made judge betwixt Apollo and Pan, who was the best musician; he gave the prize to Pan; and Apollo, in revenge, gave him ass's ears. He wore his hair long to hide them; but his barber discovering them, and not daring to divulge the secret, dug a hole in the ground, and whisper'd into it: the place was marshy; and, when the reeds grew up, they repeated the words which were spoken by the barber. By Midas, the poet meant Nero.

16 *Eupolis and Cratinus*, as also *Aristophanes*, mention'd afterwards, were all Athenian poets; who wrote that sort of comedy which was call'd the Old Comedy, where the people were nam'd who were satiriz'd by those authors.

17 *Who Fortune's fault*, &c. The people of Rome, in the time of Persius, were apt to scorn the Grecian philosophers, particularly the Cynics and Stoics, who were the poorest of them.

18 *And with his foot*, &c. Arithmetic and geometry were taught on floors which were strew'd with dust, or sand; in which the numbers and diagrams were made and drawn, which they might strike out again at pleasure.

THE SECOND SATIRE OF PERSIUS

DEDICATED TO HIS FRIEND PLOTIUS MACRINUS, ON HIS BIRTHDAY

THE ARGUMENT

This satire contains a most grave and philosophical argument, concerning prayers and wishes. Undoubtedly it gave occasion to Juvenal's *Tenth Satire*; and both of them had their original from one of Plato's dialogues, call'd the *Second Alcibiades*. Our author has induc'd it with great mastery of art, by taking his rise from the birthday of his friend; on which occasions prayers were made, and sacrifices offer'd by the native. Persius, commending first the purity of his friend's vows,

descends to the impious and immoral requests of others. The satire is divided into three parts. The first is the exordium to Macrinus, which the poet confines within the compass of four verses; the second relates to the matter of the prayers and vows, and an enumeration of those things, wherein men commonly sinn'd against right reason, and offended in their requests; the third part consists in shewing the repugnancies of those prayers and wishes to those of other men, and inconsistencies with themselves. He shews the original of these vows, and sharply in-veighs against them; and, lastly, not only corrects the false opinion of mankind concerning them, but gives the true doctrine of all addresses made to Heaven, and how they may be made acceptable to the pow'rs above, in excellent precepts, and more worthy of a Christian than a heathen.

LET this auspicious morning be express'd
With a white stone,¹ distinguish'd from the
rest,

White as thy fame, and as thy honor clear;
And let new joys attend on thy new-added
year.

Indulge thy genius, and o'erflow thy soul,
Till thy wit sparkle, like the cheerful bowl.
Pray; for thy pray'rs the test of Heav'n will
bear;

Nor need'st thou take the gods aside, to
hear;

While others, ev'n the mighty men of
Rome,

Big swell'd with mischief, to the temples
come;

And in low murmurs, and with costly smoke,
Heaven's help, to prosper their black vows,
invoke.

So boldly to the gods mankind reveal
What from each other they, for shame,
conceal.

"Give me good fame, ye pow'rs, and make
me just;"

Thus much the rogue to public ears will
trust:

In private then:—"When wilt thou, mighty
Jove,

My wealthy uncle from this world re-
move?"

Or—"O thou Thund'r'er's son, great Her-
cules,"

That once thy bounteous deity would please
To guide my rake upon the chinking sound
Of some vast treasure, hidden under
ground!

"O were my pupil fairly knock'd o' th'
head;

I should possess th' estate, if he were dead!
He's so far gone with rickets, and with th'
evil,

That one small dose would send him to the
devil.

"This is my neighbor Nerius his third
spouse,

Of whom in happy time he rids his house;
But my eternal wife!—Grant Heav'n I
may

Survive to see the fellow of his day!"

Thus, that thou mayst the better bring
about

Thy wishes, thou art wickedly devout:

In Tiber ducking thrice, by break of day,

To wash th' obscenities of night away.

But pr'ythee tell me, ('t is a small request,) ³⁰
With what ill thoughts of Jove art thou
possess'd?

Wouldst thou prefer him to some man?
Suppose

I dipp'd among the worst, and Staius chose?
Which of the two would thy wise head de-
clare

The trustier tutor to an orphan heir?

Or, put it thus:—Unfold to Staius, straight,
What to Jove's ear thou didst impart of
late:

He'll stare, and, "O good Jupiter!" will
cry;

"Canst thou indulge him in this villainy?"

And think'st thou, Jove himself, with pa-
tience, then,

Can hear a pray'r condemn'd by wicked
men?

That, void of care, he lolls supine in state,
And leaves his bus'ness to be done by fate?

Because his thunder splits some burly tree,
And is not darted at thy house and thee?

Or that his vengeance falls not at the time,
Just at the perpetration of thy crime:

And makes thee a sad object of our eyes,
Fit for Ergenna's pray'r⁴ and sacrifice?

What well-fed off'ring to appease the god,
What pow'rful present to procure a nod,

Hast thou in store? What bribe hast thou
prepar'd,

To pull him, thus unpunish'd, by the beard?
Our superstitions with our life begin:

Th' obscene old grandam, or the next of
kin,

The newborn infant from the cradle takes,
And first of spittle a lustration⁵ makes;

Then in the spawl her middle finger dips,
Anoints the temples, forehead, and the
lips,

Pretending force of witchcraft to prevent,
By virtue of her nasty excrement;
Then dandles him with many a mutter'd
pray'r

That Heav'n would make him some rich
miser's heir,

Lucky to ladies, and in time a king;
Which to insure, she adds a length of na-
vel-string.

But no fond nurse is fit to make a pray'r:⁷⁰
And Jove, if Jove be wise, will never
hear;

Not tho' she prays in white, with lifted
hands.

A body made of brass the crone demands
For her lov'd nursling, strung with nerves
of wire,

Tough to the last, and with no toil to tire:
Unconscionable vows! which when we use,
We teach the gods, in reason, to refuse.

Suppose they were indulgent to thy wish:
Yet the fat entrails, in the spacious dish, so
Would stop the grant; the very over-care,
And nauseous pomp, would hinder half the
pray'r.

Thou hop'st with sacrifice of oxen slain
To compass wealth, and bribe the God of
Gain,

To give these flocks and herds, with large
increase;

Fool! to expect 'em from a bullock's
grease!

And think'st that when the fatten'd flames
aspire,

Thou seest th' accomplishment of thy de-
sire!

Now, now, my bearded harvest gilds the
plain,

The scanty folds can scarce my sheep
contain,

And show'rs of gold come pouring in
again!

Thus dreams the wretch, and vainly thus
dreams on,

Till his lank purse declares his money gone.
Should I present thee with rare figur'd
plate,

Or gold as rich in workmanship as weight;
O how thy rising heart would throb and
beat,

And thy left side, with trembling pleasure,
sweat!

Thou measur'st by thyself the pow'r's di-
vine;

Thy gods are burnish'd gold, and silver is
their shrine.

Thy puny godlings of inferior race,¹⁰⁰
Whose humble statues are content with
brass,

Should some of these, in visions purg'd
from phlegm,⁶

Foretell events, or in a morning dream;
Ev'n those thou wouldst in veneration hold;

And, if not faces, give 'em beards of gold.
The priests in temples now no longer care

For Saturn's brass,⁷ or Numa's earthen-
ware,⁸

Or vestal urns, in each religious rite:
This wicked gold has put 'em all to flight.

O souls, in whom no heav'nly fire is found,
Fat minds, and ever groveling on the
ground!

We bring our manners to the blest abodes,¹¹¹
And think what pleases us must please the
gods.

Of oil and cassia one th' ingredients takes,
And, of the mixture, a rich ointment makes;

Another finds the way to dye in grain,
And make Calabrian wool⁹ receive the Tyr-
ian stain;

Or from the shells their orient treasure
takes,

Or, for their golden ore, in rivers rakes;
Then melts the mass. All these are vani-
ties!

Yet still some profit from their pains may
rise:¹²⁰

But tell me, priest, if I may be so bold,
What are the gods the better for this gold?

The wretch that offers from his wealthy
store

These presents, bribes the pow'r's to give
him more;

As maids to Venus¹⁰ offer baby-toys,
To bless the marriage bed with girls and
boys.

But let us for the gods a gift prepare,
Which the great man's great chargers can-
not bear:

A soul, where laws, both human and di-
vine,¹³⁰

In practice more than speculation shine;
A genuine virtue, of a vigorous kind,

Pure in the last recesses of the mind;
When with such off'rings to the gods I
come,

A cake thus giv'n¹¹ is worth a hecatomb.

EXPLANATORY NOTES ON THE
SECOND SATIRE

1 *White stone*. The Romans were us'd to mark their fortunate days, or anything that luckily befell 'em, with a white stone, which they had from the island Creta, and their unfortunate with a coal.

2 *Hercules* was thought to have the key and power of bestowing all hidden treasure.

3 The ancients thought themselves tainted and polluted by night itself, as well as bad dreams in the night; and therefore purified themselves by washing their heads and hands every morning, which custom the Turks observe to this day.

4 When anyone was thunderstruck, the soothsayer (who is here call'd Ergema) immediately repair'd to the place, to expiate the displeasure of the gods by sacrificing two sheep.

5 The poet laughs at the superstitious ceremonies which the old women made use of in their lustration, or purification days, when they nam'd their children, which was done on the eighth day to females, and on the ninth to males.

6 *In visions purg'd from phlegm*, &c. It was the opinion both of Grecians and Romans, that the gods, in visions or dreams, often reveal'd to their favorites a cure for their diseases, and sometimes those of others. Thus Alexander dreamt of an herb which cur'd Ptolemy. These gods were principally Apollo and Æsculapius, but in aftertimes the same virtue and good will was attributed to Isis and Osiris. Which brings to my remembrance an odd passage in Sir Tho. Browne's *Religio Medici*, or in his *Vulgar Errors*: the sense whereof is, that we are beholding, for many of our discoveries in physick, to the courteous revelation of spirits. By the expression of *visions purg'd from phlegm*, our author means such dreams or visions as proceed not from natural causes, or humors of the body, but such as are sent from heaven; and are, therefore, certain remedies.

7 *For Saturn's brass*, &c. Brazen vessels, in which the public treasures of the Romans was kept: it may be the poet means only old vessels, which were all call'd *Κράνια*, from the Greek name of Saturn. Note also that the Roman treasury was in the temple of Saturn.

8 *Numa's earthenware*. Under Numa, the second king of Rome and for a long time after him, the holy vessels for sacrifice were of earthenware; according to the superstitious rites which were introduc'd by the same Numa: tho' afterwards, when Memmius had taken Corinth, and Paulus Æmilius had conquer'd Macedonia, luxury began amongst the Romans, and then their utensils of devotion were of gold and silver, &c.

9 *And make Calabrian wool*, &c. The wool of Calabria was of the finest sort in Italy, as Juvenal also tells us. The Tyrian stain is the purple color dyed at Tyrrus; and I suppose, but dare not positively affirm, that the richest of that dye was nearest our crimson, and not scar-

let, or that other color more approaching to the blue. I have not room to justify my conjecture.

10 *As maids to Venus*, &c. Those baby-toys were little babies, or poppets, as we call them; in Latin, *puppe*: which the girls, when they came to the age of puberty, or childbearing, offer'd to Venus; as the boys, at fourteen or fifteen years of age, offer'd their *bulle*, or bosses.

11 *A cake thus giv'n*, &c. A cake of barley, or coarse wheat meal, with the bran in it: the meaning is that God is pleas'd with the pure and spotless heart of the offerer, and not with the riches of the offering. Laberius, in the fragments of his *Mimes*, has a verse like this: *Puras Deus non plenus aspexit manus*. — What I had forgotten before, in its due place, I must here tell the reader, that the first half of this satire was translated by one of my sons, now in Italy; but I thought so well of it that I let it pass without any alteration.

THE THIRD SATIRE OF
PERSIUS

THE ARGUMENT

Our author has made two satires concerning study; the *First* and the *Third*: the *First* related to men; this to young students, whom he desir'd to be educated in the Stoic philosophy: he himself sustains the person of the master, or preceptor, in this admirable satire, where he upbraids the youth of sloth and negligence in learning. Yet he begins with one scholar reproaching his fellow students with late rising to their books. After which he takes upon him the other part, of the teacher; and, addressing himself particularly to young noblemen, tells them that, by reason of their high birth, and the great possessions of their fathers, they are careless of adorning their minds with precepts of moral philosophy: and, withal, inculcates to them the miseries which will attend them in the whole course of their life, if they do not apply themselves betimes to the knowledge of virtue, and the end of their creation, which he pathetically insinuates to them. The title of this satire, in some ancient manuscripts, was *The Reproach of Idleness*; tho' in others of the scholiasts 't is inscrib'd, *Against the Luxury and Vices of the Rich*. In both of which the intention of the poet is pursued, but principally in the former.

I remember I translated this satire, when I was a King's Scholar at Westminster School, for a Thursday-night's exercise; and believe that it, and many other of my exercises of this nature, in English verse, are still in the hands of my learned master, the Reverend Doctor Busby.

"Is this thy daily course? The glaring
sun
Breaks in at ev'ry chink; the cattle run
To shades, and noontide rays of summer
shun;
Yet plung'd in sloth we lie; and snore su-
pine,

As fill'd with fumes of undigested wine."

This grave advice some sober student
bears,

And loudly rings it in his fellow's ears.

The yawning youth, scarce half awake, es-
says

His lazy limbs and dozy head to raise;

Then rubs his gummy eyes, and scrubs his
pate, 10

And cries: "I thought it had not been so
late:

My clothes; make haste: why when!" If
none be near,

He mutters first, and then begins to swear;
And brays aloud, with a more clam'rous
note,

Than an Arcadian ass can stretch his
throat.

With much ado, his book before him
laid,

And parchment¹ with the smoother side
display'd;

He takes the papers; lays 'em down again;
And with unwilling fingers tries the pen:

Some peevish quarrel straight he strives to
pick; 20

His quill writes double, or his ink's too
thick:

Infuse more water; now 'tis grown so thin,
It sinks, nor can the character be seen.

O wretch, and still more wretched ev'ry
day!

Are mortals born to sleep their lives away?
Go back to what thy infancy began,

Thou who wert never meant to be a man:
Eat pap and spoon-meat; for thy gewgaws
cry:

Be sullen, and refuse the lullaby.
No more accuse thy pen; but charge the
crime 30

On native sloth, and negligence of time.
Think'st thou thy master, or thy friends,

to cheat?

Fool, 'tis thyself, and that's a worse deceit.
Beware the public laughter of the town;

Thou spring'st a leak already in thy crown.
A flaw is in thy ill-bak'd vessel found;

'Tis hollow, and returns a jarring sound.

Yet, thy moist clay is pliant to command;
Unwrought, and easy to the potter's hand:
Now take the mold; now bend thy mind
to feel 40

The first sharp motions of the forming
wheel.

But thou hast land; a country seat, se-
cure

By a just title; costly furniture;

A fuming-pan² thy Lares to appease:

What need of learning when a man's at
ease?

If this be not enough to swell thy soul,
Then please thy pride, and search the her-
ald's roll,

Where thou shalt find thy famous pedi-
gree

Drawn from the root³ of some old Tuscan
tree;

And thou, a thousand off, a fool of long
degree; 50

Who, clad in purple,⁴ canst thy censor
greet,

And loudly call him cousin in the street.
Such pageantry be to the people shown;

Their boast thy horse's trappings, and thy
own:

I know thee to thy bottom; from within
Thy shallow center, to thy outmost skin:

Dost thou not blush to live so like a beast,
So trim, so dissolute, so loosely dress'd?

But 'tis in vain: the wretch is drench'd
too deep,

His soul is stupid, and his heart asleep; 60
Fatten'd in vice, so callous, and so gross,

He sins, and sees not, senseless of his loss.
Down goes the wretch at once, unskill'd to
swim,

Hopeless to bubble up and reach the water's
brim.

Great Father of the Gods, when, for our
crimes,

Thou send'st some heavy judgment on the
times;

Some tyrant king, the terror of his age,
The type, and true viceroy of thy rage;

Thus punish him: set Virtue in his sight,
With all her charms adorn'd, with all her
graces bright; 70

But set her distant, make him pale to see
His gains outweigh'd by lost felicity!

Sicilian tortures,⁵ and the brazen bull,
Are emblems, rather than express the full

Of what he feels; yet what he fears is
more:

The wretch, who sitting^o at his plementous board,
Look'd up, and view'd on high the pointed sword

Hang o'er his head, and hanging by a twine,
Did with less dread, and more securely dine.
Ev'n in his sleep he starts, and fears the knife,

And, trembling, in his arms takes his accomplice wife:

Down, down he goes; and from his darling friend

Conceals the woes his guilty dreams portend.

When I was young, I, like a lazy fool,
Would blear my eyes with oil to stay from school,

Averse from pains, and loth to learn the part

Of Cato, dying with a dauntless heart;
Tho' much my master that stern virtue prais'd,

Which o'er the vanquisher the vanquish'd rais'd;

And my pleas'd father came with pride to see

His boy defend the Roman liberty.

But then my study was to cog the dice,
And dextrously to throw the lucky sice;
To shun ames-ace, that swept my stakes away;

And watch the box, for fear they should convey

False bones, and put upon me in the play;
Careful, besides, the whirling top to whip,
And drive her giddy, till she fell asleep.

Thy years are ripe, nor art thou yet to learn

What's good or ill, and both their ends discern:

Thou, in the Stoic Porch,⁷ severely bred,
Hast heard the dogmas of great Zeno read;
Where on the walls, by Polygnotus's hand,
The conquer'd Medians in trunk-breeches stand;

Where the shorn youth to midnight lectures rise,

Rous'd from their slumbers to be early wise;

Where the coarse cake, and homely husks of beans,

From pamp'ring riot the young stomach weans;

And where the Samian Y^o directs thy steps to run

To Virtue's narrow steep, and broad-way Vice to shun.

And yet thou snor'st; thou draw'st thy drunken breath,

Sour with debauch; and sleep'st the sleep of death:

Thy chaps are fallen, and thy frame disjoint'd;

Thy body as dissolv'd as is thy mind.

Hast thou not yet propos'd some certain end,

To which thy life, thy ev'ry act may tend ?

Hast thou no mark at which to bend thy bow ?

Or like a boy pursu'st the carrion crow
With pellets, and with stones, from tree to tree:

A fruitless toil, and liv'st extempore ?

Watch the disease in time; for, when within

The dropsy rages and extends the skin,
In vain for hellebore the patient cries,

And fees the doctor; but too late is wise:
Too late for cure, he proffers half his wealth;

Conquest and Gibbons cannot give him health.

Learn, wretches, learn the motions of }
the mind,

Why you were made, for what you }
were design'd;

And the great moral end of humankind.
Study thyself, what rank or what degree

The wise Creator has ordain'd for thee;
And all the offices of that estate

Perform, and with thy prudence guide thy fate.

Pray justly, to be heard; nor more desirous

Than what the decencies of life require.
Learn what thou ow'st thy country, and thy friend;

What's requisite to spare, and what to spend:

Learn this; and after, envy not the store
Of the greas'd advocate, that grinds the poor,

Fat fees¹⁰ from the defended Umbrian draws,

And only gains the wealthy client's cause;
To whom the Marsians¹¹ more provision send,

Than he and all his family can spend.
Gammons, that give a relish to the taste,

And potted fowl, and fish come in so fast,

That, ere the first is out, the second stinks,
And moldy mother gathers on the brinks.

But here some captain of the land or
fleet,
Stout of his hands, but of a soldier's wit,
Cries: "I have sense to serve my turn, in
store; ¹⁵⁰

And he's a rascal who pretends to more.

Damme, whate'er those book-learn'd block-
heads say,

Solon's the veriest fool in all the play.

Top-heavy drones, and always looking down,
(As overballasted within the crown!)

Mutt'ring betwixt their lips some mystic
thing,

Which, well examin'd, is flat conjuring,

Mere madmen's dreams: for what the
schools have taught,

Is only this, that nothing can be brought
From nothing; and, what is, can ne'er
be turn'd to naught. ¹⁶⁰

Is it for this they study? to grow pale,
And miss the pleasures of a glorious meal?
For this, in rags accouter'd, they are seen,
And made the May-game of the public
spleen?"

Proceed, my friend, and rail; but hear
me tell

A story, which is just thy parallel.

A spark, like thee, of the man-killing
trade,

Fell sick, and thus to his physician said:

"Methinks I am not right in ev'ry part;
I feel a kind of trembling at my heart: ¹⁷⁰

My pulse unequal, and my breath is strong;
Besides, a filthy fur upon my tongue."

The doctor heard him, exercis'd his skill;
And, after, bade him for four days be still.
Three days he took good counsel, and be-
gan

To mend, and look like a recov'ring man;
The fourth, he could not hold from drink,
but sends

His boy to one of his old trusty friends,
Adjuring him, by all the pow'rs divine,
To pity his distress, who could not dine ¹⁸⁰
Without a flagon of his healing wine.
He drinks a swilling draught; and, lin'd
within,

Will supple in the bath his outward skin:
Whom should he find but his physician
there,

Who, wisely, bade him once again beware:
"Sir, you look wan, you hardly draw your
breath;

Drinking is dangerous, and the bath is
death."

"Tis nothing," says the fool. "But," says
the friend,

"This nothing, sir, will bring you to your
end.

Do I not see your dropsy-belly swell? ¹⁹⁰
Your yellow skin?" — "No more of that;
I'm well.

I have already buried two or three
That stood betwixt a fair estate and me,
And, doctor, I may live to bury thee.
Thou tell'st me, I look ill, and thou look'st
worse."

"I've done," says the physician; "take your
course."

The laughing sot, like all unthinking men,
Bathes and gets drunk; then bathes and
drinks again.

His throat half throttled with corrupted
phlegm,

And breathing thro' his jaws a belching
stream, ²⁰⁰

Amidst his cups with fainting shiv'ring
seiz'd,

His limbs disjointed, and all o'er diseas'd,
His hand refuses to sustain the bowl,
And his teeth chatter, and his eyeballs
roll,

Till, with his meat, he vomits out his soul:
Then trumpets, torches, and a tedious crew
Of hireling mourners, for his funeral due.
Our dear departed brother lies in state,
His heels stretch'd out, ¹² and pointing
to the gate;

And slaves, now manumiz'd, on their
dead master wait. ²¹⁰

They hoist him on the bier, and deal the
dole;

And there's an end of a luxurious fool.

"But what's thy fulsome parable to me?
My body is from all diseases free:

My temperate pulse does regularly beat;
Feel, and be satisfied, my hands and feet:
These are not cold, nor those oppress'd
with heat.

Or lay thy hand upon my naked heart,
And thou shalt find me hale in ev'ry part."

I grant this true: but, still, the deadly
wound ²²⁰

Is in thy soul; 'tis there thou art not
sound.

Say, when thou seest a heap of tempting
gold,

Or a more tempting harlot dost behold;

Then, when she casts on thee a sidelong
glance,

Then try thy heart, and tell me if it dance.

Some coarse cold salad is before thee }
set;

Bread, with the bran perhaps, and broken }
meat:

Fall on, and try thy appetite to eat.

These are not dishes for thy dainty tooth:

What, hast thou got an ulcer in thy mouth?

Why stand'st thou picking? Is thy palate
sore,

That beet and radishes will make thee
roar?

Such is th' unequal temper of thy mind;

Thy passions in extremes, and unconfin'd:

Thy hair so bristles with unmanly fears,

As fields of corn that rise in bearded ears;

And, when thy cheeks with flushing fury }
glow,

The rage of boiling caldrons is more slow;

When fed with fuel and with flames be-
low.

With foam upon thy lips, and sparkling
eyes,

Thou say'st and dost in such outrageous
wise,

That mad Orestes,¹³ if he saw the show,

Would swear thou wert the madder of the
two.

EXPLANATORY NOTES ON THE THIRD SATIRE

1 *And parchment, &c.* The students us'd to write their notes on parchments; the inside, on which they wrote, was white; the other side was hairy, and commonly yellow. Quintilian reproves this custom, and advises rather table-books, lin'd with wax, and a style, like that we use in our vellum table-books, as more easy.

2 *A fuming-pan, &c.* Before eating, it was customary to cut off some part of the meat, which was first put into a pan, or little dish, then into the fire, as an offering to the household gods: this they called a libation.

3 *Drawn from the root, &c.* The Tuscans were accounted of most ancient nobility. Horace observes this in most of his compliments to Maecenas, who was deriv'd from the old kings of Tuscany, now the dominion of the Great Duke.

4 *Who, clad in purple, &c.* The Roman knights, attir'd in the robe call'd *trabea*, were summon'd by the censor to appear before him, and to salute him in passing by, as their names were call'd over. They led their horses in their hand. See more of this in Pompey's life, written by Plutarch.

5 *Sicilian tortures, &c.* Some of the Sicilian kings were so great tyrants, that the name is

become proverbial. The brazen bull is a known story of Phalaris, one of those tyrants, who, when Perillus, a famous artist, had presented him with a bull of that metal hollow'd within, which, when the condemn'd person was inclos'd in it, would render the sound of a bull's roaring, caus'd the workman to make the first experiment—*docuitque suum mugire juvencum*.

6 *The wretch, who sitting, &c.* He alludes to the story of Damocles, a flatterer of one of those Sicilian tyrants, namely Dionysius. Damocles had infinitely extoll'd the happiness of kings. Dionysius, to convince him of the contrary, invited him to a feast, and cloth'd him in purple; but caus'd a sword, with the point downward, to be hung over his head by a silken twine; which when he perceiv'd, he could eat nothing of the delicacies that were set before him.

7 *Thou, in the Stoic Porch, &c.* The Stoics taught their philosophy under a *porticus*, to seeme their scholars from the weather. Zeno was the chief of that sect.

8 *Polygnotus, a famous painter, who drew the pictures of the Medes and Persians conquer'd by Miltiades, Themistocles, and other Athenian captains, on the walls of the portico, in their natural habits.*

9 *And where the Samian Y, &c.* Pythagoras, of Samos, made the allusion of the Y, or Greek *upsilon*, to Vice and Virtue. One side of the letter, being broad, characters Vice, to which the ascent is wide and easy; the other side represents Virtue, to which the passage is strait and difficult; and perhaps our Savior might also allude to this, in those noted words of the evangelist, "The way to heaven," &c.

10 *Fat fees, &c.* Casaubon here notes that among all the Romans who were brought up to learning, few besides the orators, or lawyers, grew rich.

11 *The Marsians and Umbrians* were the most plentiful of all the provinces in Italy.

12 *His heels stretch'd out, &c.* The Romans were buried without the city; for which reason the poet says that the dead man's heels were stretch'd out towards the gate.

13 *That mad Orestes.* Orestes was son to Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. Agamemnon, at his return from the Trojan wars, was slain by Ægisthus, the adulterer of Clytemnestra. Orestes, to revenge his father's death, slew both Ægisthus and his mother; for which he was punish'd with madness by the Eumenides, or Furies, who continually haunted him.

THE FOURTH SATIRE OF PERSIUS

THE ARGUMENT

Our author, living in the time of Nero, was contemporary and friend to the noble poet Lucan; both of them were sufficiently sensible, with all good men, how unskilfully

he manag'd the commonwealth; and perhaps might guess at his future tyranny by some passages during the latter part of his first five years; tho' he broke not out into his greater excesses, while he was restrain'd by the counsels and authority of Seneca. Lucan has not spar'd him in the poem of his *Pharsalia*; for his very compliment look'd asquint, as well as Nero. Persius has been bolder, but with caution likewise. For here, in the person of young Alcibiades, he arraigns his ambition of meddling with state affairs, without judgment or experience. 'Tis probable that he makes Seneca, in this satire, sustain the part of Socrates, under a borrow'd name; and, withal, discovers some secret vices of Nero, concerning his lust, his drunkenness, and his effeminacy, which had not yet arriv'd to public notice. He also reprehends the flattery of his courtiers, who endeavor'd to make all his vices pass for virtues. Covetousness was undoubtedly none of his faults; but it is here describ'd as a veil cast over the true meaning of the poet, which was to satirize his prodigality and voluptuousness; to which he makes a transition. I find no instance in history of that emperor's being a pathic, tho' Persius seems to brand him with it. From the two dialogues of Plato, both call'd *Alcibiades*, the poet took the arguments of the *Second* and *Third Satire*, but he inverted the order of them; for the *Third Satire* is taken from the first of those dialogues.

The commentators before Casaubon were ignorant of our author's secret meaning, and thought he had only written against young noblemen in general, who were too forward in aspiring to public magistracy; but this excellent scholiast has unravel'd the whole mystery, and made it apparent that the sting of the satire was particularly aim'd at Nero.

WHOE'ER thou art, whose forward years
are bent

On state affairs, to guide the government;
Hear, first, what Socrates¹ of old has said
To the lov'd youth, whom he at Athens
bred:

"Tell me, thou pupil to great Pericles,²
Our second hope, my Alcibiades,
What are the grounds, from whence thou
dost prepare

To undertake, so young, so vast a care?
Perhaps thy wit: (a chance not often heard,
That parts and prudence should prevent
the beard:)"¹⁰

'Tis seldom seen, that senators so young

Know when to speak, and when to hold
their tongue.

Sure thou art born to some peculiar fate;
When the mad people rise against the
State,

To look them into duty; and command
An awful silence with thy lifted hand.

Then to bespeak 'em thus: 'Athenians,
know

Against right reason all your counsels go;
This is not fair; nor profitable that;

Nor t'other question proper for debate.'²⁰
But thou, no doubt, canst set the business
right,

And give each argument its proper weight;
Know'st, with an equal hand, to hold the
scale;

Seest where the reasons pinch, and where
they fail,

And where exceptions o'er the general
rule prevail;

And, taught by inspiration, in a trice,
Canst punish crimes,³ and brand offending
vice.

"Leave, leave to fathom such high points
as these,

Nor be ambitious, ere thy time, to please;
Unseasonably wise, till age and cares³⁰
Have form'd thy soul to manage great
affairs.

Thy face, thy shape, thy outside, are but
vain;

Thou hast not strength such labors to sus-
tain:

Drink hellebore,⁴ my boy, drink deep,
and purge thy brain.

"What aim'st thou at, and whither
tends thy care?

In what thy utmost good? Delicious fare;
And then, to sun thyself in open air.

"Hold, hold; are all thy empty wishes
such?

A good old woman would have said as
much.³⁹

But thou art nobly born: 't is true; go boast
Thy pedigree, the thing thou valu'st most.

Besides, thou art a beau: what's that, my
child?

A fop, well-dress'd, extravagant, and wild:
She that cries herbs has less impertinence;

And, in her calling, more of common sense."⁴⁰
None, none descends into himself, to find
The secret imperfections of his mind:

But ev'ryone is eagle-ey'd, to see
Another's faults and his deformity.⁴⁹

"Say, dost thou know Vectidius?" "Who,
the wretch

Whose lands beyond the Sabines largely
stretch;

Cover the country, that a sailing kite
Can scarce o'erfly 'em in a day and night?
Him dost thou mean, who, spite of all his
store,

Is ever craving, and will still be poor?
Who cheats for halfpence, and who doffs
his coat,

To save a farthing in a ferryboat?
Ever a glutton, at another's cost,
But in whose kitchen dwells perpetual
frost?

Who eats and drinks with his domestic
slaves; ⁶⁰

A verier hind than any of his knaves?
Born with the curse and anger of the gods,
And that indulgent genius he defrauds?

At harvest-home, and on the shearing day,
When he should thanks⁶ to Pan and Pales
pay,

And better Ceres, trembling to approach
The little barrel, which he fears to broach:
He 'says the wimble, often draws it back,
And deals to thirsty servants but a smack.
To a short meal he makes a tedious grace; ⁷⁰
Before the barley pudding comes in place:
Then, bids fall on; himself, for saving
charges,

A peel'd slic'd onion eats, and tipples ver-
juice."

"Thus fares the drudge: but thou, whose
life's a dream

Of lazy pleasures, tak'st a worse extreme.
'T is all thy bus'ness, bus'ness how to shun;
To bask thy naked body in the sun,
Suppling thy stiffen'd joints with fragrant
oil;

Then, in thy spacious garden, walk a while,
To suck the moisture up, and soak it in: ⁸⁰
And this, thou think'st, but vainly think'st,
unseen.

But know, thou art observ'd; and there
are those

Who, if they durst, would all thy secret
sins expose:

The depilation of thy modest part; ⁷
Thy catamite, the darling of thy heart, ⁸
His engine-hand, and ev'ry lewder art; ⁹
When, prone to bear, and patient to re-
ceive,

Thou tak'st the pleasure which thou canst
not give.

With odorous oil thy head and hair are
sleek;

And then thou kemb'st the tuzzes on thy
cheek: ⁹⁰

Of these thy barbers take a costly care,
While thy salt tail is overgrown with hair.
Not all thy pincers, nor unmanly arts,
Can smoothe the roughness of thy shameful
parts:

Not five, the strongest⁸ that the Circus
breeds,
From the rank soil can root those wicked
weeds,

Tho' supplied first with soap, to ease thy
pain;

The stubborn fern springs up, and sprouts
again.

"Thus others we with defamations wound,
While they stab us; and so the jest goes
round. ¹⁰⁰

Vain are thy hopes, to scape censorious eyes:
Truth will appear thro' all the thin disguise:
Thou hast an ulcer which no leech can heal.
Tho' thy broad shoulder belt the wound
conceal.

Say thou art sound and hale in ev'ry part,
We know, we know thee rotten at thy heart.
We know thee sullen, impotent, and proud:
Nor canst thou cheat thy nerve,⁹ who cheat'st
the crowd."

"But when they praise me, in the neigh-
borhood,

When the pleas'd people take me for a
god, ¹¹⁰

Shall I refuse their incense? Not receive
The loud applauses which the vulgar give?"

"If thou dost wealth with longing eyes
behold,

And greedily art gaping after gold;
If some alluring girl, in gliding by,
Shall tip the wink, with a lascivious eye, ¹
And thou with a consenting glance reply; ²
If thou thy own solicitor become,
And bidd'st arise the lumpish pendulum;
If thy lewd lust provokes an empty
storm, ¹²⁰

And prompts to more than nature can per-
form;

If with thy guards¹⁰ thou scour'st the streets
by night,

And dost in murders, rapes, and spoils de-
light;

Please not thyself, the flatt'ring crowd to
hear;

'T is fulsome stuff to feed thy itching ear.

Reject the nauseous praises of the times;
Give thy base poets back their cobbled
rhymes:

Survey thy soul," not what thou dost appear,
But what thou art, and find the beggar
there."

EXPLANATORY NOTES ON THE FOURTH SATIRE

1 *Socrates*, whom the oracle of Delphos prais'd as the wisest man of his age, liv'd in the time of the Peloponnesian War. He, finding the uncertainty of natural philosophy, applied himself wholly to the moral. He was master to Xenophon and Plato, and to many of the Athenian young noblemen; amongst the rest, to Alcibiades, the most lovely youth then living; afterwards a famous captain, whose life is written by Plutarch.

2 *Pericles* was tutor, or rather overseer, of the will of Clinias, father to Alcibiades. While Pericles liv'd, who was a wise man, and an excellent orator, as well as a great general, the Athenians had the better of the war.

3 *Canst punish crimes*, &c. That is, by death. When the judges would condemn a malefactor, they cast their votes into an urn; as, according to the modern custom, a balloting-box. If the suffrages were mark'd with Θ, they signified the sentence of death to the offender; as being the first letter of *Θάνατος*, which, in English, is death.

4 *Drink hellebore*, &c. The poet would say, that such an ignorant young man as he here describes is fitter to be govern'd himself than to govern others. He therefore advises him to drink hellebore, which purges the brain.

5 "*Say, dost thou know Vectidius?*" &c. The name of Vectidius is here us'd appellatively, to signify any rich covetous man, tho' perhaps there might be a man of that name then living. I have translated this passage paraphrastically and loosely; and leave it for those to look on, who are not unlike the picture.

6 *When he should thanks*, &c. Pan, the god of shepherds, and Pales, the goddess presiding over rural affairs; whom Virgil invokes in the beginning of his *Second Georgic*. I give the epithet of *better* to Ceres, because she first taught the use of corn for bread, as the poets tell us; men, in the first rude ages, feeding only on acorns, or mast, instead of bread.

7
8 *Not five, the strongest*, &c. The learned Holyday (who has made us amends for his bad poetry in this and the rest of these satires, with his excellent illustrations) here tells us, from good authority, that the number five does not allude to the five fingers of one man, . . . but to five strong men, such as were skillful in the five robust exercises then in practice at Rome, and were perform'd in the Circus, or public place ordain'd for them. These five he reckons up in this manner: 1. The *cestus*,

or whirlbats, describ'd by Virgil in his fifth *Æneid*; and this was the most dangerous of all the rest. The second was the *foot race*; the third the *discus*, like the throwing a weighty ball, a sport now us'd in Cornwall and other parts of England; we may see it daily practis'd in Red Lion Fields. The fourth was the *saltus*, or leaping; and the fifth, *wrestling* naked and besmear'd with oil. They who were practis'd in these five manly exercises were call'd Πύρρα-θλοι.

9 *Thy nerve*, &c. That is, thou canst not deceive thy obscene part, which is weak or impotent, tho' thou mak'st ostentation of thy performances with women.

10 *If with thy guards*, &c. Persius durst not have been so bold with Nero as I dare now; and therefore there is only an intimation of that in him which I publicly speak: I mean, of Nero's walking the streets by night in disguise, and committing all sorts of outrages, for which he was sometimes well beaten.

11 *Survey thy soul*, &c. That is, look into thyself, and examine thy own conscience; there thou shalt find that how wealthy soever thou appear'st to the world, yet thou art but a beggar; because thou art destitute of all virtues, which are the riches of the soul. This also was a paradox of the Stoic school.

THE FIFTH SATIRE OF PERSIUS

INSCRIB'D TO THE REVEREND DR. BUSBY

THE ARGUMENT

The judicious Casaubon, in his proem to this satire, tells us that Aristophanes the grammarian, being ask'd what poem of Archilochus his *Iambics* he prefer'd before the rest, answer'd, the longest. His answer may justly be applied to this *Fifth Satire*; which, being of a greater length than any of the rest, is also by far the most instructive. For this reason I have selected it from all the others, and inscrib'd it to my learned master, Doctor Busby; to whom I am not only oblig'd myself for the best part of my own education, and that of my two sons, but have also receiv'd from him the first and truest taste of Persius. May he be pleas'd to find in this translation the gratitude, or at least some small acknowledgement, of his unworthy scholar, at the distance of forty-two years from the time when I departed from under his tuition.

This satire consists of two distinct parts: the first contains the praises of the Stoic philosopher Cornutus, master and tutor to our Persius. It also declares the love and piety of Persius to his well-deserving master, and the

mutual friendship which continued betwixt them, after Persius was now grown a man; as also his exhortation to young noblemen, that they would enter themselves into his institution. From hence he makes an artful transition into the second part of his subject: wherein he first complains of the sloth of scholars, and afterwards persuades them to the pursuit of their true liberty. Here our author excellently treats that paradox of the Stoics which affirms, that the wise or virtuous man is only free, and that all vicious men are naturally slaves; and, in the illustration of this dogma, he takes up the remaining part of this inimitable satire.

THE SPEAKERS PERSIUS AND CORNUTUS

PER. Of ancient use to poets it belongs,
To wish themselves an hundred mouths and
tongues:

Whether to the well-lung'd tragedian's rage
They recommend their labors of the stage,
Or sing the Parthian, when transfix'd he
lies,

Wrenching the Roman javelin from his
thighs.

CORN. And why wouldst thou these
mighty morsels choose,
Of words unclaw'd, and fit to choke the
Muse?

Let fustian poets with their stuff be gone,
And suck the mists that hang o'er Helicon;
When Progne's¹ or Thyestes'² feast they
write;

And, for the mouthing actor, verse indite.
Thou neither, like a bellows, swell'st thy
face,

As if thou wert to blow the burning mass
Of melting ore; nor canst thou strain thy
throat,

Or murmur in an undistinguish'd note,
Like rolling thunder, till it breaks the
cloud,

And rattling nonsense is discharg'd aloud.
Soft elocution does thy style renown,
And the sweet accents of the peaceful
gown:

Gentle or sharp, according to thy choice,
To laugh at follies, or to lash at vice.
Hence draw thy theme, and to the stage
permit

Raw-head and bloody-bones, and hands
and feet,

Ragousts for Terens or Thyestes dress'd;
'T is task enough for thee t' expose a Roman
feast.

PER. 'T is not, indeed, my talent to en-
gage

In lofty trifles, or to swell my page
With wind and noise; but freely to impart,
As to a friend, the secrets of my heart; ³⁰
And, in familiar speech, to let thee know
How much I love thee, and how much I
owe.

Knock on my heart: for thou hast skill to
find
If it sound solid, or be fill'd with wind;
And, thro' the vale of words, thou view'st
the naked mind.

For this a hundred voices I desire,
To tell thee what an hundred tongues would
tire;

Yet never could be worthily express'd,
How deeply thou art seated in my breast.

When first my childish robe³ resign'd the
charge,

And left me, unconfin'd, to live at large; ⁴⁰
When now my golden bulla (hung on
high

To household gods) declar'd me past a
boy,
And my white shield⁴ proclaim'd my lib-
erty;

When, with my wild companions, I could
roll
From street to street, and sin without con-
trol;

Just at that age, when manhood set me free,
I then depos'd myself, and left the reins to
these.

On thy wise bosom I repos'd my head,
And by my better Socrates⁵ was bred. ⁵⁰
Then thy straight rule set virtue in my
sight,

The crooked line reforming by the right.
My reason took the bent of thy command,
Was form'd and polish'd by thy skilful
hand;

Long summer days thy precepts I rehearse,
And winter nights were short in our con-
verse;

One was our labor, one was our repose,
One frugal supper did our studies close.

Sure on our birth some friendly planet
shone;

And, as our souls, our horoscope was one: ⁶⁰
Whether the mounting Twins⁷ did heav'n
adorn,

Or with the rising Balance⁸ we were born;
Both have the same impressions from
above,

And both have Saturn's rage, repell'd by Jove.⁹

What star I know not, but some star, I find,
Has giv'n thee an ascendant o'er my mind.

CORN. Nature is ever various in her frame;

Each has a different will, and few the same:
The greedy merchants, led by lucre, run
To the parch'd Indies, and the rising sun;
From thence hot pepper and rich drugs they bear,

Bar't'ring for spices their Italian ware;
The lazy glutton safe at home will keep,
Indulge his sloth, and batten with his sleep:
One bribes for high preferments in the State;

A second shakes the box, and sits up late;
Another shakes the bed, dissolving there,
Till knots upon his gouty joints appear,
And chalk is in his crippled fingers found;
Rots like a dodder'd oak, and piecemeal falls to ground;

Then his lewd follies he would late repent;
And his past years, that in a mist were spent.

PER. But thou art pale in nightly studies grown,

To make the Stoic institutes thy own;¹⁰
Thou long with studious care hast till'd our youth,

And sown our well-purg'd ears with wholesome truth.

From thee both old and young with profit learn

The bounds of good and evil to discern.
CORN. Unhappy he who does this work adjourn

And to to-morrow would the search delay:⁹⁰
His lazy morrow will be like to-day.

PER. But is one day of ease too much to borrow?

CORN. Yes, sure: for yesterday was once to-morrow.

That yesterday is gone, and nothing gain'd;
And all thy fruitless days will thus be drain'd;

For thou hast more to-morrows yet to ask,
And wilt be ever to begin thy task;
Who, like the hindmost chariot wheels, art curst,

Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first.
O freedom! first delight of human-kind!

Not that which bondmen from their masters find,¹⁰⁰

The privilege of doles;¹¹ nor yet t' inscribe
Their names in this or t'other Roman tribe:¹²

That false enfranchisement with ease is found;

Slaves are made citizens by turning round.¹³

"How," replies one, "can any be more free?"

Here's Dama, once a groom of low degree
Not worth a farthing, and a sot beside;
So true a rogue, for lying's sake he lied:
But, with a turn, a freeman he became;¹¹⁰
Now Marcus Dama is his worship's name.¹⁴
Good gods! who would refuse to lend a sum,

If wealthy Marcus surety will become!
Marcus is made a judge, and for a proof
Of certain truth, 'He said it,' is enough.
A will is to be prov'd; put in your claim;
'Tis clear, if Marcus has subscrib'd his name.¹⁵

This is true liberty, as I believe;
What farther can we from our caps receive,¹⁶

Than as we please without control to live?

Not more to noble Brutus¹⁷ could belong.¹²⁰

"Hold," says the Stoic, "your assumption's wrong:

I grant true freedom you have well defin'd;

But, living as you list, and to your mind,
Are loosely tack'd, and must be left behind."

"What! since the prætor did my fetters loose,

And left me freely at my own dispose,
May I not live without control or awe,
Excepting still the letter of the law?"¹⁸

"Hear me with patience, while thy mind I free¹³⁰

From those fond notions of false liberty:
'Tis not the prætor's province to bestow

True freedom; nor to teach mankind to know

What to ourselves, or to our friends, we owe.

He could not set thee free from cares and strife,

Nor give the reins to a lewd vicious life:

As well he for an ass a harp might string,
Which is against the reason of the thing;

For reason still is whisp'ring in your ear:
'Where you are sure to fail, th' attempt forbear.'

No need of public sanctions this to bind,
Which Nature has implanted in the
mind:

Not to pursue the work, to which we're
not design'd.

"Unskill'd in hellebore, if thou shouldst
try

To mix it, and mistake the quantity,
The rules of physic would against thee
cry.

The high-shoed plowman, should he quit
the land,

To take the pilot's rudder in his hand,
Artless of stars, and of the moving sand,
The gods would leave him to the waves and
wind,

And think all shame was lost in human-
kind.

"Tell me, my friend, from whence hadst
thou the skill,

So nicely to distinguish good from ill?
Or by the sound to judge of gold and brass,
What piece is tinker's metal, what will
pass?

And what thou art to follow, what to fly,
This to condemn, and that to ratify?
When to be bountiful, and when to spare,
But never craving, or oppress'd with care?
The baits of gifts and money to despise,¹⁶⁰
And look on wealth with undesiring eyes?
When thou canst truly call these virtues
thine,

Be wise and free, by Heav'n's consent, and
mine.

"But thou, who lately of the common
strain,

Wert one of us, if still thou dost retain
The same ill habits, the same follies too,
Gloss'd over only with a saintlike show,
Then I resume the freedom which I gave;
Still thou art bound to vice, and still a slave.
Thou canst not wag thy finger, or begin¹⁷⁰
The least light motion, but it tends to sin."

"How's this? Not wag my finger?"
he replies.

"No, friend; nor fuming gums, nor sac-
rifice,

Can ever make a madman free, or wise.
Virtue and Vice are never in one soul:

*A man is wholly wise, or wholly is a fool.*¹⁸⁰
A heavy bumpkin, taught with daily care,
Can never dance three steps with a becom-
ing air."

PER. In spite of this, my freedom still
remains.

CORN. Free! what, and fetter'd with so
many chains?

Canst thou no other master understand¹⁸⁰
Than him that freed thee by the prætor's
wand?²⁰

Should he, who was thy lord, command
thee now,

With a harsh voice, and supercilious brow,
To servile duties, thou wouldst fear no
more;

The gallows and the whip are out of door.
But if thy passions lord it in thy breast,
Art thou not still a slave, and still op-
press'd?

Whether alone, or in thy harlot's lap,
When thou wouldst take a lazy morning's
nap,¹⁹⁰

"Up, up," says Avarice; thou snor'st again,
Stretched thy limbs, and yawn'st, but all
in vain:

The tyrant Lucræ no denial takes;
At his command th' unwilling sluggard
wakes.

"What must I do?" he cries: "What?"
says his lord:

"Why rise, make ready, and go straight
aboard;

With fish, from Euxine seas, thy vessel
freight;

Flax, castor, Coan wines, the precious
weight

Of pepper, and Sabæan incense, take
With thy own hands, from the tir'd
camel's back:²⁰⁰

And with posthaste thy running markets
make.

Be sure to turn the penny: lie and swear;
"T is wholesome sin." "But Jove," thou
say'st, "will hear."

"Swear, fool, or starve; for the dilemma's
even:

A tradesman thou! and hope to go to
heav'n?"

Resolv'd for sea, the slaves thy baggage
pack,

Each saddled with his burden on his back;
Nothing retards thy voyage, now, unless
Thy other lord forbids, Voluptuousness:

And he may ask this civil question:
"Friend,

What dost thou make a-shipboard? to
what end?

Art thou of Bethlem's noble college free?
Stark, staring mad, that thou wouldst
tempt the sea?

Cubb'd in a cabin, on a mattress laid,
 On a brown george, with lousy swabbers
 fed,
 Dead wine, that stinks of the borachio,
 sup
 From a foul jack, or greasy maple cup?
 Say, wouldst thou bear all this, to raise thy
 store
 From six i' th' hundred, to six hundred
 more?
 Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give; ²²⁰
 For, not to live at ease, is not to live;
 Death stalks behind thee, and each flying
 hour
 Does some loose remnant of thy life de-
 vour.
 Live, while thou liv'st; for death will make
 us all
 A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale."
 Speak; wilt thou Avarice, or Pleasure
 choose
 To be thy lord? Take one, and one re-
 fuse.
 But both, by turns, the rule of thee will
 have,
 And thou, bewixt 'em both, wilt be a slave.
 Nor think, when once thou hast resisted
 one, ²³⁰
 That all thy marks of servitude are gone:
 The struggling greyhound gnaws his leash
 in vain,
 If, when 't is broken, still he drags the
 chain.
 Says Phædria ²¹ to his man: "Believe me,
 friend,
 To this uneasy love I'll put an end.
 Shall I run out of all? my friends dis-
 grace,
 And be the first lewd unthrift of my race?
 Shall I the neighbors' nightly rest invade
 At her deaf doors, with some vile sere-
 nade?"
 "Well hast thou freed thyself," his man
 replies, ²⁴⁰
 "Go, thank the gods, and offer sacrifice."
 "Ah," says the youth, "if we unkindly
 part,
 Will not the poor fond creature break her
 heart?"
 "Weak soul! and blindly to destruction
 led!
 She break her heart! she'll sooner break
 your head.
 She knows her man, and when you rant and
 swear,

Can draw you to her *with a single hair*."
 "But shall I not return? Now, when she
 sues,
 Shall I my own, and her desires refuse?"
 "Sir, take your course; but my advice is
 plain: ²⁵⁰
 Once freed, 't is madness to resume your
 chain."
 Ay; there's the man, who, loos'd from
 lust and pelf,
 Less to the prætor owes, than to himself.
 But write him down a slave, who, humbly
 proud,
 With presents begs preferments from the
 crowd;
 That early suppliant, ²² who salutes the
 tribes,
 And sets the mob to scramble for his bribes,
 That some old dotard, sitting in the sun,
 On holidays may tell that such a feat was
 done:
 In future times this will be counted rare. ²⁶⁰
 Thy superstition too may claim a share:
 When flow'rs are strew'd, and lamps in or-
 der plac'd,
 And windows with illuminations grac'd,
 On Herod's day; ²³ when sparkling bowls go
 round,
 And tunny's tails in savory sauce are
 drown'd,
 Thou mutter'st prayers obscene; nor dost
 refuse
 The fasts and Sabbaths of the curtail'd
 Jews.
 Then a crack'd eggshell thy sick fancy
 frights, ²⁴
 Besides the childish fear of walking sprites.
 Of o'ergrown gelding priests thou art
 afraid; ²⁷⁰
 The timbrel, and the squintifego maid
 Of Isis, awe thee; lest the gods, for sin,
 Should with a swelling dropsy stuff thy
 skin:
 Unless three garlic heads the curse avert,
 Eaten each morn, devoutly, next thy heart.
 "Preach this among the brawny guards,"
 say'st thou,
 "And see if they thy doctrine will al-
 low:"
 The dull fat captain, with a hound's deep
 throat,
 Would bellow out a laugh, in a bass
 note;
 And prize a hundred Zenos just as much ²⁸⁰
 As a clipp'd sixpence, or a schilling Dutch.

EXPLANATORY NOTES ON THE FIFTH SATIRE

1 *Progne* was wife to *Tereus*, King of *Thracia*. *Tereus* fell in love with *Philomela*, sister to *Progne*, ravish'd her, and cut out her tongue; in revenge of which, *Progne* kill'd *Ity*, her own son by *Tereus*, and serv'd him up at a feast, to be eaten by his father.

2 *Thyestes* and *Atræus* were brothers, both kings. *Atræus*, to revenge himself of his unnatural brother, kill'd the sons of *Thyestes*, and invited him to eat them.

3 By the childish robe is meant the *prætexta*, or first gowns which the Roman children of quality wore. These were welted with purple, and on those welts were fasten'd the *bullæ*, or little bells; which, when they came to the age of puberty, were hung up, and consecrated to the *Lares*, or household gods.

4 The first shields which the Roman youths wore were white, and without any impress or device on them, to shew they had yet achiev'd nothing in the wars.

5 *Socrates*, by the oracle, was declar'd to be the wisest of mankind: he instructed many of the Athenian young noblemen in morality, and amongst the rest *Alcibiades*.

6 Astrologers divide the heaven into twelve parts, according to the number of the twelve signs of the zodiac. The sign, or constellation, which rises in the east at the birth of any man, is call'd the *Ascendant*: *Persius* therefore judges that *Cornutus* and he had the same or a like nativity.

7 The sign of *Gemini*.

8 The sign of *Libra*.

9 Astrologers have an axiom that whatsoever *Saturn* ties is loos'd by *Jupiter*. They account *Saturn* to be a planet of a malevolent nature, and *Jupiter* of a propitious influence.

10 *Zeno* was the great master of the Stoic philosophy, and *Cleanthes* was second to him in reputation. *Cornutus*, who was master or tutor to *Persius*, was of the same school.

11 When a slave was made free, he had the privilege of a Roman horn; which was to have a share in the donatives, or doles of bread, &c., which were distributed by the magistrates amongst the people.

12 The Roman people was distributed into several tribes. He who was made free was in-roll'd into some one of them, and thereupon enjoy'd the common privileges of a Roman citizen.

13 The master who intended to infranchise a slave carried him before the city prætor, and turn'd him round, using these words: "I will that this man be free."

14 Slaves had only one name before their freedom; after it they were admitted to a *prænomen*, like our christen'd names: so *Dama* is now call'd *Marcus Dama*.

15 At the proof of a testament, the magistrates were to subscribe their names, as allowing the legality of the will.

16 Slaves, when they were set free, had a cap given them, in sign of their liberty.

17 *Brutus* freed the Roman people from the tyranny of the *Tarquins*, and chang'd the form of the government into a glorious commonwealth.

18 The text of the Roman laws was written in red letters, which was call'd the *Rubric*; translated here, in more general words, "The letter of the law."

19 The Stoics held this paradox, that any one vice, or notorious folly, which they call'd madness, hinder'd a man from being virtuous; that a man was of a piece, without a mixture, either wholly vicious, or good; one virtue or vice, according to them, including all the rest.

20 The prætor held a wand in his hand, with which he softly struck the slave on the head, when he declar'd him free.

21 This alludes to the play of *Terence*, call'd *The Eunuch*; which was excellently imitated of late in English, by Sir Charles Sedley. In the first scene of that comedy *Phædria* was introduc'd with his man, *Pamphilus*, discoursing whether he should leave his mistress *Thais*, or return to her, now that she had invited him.

22 He who sued for any office amongst the Romans was call'd a candidate, because he wore a white gown; and sometimes chalk'd it, to make it appear whiter. He rose early, and went to the levees of those who headed the people; saluted also the tribes severally, when they were gather'd together to choose their magistrates; and distributed a largess amongst them, to bribe them for their voices; much resembling our elections of Parliament-men.

23 The commentators are divided what *Herod* this was, whom our author mentions; whether *Herod the Great*, whose birthday might possibly be celebrated, after his death, by the *Herodians*, a sect amongst the Jews, who thought him their Messiah; or *Herod Agrippa*, living in the author's time and after it. The latter seems the more probable opinion.

24 The ancients had a superstition, contrary to ours, concerning eggshells: they thought that if an eggshell were crack'd, or a hole bor'd in the bottom of it, they were subject to the power of sorcery. We as vainly break the bottom of an eggshell, and cross it, when we have eaten the egg, lest some hag should make use of it in bewitching us, or sailing over the sea in it, if it were whole.

The rest, of the priests of *Isis*, and her one-eyed or squinting priestess, is more largely treated in the *Sixth Satire* of *Juvenal*, where the superstitions of women are related.

THE SIXTH SATIRE OF PERSIUS

TO CÆSIUS BASSUS, A LYRIC POET

THE ARGUMENT

This *Sixth Satire* treats an admirable commonplace of moral philosophy; of the true use

of riches. They are certainly intended, by the power who bestows them, as instruments and helps of living commodiously ourselves, and of administ'ring to the wants of others who are oppress'd by fortune. There are two extremes in the opinions of men concerning them. One error, tho' on the right hand, yet a great one, is that they are no helps to a virtuous life; the other places all our happiness in the acquisition and possession of them; and this is, undoubtedly, the worse extreme. The mean betwixt these is the opinion of the Stoics; which is that riches may be useful to the leading a virtuous life, in case we rightly understand how to give according to right reason; and how to receive what is given us by others. The virtue of giving well is call'd liberality; and 't is of this virtue that Persius writes in this satire, wherein he not only shews the lawful use of riches, but also sharply inveighs against the vices which are oppos'd to it; and especially of those which consist in the defects of giving or spending, or in the abuse of riches. He writes to Cæsius Bassus, his friend, and a poet also; enquires first of his health and studies, and afterwards informs him of his own, and where he is now resident. He gives an account of himself, that he is endeavoring by little and little to wear off his vices; and particularly, that he is combating ambition and the desire of wealth. He dwells upon the latter vice; and being sensible that few men either desire or use riches as they ought, he endeavors to convince them of their folly; which is the main design of the whole satire.

Has winter caus'd thee, friend, to change thy seat,
And seek, in Sabine air,¹ a warm retreat?
Say, dost thou yet the Roman harp command?

Do the strings answer to thy noble hand?
Great master of the Muse, inspir'd to sing
The beauties of the first created spring;
The pedigree of nature to rehearse,
And sound the Maker's work, in equal verse;

Now sporting on thy lyre² the loves of youth,

Now virtuous age, and venerable truth;³⁰
Expressing justly Sappho's wanton art
Of odes, and Pindar's more majestic part.

For me, my warmer constitution wants
More cold, than our Ligurian winter grants;
And therefore, to my native shores retir'd,

I view the coast old Ennius once admir'd;

Where cliffs on either side their points display;

And, after opening in an ampler way,
Afford the pleasing prospect of the bay.
"T is worth your while, O Romans, to regard²⁰

The Port of Luna," says our learned bard;

Who, in a drunken dream,³ beheld his soul

The fifth within the transmigrating roll;
Which first a peacock, then Euphorbus was,

Then Homer next, and next Pythagoras;
And last of all the line did into Ennius pass.

Secure and free from business of the State,

And more secure of what the vulgar prate,
Here I enjoy my private thoughts, nor care

What rots for sheep the southern winds prepare;³⁰

Survey the neighb'ring fields, and not repine,

When I behold a larger crop than mine.

To see a beggar's brat in riches flow,
Adds not a wrinkle to my even brow;
Nor, envious at the sight, will I forbear
My plenteous bowl, nor bate my bounteous cheer;

Nor yet unseal the dregs of wine that stink

Of cask, nor in a nasty flagon drink:
Let others stuff their guts with homely fare;

For men of different inclinations are,⁴⁰
Tho' born, perhaps, beneath one common star.

In minds and manners twins oppos'd we see

In the same sign, almost the same degree:

One, frugal, on his birthday fears to dine,

Does at a penny's cost in herbs repine,
And hardly dares to dip his fingers in the brine;

Prepar'd as priest of his own rites to stand,
He sprinkles pepper with a sparing hand.

His jolly brother, opposite in sense,
Laughs at his thrift; and, lavish of expense,⁵⁰
Quaffs, crams, and guttles in his own defense.

For me, I'll use my own, and take my share,
 Yet will not turbots for my slaves prepare;
 Nor be so nice in taste myself, to know
 If what I swallow be a thrush, or no.
 Live on thy annual income! Spend thy store,
 And freely grind from thy full threshing floor:
 Next harvest promises as much, or more.
 Thus I would live; but friendship's holy band,
 And offices of kindness, hold my hand: ⁶⁰
 My friend is shipwreck'd on 'the Bruttian strand,
 His riches in th' Ionian main are lost;
 And he himself stands shiv'ring on the coast;
 Where, destitute of help, forlorn, and bare,
 He wearies the deaf gods with fruitless pray'r.
 Their images, the relics of the wrack,
 Torn from the naked poop, are tided back
 By the wild waves; and, rudely thrown ashore,
 Lie impotent, nor can themselves restore.
 The vessel sticks, and shews her open'd side,
 And on her shatter'd mast the mews in triumph ride. ⁷⁰
 From thy new hope, ⁵ and from thy growing store,
 Now lend assistance, and relieve the poor.
 Come, do a noble act of charity;
 A pittance of thy land will set him free.
 Let him not bear the badges of a wrack,
 Nor beg with a blue table ⁶ on his back;
 Nor tell me that thy frowning heir will say:
 "Tis mine, that wealth thou squander'st thus away."
 What is 't to thee, if he neglects thy urn, ⁸⁰
 Or without spices ' lets thy body burn?
 If odors to thy ashes he refuse,
 Or buys corrupted cassia from the Jews?
 "All these," the wiser Bestius will reply,
 "Are empty pomp, and dead men's luxury."
 We never knew this vain expense, before
 Th' effeminated Grecians brought it o'er:
 Now toys and trifles from their Athens come,
 And dates and pepper have unsinew'd Rome.

Our sweating hinds their salads, now, defile, ⁹⁰
 Infecting homely herbs with fragrant oil.
 But to thy fortune be not thou a slave,
 For what hast thou to fear beyond the grave?
 And thou who gap'st for my estate, draw near;
 For I would whisper somewhat in thy ear.
 Hear'st thou the news, my friend? Th' express is come
 With laurel'd letters from the camp to Rome:
 Cæsar salutes ⁸ the queen and senate thus:
 "My arms are on the Rhine victorious.
 From mourning altars sweep the dust away: ¹⁰⁰
 Cease fasting, and proclaim a fat thanksgiving day."
 The goodly empress, ⁹ jollily inclin'd,
 Is to the welcome bearer wondrous kind;
 And, setting her good housewifry aside,
 Prepares for all the pageantry of pride.
 The captive Germans, ¹⁰ of gigantic size,
 Are rank'd in order, and are clad in frize.
 The spoils of kings and conquer'd camps we boast,
 Their arms in trophies hang on the triumphal post.
 Now, for so many glorious actions done ¹¹⁰
 In foreign parts, and mighty battles won;
 For peace at home, and for the public wealth,
 I mean to crown a bowl to Cæsar's health:
 Besides, in gratitude for such high matters,
 Know, I have vow'd two hundred gladiators. ¹¹
 Say, wouldst thou hinder me from this expense?
 I disinheret thee, if thou dar'st take offense.
 Yet more, a public largess I design
 Of oil and pies, to make the people dine:
 Control me not, for fear I change my will. ¹²⁰
 And yet methinks I hear thee grumbling still:
 "You give as if you were the Persian king;
 Your land does no such large revenues bring."
 Well, on my terms thou wilt not be my heir;

If thou car'st little, less shall be my care:

Were none of all my father's sisters left;
Nay, were I of my mother's kin bereft;
None by an uncle's or a grandam's side,
Yet I could some adopted heir provide. ¹²⁹
I need but take my journey half a day
From haughty Rome, and at Aricia stay,
Where fortune throws poor Manius in
my way.

Him will I choose. "What; him, of humble birth,

Obscure, a foundling, and a son of earth?"
Obscure! Why prythee what am I? I know

My father, grandsire, and great grandsire too:

If farther I derive my pedigree,
I can but guess beyond the fourth degree.
The rest of my forgotten ancestors

Were sons of earth, like him, or sons of whores. ¹⁴⁰

Yet why shouldst thou, old covetous wretch, aspire

To be my heir, who mightst have been my sire?

In nature's race, shouldst thou demand of me

My torch,¹² when I in course run after thee?

Think I approach thee like the God of Gain,

With wings on head and heels, as poets feign:

Thy mod'rate fortune from my gift receive;
Now fairly take it, or as fairly leave;

But take it as it is, and ask no more.
"What, when thou hast embezzled all thy store?

Where's all thy father left?" 'T is true, I grant,

Some I have mortgag'd, to supply my want:
The legacies of Tadius too are flown;

All spent, and on the selfsame errand gone.

"How little then to my poor share will fall!"

Little indeed; but yet that little 's all.

Nor tell me, in a dying father's tone:
"Be careful still of the main chance, my son;

Put out the principal in trusty hands:
Live of the use; and never dip thy lands." ¹⁶⁰

"But yet what's left for me?" What's left, my friend!

Ask that again, and all the rest I spend.
Is not my fortune at my own command?
Pour oil, and pour it with a plenteous hand,

Upon my salads, boy: shall I be fed
With sodden nettles, and a sing'd sow's head?

'T is holiday; provide me better cheer;
'T is holiday, and shall be round the year.
Shall I my household gods and genius cheat,

To make him rich, who grudges me my meat, ¹⁷⁰

That he may loll at ease; and, pamper'd high,

When I am laid, may feed on gible pie?
And, when his throbbing lust extends the vein,

Have wherewithal his whores to entertain?

Shall I in homespun cloth be clad, that he
His paunch in triumph may before him see?

Go, miser, go; for lucre sell thy soul;
Truck wares for wares, and trudge from pole to pole,

That men may say, when thou art dead and gone:

"See what a vast estate he left his son! ¹⁸⁰
How large a family of brawny knaves,
Well fed, and fat as Cappadocian slaves!" ¹³

Encrease thy wealth, and double all thy store.

'T is done: now double that and swell the score;

To ev'ry thousand add ten thousand more.

Then say, Chrysippus,¹⁴ thou who wouldst confine

Thy heap, where I shall put an end to mine.

EXPLANATORY NOTES ON THE SIXTH SATIRE

1 *And seek, in Sabine air, &c.* All the studious, and particularly the poets, about the end of August, began to set themselves on work, refraining from writing during the heats of the summer. They wrote by night, and sate up the greatest part of it; for which reason the product of their studies was call'd their elucubrations, or nightly labors. They who had country seats retir'd to them while they studied, as Persius did to his, which was near the Port of the Moon in Etruria; and Bassus to his, which was in the country of the Sabines, nearer Rome.

2 *Now sporting on thy lyre, &c.* This proves

Cresus Bassus to have been a lyric poet. 'Tis said of him that by an eruption of the flaming mountain Vesuvius, near which the greatest part of his fortune lay, he was burnt himself, together with all his writings.

3 *Who, in a drunken dream, &c.* I call it a drunken dream of Ennius; not that my author in this place gives me any encouragement for the epithet, but because Horace and all who mention Ennius say he was an excessive drinker of wine. In a dream, or vision, call you it which you please, he thought it was reveal'd to him that the soul of Pythagoras was transmigrated into him; as Pythagoras before him believ'd that himself had been Euphorbus in the wars of Troy. Commentators differ in placing the order of this soul, and who had it first. I have here given it to the peacock, because it looks more according to the order of nature that it should lodge in a creature of an inferior species, and so by gradation rise to the informing of a man. And Persius favors me, by saying that Ennius was the fifth from the Pythagorean peacock.

4 *My friend is shipwreck'd on, &c.* Perhaps this is only a fine transition of the poet, to introduce the business of the satire; and not that any such accident had happen'd to one of the friends of Persius. But, however, this is the most poetical description of any in our author; and since he and Lucan were so great friends, I know not but Lucan might help him in two or three of these verses, which seem to be written in his style: certain it is, that besides this description of a shipwreck, and two lines more, which are at the end of the *Second Satire*, our poet has written nothing elegantly. I will therefore transcribe both the passages, to justify my opinion. The following are the last verses, saving one, of the *Second Satire*:

*Compositum jus, fuscque animi; sanctosque recessus
Mentis, et incoctum generoso pectus honesto.*

The others are those in this present satire, which are subjoin'd:

— *trabe rupta, Bruttia saxa
Prendit amicus inops: renque omnem, surdaque vota
Condidit Ionio, jacet ipso in littore, et una
Ingentes de puppe Dei, janque obvia mergis
Costa ratis lucra.*

5 *From thy new hope, &c.* The Latin is, *Nunc et de cespite vivo frange aliquid*. Casanbon only opposes the *cespes vivus*, which, word for word, is the living turf, to the harvest, or annual income; I suppose the poet rather means, sell a piece of land already sown, and give the money of it to my friend, who has lost all by shipwreck; that is, do not stay till thou hast reap'd, but help him immediately, as his wants require.

6 *Not beg with a blue table, &c.* Holyday translates it a green table. The sense is the same, for the table was painted of the sea-color, which the shipwreck'd person carried on his back, expressing his losses thereby, to excite the charity of the spectators.

7 *Or without spices, &c.* The bodies of the rich, before they were burnt, were imbalm'd with spices; or rather spices were put into the urn with the relics of the ashes. Our author here names cinnamon and cassia, which cassia was sophisticated with cherry-gum, and probably enough by the Jews, who adulterate all things which they sell. But whether the ancients were acquainted with the spices of the Molucca Islands, Ceylon, and other parts of the Indies, or whether their pepper and cinnamon, &c., were the same with ours, is another question. As for nutmegs and mace, 't is plain that the Latin names of them are modern.

8 *Cæsar salutes, &c.* The Cæsar here mention'd is Caius Caligula, who affected to triumph over the Germans, whom he never conquer'd, as he did over the Britains; and accordingly sent letters, wrapp'd about with laurels, to the senate and the Empress Cæsonia, whom I here call *queen*, tho' I know that name was not us'd amongst the Romans; but the word *empress* would not stand in that verse, for which reason I adjourn'd it to another. The dust which was to be swept away from the altars, was either the ashes which were left there after the last sacrifice for victory, or might perhaps mean the dust or ashes which were left on the altars since some former defeat of the Romans by the Germans; after which overthrow the altars had been neglected.

9 *Cæsonia, wife to Caius Caligula, who afterwards, in the reign of Claudius, was propos'd, but ineffectually, to be married to him, after he had executed Messalina for adultery.*

10 *The captive Germans, &c.* He means only such as were to pass for Germans in the triumph, large-bodied men, as they are still, whom the empress cloth'd new, with coarse garments, for the greater ostentation of the victory.

11 *Know, I have vow'd two hundred gladiators.* A hundred pair of gladiators were beyond the purse of a private man to give; therefore this is only a threat'ning to his heir, that he could do what he pleas'd with his estate.

12 *Shouldst thou demand of me my torch, &c.* Why shouldst thou, who art an old fellow, hope to outlive me, and be my heir, who am much younger? He who was first in the course, or race, deliver'd the torch which he carried to him who was second.

13 *Well fed, and fat as Cappadocian slaves!* Who were famous for their lustiness, and being, as we call it, in good liking. They were set on a stall when they were expos'd to sale, to shew the good habit of their body; and made to play tricks before the buyers, to shew their activity and strength.

14 *Then say, Chrysippus, &c.* Chrysippus, the Stoic, invented a kind of argument, consisting of more than three propositions, which is call'd *sortes*, or a heap. But as Chrysippus could never bring his propositions to a certain stint, so neither can a covetous man bring his craving desires to any certain measure of riches, beyond which he could not wish for any more.

If thou car'st little, less shall be my care:

Were none of all my father's sisters left;
Nay, were I of my mother's kin bereft;
None by an uncle's or a grandam's side,
Yet I could some adopted heir provide. ¹²⁹
I need but take my journey half a day
From haughty Rome, and at Aricia stay,
Where fortune throws poor Manius in
my way.

Him will I choose. "What; him, of humble birth,

Obscure, a foundling, and a son of earth?"
Obscure! Why pry'st thou what am I? I know

My father, grandsire, and great grandsire too:

If farther I derive my pedigree,
I can but guess beyond the fourth degree.
The rest of my forgotten ancestors

Were sons of earth, like him, or sons of whores. ¹⁴⁰

Yet why shouldst thou, old covetous wretch, aspire

To be my heir, who mightst have been my sire?

In nature's race, shouldst thou demand of me

My torch,¹² when I in course run after thee?

Think I approach thee like the God of Gain,

With wings on head and heels, as poets feign:

Thy mod'rate fortune from my gift receive;
Now fairly take it, or as fairly leave;

But take it as it is, and ask no more.
"What, when thou hast embezzled all thy store?" ¹⁵⁰

Where's all thy father left?" "Tis true, I grant,

Some I have mortgag'd, to supply my want:
The legacies of Tadius too are flown;

All spent, and on the selfsame errand gone.

"How little then to my poor share will fall!"

Little indeed; but yet that little's all.
Nor tell me, in a dying father's tone:

"Be careful still of the main chance, my son;

Put out the principal in trusty hands:
Live of the use; and never dip thy lands." ¹⁶⁰

"But yet what's left for me?" What's left, my friend!

Ask that again, and all the rest I spend.

Is not my fortune at my own command?

Pour oil, and pour it with a plenteous hand,

Upon my salads, boy: shall I be fed
With sodden nettles, and a sing'd sow's head?

"Tis holiday; provide me better cheer;
"Tis holiday, and shall be round the year.

Shall I my household gods and genius cheat,

To make him rich, who grudges me my meat, ¹⁷⁰

That he may loll at ease; and, pamper'd high,

When I am laid, may feed on gible pie?
And, when his throbbing lust extends the vein,

Have wherewithal his whores to entertain?

Shall I in homespun cloth be clad, that he
His paunch in triumph may before him see?

Go, miser, go; for lucre sell thy soul;
Truck wares for wares, and trudge from pole to pole,

That men may say, when thou art dead and gone:

"See what a vast estate he left his son!" ¹⁸⁰
How large a family of brawny knaves,
Well fed, and fat as Cappadocian slaves!" ¹⁸

Encrease thy wealth, and double all thy store.

"Tis done: now double that and swell the score;

To ev'ry thousand add ten thousand more.

Then say, Chrysippus,¹⁴ thou who wouldst confine

Thy heap, where I shall put an end to mine.

EXPLANATORY NOTES ON THE SIXTH SATIRE

1 And seek, in *Sabine air*, &c. All the studious, and particularly the poets, about the end of August, began to set themselves on work, refraining from writing during the heats of the summer. They wrote by night, and sate up the greatest part of it; for which reason the product of their studies was call'd their elucubrations, or nightly labors. They who had country seats retir'd to them while they studied, as Persius did to his, which was near the Port of the Moon in Etruria; and Bassus to his, which was in the country of the Sabines, nearer Rome.

2 Now sporting on thy lyre, &c. This proves

Cæsius Bassus to have been a lyric poet. 'Tis said of him that by an eruption of the flaming mountain Vesuvius, near which the greatest part of his fortune lay, he was burnt himself, together with all his writings.

3 *Who, in a drunken dream, &c.* I call it a drunken dream of Ennius; not that my author in this place gives me any encouragement for the epithet, but because Horace and all who mention Ennius say he was an excessive drinker of wine. In a dream, or vision, call you it which you please, he thought it was reveal'd to him that the soul of Pythagoras was transmigrated into him; as Pythagoras before him believ'd that himself had been Euphorbus in the wars of Troy. Commentators differ in placing the order of this soul, and who had it first. I have here given it to the peacock, because it looks more according to the order of nature that it should lodge in a creature of an inferior species, and so by gradation rise to the informing of a man, And Persius favors me, by saying that Ennius was the fifth from the Pythagorean peacock.

4 *My friend is shipwreck'd on, &c.* Perhaps this is only a fine transition of the poet, to introduce the business of the satire; and not that any such accident had happen'd to one of the friends of Persius. But, however, this is the most poetical description of any in our author; and since he and Lucan were so great friends, I know not but Lucan might help him in two or three of these verses, which seem to be written in his style: certain it is, that besides this description of a shipwreck, and two lines more, which are at the end of the *Second Satire*, our poet has written nothing elegantly. I will therefore transcribe both the passages, to justify my opinion. The following are the last verses, saving one, of the *Second Satire*:

*Compositum ius, fuscque animi ; strectoque recessus
Mentis, et incoctum generoso pectus honesto.*

The others are those in this present satire, which are subjoin'd:

—*trabe rupta, Brutti saxa*

*Prenit amicus inops : remque omnem, surdaque vota
Condidit Ionio, jacet ipse in littore, et una
Fragens de puppe Dei, jamque obvia mergis
Costa ratis lacera.*

5 *From thy new hope, &c.* The Latin is, *Nunc et de cespite vivo frange aliquid*. Casaubon only opposes the *cespes vitus*, which, word for word, is the living turf, to the harvest, or annual income; I suppose the poet rather means, sell a piece of land already sown, and give the money of it to my friend, who has lost all by shipwreck; that is, do not stay till thou hast reap'd, but help him immediately, as his wants require.

6 *Not beg with a blue table, &c.* Holyday translates it a green table. The sense is the same, for the table was painted of the sea-color, which the shipwreck'd person carried on his back, expressing his losses thereby, to excite the charity of the spectators.

7 *Or without spices, &c.* The bodies of the rich, before they were burnt, were imbalmd with spices; or rather spices were put into the urn with the relics of the ashes. Our author here names cinnamon and cassia, which cassia was sophisticated with cherry gum, and probably enough by the Jews, who adulterate all things which they sell. But whether the ancients were acquainted with the spices of the Molucca Islands, Ceylon, and other parts of the Indies, or whether their pepper and cinnamon, &c., were the same with ours, is another question. As for nutmegs and mace, 'tis plain that the Latin names of them are modern.

8 *Cæsar salutes, &c.* The Cæsar here mention'd is Cains Caligula, who affect'd to triumph over the Germans, whom he never conquer'd, as he did over the Britains; and accordingly sent letters, wrapp'd about with laurels, to the senate and the Empress Cæsonia, whom I here call *queen*, tho' I know that name was not us'd amongst the Romans; but the word *empress* would not stand in that verse, for which reason I adjourn'd it to another. The dust which was to be swept away from the altars, was either the ashes which were left there after the last sacrifice for victory, or might perhaps mean the dust or ashes which were left on the altars since some former defeat of the Romans by the Germans; after which overthrow the altars had been neglected.

9 *Cæsonia, wife to Cains Caligula, who afterwards, in the reign of Claudius, was propos'd, but ineffectually, to be married to him, after he had executed Messalina for adultery.*

10 *The captive Germans, &c.* He means only such as were to pass for Germans in the triumph, large-bodied men, as they are still, whom the empress cloth'd new, with coarse garments, for the greater ostentation of the victory.

11 *Know, I have vow'd two hundred gladiators.* A hundred pair of gladiators were beyond the purse of a private man to give; therefore this is only a threat'ning to his heir, that he could do what he pleas'd with his estate.

12 *Shouldst thou demand of me my torch, &c.* Why shouldst thou, who art an old fellow, hope to outlive me, and be my heir, who am much younger? He who was first in the course, or race, deliver'd the torch which he carried to him who was second.

13 *Well fed, and fat as Cappadocian slaves !* They were famous for their lustiness, and being, as we call it, in good liking. They were set on a stall when they were expos'd to sale, to shew the good habit of their body; and made to play tricks before the buyers, to shew their activity and strength.

14 *Then say, Chrysippus, &c.* Chrysippus, the Stoic, invented a kind of argument, consisting of more than three propositions, which is call'd *sortes*, or a heap. But as Chrysippus could never bring his propositions to a certain stint, so neither can a covetous man bring his craving desires to any certain measure of riches, beyond which he could not wish for any more.

POEMS INCLUDED IN EXAMEN POETICUM (THE THIRD MISCELLANY), 1693

[In 1693 Tonson published a miscellany with title-page reading, *Examen Poeticum: being The Third Part of Miscellany Poems. Containing Variety of New Translations of the Ancient Poets. Together with many Original Copies, by the Most Eminent Hands.*

*Hec potior soboles: hinc colit tempore cetero,
Dulcia mella premes.* — VINEU, *Geor.* IV.

In medium quæsitæ reponunt. — *Ibid.*

Dryden's translations from the *Metamorphoses* occupy the place of honor in the volume. Besides the material printed below, the collection contains the first edition of some minor pieces by Dryden, which have been printed above in their probable chronological order (see pp. 20, 102, 104, 106, 252, 267, above); and reprints of some of his earlier work, notably his *Ode to Mrs. Anne Killigrew* (see p. 211, above). Among the other contributors to the volume were the Earl of Mulgrave, Prior, Congreve, Granville, Henry Cromwell, and Yalden.

Two slightly different issues of this first edition are known; the variations apparently do not affect Dryden's work. A second edition, with title unchanged, appeared in 1706; and a third, with title-page reading, *The Third Part of Miscellany Poems . . . Publish'd by Mr. Dryden*, in 1716. The second edition omits nearly all Dryden's poetical contributions; the third has a still different table of contents.]

TO THE
RIGHT HONORABLE MY LORD
RADCLIFFE

MY LORD,
THESE *Miscellany Poems* are by many titles yours. The first they claim from your acceptance of my promise to present them to you, before some of them were yet in being. The rest are deriv'd from your own merit, the exactness of your judgment in poetry, and the candor of your nature; easy to forgive some trivial faults, when they come accompanied with countervailing beauties. But, after all, tho' these are your equitable claims to a dedication from other poets, yet I must acknowledge a bribe in the case, which is your particular liking of my verses. 'Tis a vanity common to all writers, to overvalue their own productions; and 't is better for me to own this failing in myself, than the world to do it for me. For what other reason have I spent my life in so unprofitable a study? Why am I grown old in seeking so barren a reward as fame? The same parts and application which have made me a poet might have rais'd me to any honors of the gown, which are often given to men of as little learning and less honesty than myself. No government has ever been, or ever can be, wherein timeservers and blockheads will not be uppermost. The persons are only chang'd, but the same jugglings in state, the same hypocrisy in religion, the same self-interest and mismanagement, will remain for ever. Blood and money will be lavish'd in all ages, only for the preferment of new faces, with old consciences. There is too

often a jaundice in the eyes of great men; they see not those whom they raise in the same colors with other men. All whom they affect look golden to them, when the gilding is only in their own distemper'd sight. These considerations have given me a kind of contempt for those who have risen by unworthy ways. I am not ashamed to be little, when I see them so infamously great; neither do I know why the name of poet should be dishonorable to me, if I am truly one, as I hope I am; for I will never do anything that shall dishonor it. The notions of morality are known to all men; none can pretend ignorance of those ideas which are inborn in mankind: and if I see one thing and practice the contrary, I must be disingenuous, not to acknowledge a clear truth; and base, to act against the light of my own conscience. For the reputation of my honesty, no man can question it, who has any of his own; for that of my poetry, it shall either stand by its own merit, or fall for want of it. Ill writers are usually the sharpest censors; for they, as the best poet and the best patron said:

When in the full perfection of decay,
Turn vinegar, and come again in play.

Thus the corruption of a poet is the generation of a critic: I mean of a critic in the general acceptance of this age, for formerly they were quite another species of men. They were defenders of poets, and commentators on their works; to illustrate obscure beauties; to place some passages in a better light; to redeem others from malicious interpretations; to help out an author's modesty, who is not ostentatious of his wit, and, in short, to shield him from

the ill nature of those fellows, who were then call'd Zelli and Momi, and now take upon themselves the venerable name of censors. But neither Zoilus, nor he who endeavor'd to defame Virgil, were ever adopted into the name of critics by the ancients: what their reputation was then, we know; and their successors in this age deserve no better. Are our auxiliary forces turn'd our enemies? Are they, who at best are but wits of the second order, and whose only credit amongst readers is what they obtain'd by being subservient to the fame of writers; are these become rebels of slaves, and usurpers of subjects? or, to speak in the most honorable terms of them, are they from our seconds become principals against us? Does the ivy undermine the oak, which supports its weakness? What labor would it cost them to put in a better line than the worst of those which they expunge in a true poet! Petronius, the greatest wit perhaps of all the Romans, yet when his envy prevail'd upon his judgment to fall on Lucan, he fell himself in his attempt: he perform'd worse in his *Essay of the Civil War*, than the author of the *Pharsalia*; and, avoiding his errors, has made greater of his own. Julius Scaliger would needs turn down Homer, and abdicate him after the possession of three thousand years. Has he succeeded in his attempt? He has indeed shown us some of those imperfections in him, which are incident to human-kind; but who had not rather be that Homer than this Scaliger? You see the same hypercritic, when he endeavors to mend the beginning of Claudian (a faulty poet, and living in a barbarous age), yet how short he comes of him, and substitutes such verses of his own as deserve the *ferula*. What a censure has he made of Lucan, that he rather seems to bark than sing! Would any but a dog have made so snarling a comparison? One would have thought he had learn'd Latin, as late as they tell us he did Greek. Yet he came off with a *pace tua*, by your good leave, Lucan; he call'd him not by those outrageous names, of fool, booby, and blockhead: he had somewhat more of good manners than his successors, as he had much more knowledge. We have two sorts of those gentlemen in our nation: some of them, proceeding with a seeming moderation and pretense of respect to the dramatic writers of the last age, only scorn and vilify the present poets, to set up their predecessors. But this is only in appearance; for their real design is nothing less than to do honor to any man besides themselves. Horace took notice of such men in his age:

— Non ingenuis faveat ille sepulchris;
Nostra sed impugnat; nos nostraque lividus odit.

'T is not with an ultimate intention to pay reverence to the manes of Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Ben Jonson, that they commend their

writings, but to throw dirt on the writers of this age: their declaration is one thing, and their practice is another. By a seeming veneration to our fathers, they would thrust out us, their lawful issue, and govern us themselves, under a specious pretense of reformation. If they could compass their intent, what would wit and learning get by such a change? If we are bad poets, they are worse; and when any of their woful pieces come abroad, the difference is so great betwixt them and good writers, that there need no criticisms on our part to decide it. When they describe the writers of this age, they draw such monstrous figures of them, as resemble none of us; our pretended pictures are so unlike, that 't is evident we never sate to them: they are all grotesque; the products of their wild imaginations, things out of nature, so far from being copied from us, that they resemble nothing that ever was, or ever can be. But there is another sort of insects, more venomous than the former: those who manifestly aim at the destruction of our poetical Church and State; who allow nothing to their countrymen, either of this or of the former age. These attack the living by raking up the ashes of the dead; well knowing that if they can subvert their original title to the stage, we who claim under them must fall of course. Peace be to the venerable shades of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson! None of the living will presume to have any competition with them: as they were our predecessors, so they were our masters. We trail our plays under them, but (as at the funerals of a Turkish emperor) our ensigns are furl'd or dragg'd upon the ground, in honor to the dead; so we may lawfully advance our own, afterwards, to show that we succeed: if less in dignity, yet on the same foot and title, which we think too we can maintain against the insolence of our own janizaries. If I am the man, as I have reason to believe, who am seemingly courted, and secretly undermin'd, I think I shall be able to defend myself, when I am openly attack'd; and to shew besides that the Greek writers only gave us the rudiments of a stage, which they never finish'd; that many of the tragedies in the former age amongst us were without comparison beyond those of Sophocles and Euripides. But at present, I have neither the leisure nor the means for such an undertaking. 'T is ill going to law for an estate with him who is in possession of it and enjoys the present profits to feed his cause. But the *quantum mutatus* may be remember'd in due time. In the mean while, I leave the world to judge who gave the provocation.

This, my Lord, is, I confess, a long digression, from Miscellaneous Poems to Modern Tragedies; but I have the ordinary excuse of an

injur'd man, who will be telling his tale unseasonably to his betters: tho', at the same time, I am certain you are so good a friend, as to take a concern in all things which belong to one who so truly honors you. And besides, being yourself a critic of the genuine sort, who have read the best authors in their own languages, who perfectly distinguish of their several merits, and in general prefer them to the moderns, yet, I know, you judge for the English tragedies against the Greek and Latin, as well as against the French, Italian, and Spanish, of these latter ages. Indeed there is a vast difference betwixt arguing like Perrault in behalf of the French poets, against Homer and Virgil, and betwixt giving the English poets their undoubted due of excelling Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles. For if we, or our greater fathers, have not yet brought the drama to an absolute perfection, yet at least we have carried it much farther than those ancient Greeks: who, beginning from a chorus, could never totally exclude it, as we have done, who find it an unprofitable incumbrance, without any necessity of entertaining it amongst us; and without the possibility of establishing it here, unless it were supported by a public charge. Neither can we accept of those lay bishops, as some call them, who, under pretense of reforming the stage, would intrude themselves upon us as our superiors, being indeed incompetent judges of what is manners, what religion, and, least of all, what is poetry and good sense. I can tell them, in behalf of all my fellows, that when they come to exercise a jurisdiction over us, they shall have the stage to themselves, as they have the laurel. As little can I grant that the French dramatic writers excel the English: our authors as far surpass them in genius, as our soldiers excel theirs in courage. 'Tis true, in conduct they surpass us either way; yet that proceeds not so much from their greater knowledge, as from the difference of tastes in the two nations. They content themselves with a thin design, without episodes, and manag'd by few persons. Our audience will not be pleas'd but with variety of accidents, an underplot, and many actors. They follow the ancients too servilely in the mechanic rules, and we assume too much license to ourselves, in keeping them only in view at too great a distance. But if our audience had their tastes, our poets could more easily comply with them than the French writers could come up to the sublimity of our thoughts, or to the difficult variety of our designs. However it be, I dare establish it for a rule of practice on the stage, that we are bound to please those whom we pretend to entertain; and that at any price, religion and good manners only excepted; and I care not much if I give this handle to our

bad illiterate poetasters, for the defense of their *scriptions*, as they call them. There is a sort of merit in delighting the spectators; which is a name more proper for them than that of auditors; or else Horace is in the wrong, when he commends Lucilius for it. But these commonplaces I mean to treat at greater leisure: in the mean time, submitting that little I have said to your Lordship's approbation, or your censure, and choosing rather to entertain you this way, as you are a judge of writing, than to oppress your modesty with other commendations; which, tho' they are your due, yet would not be equally receiv'd in this satirical and censorious age. That which cannot without injury be denied to you is the easiness of your conversation, far from affectation or pride, not denying even to enemies their just praises. And this, if I would dwell on any theme of this nature, is no vulgar commendation to your Lordship. Without flattery, my Lord, you have it in your nature to be a patron and encourager of good poets, but your fortune has not yet put into your hands the opportunity of expressing it. What you will be hereafter, may be more than guess'd by what you are at present. You maintain the character of a nobleman, without that haughtiness which generally attends too many of the nobility; and when you converse with gentlemen, you forget not that you have been of their order. You are married to the daughter of a king, who, amongst her other high perfections, has deriv'd from him a charming behavior, a winning goodness, and a majestic person. The Muses and the Graces are the ornaments of your family. While the Muse sings, the Grace accompanies her voice: even the servants of the Muse have sometimes had the happiness to hear her, and to receive their inspirations from her.

I will not give myself the liberty of going farther; for 'tis so sweet to wander in a pleasing way, that I should never arrive at my journey's end. To keep myself from being belated in my letter, and tiring your attention, I must return to the place where I was setting out. I humbly dedicate to your Lordship my own labors in this *Miscellany*; at the same time, not arrogating to myself the privilege of inscribing to you the works of others who are join'd with me in this undertaking, over which I can pretend no right. Your Lady and you have done me the favor to hear me read my translations of Ovid, and you both seem'd not to be displeas'd with them. Whether it be the partiality of an old man to his youngest child, I know not; but they appear to me the best of all my endeavors in this kind. Perhaps this poet is more easy to be translated than some others whom I have lately attempted; perhaps, too, he was more according to my

genius. He is certainly more palatable to the reader than any of the Roman wits, tho' some of them are more lofty, some more instructive, and others more correct. He had learning enough to make him equal in the best. But, as his verse came easily, he wanted the toil of application to amend it. He is often luxuriant both in his fancy and expressions, and, as it has lately been observ'd, not always natural. If wit be pleasantry, he has it to excess; but if it be propriety, Lucretius, Horace, and, above all, Virgil are his superiors. I have said so much of him already, in my preface to his *Heroical Epistles*, that there remains little to be added in this place. For my own part, I have endeavor'd to copy his character what I could in this translation, even, perhaps, farther than I should have done; to his very faults. Mr. Chapman, in his translation of Homer, professes to have done it somewhat paraphrastically, and that on set purpose; his opinion being that a good poet is to be translated in that manner. I remember not the reason which he gives for it; but I suppose it is, for fear of omitting any of his excellencies: sure I am, that if it be a fault, 't is much more pardonable than that of those who run into the other extreme of a literal and close translation, where the poet is confin'd so straitly to his author's words that he wants elbowroom to express his elegancies. He leaves him obscure; he leaves him prose, where he found him verse: and no better than thus has Ovid been serv'd by the so much admir'd Sandys. This is at least the idea which I have remaining of his translation; for I never read him since I was a boy. They who take him upon content, from the praises which their fathers gave him, may inform their judgment by reading him again, and see (if they understand the original) what is become of Ovid's poetry, in his version; whether it be not all, or the greatest part of it, evaporated. But this proceeded from the wrong judgment of the age in which he liv'd. They neither knew good verse nor lov'd it; they were scholars, 't is true, but they were pedants. And for a just reward of their pedantic pains, all their translations want to be translated into English.

If I flatter not myself, or if my friends have not flatter'd me, I have given my author's sense for the most part truly: for to mistake sometimes is incident to all men, and not to follow the Dutch commentators always may be forgiven to a man who thinks them, in the general, heavy gross-witted fellows, fit only to gloss on their own dull poets. But I leave a farther satire on their wit, till I have a better opportunity to shew how much I love and honor them. I have likewise attempted to restore Ovid to his native sweetness, easiness, and smoothness; and to give my poetry a kind of cadence, and,

as we call it, a run of verse, as like the original, as the English can come up to the Latin. As he seldom uses any *synalephas*, so I have endeavor'd to avoid them, as often as I could: I have likewise given him his own turns, both on the words and on the thought, which I cannot say are inimitable, because I have copied them; and so may others, if they use the same diligence: but certainly they are wonderfully graceful in this poet. Since I have nam'd the *synalepha*, which is the cutting off one vowel immediately before another, I will give an example of it from Chapman's *Homer*, which lies before me; for the benefit of those who understand not the Latin *prosodia*. 'T is in the first line of the argument to the first *Iliad* :

Apollo's priest to th' Argive fleet doth bring, &c.

There we see he makes it not the *Argive*, but *th' Argive*, to shun the shock of the two vowels immediately following each other. But in his second argument, in the same page, he gives a bad example of the quite contrary kind:

Alpha the pray'r of Chryseas sings;
The army's plague, the strife of kings.

In these words the *army's*, the ending with a vowel, and *army's* beginning with another vowel, without cutting off the first, which by it had been *th' army's*, there remains a most horrible ill-sounding gap betwixt those words. I cannot say that I have everywhere observ'd the rule of this *synalepha* in my translation; but wheresoever I have not, 't is a fault in sound. The French and Italians have made it an inviolable precept in their versification, therein following the severe example of the Latin poets. Our countrymen have not yet reform'd their poetry so far, but content themselves with following the licentious practice of the Greeks; who, tho' they sometimes use *synalephas*, yet make no difficulty very often, to sound one vowel upon another; as Homer does in the very first line of *Alpha* :

Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεά, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος.

'T is true, indeed, that in the second line, in these words *μυρί' Ἀχαιοί*, and *ἄλγε' ἔθηκεν*, the *synalepha* in revenge is twice observ'd. But it becomes us, for the sake of euphony, rather *Musas colere severiores*, with the Romans, than to give into the looseness of the Grecians.

I have tir'd myself, and have been summon'd by the press to send away this dedication; otherwise I had expos'd some other faults which are daily committed by our English poets; which, with care and observation, might be amended. For, after all, our language is both copious, significant, and majestic, and might be reduc'd into a more harmonious sound. But, for want of public encouragement, in this

iron age, we are so far from making any progress in the improvement of our tongue, that in few years we shall speak and write as barbarously as our neighbors.

Notwithstanding my haste, I cannot forbear to tell your Lordship that there are two fragments of Homer translated in this *Miscellany*; one by Mr. Congreve (whom I cannot mention without the honor which is due to his excellent parts, and that entire affection which I bear him), and the other by myself. Both the subjects are pathetic, and I am sure my friend has added to the tenderness which he found in the original, and, without flattery, surpass'd his author. Yet I must needs say this in reference to Homer, that he is much more capable of exciting the manly passions than those of grief and pity. To cause admiration is indeed the proper and adequate design of an epic poem, and in that he has excell'd even Virgil; yet, without presuming to arraign our master, I may venture to affirm that he is somewhat too talkative, and more than somewhat too digressive. This is so manifest that it cannot be denied, in that little parcel which I have translated, perhaps too literally: there Andromache, in the midst of her concernment and fright for Hector, runs off her bias, to tell him a story of her pedigree, and of the lamentable death of her father, her mother, and her seven brothers. The devil was in Hector if he knew not all this matter, as well as she who told it him, for she had been his bedfellow for many years together; and if he knew it, then it must be confess'd that Homer, in this long digression, has rather given us his own character than that of the fair lady whom he paints. His dear friends the commentators, who never fail him at a pinch, will needs excuse him, by making the present sorrow of Andromache to occasion the remembrance of all the past; but others think that she had enough to do with that grief which now oppress'd her, without running for assistance to her family. Virgil, I am confident, would have omitted such a work of supererogation. But Virgil had the gift of expressing much in little, and sometimes in silence; for tho' he yielded much to Homer in invention, he more excell'd him in his admirable judgment. He drew the passion of Dido for Æneas in the most lively and most natural colors that are imaginable. Homer was ambitious enough of moving pity, for he has attempted twice on the same subject of Hector's death: first, when Priam and Hecuba beheld his corpse, which was dragg'd after the chariot of Achilles; and then in the lamentation which was made over him, when his body was redeem'd by Priam; and the same persons again bewail his death, with a chorus of others to help the cry. But if this last excite compassion in you, as I doubt

not but it will, you are more oblig'd to the translator than the poet. For Homer, as I observ'd before, can move rage better than he can pity: he stirs up the irascible appetite, as our philosophers call it; he provokes to murder, and the destruction of God's images; he forms and equips those ungodly man-killers, whom we poets, when we flatter them, call heroes; a race of men who can never enjoy quiet in themselves, till they have taken it from all the world. This is Homer's commendation, and such as it is, the lovers of peace, or at least of more moderate heroism, will never envy him. But let Homer and Virgil contend for the prize of honor betwixt themselves, I am satisfied they will never have a third concurrent. I wish Mr. Congreve had the leisure to translate him, and the world the good nature and justice to encourage him in that noble design, of which he is more capable than any man I know. The Earl of Mulgrave and Mr. Waller, two the best judges of our age, have assur'd me that they could never read over the translation of Chapman without incredible pleasure and extreme transport. This admiration of theirs must needs proceed from the author himself; for the translator has thrown him down as low as harsh numbers, improper English, and a monstrous length of verse could carry him. What then would he appear in the harmonious version of one of the best writers, living in a much better age than was the last? I mean for versification, and the art of numbers; for in the drama we have not arriv'd to the pitch of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. But here, my Lord, I am forc'd to break off abruptly, without endeavoring at a compliment in the close. This *Miscellany* is, without dispute, one of the best of the kind which has hitherto been extant in our tongue. At least, as Sir Samuel Tuke has said before me, a modest man may praise what's not his own. My fellows have no need of any protection, but I humbly recommend my part of it, as much as it deserves, to your patronage and acceptance, and all the rest to your forgiveness.

I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most

Obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE FIRST BOOK

OF

OID'S METAMORPHOSES

OF bodies chang'd to various forms I sing:
Ye gods, from whom these miracles did
spring,

Inspire my numbers with celestial heat;
 Till I my long laborious work complete,
 And add perpetual tenor to my rhymes,
 Dedu'd from nature's birth to Cæsar's
 times.

Before the seas, and this terrestrial ball,
 And heav'n's high canopy, that covers all,
 One was the face of nature, if a face;
 Rather a rude and indigested mass; 10
 A lifeless lump, unfashion'd, and unfram'd,
 Of jarring seeds, and justly Chaos nam'd.
 No sun was lighted up, the world to view;
 No moon did yet her blunted horns renew:
 Nor yet was earth suspended in the sky;
 Nor, pois'd, did on her own foundations lie:
 Nor seas about the shores their arms had
 thrown,

But earth and air and water were in one.
 Thus air was void of light, and earth un-
 stable,

And water's dark abyss unnavigable. 20
 No certain form on any was impress'd;
 All were confus'd, and each disturb'd the
 rest:

For hot and cold were in one body fix'd,
 And soft with hard, and light with heavy
 mix'd.

But God, or Nature, while they thus
 contend,

To these intestine discords put an end.
 Then earth from air, and seas from earth
 were driv'n,

And grosser air sunk from ethereal heav'n.
 Thus disembroil'd, they take their pro-
 per place;

The next of kin contiguously embrace, 30
 And foes are sunder'd by a larger space.
 The force of fire ascended first on high,
 And took its dwelling in the vaulted sky.
 Then air succeeds, in lightness next to fire;
 Whose atoms from unactive earth retire.
 Earth sinks beneath, and draws a numer-
 ous throng

Of ponderous, thick, unwieldy seeds along.
 About her coasts unruly waters roar,
 And, rising on a ridge, insult the shore.

Thus when the God, whatever God was
 he, 40

Had form'd the whole, and made the parts
 agree,

That no unequal portions might be found,
 He molded earth into a spacious round;
 Then, with a breath, he gave the winds to
 blow,

And bade the congregated waters flow.

He adds the running springs and standing
 lakes,
 And bounding banks for winding rivers
 makes.

Some part in earth are swallow'd up, the
 most

In ample oceans, disimbogued, are lost.
 He shades the woods, the valleys he re-
 strains 50

With rocky mountains, and extends the
 plains.

And as five zones th' ethereal regions
 bind,

Five, correspondent, are to earth assign'd:
 The sun, with rays directly darting down,
 Fires all beneath, and fries the middle
 zone:

The two beneath the distant poles com-
 plain

Of endless winter, and perpetual rain.
 Betwixt th' extremes, two happier climates
 hold

The temper that partakes of hot and cold.
 The fields of liquid air, inclosing all, 60
 Surround the compass of this earthly ball;
 The lighter parts lie next the fires above,
 The grosser near the wat'ry surface move:

Thick clouds are spread, and storms en-
 gender there,

And thunder's voice, which wretched
 mortals fear,

And winds that on their wings cold win-
 ter bear.

Nor were those blust'ring brethren left at
 large,

On seas and shores their fury to discharge:
 Bound as they are, and circumscrib'd in
 place,

They rend the world, resistless, where they
 pass, 70

And mighty marks of mischief leave be-
 hind;

Such is the rage of their tempestuous kind.
 First Eurus to the rising morn is sent,

(The regions of the balmy continent.)
 And eastern realms, where early Persians
 run

To greet the blest appearance of the sun.
 Westward the wanton Zephyr wings his
 flight,

Pleas'd with the remnants of departing
 light:

Fierce Boreas with his offspring issues
 forth,

T' invade the frozen Wagon of the North; &c

While frowning Auster seeks the southern
sphere,
And rots, with endless rain, th' unwhole-
some year.

High o'er the clouds, and empty realms
of wind,
The God a clearer space for heav'n design'd;
Where fields of light, and liquid ether flow,
Purg'd from the pond'rous dregs of earth
below.

Scarce had the pow'r distinguish'd these,
when straight

The stars, no longer overlaid with weight,
Exert their heads from underneath the
mass,

And upward shoot, and kindle as they
pass,

And with diffusive light adorn their
heav'nly place.

Then, every void of nature to supply,
With forms of gods he fills the vacant sky:
New herds of beasts he sends, the plains
to share;

New colonies of birds, to people air;
And to their oozy beds the finny fish re-
pair.

A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was Man de-
sign'd;

Conscious of thought, of more capacious
breast,

For empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest:
Whether with particles of heav'nly fire
The God of Nature did his soul inspire;
Or earth, but new divided from the sky,
And pliant still, retain'd the ethereal energy;
Which wise Prometheus temper'd into
paste,

And, mix'd with living streams, the god-
like image cast.

Thus, while the mute creation downward
bend

Their sight, and to their earthy mother
tend,

Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes
Beholds his own hereditary skies.
From such rude principles our form began, 110
And earth was metamorphos'd into man.

THE GOLDEN AGE

The Golden Age was first; when man,
yet new,
No rule but uncorrupted reason knew;
And, with a native bent, did good pursue.

Unfore'd by punishment, unaw'd by fear,
His words were simple, and his soul sincere:
Needless was written law, where none op-
press'd;

The law of man was written in his breast;
No suppliant crowds before the judge ap-
pear'd;

No court erected yet, nor cause was
hear'd;

But all was safe, for conscience was their
guard.

The mountain trees in distant prospect
please,

Ere yet the pine descended to the seas;
Ere sails were spread, new oceans to
explore;

And happy mortals, unconcern'd for more,
Confin'd their wishes to their native
shore.

No walls were yet, nor fence, nor moat, nor
mound;

Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry
sound:

Nor swords were forg'd; but, void of care
and crime,

The soft creation slept away their time.
The teeming earth, yet guiltless of the
plow,

And unprovok'd, did fruitful stores allow:
Content with food, which nature freely
bred,

On wildings and on strawberries they fed;
Cornels and bramble berries gave the rest,
And falling acorns furnish'd out a feast.

The flow'rs, unsown, in fields and meadows
reign'd,

And western winds immortal spring main-
tain'd.

In following years the bearded corn ensued
From earth unask'd, nor was that earth
renew'd;

From veins of valleys milk and nectar
broke,

And honey sweating thro' the pores of oak.

THE SILVER AGE

But when good Saturn, banish'd from
above,

Was driv'n to hell, the world was under
Jove.

Succeeding times a Silver Age behold,
Excelling brass, but more excell'd by gold.
Then Summer, Autumn, Winter did ap-
pear;

And Spring was but a season of the year.
 The sun his annual course obliquely made,
 Good days contracted, and enlarg'd the
 bad.¹⁵¹
 Then air with sultry heats began to glow;
 The wings of winds were clogg'd with ice
 and snow;
 And shivering mortals, into houses driv'n,
 Sought shelter from th' inclemency of
 heav'n.
 Those houses, then, were caves, or homely
 sheds,
 With twining osiers fenc'd, and moss their
 beds.
 Then plows, for seed, the fruitful furrows
 broke,
 And oxen labor'd first beneath the yoke.

THE BRAZEN AGE

To this next came in course the Brazen
 Age:¹⁶⁰
 A warlike offspring, prompt to bloody rage,
 Not impious yet —

THE IRON AGE

— Hard Steel succeeded then;
 And stubborn as the metal were the men.
 Truth, Modesty, and Shame, the world
 forsook;
 Fraud, Avarice, and Force, their places
 took.
 Then sails were spread to every wind that
 blew;
 Raw were the sailors, and the depths were
 new:
 Trees, rudely hollow'd, did the waves sus-
 tain,
 Ere ships in triumph plow'd the wat'ry
 plain.
 Then landmarks limited to each his
 right:¹⁷⁰
 For all before was common as the light.
 Nor was the ground alone requir'd to bear
 Her annual income to the crooked share;
 But greedy mortals, rummaging her store,
 Digg'd from her entrails first the precious
 ore,
 Which next to hell the prudent gods had
 laid,
 And that alluring ill to sight display'd.
 Thus curs'd steel, and more accurs'd gold,
 Gave mischief birth, and made that mis-
 chief bold;

And double death did wretched man in-
 vade,¹⁸⁰
 By steel assaulted, and by gold betray'd.
 Now (brandish'd weapons glittering in their
 hands)
 Mankind is broken loose from moral bands;
 No rights of hospitality remain:
 The guest, by him who harbor'd him, is
 slain;
 The son-in-law pursues the father's life;
 The wife her husband murders, he the wife;
 The stepdame poison for the son prepares;
 The son inquires into his father's years.
 Faith flies, and Piety in exile mourns;¹⁹⁰
 And Justice, here oppress'd, to heav'n re-
 turns.

THE GIANTS' WAR

Nor were the gods themselves more safe
 above:
 Against beleaguer'd heav'n the giants move.
 Hills pil'd on hills, on mountains mountains
 lie,
 To make their mad approaches to the sky.
 Till Jove, no longer patient, took his time
 T' avenge with thunder their audacious
 crime:
 Red lightning play'd along the firmament,
 And their demolish'd works to pieces rent.
 Sing'd with the flames, and with the bolts
 transfix'd,²⁰⁰
 With native earth their blood the monsters
 mix'd;
 The blood, indued with animating heat,
 Did in th' impregnant earth new sons be-
 get:
 They, like the seed from which they sprung,
 accurst,
 Against the gods immortal hatred nurs'd:
 An impious, arrogant, and cruel brood;
 Expressing their original from blood.
 Which when the King of Gods beheld
 from high,
 (Withal revolving in his memory
 What he himself had found on earth of
 late,²¹⁰
 Lyeaon's guilt, and his inhuman treat,)
 He sigh'd, nor longer with his pity strove,
 But kindled to a wrath becoming Jove:
 Then call'd a general council of the gods;
 Who, summon'd, issue from their blest
 abodes,
 And fill th' assembly with a shining train.
 A way there is in heaven's expanded plain,

Which, when the skies are clear, is seen be-
low,
And mortals by the name of Milky know.
The groundwork is of stars; thro' which
the road 220

Lies open to the Thunderer's abode.
The gods of greater nations dwell around,
And on the right and left the palace bound;
The commons where they can; the nobler
sort,
With winding doors wide open, front the
court.

This place, as far as earth with heav'n may
vie,

I dare to call the Louvre of the sky.

When all were plac'd, in seats distinctly
known,

And he, their father, had assum'd the throne,
Upon his iv'ry scepter first he leant, 230
Then shook his head, that shook the firma-
ment:

Air, earth, and seas, obey'd th' almighty
nod;

And with a gen'ral fear confess'd the god.
At length, with indignation, thus he broke
His awful silence, and the pow'rs bespoke:

"I was not more concern'd in that debate
Of empire, when our universal state
Was put to hazard, and the giant race
Our captive skies were ready to imbrace:
For tho' the foe was fierce, the seeds of all
Rebellion sprung from one original; 241
Now, wheresoever ambient waters glide,
All are corrupt, and all must be destroy'd.
Let me this holy protestation make:
By hell, and hell's inviolable lake,
I tried whatever in the godhead lay;
But gangren'd members must be lopp'd
away,

Before the nobler parts are tainted to
decay.

There dwells below a race of demigods, 249
Of nymphs in waters, and of fawns in woods;
Who, tho' not worthy yet in heav'n to live,
Let 'em at least enjoy that earth we give.
Can these be thought securely lodg'd below,
When I myself, who no superior know,
I, who have heav'n and earth at my com-
mand,

Have been attempted by Lycaon's hand?"

At this a murmur thro' the synod went,
And with one voice they vote his punish-
ment.

Thus, when conspiring traitors dar'd to
doom

The fall of Caesar, and in him of ROME, 260
The nations trembled with a pious fear;
All anxious for their earthly Thunderer:
Nor was their care, O Caesar, less esteem'd
By thee, than that of heav'n for Jove was
deem'd;

Who, with his hand, and voice, did first re-
strain

Their murmurs, then resum'd his speech
again.

The gods to silence were compos'd, and
sate

With reverence due to his superior state.

"Hence! your vices; already he
Has th' i' his board first concern'd;
Ye 270

Rei I will it HE BRA to their declare.

The I com HE BRA to their declare.

The I tra of came fence, nor oppressor's

Had reach'd; pr s, nor trumpet descend,

'In hope to e th'g'd; but, v'claint a lie.'

Disguis'd in human vel'd round
The world, and more 280 that I heard

I found.

O'er Mænalus I took my steepy way,
By caverns infamous for beasts of prey; 280

Then cross'd Cyllene, and the piny shade,
More infamous by curst Lycaon made.

Dark night had cover'd heav'n and earth,
before

I enter'd his inhospitable door.
Just at my entrance, I displayed the sign

That somewhat was approaching of divine.
The prostrate people pray: the tyrant grins;

And, adding profanation to his sins,
'I'll try,' said he, 'and if a god appear,

To prove his deity shall cost him dear.' 290

'T was late; the graceless wretch my death
prepares,

When I should soundly sleep, oppress'd with
cares:

This dire experiment he chose, to prove
If I were mortal, or undoubted Jove;

But first he had resolv'd to taste my pow'r.
Not long before, but in a luckless hour,

Some legates, sent from the Molossian state,
Were on a peaceful errand come to treat.

Of these he murders one; he boils the flesh,
And lays the mangled morsels in a dish: 300

Some part he roasts; then serves it up,
so dress'd,

And bids me welcome to this human feast.

Mov'd with disdain, the table I o'erturn'd,
 And with avenging flames the palace burn'd.
 The tyrant, in a fright, for shelter gains
 The neighb'ring fields, and scours along the
 plains.

Howling he fled, and fain he would have
 spoke,

But human voice his brutal tongue forsook.
 About his lips the gather'd foam he
 churns,

And, breathing slaughters, still with rage
 he burns,

But on the bleating flock his fury turns.

His mantle, now his hide, with rugged
 hairs

Cleaves to his back; a famish'd face he
 bears;

His arms descend, his shoulders sink away,
 To multiply his legs for chase of prey.

He grows a wolf, his hoariness remains,
 And the same rage in other members reigns.

His eyes still sparkle in a narr'wer space,
 His jaws retain the grin, and violence of
 face.

"This was a single ruin, but not one
 Deserves so just a punishment alone.

Mankind's a monster, and th'ungodly times,
 Confed'rate into guilt, are sworn to crimes.

All are alike involv'd in ill, and all
 Must by the same relentless fury fall."

Thus ended he; the greater gods as-
 sent,

By clamors urging his severe intent;
 The less fill up the cry for punishment.

Yet still with pity they remember man,
 And mourn as much as heav'nly spirits
 can.

They ask, when those were lost of human
 birth,

What he would do with all this waste of
 earth;

If his dispeopled world he would resign
 To beasts, a mute, and more ignoble line:

Neglected altars must no longer smoke,
 If none were left to worship and invoke.

To whom the Father of the Gods replied:
 "Lay that unnecessary fear aside:

Mine be the care new people to provide.
 I will from wondrous principles ordain

A race unlike the first, and try my skill
 again."

Already had he toss'd the flaming brand
 And roll'd the thunder in his spacious
 hand,

Preparing to discharge on seas and land;

But stopp'd, for fear, thus violently driven,
 The sparks should catch his axletree of
 heav'n:

Rememb'ring, in the Fates, a time when
 fire

Should to the battlements of heav'n aspire,
 And all his blazing worlds above should
 burn,

And all th' inferior globe to cinders turn.

His dire artill'ry thus dismiss'd, he bent
 His thoughts to some securer punishment;

Concludes to pour a wat'ry deluge down,
 And, what he durst not burn, resolves to
 drown.

The northern breath, that freezes floods, he
 binds,

With all the race of cloud-dispelling winds:
 The South he loos'd, who night and horror
 brings;

And fogs are shaken from his flaggy wings.
 From his divided beard two streams he
 pours;

His head and rheumy eyes distil in show-
 ers;

With rain his robe and heavy mantle flow,
 And lazy mists are low'ring on his brow.

Still as he swept along, with his clenched
 fist

He squeez'd the clouds; th' imprison'd
 clouds resist:

The skies, from pole to pole, with peals re-
 sound;

And show'rs enlarg'd come pouring on the
 ground.

Then, clad in colors of a various dye,
 Junonian Iris breeds a new supply,

To feed the clouds: impetuous rain descends;
 The bearded corn beneath the burthen
 bends;

Defrauded clowns deplore their perish'd
 grain,

And the long labors of the year are vain.

Nor from his patrimonial heav'n alone
 Is Jove content to pour his vengeance
 down:

Aid from his brother of the seas he craves,
 To help him with auxiliary waves.

The wat'ry tyrant calls his brooks and
 floods;

Who roll from mossy caves, their moist
 abodes,

And with perpetual urns his palace fill:

To whom, in brief, he thus imparts his will:

"Small exhortation needs: your pow'rs
 employ,

And this bad world (so Jove requires) de-
stroy.

Let loose the reins to all your wat'ry store;
Bear down the dams, and open every door."

The floods, by nature enemies to land,
And proudly swelling with their new com-
mand,

Remove the living stones that stopp'd
their way,

And, gushing from their source, augment
the sea.

Then, with his mace, their monarch }
struck the ground:

With inward trembling earth receiv'd the }
wound, 390

And rising streams a ready passage found.
Th' expanded waters gather on the plain,
They float the fields, and overtop the grain;
Then rushing onwards, with a sweepy sway,
Bear flocks, and folds, and lab'ring hinds
away.

Nor safe their dwellings were; for, sapp'd
by floods,

Their houses fell upon their household gods.
The solid piles, too strongly built to fall,
High o'er their heads behold a wat'ry
wall: 399

Now seas and earth were in confusion lost;
A world of waters, and without a coast.

One climbs a cliff; one in his boat is
borne,

And plows above, where late he sow'd his
corn.

Others o'er chimney tops and turrets row,
And drop their anchors on the meads below;
Or downward driv'n, they bruise the tender
vine,

Or toss'd aloft, are knock'd against a pine;
And where of late the kids had cropp'd the
grass,

The monsters of the deep now take their
place.

Insulting Nereids on the cities ride, 410
And wond'ring dolphins o'er the palace
glide;

On leaves and masts of mighty oaks they
browse,

And their broad fins entangle in the boughs.
The frighted wolf now swims amongst the
sheep;

The yellow lion wanders in the deep:
His rapid force no longer helps the boar;

The stag swims faster than he ran before:
The fowls, long beating on their wings in
vain,

Despair of land, and drop into the main.
Now hills and vales no more distinction
know, 420

And level'd nature lies oppress'd below.
The most of mortals perish in the flood,
The small remainder dies for want of food.

A mountain of stupendous height there
stands

Betwixt th' Athenian and Æolian lands,
The bound of fruitful fields, while fields
they were,

But then a field of waters did appear:
Parnassus is its name; whose forky rise
Mounts thro' the clouds, and mates the
lofty skies. 429

High on the summit of this dubious cliff,
Deucalion, wafting, moor'd his little skiff.
He with his wife were only left behind
Of perish'd man; they two were human-
kind.

The mountain nymphs and Themis they
adore,

And from her oracles relief implore.
The most upright of mortal men was he;
The most sincere and holy woman, she.

When Jupiter, surveying earth from
high,

Beheld it in a lake of water lie, 439
That, where so many millions lately liv'd,
But two, the best of either sex, surviv'd,
He loos'd the northern wind; fierce Boreas
flies

To puff away the clouds, and purge the
skies:

Serenely, while he blows, the vapors, driven,
Discover heav'n to earth, and earth to
heav'n.

The billows fall, while Neptune lays his
mace

On the rough sea, and smooths its furrow'd
face.

Already Triton, at his call, appears 448 }
Above the waves; a Tyrian robe he wears, }

And in his hand a crooked trumpet bears. }
The sovereign bids him peaceful sounds
inspire,

And give the waves the signal to retire.
His writhen shell he takes, whose narrow
vent

Grows by degrees into a large extent;
Then gives it breath: the blast, with dou-
bling sound,

Runs the wide circuit of the world around.
The sun first heard it, in his early east,
And met the rattling echoes in the west. 458

The waters, list'ning to the trumpet's roar,
 Obey the summons, and forsake the shore.

A thin circumference of land appears;
 And Earth, but not at once, her visage rears,
 And peeps upon the seas from upper grounds:
 The streams, but just contain'd within their
 bounds,

By slow degrees into their channels crawl;
 And earth increases as the waters fall.
 In longer time the tops of trees appear,
 Which mud on their dishonor'd branches
 bear.

At length the world was all restor'd to
 view,

But desolate, and of a sickly hue: 470
 Nature beheld herself, and stood aghast;
 A dismal desert, and a silent waste.

Which when Deucalion, with a piteous
 look,

Beheld, he wept, and thus to Pyrrha
 spoke:

"O wife, O sister, O of all thy kind
 The best and only creature left behind,
 By kindred, love, and now by dangers
 join'd;

Of multitudes who breath'd the common
 air

We two remain; a species in a pair:
 The rest the seas have swallow'd; nor have
 we 480

Ev'n of this wretched life a certainty.
 The clouds are still above; and, while I
 speak,

A second deluge o'er our heads may break.
 Should I be snatch'd from hence, and
 thou remain,

Without relief, or partner of thy pain,
 How couldst thou such a wretched life
 sustain?

Should I be left, and thou be lost, the sea,
 That buried her I lov'd, should bury me.
 O could our father his old arts inspire, 489
 And make me heir of his informing fire,
 That so I might abolish'd man retrieve,
 And perish'd people in new souls might
 live!

But Heav'n is pleas'd, nor ought we to com-
 plain,

That we, th' examples of mankind, remain."
 He said: the careful couple join their tears,
 And then invoke the gods, with pious
 prayers.

Thus in devotion having eas'd their grief,
 From sacred oracles they seek relief;
 And to Cephissus' brook their way pursue:

The stream was troubled, but the ford they
 knew.

With living waters, in the fountain bred, 500
 They sprinkle first their garments and
 their head;
 Then took the way which to the temple
 led.

The roofs were all defil'd with moss and
 mire,

The desert altars void of solemn fire.
 Before the gradual, prostrate they ador'd;
 The pavement kiss'd, and thus the saint im-
 plor'd:

"O righteous Themis, if the pow'rs above
 By pray'rs are bent to pity, and to love;
 If human miseries can move their mind; 510
 If yet they can forgive, and yet be kind;
 Tell how we may restore, by second birth,
 Mankind, and people desolated earth."

Then thus the gracious goddess, nodding,
 said:

"Depart, and with your vestments veil your
 head;

And stooping lowly down, with loosen'd
 zones,

Throw each behind your backs your mighty
 mother's bones."

Amaz'd the pair, and mute with wonder
 stand,

Till Pyrrha first refus'd the dire command.
 "Forbid it Heav'n," said she, "that I should
 tear 520

Those holy relics from the sepulcher."
 They ponder'd the mysterious words again,
 For some new sense; and long they sought
 in vain:

At length Deucalion clear'd his cloudy
 brow,

And said: "The dark enigma will allow
 A meaning, which, if well I understand,
 From sacrilege will free the god's command:
 This earth our mighty mother is, the stones
 In her capacious body are her bones:
 These we must cast behind." With hope and
 fear 530

The woman did the new solution hear:
 The man diffides in his own augury,
 And doubts the gods; yet both resolve to
 try.

Descending from the mount, they first un-
 bind

Their vests; and, veil'd, they cast the stones
 behind:

The stones (a miracle to mortal view,
 But long tradition makes it pass for true)

Did first the rigor of their kind expel,
And suppl'd into softness as they fell;
Then swell'd, and, swelling, by degrees grew
warm; 540

And took the rudiments of human form:
Imperfect shapes — in marble such are seen,
When the rude chisel does the man begin;
While yet the roughness of the stone remains,

Without the rising muscles and the veins.
The sappy parts, and next resembling juice,
Were turn'd to moisture, for the body's use,
Supplying humors, blood, and nourishment:
The rest, too solid to receive a bent,
Converts to bones; and what was once a
vein, 550

Its former name and nature did retain.
By help of pow'r divine, in little space,
What the man threw assum'd a manly
face;
And what the wife, renew'd the female
race.

Hence we derive our nature, born to bear
Laborious life, and harden'd into care.

The rest of animals, from teeming earth
Produc'd, in various forms receiv'd their
birth.

The native moisture, in its close retreat,
Digested by the sun's ethereal heat, 560
As in a kindly womb, began to breed;
Then swell'd and quicken'd by the vital seed.
And some in less, and some in longer space,
Were ripen'd into form, and took a several
face.

Thus when the Nile from Pharian fields is
fled,

And seeks, with ebbing tides, his ancient bed,
The fat manure with heav'nly fire is
warm'd;

And crusted creatures, as in wombs, are
form'd:

These, when they turn the glebe, the peasants find; 569

Some rude, and yet unfinished in their kind;
Short of their limbs, a lame imperfect birth;
One half alive, and one of lifeless earth.

For heat and moisture, when in bodies
join'd,

The temper that results from either kind
Conception makes; and, fighting till they
mix,

Their mingled atoms in each other fix.
Thus Nature's hand the genial bed prepares
With friendly discord, and with fruitful
wars.

From hence the surface of the ground,
with mud
And slime besmear'd (the faces of the
flood), 580
Receiv'd the rays of heav'n; and, sucking
in

The seeds of heat, new creatures did begin:
Some were of sev'ral sorts produc'd before,
But of new monsters Earth created more.

Unwillingly, but yet she brought to
light
Thee, Python, too, the wond'ring world
to fright;

And the new nations, with so dire a sight:
So monstrous was his bulk, so large a space
Did his vast body and long train embrace.
Whom Phœbus basking on a bank espied:
Ere now the god his arrows had not tried,
But on the trembling deer, or mountain goat:
At this new quarry he prepares to shoot. 593
Tho' every shaft took place, he spent the
store

Of his full quiver; and 't was long before
Th' expiring serpent wallow'd in his gore.
Then, to preserve the fame of such a deed,
For Python slain he Pythian games decreed,
Where noble youths for mastership should
strive,

To quoit, to run, and steeds and chariots
drive: 600

The prize was fame; in witness of renown
An oaken garland did the victor crown.
The laurel was not yet for triumphs born,
But every green alike by Phœbus worn
Did, with promiscuous grace, his flowing
locks adorn.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF DAPHNE INTO A LAUREL

The first and fairest of his loves was she
Whom not blind Fortune, but the dire
cree

Of angry Cupid forc'd him to desire:
Daphne her name, and Peneus was her
sire.

Swell'd with the pride that new success at-
tends, 610

He sees the stripling, while his bow he bends,
And thus insults him: "Thou lascivious boy,
Are arms like these for children to employ?
Know, such achievements are my proper
claim,

Due to my vigor and unerring aim:
Resistless are my shafts, and Python late

In such a feather'd death has found his
 fate.

Take up thy torch, and lay my weapons by;
 With that the feeble souls of lovers fry." 619

To whom the son of Venus thus replied:
 "Phœbus, thy shafts are sure on all beside;

But mine on Phœbus: mine the fame shall
 be

Of all thy conquests, when I conquer thee."
 He said, and soaring, swiftly wing'd his

flight;
 Nor stopp'd but on Parnassus' airy height.

Two diffr'nt shafts he from his quiver
 draws;

One to repel desire, and one to cause.

One shaft is pointed with refulgent gold,
 To bribe the love, and make the lover
 bold:

One blunt, and tipp'd with lead, whose base
 alloy 630

Provokes disdain, and drives desire away.

The blunted bolt against the nymph he
 dress'd,

But with the sharp transfix'd Apollo's
 breast.

Th' enamor'd deity pursues the chase;
 The scornful damsel shuns his loath'd em-
 brace;

In hunting beasts of prey her youth em-
 ploys,

And Phœbe rivals in her rural joys.
 With naked neck she goes, and shoulders
 bare,

And with a fillet binds her flowing hair.
 By many suitors sought, she mocks their

pains, 640
 And still her vow'd virginity maintains.

Impatient of a yoke, the name of bride
 She shuns, and hates the joys she never
 tried.

On wilds and woods she fixes her desire,
 Nor knows what youth and kindly love
 inspire.

Her father chides her oft: "Thou ow'st,"
 says he,

"A husband to thyself, a son to me."
 She, like a crime, abhors the nuptial bed;
 She glows with blushes, and she hangs her
 head.

Then, casting round his neck her tender
 arms, 650

Soothes him with blandishments, and filial
 charms.

"Give me, my lord," she said, "to live,
 and die,

A spotless maid, without the marriage tie.

'Tis but a small request; I beg no more
 Than what Diana's father gave before."

The good old sire was soften'd to consent,
 But said her wish would prove her punish-
 ment;

For so much youth, and so much beauty
 join'd,

Oppos'd the state which her desires de-
 sign'd. 659

The God of Light, aspiring to her bed,
 Hopes what he seeks, with flattering fan-
 cies fed;

And is by his own oracles misled.

And as in empty fields the stubble burns,
 Or nightly travelers, when day returns,
 Their useless torches on dry hedges throw,
 That catch the flames, and kindle all the
 row;

So burns the god, consuming in desire,
 And feeding in his breast a fruitless fire:

Her well-turn'd neck he view'd (her neck
 was bare) 669

And on her shoulders her dishevel'd hair:
 "O were it comb'd," said he, "with what
 a grace

Would every waving curl become her
 face!"

He view'd her eyes, like heavenly lamps
 that shone;

He view'd her lips, too sweet to view
 alone,

Her taper fingers, and her panting breast; }
 He praises all he sees, and for the rest,

Believes the beauties yet unseen are best. }
 Swift as the wind, the damsel fled away,

Nor did for these alluring speeches stay:
 "Stay, nymph," he cried, "I follow, not a
 foe: 680

Thus from the lion trips the trembling
 doe;

Thus from the wolf the frighten'd lamb
 removes,

And from pursuing falcons fearful doves; }
 Thou shunn'st a god, and shunn'st a god

that loves. }
 Ah, lest some thorn should pierce thy ten-
 der foot,

Or thou shouldst fall in flying my pursuit!
 To sharp uneven ways thy steps decline;

Abate thy speed, and I will bate of mine.
 Yet think from whom thou dost so rashly
 fly; 689

Nor basely born, nor shepherd's swain am I.
 Perhaps thou know'st not my superior state,

And from that ignorance proceeds thy hate.
 Me Claros, Delphos, Tenedos obey;
 These hands the Patarean scepter sway.
 The King of Gods begot me: what shall be,
 Or is, or ever was, in fate, I see.
 Mine is th' invention of the charming lyre;
 Sweet notes, and heav'nly numbers I inspire.

Sure is my bow, unerring is my dart;
 But ah! more deadly his, who pierc'd my heart.

Med'cine is mine: what herbs and simples }
 grow

In fields and forests, all their pow'rs I }
 know,

And am the great physician call'd below.
 Alas, that fields and forests can afford
 No remedies to heal their love-sick lord!
 To cure the pains of love no plant avails,
 And his own physie the physician fails."

She heard not half, so furiously she flies,
 And on her ear th' imperfect accent dies.
 Fear gave her wings; and as she fled, the wind,

Increasing, spread her flowing hair behind,
 And left her legs and thighs expos'd to view;

Which made the god more eager to pursue.
 The god was young, and was too hotly bent

To lose his time in empty compliment;
 But led by love, and fir'd by such a sight,
 Impetuously pursued his near delight.

As when th' impatient greyhound, slipp'd from far,
 Bounds o'er the glebe, to course the fearful hare,

She in her speed does all her safety lay,
 And he with double speed pursues the prey;
 O'erruns her at the sitting turn, and licks
 His chaps in vain, and blows upon the flix;
 She scapes, and for the neighb'ring covert strives,

And gaining shelter, doubts if yet she lives:
 If little things with great we may compare,
 Such was the god, and such the flying fair:
 She, urg'd by fear, her feet did swiftly move,

But he more swiftly, who was urg'd by love.

He gathers ground upon her in the chase;
 Now breathes upon her hair, with nearer pace,

And just is fast'ning on the wish'd embrace.

The nymph grew pale, and in a mortal fright,
 Spent with the labor of so long a flight;
 And now despairing, cast a mournful look
 Upon the streams of her paternal brook:
 "O help," she cried, "in this extremest need,
 If water gods are deities indeed:
 Gape, earth, and this unhappy wretch intomb;

Or change my form whence all my sorrows come."

Scarc'd had she finish'd, when her feet she found

Benumb'd with cold, and fasten'd to the ground:

A filmy rind about her body grows;
 Her hair to leaves, her arms extend to boughs:

The nymph is all into a laurel gone,
 The smoothness of her skin remains alone.
 Yet Phœbus loves her still, and, casting round

Her bole his arms, some little warmth he found.

The tree still panted in th' unfinish'd part,
 Not wholly vegetive, and heav'd her heart.
 He fix'd his lips upon the trembling rind;
 It swerv'd aside, and his embrace declin'd.
 To whom the god: "Because thou canst not be

My mistress, I espouse thee for my tree:
 Be thou the prize of honor and renown;
 The deathless poet, and the poem, crown.
 Thou shalt the Roman festivals adorn,
 And, after poets, be by victors worn.
 Thou shalt returning Caesar's triumph grace,
 When pomps shall in a long procession pass;
 Wreath'd on the post before his palace wait,
 And be the sacred guardian of the gate;
 Secure from thunder, and unharm'd by Jove,
 Unfading as th' immortal pow'rs above:
 And, as the locks of Phœbus are unshorn,
 So shall perpetual green thy boughs adorn."
 The grateful tree was pleas'd with what he said,

And shook the shady honors of her head.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF IO INTO A HEIFER

An ancient forest in Thessalia grows,
 Which Tempe's pleasant valley does inclose:

Thro' this the rapid Peneus takes his course,
 From Pindus rolling with impetuous force;

Mists from the river's mighty fall arise,
 And deadly damps inclose the cloudy skies;
 Perpetual fogs are hanging o'er the wood,
 And sounds of waters deaf the neighborhood.
 Deep in a rocky cave he makes abode,
 A mansion proper for a mourning god.
 Here he gives audience, issuing out decrees
 To rivers, his dependent deities. 780

On this occasion hither they resort,
 To pay their homage, and to make their court;

All doubtful, whether to congratulate
 His daughter's honor, or lament her fate.
 Sperchæus, crown'd with poplar, first appears;

Then old Apidanus came, crown'd with
 years:

Enipeus turbulent, Amphrysos tame;
 And Eas last, with lagging waters, came.
 Then of his kindred brooks a numerous
 throng 789

Condole his loss, and bring their urns along.
 Not one was wanting of the wat'ry train
 That fill'd his flood, or mingled with the
 main,

But Inachus, who in his cave, alone,
 Wept not another's losses, but his own;
 For his dear Io, whether stray'd, or dead,
 To him uncertain, doubtful tears he shed.
 He sought her thro' the world, but sought
 in vain;

And, nowhere finding, rather fear'd her
 slain.

Her, just returning from her father's
 brook,

Jove had beheld, with a desiring look; 800
 And: "O fair daughter of the flood," he
 said,

"Worthy alone of Jove's imperial bed,
 Happy, whoever shall those charms possess!
 The King of Gods (nor is thy lover less)
 Invites thee to yon cooler shades, to shun
 The scorching rays of the meridian sun.
 Nor shalt thou tempt the dangers of the
 grove

Alone, without a guide; thy guide is Jove:
 No puny pow'r, but he whose high com-
 mand

Is unconfin'd, who rules the seas and
 land, 810

And tempers thunder in his awful hand.
 O fly not — " for she fled from his embrace:
 O'er Lerna's pastures he pursued the chase,
 Along the shades of the Lyrcæan plain.
 At length the god, who never asks in vain,

Involv'd with vapors, imitating night,
 Both air and earth; and then suppress'd
 her flight,
 And, mingling force with love, enjoy'd
 the full delight.

Meantime the jealous Juno, from on
 high,

Survey'd the fruitful fields of Arcady; 820
 And wonder'd that the mist should overrun
 The face of daylight, and obscure the sun.
 No nat'ral cause she found, from brooks or
 bogs,

Or marshy lowlands, to produce the fogs:
 Then round the skies she sought for Jupiter,
 Her faithless husband; but no Jove was
 there.

Suspecting now the worst: "Or I," she said,
 "Am much mistaken, or am much be-
 tray'd."

With fury she precipitates her flight, 829
 Dispels the shadows of dissembled night,
 And to the day restores his native light.

Th' almighty lecher, careful to prevent
 The consequence, foreseeing her descent,
 Transforms his mistress in a trice; and
 now

In Io's place appears a lovely cow.
 So slick her skin, so faultless was her make,
 Ev'n Juno did unwilling pleasure take
 To see so fair a rival of her love;

And what she was, and whence, enquir'd of
 Jove; 839

Of what fair herd, and from what pedigree.
 The god, half-caught, was forc'd upon a
 lie;

And said she sprung from earth. She took
 the word,
 And begg'd the beauteous heifer of her
 lord.

What should he do? 'T was equal shame
 to Jove

Or to relinquish, or betray his love;
 Yet to refuse so slight a gift would be
 But more t' increase his consort's jealousy:
 Thus fear and love by turns his heart
 assail'd,

And stronger love had sure at length pre-
 vail'd;

But some faint hope remain'd, his jealous
 queen 850

Had not the mistress thro' the heifer seen.
 The cautious goddess, of her gift possess'd,
 Yet harbor'd anxious thoughts within her
 breast;

As she who knew the falsehood of her Jove,

And justly fear'd some new relapse of love.
Which to prevent, and to secure her care,
To trust Argus she commits the fair.

The head of Argus (as with stars the skies)
Was compass'd round, and wore an hundred
eyes.

But two by turns their lids in slumber
steep; 860

The rest on duty still their station keep;
Nor could the total constellation sleep.

Thus, ever present to his eyes and mind,
His charge was still before him, tho' behind.
In fields he suffer'd her to feed by day;

But, when the setting sun to night gave way,
The captive cow he summon'd with a call,
And drove her back, and tied her to the stall.

On leaves of trees and bitter herbs she fed,
Heav'n was her canopy, bare earth her bed;
So hardly lodg'd: and, to digest her food, 871

She drank from troubled streams, defil'd
with mud.

Her wolf story fain she would have told,
With hands upheld, but had no hands to
hold.

Her head to her ungentle keeper bow'd,
She strove to speak; she spoke not, but she
low'd:

Affrighted with the noise, she look'd around,
And seem'd t' inquire the author of the
sound.

Once on the banks where often she had
play'd,

(Her father's banks) she came, and there
survey'd 880

Her alter'd visage, and her branching head;
And, starting, from herself she would have
fed.

Her fellow-nymphs, familiar to her eyes,
Beheld, but knew her not in this disguise.

Ev'n Inachus himself was ignorant,
And in his daughter did his daughter want.

She follow'd where her fellows went, as she
Were still a partner of the company:

They stroke her neck; the gentle heifer
stands, 889

And her neck offers to their stroking hands.
Her father gave her grass; the grass she
took,

And lick'd his palms, and cast a piteous
look,

And in the language of her eyes she spoke.
She would have told her name, and ask'd
relief;

But, wanting words, in tears she tells her
grief,

Which with her foot she makes him under-
stand;

And prints the name of Io in the sand.

"Ah wretched me!" her mournful father
cried;

She, with a sigh, to "wretched me" re-
plied:

About her milk-white neck his arms he
threw; 900

And wept, and then these tender words
ensue:

"And art thou she, whom I have sought
around

The world, and have at length so sadly found?
So found, is worse than lost: with mutual
words

Thou answer'st not, no voice thy tongue
affords;

But sighs are deeply drawn from out thy
breast,

And speech denied by lowing is express'd.
Unknowing, I prepar'd thy bridal bed,

With empty hopes of happy issue fed;
But now the husband of a herd must be 910

Thy mate, and bell-wing sons thy progeny.
O, were I mortal, death might bring relief!

But now my godhead but extends my grief;
Prolongs my woes, of which no end I see,
And makes me curse my immortality!"

More had he said, but, fearful of her stay,
The starry guardian drove his charge away

To some fresh pasture; on a hilly height
He sate himself, and kept her still in sight.

THE EYES OF ARGUS TRANSFORM'D INTO
A PEACOCK'S TRAIN

Now Jove no longer could her suff'rings
bear; 920

But call'd in haste his airy messenger,
The son of Maia, with severe decree

To kill the keeper, and to set her free.
With all his harness soon the god was sped;

His flying hat was fasten'd on his head;
Wings on his heels were hung, and in his
hand

He holds the virtue of the snaky wand.
The liquid air his moving pinions wound,

And, in the moment, shoot him on the ground.
Before he came in sight, the crafty god 930

His wings dismiss'd, but still retain'd his rod:
That sleep-procuring wand wise Hermes
took,

But made it seem to sight a shepherd's hook.
With this he did a herd of goats control;

Which by the way he met, and slyly stole.
 Clad like a country swain, he pip'd, and sung;
 And, playing, drove his jolly troop along.

With pleasure Argus the musician heeds,
 But wonders much at those new vocal reeds;
 And: "Whosoe'er thou art, my friend,"

said he,
 "Up hither drive thy goats, and play by
 me:

This hill has browse for them, and shade
 for thee."

The god, who was with ease induc'd to climb,
 Began discourse to pass away the time;
 And still, betwixt, his tuneful pipe he plies;
 And watch'd his hour to close the keeper's
 eyes.

With much ado, he partly kept awake,
 Not suffering all his eyes repose to take;
 And ask'd the stranger, who did reeds in-
 vent,
 And whence began so rare an instrument.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF SYRINX
 INTO REEDS

Then Hermes thus: "A nymph of late
 there was,
 Whose heav'nly form her fellows did sur-
 pass:

The pride and joy of fair Arcadia's plains;
 Belov'd by deities, ador'd by swains:
 Syrinx her name; by Sylvans oft pursued,
 As oft she did the lustful gods delude;
 The rural and the woodland pow'r's dis-
 dain'd;

With Cynthia hunted, and her rites main-
 tain'd.

Like Phœbe clad, even Phœbe's self she
 seems,
 So tall, so straight, such well-proportion'd
 limbs:

The nicest eye did no distinction know,
 But that the goddess bore a golden bow:
 Distinguish'd thus, the sight she cheated
 too.

Descending from Lycæus, Pan admires
 The matchless nymph, and burns with new
 desires.

A crown of pine upon his head he wore,
 And thus began her pity to implore.
 But ere he thus began, she took her flight
 So swift, she was already out of sight;
 Nor stay'd to hear the courtship of the god,
 But bent her course to Ladon's gentle
 flood:

There by the river stopp'd, and, tir'd be-
 fore,

Relief from water nymphs her pray'r's
 implore.

"Now while the lustful god, with
 speedy pace,
 Just thought to strain her in a strict em-
 brace,

He fills his arms with reeds, new rising
 on the place.

And while he sighs, his ill success to find,
 The tender canes were shaken by the wind;
 And breath'd a mournful air, unheard be-
 fore,

That, much surprising Pan, yet pleas'd
 him more.

Admiring this new music: 'Thou,' he said,
 'Who canst not be the partner of my bed,
 At least shalt be the consort of my mind;
 And often, often, to my lips be join'd.'
 He form'd the reeds, proportion'd as they
 are:

Unequal in their length, and wax'd with
 care,
 They still retain the name of his ungrate-
 ful fair."

While Hermes pip'd, and sung, and told
 his tale,

The keeper's winking eyes began to fail, ⁹⁸⁹
 And drowsy slumber on the lids to creep;
 Till all the watchman was, at length,
 asleep.

Then soon the god his voice and song sup-
 press'd,
 And with his pow'rful rod confirm'd his
 rest;

Without delay his crooked faulchion drew,
 And at one fatal stroke the keeper slew.
 Down from the rock fell the dissever'd
 head,

Opening its eyes in death, and falling bled;
 And mark'd the passage with a crimson
 trail:

Thus Argus lies in pieces, cold and pale;
 And all his hundred eyes, with all their
 light,

Are clos'd at once in one perpetual night. ¹⁰⁰⁰
 These Juno takes, that they no more may
 fail,
 And spreads them in her peacock's gaudy
 tail.

Impatient to revenge her injur'd bed,
 She wreaks her anger on her rival's head;
 With furies frights her from her native
 home,

And drives her gadding round the world
to roam:
Nor ceas'd her madness and her flight,
before
She touch'd the limits of the Pharian
shore. 1009
At length, arriving on the banks of Nile,
Wearied with length of ways, and worn
with toil,
She laid her down; and, leaning on her
knees,
Invok'd the cause of all her miseries;
And cast her languishing regards above,
For help from heav'n, and her ungrateful
Jove.
She sigh'd, she wept, she low'd; 't was all
she could,
And with unkindness seem'd to tax the god.
Last, with an humble pray'r, she begg'd
repose,
Or death at least, to finish all her woes. 1019
Jove heard her vows, and with a flatt'ring
look,
In her behalf to jealous Juno spoke.
He cast his arms about her neck, and said:
" Dame, rest secure; no more thy nuptial bed
This nymph shall violate; by Styx I swear,
And every oath that binds the Thunderer."
The goddess was appeas'd; and at the word
Was lo to her former shape restor'd.
The rugged hair began to fall away;
The sweetness of her eyes did only stay,
Tho' not so large; her crooked horns de-
crease; 1030
The wideness of her jaws and nostrils cease:
Her hoofs to hands return, in little space;
The five long taper fingers take their place;
And nothing of the heifer now is seen,
Beside the native whiteness of her skin.
Erected on her feet she walks again,
And two the duty of the four sustain.
She tries her tongue, her silence softly breaks,
And fears her former lowings when she
speaks:
A goddess now, thro' all th' Egyptian state,
And serv'd by priests, who in white linen
wait. 1041
Her son was Epaphus, at length believ'd
The son of Jove, and as a god receiv'd.
With sacrifice ador'd and public pray'rs,
He common temples with his mother shares.
Equal in years, and rival in renown
With Epaphus, the youthful Phaeton,
Like honor claims, and boasts his sire the
Sun.

His haughty looks, and his assuming air,
The son of Isis could no longer bear: 1050
" Thou tak'st thy mother's word too far,"
said he,
" And hast usurp'd thy boasted pedigree.
Go, base pretender to a borrow'd name!"
Thus tax'd, he blush'd with anger, and with
shame;
But shame repress'd his rage: the daunted
youth
Soon seeks his mother, and enquires the truth.
" Mother," said he, " this infamy was thrown
By Epaphus on you, and me your son.
He spoke in public, told it to my face;
Nor durst I vindicate the dire disgrace: 1060
Ev'n I, the bold, the sensible of wrong,
Restrain'd by shame, was forc'd to hold my
tongue.
To hear an open slander is a curse;
But not to find an answer, is a worse.
If I am heav'n-begot, assert your son
By some sure sign; and make my father
known,
To right my honor, and redeem your
own."
He said, and saying cast his arms about
Her neck, and begg'd her to resolve the
doubt. 1069
" 'T is hard to judge if Clymene were mov'd
More by his pray'r, whom she so dearly lov'd,
Or more with fury fir'd, to find her name
Traduc'd, and made the sport of common
fame.
She stretch'd her arms to heav'n, and fix'd
her eyes
On that fair planet that adorns the skies:
" Now by those beams," said she, " whose
holy fires
Consume my breast, and kindle my desires;
By him who sees us both, and cheers our
sight,
By him the public minister of light,
I swear that Sun begot thee: if I lie, 1080
Let him his cheerful influence deny;
Let him no more this perjur'd creature
see,
And shine on all the world but only me.
If still you doubt your mother's innocence,
His eastern mansion is not far from hence;
With little pains you to his levé go,
And from himself your parentage may
know."
With joy th' ambitious youth his mother
heard,
And eager, for the journey soon prepar'd. 1089

He longs the world beneath him to survey;
To guide the chariot, and to give the day:
From Meroe's burning sands he bends his
course,
Nor less in India feels his father's force;
His travel urging, till he came in sight,
And saw the palace by the purple light.

THE FABLE OF IPHIS AND IANTHE

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF THE
METAMORPHOSES

THE fame of this, perhaps, thro' Crete had
flown;

But Crete had newer wonders of her own,
In Iphis chang'd; for near the Gnoasian
bounds,

(As loud report the miracle resounds,
At Phaestus dwelt a man of honest blood,
But meanly born, and not so rich as good;
Esteem'd and lov'd by all the neighbor-
hood:

Who to his wife, before the time assign'd
For childbirth came, thus bluntly spoke his
mind:

"If Heav'n," said Lygdus, "will vouch-
safe to hear, 10

I have but two petitions to prefer;
Short pains for thee, for me a son and
heir.

Girls cost as many throes in bringing forth;
Beside, when born, the tits are little worth;
Weak puling things, unable to sustain
Their share of labor, and their bread to
gain.

If, therefore, thou a creature shalt pro-
duce,

Of so great charges, and so little use,
(Bear witness, Heav'n, with what reluc-
tancy.)

Her hapless innocence I doom to die." 20
He said, and tears the common grief dis-
play

Of him who bade, and her who must obey.

Yet Telethusa still persists, to find
Fit arguments to move a father's mind;
T' extend his wishes to a larger scope,
And in one vessel not confine his hope.

Lygdus continues hard: her time drew
near,

And she her heavy load could scarcely
bear;

When slumb'ring, in the latter shades of
night,

Before th' approaches of returning light, 30
She saw, or thought she saw, before her bed,
A glorious train, and Isis at their head:

Her moony horns were on her forehead
plac'd,

And yellow sheaves her shining temples
grac'd:

A miter, for a crown, she wore on high;
The dog and dappled bull were waiting by;
Osiris, sought along the banks of Nile;

The silent god; the sacred crocodile;
And, last, a long procession moving on,
With timbrels, that assist the lab'ring
moon. 40

Her slumbers seem'd dispell'd, and, broad
awake,

She heard a voice that thus distinctly
spake:

"My votary, thy babe from death defend,
Nor fear to save whate'er the gods will send.
Delude with art thy husband's dire de-
ceit:

When danger calls, repose thy trust on
me;

And know thou hast not serv'd a thank-
less deity."

This promise made, with night the goddess
fled:

With joy the woman wakes, and leaves her
bed;

Devoutly lifts her spotless hands on high, 50
And prays the pow'rs their gift to ratify.

Now grinding pains proceed to bearing
throes,

Till its own weight the burden did disclose.
'T was of the beauteous kind, and brought
to light

With secrecy, to shun the father's sight.
Th' indulgent mother did her care employ,

And pass'd it on her husband for a boy.
The nurse was conscious of the fact alone;

The father paid his vows as for a son;
And call'd him Iphis, by a common name 60

Which either sex with equal right may
claim.

Iphis his grandsire was; the wife was
pleas'd,

Of half the fraud by fortune's favor eas'd:
The doubtful name was us'd without deceit,

And truth was cover'd with a pious cheat.
The habit shew'd a boy, the beauteous face

With manly fierceness mingled female
grace.

Now thirteen years of age were swiftly
run,
When the fond father thought the time
drew on
Of settling in the world his only son. ⁷⁰
Ianthé was his choice; so wondrous fair,
Her form alone with Iphis could compare:
A neighbor's daughter of his own degree,
And not more blest with fortune's goods
than he.

They soon espous'd; for they with ease
were join'd,

Who were before contracted in the mind:
Their age the same, their inclinations too;
And, bred together, in one school they grew.
Thus, fatally dispos'd to mutual fires,
They felt, before they knew, the same de-
sires. ⁸⁰

Equal their flame, unequal was their care;
One lov'd with hope, one languish'd in despair.
The maid accus'd the ling'ring days alone;
For whom she thought a man, she thought
her own.

But Iphis bends beneath a greater grief;
As fiercely burns, but hopes for no relief.
Ev'n her despair adds fuel to her fire:
A maid with madness does a maid desire.

And, scarce refraining tears: "Alas!"
said she,

"What issue of my love remains for me! ⁹⁰
How wild a passion works within my breast!
With what prodigious flames am I possess'd!
Could I the care of Providence deserve,
Heav'n must destroy me, if it would preserve.
And that 'sm'y fate, or sure it would have sent
Some usual evil for my punishment;
Not this unkindly curse, to rage and burn,
Where nature shews no prospect of return.
Nor crows for crows consume with fruitless fire;
Nor mares, when hot, their fellow-mares
desire: ¹⁰⁰

The father of the fold supplies his ewes;
The stag through secret woods his hind
pursues;

And birds for mates the males of their own
species choose.

Her females Nature guards from female
flame,

And joins two sexes to preserve the game:
Would I were nothing, or not what I am!
Crete, fam'd for monsters, wanted of her
store,

Till my new love produc'd one monster more.
The daughter of the Sun a bull desir'd,
And yet, ev'n then, a male a female fir'd: ¹¹⁰

Her passion was extravagantly new,
But mine is much the madder of the two.
To things impossible she was not bent,
But found the means to compass her intent.
To cheat his eyes she took a different shape;
Yet still she gain'd a lover, and a leap.
Should all the wit of all the world conspire,
Should Dædalus assist my wild desire,
What art can make me able to enjoy,
Or what can change Ianthé to a boy? ¹²⁰
Extinguish then thy passion, hopeless maid,
And recollect thy reason for thy aid.
Know what thou art, and love as maidens
ought,

And drive these golden wishes from thy
thought.

Thou canst not hope thy fond desires to
gain;

Where hope is wanting, wishes are in vain.

"And yet no guards against our joys con-
spire;

No jealous husband hinders our desire:
My parents are propitious to my wish,
And she herself consenting to the bliss. ¹³⁰
All things concur to prosper our design;
All things to prosper any love but mine.
And yet I never can enjoy the fair;
'Tis past the pow'r of Heav'n to grant my
pray'r.

Heav'n has been kind, as far as Heav'n can be;
Our parents with our own desires agree;
But Nature, stronger than the gods above,
Refuses her assistance to my love;
She sets the bar that causes all my pain:
One gift refus'd makes all their bounty vain.
And now the happy day is just at hand, ¹⁴¹
To bind our hearts in Hymen's holy band—
Our hearts, but not our bodies: thus, accurst,
In midst of water I complain of thirst.
Why com'st thou, Juno, to these barren rites,
To bless a bed defrauded of delights?
Or why should Hymen lift his torch on high,
To see two brides in cold embraces lie?"

Thus love-sick Iphis her vain passion
mourns:

With equal ardor fair Ianthé burns, ¹⁵⁰
Invoking Hymen's name, and Juno's pow'r,
To speed the work, and haste the happy
hour.

She hopes, while Telethusa fears the day,
And strives to interpose some new delay:
Now feigns a sickness, now is in a fright
For this bad omen, or that boding sight.
But having done what'er she could devise,
And emptied all her magazine of lies,

The time approach'd; the next ensuing day
 The fatal secret must to light betray. ¹⁶⁰
 Then Telethusa had recourse to pray'r,
 She and her daughter with dishevel'd hair;
 Trembling with fear, great Isis they ador'd,
 Embrac'd her altar, and her aid implor'd:

"Fair queen, who dost on fruitful Egypt
 smile,
 Who sway'st the scepter of the Pharian
 isle,

And sev'nfold falls of disemboing Nile;
 Relieve, in this our last distress," she said,
 "A suppliant mother, and a mournful maid.
 Thou, goddess, thou wert present to my
 sight; ¹⁷⁰

Reveal'd I saw thee, by thy own fair light:
 I saw thee in my dream, as now I see,
 With all thy marks of awful majesty,
 The glorious train that compass'd thee
 around;

And heard the hollow timbrel's holy sound.
 Thy words I noted, which I still retain;
 Let not thy sacred oracles be vain.
 That Iphis lives, that I myself am free
 From shame and punishment, I owe to thee.
 On thy protection all our hopes depend: ¹⁸⁰
 Thy counsel sav'd us, let thy pow'r defend."

Her tears pursued her words, and, while
 she spoke,
 The goddess nodded, and her altar shook:
 The temple doors, as with a blast of wind,
 Were heard to clap; the lunar horns that
 bind

The brows of Isis cast a blaze around;
 The trembling timbrel made a murmur'ing
 sound.

Some hopes these happy omens did impart;
 Forth went the mother with a beating
 heart,

Not much in fear, nor fully satisfied; ¹⁹⁰
 But Iphis follow'd with a larger stride:
 The whiteness of her skin forsook her face,
 Her looks embolden'd with an awful grace;
 Her features and her strength together
 grew,

And her long hair to curling locks with-
 drew.

Her sparkling eyes with manly vigor
 shone;

Big was her voice, audacious was her tone.
 The latent parts, at length reveal'd, began
 To shoot, and spread, and burnish into
 man. ¹⁹⁹

The maid becomes a youth; no more delay
 Your vows, but look, and confidently pay.

Their gifts the parents to the temple bear;
 The votive tables this inscription wear:

"Iphis, the man, has to the goddess paid
 The vows that Iphis offer'd when a maid."

Now when the star of day had shewn
 his face,

Venus and Juno with their presence grace
 The nuptial rites; and, Hymen from above
 Descending to complete their happy love,
 The gods of marriage lend their mutual
 aid, ²¹⁰

And the warm youth enjoys the lovely
 maid.

THE FABLE OF ACIS, POLYPHE- MUS, AND GALATEA

FROM THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF THE
METAMORPHOSES

GALATEA RELATES THE STORY

ACIS, the lovely youth, whose loss I
 mourn,

From Faunus and the nymph Symethis
 born,

Was both his parents' pleasure; but to me
 Was all that love could make a lover be.
 The gods our minds in mutual bands did
 join;

I was his only joy, as he was mine.

Now sixteen summers the sweet youth had
 seen,

And doubtful down began to shade his
 chin;

When Polyphemus first disturb'd our joy,
 And lov'd me fiercely, as I lov'd the boy. ¹⁰
 Ask not which passion in my soul was
 high'r,

My last aversion, or my first desire:

Nor this the greater was, nor that the less;
 Both were alike, for both were in excess.

Thee, Venus, thee, both heav'n and earth
 obey;

Immense thy pow'r, and boundless is thy
 sway.

The Cyclops, who defied th' ethereal throne,
 And thought no thunder louder than his
 own;

The terror of the woods, and wilder far

Than wolves in plains, or bears in forests
 are;

Th' inhuman host, who made his bloody
 feasts ²⁰

On mangled members of his butcher'd
 guests,
 Yet felt the force of love and fierce desire,
 And burnt for me with unrelenting fire:
 Forgot his caverns, and his woolly care; }
 Assum'd the softness of a lover's air;
 And comb'd, with teeth of rakes, his }
 rugged hair.
 Now with a crooked scythe his beard he
 sleeks,
 And mows the stubborn stubble of his
 cheeks;
 Now in the crystal stream he looks, to try
 His sinagres, and rolls his glaring eye. 31
 His cruelty and thirst of blood are lost,
 And ships securely sail along the coast.
 The prophet Telemus (arriv'd by chance
 Where Etna's summits to the sea's ad-
 vance,
 Who mark'd the tracts of every bird that
 flew,
 And sure presages from their flying drew)
 Foretold the Cyclops that Ulysses' hand
 In his broad eye should thrust a flaming
 brand.
 The giant, with a scornful grin, replied: 40
 "Vain augur, thou hast falsely prophesied;
 Already Love his flaming brand has toss'd;
 Looking on two fair eyes, my sight I lost."
 Thus, warn'd in vain, with stalking pace
 he strode,
 And stamp'd the margin of the briny flood
 With heavy steps; and, weary, sought again
 The cool retirement of his gloomy den.
 A promontory, sharp'ning by degrees,
 Ends in a wedge, and overlooks the seas;
 On either side, below, the water flows: 50
 This airy walk the giant lover chose.
 Here on the midst he sate; his flocks, unled,
 Their shepherd follow'd, and securely fed.
 A pine so burly, and of length so vast,
 That sailing ships requir'd it for a mast,
 He wielded for a staff, his steps to guide;
 But laid it by, his whistle while he tried.
 A hundred reeds, of a prodigious growth,
 Scarce made a pipe proportion'd to his
 mouth;
 Which when he gave it wind, the rocks
 around, 60
 And wat'ry plains, the dreadful hiss re-
 sound.
 I heard the ruffian shepherd rudely blow,
 Where, in a hollow cave, I sat below;
 On Acis' bosom I my head reclin'd;
 And still preserve the poem in my mind.

"O lovely Galatea, whiter far
 Than falling snows and rising lilies are;
 More flow'ry than the meads, as crystal
 bright;
 Erect as alders, and of equal height; 69
 More wanton than a kid; more sleek thy skin
 Than orient shells that on the shores are seen;
 Than apples fairer, when the boughs they
 lade;
 Pleasing as winter suns or summer shade;
 More grateful to the sight than goodly plains;
 And softer to the touch than down of swans,
 Or curds new turn'd; and sweeter to the
 taste
 Than swelling grapes that to the vintage
 haste;
 More clear than ice, or running streams, that
 stray
 Thro' garden plots, but ah! more swift than
 they.
 "Yet, Galatea, harder to be broke 80 }
 Than bullocks, unreclaim'd to bear the
 yoke;
 And far more stubborn than the knotted
 oak }
 Like sliding streams, impossible to hold;
 Like them fallacious; like their fountains,
 cold;
 More warping than the willow, to decline
 My warm embrace; more brittle than the
 vine;
 Immovable, and fix'd in thy disdain;
 Rough as these rocks, and of a harder grain;
 More violent than is the rising flood; 89
 And the prais'd peacock is not half so proud;
 Fierce as the fire, and sharp as thistles are;
 And more outrageous than a mother bear;
 Deaf as the billows to the vows I make;
 And more revengeful than a trodden snake;
 In swiftness fleetier than the flying hind,
 Or driven tempests, or the driving wind:
 All other faults with patience I can bear;
 But swiftness is the vice I only fear.
 "Yet, if you knew me well, you would
 not shun
 My love, but to my wish'd embraces run;
 Would languish in your turn, and court my
 stay 101
 And much repent of your unwise delay.
 "My palace, in the living rock, is made }
 By Nature's hand; a spacious pleasing
 shade,
 Which neither heat can pierce, nor cold
 invade }
 My garden fill'd with fruits you may behold,

And grapes in clusters, imitating gold;
 Some blushing bunches of a purple hue:
 And these, and those, are all reserv'd for you.
 Red strawberries, in shades, expecting stand,
 Proud to be gather'd by so white a hand. 111
 Autumnal cornels latter fruit provide,
 And plums, to tempt you, turn their glossy
 side;

Not those of common kinds, but such alone
 As in Phœacian orchards might have grown;
 Nor chestnuts shall be wanting to your food,
 Nor garden fruits, nor wildings of the wood;
 The laden boughs for you alone shall bear;
 And yours shall be the product of the year.

"The flocks you see, are all my own,
 beside 120
 The rest that woods and winding valleys
 hide,
 And those that folded in the caves abide." }
 Ask not the numbers of my growing store;
 Who knows how many, knows he has no
 more.

Nor will I praise my cattle; trust not me,
 But judge yourself, and pass your own
 decree:

Behold their swelling dugs; the sweepy
 weight

Of ewes that sink beneath the milky freight;
 In the warm folds their tender lambkins lie,
 Apart from kids that call with human cry.
 New milk in nut-brown bowls is duly serv'd
 For daily drink; therest for cheese reserv'd.
 Nor are these household dainties all my
 store: 133

The fields and forests will afford us more; }
 The deer, the hare, the goat, the salvage
 boar,

All sorts of ven'son; and of birds the best,
 A pair of turtles taken from the nest.
 I walk'd the mountains, and two cubs I found,
 Whose dam had left 'em on the naked ground,
 So like, that no distinction could be seen; 140
 So pretty, they were presents for a queen;
 And so they shall: I took 'em both away;
 And keep, to be companions of your play.

"O raise, fair nymph, your beauteous
 face above

The waves; nor scorn my presents, and my
 love:

Come, Galatea, come, and view my face; }
 I late beheld it in the wat'ry glass,
 And found it lovelier than I fear'd it was. }
 Survey my tow'ring stature, and my size:
 Not Jove, the Jove you dream that rules
 the skies, 150

Bears such a bulk, or is so largely spread.
 My locks, the plenteous harvest of my head,
 Hang o'er my manly face; and, dangling
 down,

As with a shady grove my shoulders crown.
 Nor think, because my limbs and body bear
 A thickset underwood of bristling hair,
 My shape deform'd: what fouler sight can
 be

Than the bald branches of a leafless tree?
 Foul is the steed, without a flowing mane;
 And birds, without their feathers, and their
 train. 160

Wool decks the sheep; and man receives a
 grace

From bushy limbs, and from a bearded face.
 My forehead with a single eye is fill'd,
 Round as a ball, and ample as a shield.
 The glorious lamp of heav'n, the radiant sun,
 Is Nature's eye; and she's content with one.
 Add, that my father sways your seas, and I,
 Like you, am of the wat'ry family.

I make you his, in making you my own;
 You I adore, and kneel to you alone: 170
 Jove, with his fabled thunder, I despise,
 And only fear the lightning of your eyes.
 Frown not, fair nymph; yet I could bear to
 be

Disdain'd, if others were disdain'd with me.
 But to repulse the Cyclops, and prefer
 The love of Acis, heav'n's! I cannot bear.
 But let the stripling please himself; nay
 more,

Please you, tho' that's the thing I most
 abhor;

The boy shall find, if e'er we cope in fight,
 These giant limbs endued with giant might.
 His living bowels, from his belly torn, 181
 And scatter'd limbs, shall on the flood be
 borne:

Thy flood, ungrateful nymph; and fate
 shall find

That way for thee and Acis to be join'd.
 For O! I burn with love, and thy disdain
 Augments at once my passion and my pain.
 Translated Etna flames within my heart,
 And thou, inhuman, wilt not ease my
 smart."

Lamenting thus in vain, he rose, and
 strode

With furious paces to the neighb'ring
 wood. 190

Restless his feet, distracted was his walk;
 Mad were his motions, and confus'd his
 talk:

Mad as the vanquish'd bull, when fore'd to yield

His lovely mistress, and forsake the field.

Thus far unseen I saw: when, fatal chance

His looks directing, with a sudden glance, Acis and I were to his sight betray'd;

Where, naught suspecting, we securely play'd.

From his wide mouth a bellowing cry he cast:

"I see, I see; but this shall be your last."

A roar so loud made Etna to rebound; 201

And all the Cyclops labor'd in the sound.

Affrighted with his monstrous voice, I fled,

And in the neighb'ring ocean plung'd my head.

Poor Acis turn'd his back, and: "Help," he cried,

"Help, Galatea! help, my parent gods,

And take me dying to your deep abodes!"

The Cyclops follow'd; but he sent before

A rib, which from the living rock he tore:

Tho' but an angle reach'd him of the stone, 210

The mighty fragment was enough alone

To crush all Acis; 't was too late to save,

But what the fates allow'd to give, I gave:

That Acis to his lineage should return;

And roll, among the river gods, his urn.

Straight issued from the stone a stream of blood,

Which lost the purple, mingling with the flood.

Then like a troubled torrent it appear'd:

The torrent, too, in little space was clear'd.

The stone was cleft, and thro' the yawning chink 220

New reeds arose, on the new river's brink.

The rock, from out its hollow womb, disclosed

A sound like water in its course oppos'd:

When (wondrous to behold) full in the flood

Up starts a youth, and navel high he stood.

Horns from his temples rise; and either horn

Thick wreaths of reeds (his native growth) adorn.

Were not his stature taller than before,

His bulk augmented, and his beauty more,

His color blue, for Acis he might pass: 230

And Acis chang'd into a stream he was.

But mine no more; he rolls along the plains

With rapid motion, and his name retains.

SONG TO A FAIR YOUNG LADY

GOING OUT OF THE TOWN IN THE SPRING

I

Ask not the cause, why sullen Spring

So long delays her flow'rs to bear;

Why warbling birds forget to sing,

And winter storms invert the year.

Chloris is gone, and fate provides

To make it spring where she resides.

II

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair:

She cast not back a pitying eye;

But left her lover in despair,

To sigh, to languish, and to die. 10

Ah, how can those fair eyes endure

To give the wounds they will not cure!

III

Great God of Love, why hast thou made

A face that can all hearts command,

That all religions can invade,

And change the laws of ev'ry land?

Where thou hadst plac'd such pow'r before,

Thou shouldst have made her mercy more.

IV

When Chloris to the temple comes,

Adoring crowds before her fall: 20

She can restore the dead from tombs,

And ev'ry life but mine recall.

I only am by Love design'd

To be the victim for mankind.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS

TRANSLATED IN PARAPHRASE

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid

The world's foundations first were laid,

Come visit ev'ry pious mind;

Come pour thy joys on humankind;

From sin and sorrow set us free,

And make thy temples worthy thee.

O source of uncreated light,

The Father's promis'd Paraclite!

Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,

Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire; 10

Come, and thy sacred unction bring

To sanctify us, while we sing!

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,

Rich in thy sev'nfold energy,

Thou strength of his almighty hand,
Whose pow'r does heav'n and earth com-
mand !

Proceeding Spirit, our defense,
Who dost the gifts of tongues dis-
pense,

And crown'st thy gift with eloquence !

Refine and purge our earthy parts ;

But, O, inflame and fire our hearts !

Our frailties help, our vice control,

Submit the senses to the soul ;

And when rebellious they are grown,

Then lay thy hand, and hold 'em down.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,

And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;

And lest our feet should step astray,

Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,

And practice all that we believe :

Give us thyself, that we may see

The Father and the Son, by thee.

Immortal honor, endless fame,

Attend th' Almighty Father's name :

The Savior Son be glorified,

Who for lost man's redemption died ;

And equal adoration be,

Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

RONDELEY

I

CHLOE found Amyntas lying,
All in tears, upon the plain ;
Sighing to himself, and crying :
" Wretched I, to love in vain !
Kiss me, dear, before my dying ;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain ! "

II

Sighing to himself, and crying :
" Wretched I, to love in vain !
Ever scorning, and denying
To reward your faithful swain ;
Kiss me, dear, before my dying ;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain.

III

" Ever scorning, and denying
To reward your faithful swain. " —
Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain. —
" Kiss me, dear, before my dying ;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain."

IV

Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain ;
But repenting, and complying,
When he kiss'd, she kiss'd again :
Kiss'd him up before his dying ;
Kiss'd him up, and eas'd his pain.

THE LAST PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

FROM THE SIXTH BOOK OF HOMER'S
ILIADS

ARGUMENT

Hector, returning from the field of battle, to visit Helen his sister-in-law, and his brother Paris, who had fought unsuccessfully hand to hand with Menelaus, from thence goes to his own palace to see his wife Andromache, and his infant son Astyanax. The description of that interview is the subject of this translation.

THUS having said, brave Hector went to see

His virtuous wife, the fair Andromache.
He found her not at home ; for she was
gone,

Attended by her maid and infant son,
To climb the steepy tow'r of Ilion :
From whence, with heavy heart, she might
survey

The bloody business of the dreadful day.
Her mournful eyes she cast around the plain,
And sought the lord of her desires in vain.

But he, who thought his peopled palace
bare,

When she, his only comfort, was not there,
Stood in the gate, and ask'd of ev'ry one,
Which way she took, and whither she was
gone ;

If to the court, or, with his mother's train,
In long procession to Minerva's fane.

The servants answer'd, neither to the court,
Where Priam's sons and daughters did re-
sort,

Nor to the temple was she gone, to move
With prayers the blue-ey'd progeny of
Jove ;

But, more solicitous for him alone,
Than all their safety, to the tow'r was
gone,

There to survey the labors of the field,

Where the Greeks conquer, and the Tro-
jans yield;
Swiftly she pass'd, with fear and fury
wild;

The nurse went lagging after with the child.
This heard, the noble Hector made no
stay;

Th' admiring throng divide to give him
way;

He pass'd thro' every street by which he
came,
And at the gate he met the mournful
dame.

His wife beheld him, and with eager
pace

Flew to his arms, to meet a dear embrace:
His wife, who brought in dow'r Cilicia's
crown,

And in herself a greater dow'r alone;
Aetion's heir, who on the woody plain
Of Hippoplaeus did in Thebe reign.

Breathless she flew, with joy and passion
wild;

The nurse came lagging after with her
child.

The royal babe upon her breast was laid,
Who, like the morning star, his beams dis-
play'd.

Scamandrius was his name, which Hector
gave,

From that fair flood which Ilion's wall did
lave;

But him Astyanax the Trojans call,
From his great father, who defends the wall.

Hector beheld him with a silent smile;
His tender wife stood weeping by, the while:
Press'd in her own, his warlike hand she
took,

Then sigh'd, and thus prophetically spoke:
"Thy dauntless heart, (which I foresee
too late,)

Too daring man, will urge thee to thy fate:
Nor dost thou pity, with a parent's mind, ⁵⁰
This helpless orphan, whom thou leav'st
behind;

Nor me, th' unhappy partner of thy bed,
Who must in triumph by the Greeks be
led:

They seek thy life, and, in unequal fight,
With many will oppress thy single might:
Better it were for miserable me

To die, before the fate which I foresee.
For ah! what comfort can the world be-
queath

To Hector's widow, after Hector's death?

"Eternal sorrow and perpetual tears ⁶⁰
Began my youth, and will conclude my
years:

I have no parents, friends, nor brothers
left;

By stern Achilles all of life bereft.

Then when the walls of Thebes he o'er-
threw,

His fatal hand my royal father slew;
He slew Aetion, but despoil'd him not,
Nor in his hate the funeral rites forgot;
Arm'd as he was he sent him whole below,
And reverenc'd thus the manes of his foe:
A tomb he rais'd; the mountain nymphs
around

Enclos'd with planted elms the holy ground.
"My sev'n brave brothers in one fatal
day

To Death's dark mansions took the mourn-
ful way,

Slain by the same Achilles, while they keep
The bellowing oxen and the bleating sheep.
My mother, who the royal scepter sway'd,

Was captive to the cruel victor made,
And hither led; but, hence redeem'd with
gold,

Her native country did again behold,
And but beheld; for soon Diana's dart ⁸⁰

In an unhappy chase transfix'd her heart.

"But thou, my Hector, art thyself alone
My parents, brothers, and my lord in one.
O kill not all my kindred o'er again,

Nor tempt the dangers of the dusty
plain;

But in this tow'r, for our defense, re-
main.

Thy wife and son are in thy ruin lost:
This is a husband's and a father's post.

The Scæan gate commands the plains
below;

Here marshal all thy soldiers as they
go,

And hence with other hands repel the
foe.

By yon wild fig tree lies their chief ascent,
And thither all their pow'rs are daily bent:

The two Ajaces have I often seen,
And the wrong'd husband of the Spartan
queen;

With him his greater brother; and with these

Fierce Diomedes and bold Meriones.
Uncertain if by augury, or chance,

But by this easy rise they all advance:
Guard well that pass, secure of all beside."

To whom the noble Hector thus replied: ¹⁰¹
 "That and the rest are in my daily care;
 But, should I shun the dangers of the war,
 With scorn the Trojans would reward my
 pains,
 And their proud ladies with their sweep-
 ing trains.

The Grecian swords and lances I can bear;
 But loss of honor is my only fear.
 Shall Hector, born to war, his birthright
 yield;

Belie his courage, and forsake the field?
 Early in rugged arms I took delight, ¹¹⁰
 And still have been the foremost in the
 fight:

With dangers dearly have I bought re-
 nown,
 And am the champion of my father's
 crown.

"And yet my mind forebodes, with sure
 presage,

That Troy shall perish by the Grecian rage.
 The fatal day draws on, when I must fall,
 And universal ruin cover all.

Not Troy itself, tho' built by hands divine,
 Nor Priam, nor his people, nor his line,
 My mother, nor my brothers of renown, ¹²⁰
 Whose valor yet defends th' unhappy town;
 Not these, nor all their fates which I fore-
 see,

Are half of that concern I have for thee.
 I see, I see thee in that fatal hour,
 Subjected to the victor's cruel pow'r;
 Led hence a slave to some insulting sword,
 Forlorn, and trembling at a foreign lord;
 A spectacle in Argos, at the loom,
 Gracing with Trojan fights a Grecian room;
 Or from deep wells the living stream to
 take, ¹³⁰

And on thy weary shoulders bring it back:
 While, groaning under this laborious life,
 They insolently call thee Hector's wife;
 Upbraid thy bondage with thy husband's
 name,

And from my glory propagate thy shame.
 This when they say, thy sorrows will
 encrease

With anxious thoughts of former happi-
 ness;

That he is dead who could thy wrongs
 redress.

But I, oppress'd with iron sleep before,
 Shall hear thy unavailing cries no more." ¹⁴⁰
 He said—

Then, holding forth his arms, he took his boy

(The pledge of love and other hope of Troy).
 The fearful infant turn'd his head away,
 And on his nurse's neck reclining lay,
 His unknown father shunning with affright,
 And looking back on so uncouth a sight;
 Daunted to see a face with steel o'erspread,
 And his high plume that nodded o'er his
 head.

His sire and mother smil'd with silent joy,
 And Hector hasten'd to relieve his boy; ¹⁵¹
 Dismiss'd his burnish'd helm, that shone afar
 (The pride of warriors, and the pomp of
 war):

Th' illustrious babe, thus reconcil'd, he took;
 Hugg'd in his arms, and kiss'd, and thus he
 spoke:

"Parent of gods and men, propitious Jove,
 And you bright synod of the pow'rs above;
 On this my son your gracious gifts bestow;
 Grant him to live, and great in arms to grow;
 To reign in Troy, to govern with renown,
 To shield the people, and assert the crown:
 That, when hereafter he from war shall come,
 And bring his Trojans peace and triumph
 home, ¹⁶³

Some aged man, who lives this act to see,
 And who in former times remember'd me,
 May say the son in fortitude and fame
 Outgoes the mark, and drowns his father's
 name:

That at these words his mother may re-
 joice,
 And add her suffrage to the public voice."

Thus having said, ¹⁷⁰
 He first with suppliant hands the gods ador'd,
 Then to the mother's arms the child restor'd:
 With tears and smiles she took her son, and
 press'd

Th' illustrious infant to her fragrant breast.
 He, wiping her fair eyes, indulg'd her grief,
 And eas'd her sorrows with this last relief:

"My wife and mistress, drive thy fears
 away,

Nor give so bad an omen to the day:
 Think not it lies in any Grecian's pow'r,
 To take my life before the fatal hour. ¹⁸⁰
 When that arrives, nor good nor bad can
 fly

Th' irrevocable doom of destiny.

Return, and to divert thy thoughts at
 home,

There task thy maids, and exercise the
 loom,

Employ'd in works that womankind be-
 come:

The toils of war and feats of chivalry
Belong to men, and most of all to me."

At this, for new replies he did not stay,
But lac'd his crested helm, and strode away.
His lovely consort to her house return'd,
And looking often back in silence mourn'd.

Home when she came, her secret woe she
vents,¹⁹²
And fills the palace with her loud laments:
Those loud laments her echoing maids re-
store,
And Hector, yet alive, as dead deplore.

POEMS WRITTEN BETWEEN 1693 AND 1696

PROLOGUE, EPILOGUE, AND SONGS FROM LOVE TRIUM- PHANT

OR, NATURE WILL PREVAIL

[This tragi-comedy, Dryden's last play, was produced near the close of 1693, or early in 1694 (Malone, I, 1, 213-217, on the authority of Motteux's *Gentleman's Journal*; and *Letter from Dryden to Walsh*, in Scott-Saintsbury edition, xviii, 189), and was published in 1694. It was a failure on the stage.]

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON

As when some treasurer lays down the stick,
Warrants are sign'd for ready money thick,
And many desperate debentures paid,
Which never had been, had his lordship
stay'd;

So now, this poet, who forsakes the stage,
Intends to gratify the present age.
One warrant shall be sign'd for every man;
All shall be wits that will, and beaux that can:
Provided still, this warrant be not shown,
And you be wits but to yourselves alone;
Provided, too, you rail at one another, 11
For there's no one wit will allow a brother;
Provided, also, that you spare this story,
Damn all the plays that e'er shall come be-
fore ye.

If one by chance prove good in half a score,
Let that one pay for all, and damn it more.
For if a good one scape among the crew, }
And you continue judging as you do, }
Every bad play will hope for damning too. }
You might damn this, if it were worth }
your pains; 20
Here's nothing you will like; no fustian
scenes,
And nothing, too, of — you know what he
means.

No *double-entendres*, which you sparks allow,
To make the ladies look they know not how;
Simply as 't were, and knowing both to-
gether,

Seeming to fan their faces in cold weather.
But here's a story, which no books relate,
Coin'd from our own old poet's addle-pate.
The fable has a moral, too, if sought;
But let that go; for, upon second thought, }
He fears but few come hither to be taught. }
Yet if you will be profited, you may; 32
And he would bribe you too, to like his play.
He dies, at least to us, and to the stage,
And what he has he leaves this noble age.
He leaves you, first, all plays of his inditing,
The whole estate which he has got by writ-
ing.

The beaux may think this nothing but }
vain praise; }
They'll find it something, the testator }
says; }
For half their love is made from scraps }
of plays. 40 }

To his worst foes he leaves his honesty,
That they may thrive upon 't as much as he.
He leaves his manners to the roaring boys,
Who come in drunk, and fill the house with
noise.

He leaves to the dire critics of his wit,
His silence and contempt of all they writ.
To Shakespeare's critic, he bequeaths the
curse,

To find his faults, and yet himself make
worse;

A precious reader in poetic schools, 49
Who by his own examples damns his rules.
Last, for the fair, he wishes you may be,
From your dull critics, the lampooners, free.
Tho' he pretends no legacy to leave you,
An old man may at least good wishes give
you.

Your beauty names the play; and may it
prove,
To each, an omen of Triumphant Love!

EPILOGUE

Now, in good manners, nothing should be said

Against this play, because the poet's dead.
The prologue told us of a moral here:

Would I could find it! but the Devil knows where.

If in my part it lies, I fear he means
To warn us of the sparks behind our scenes.

For, if you'll take it on Dalinda's word,
'Tis a hard chapter to refuse a lord.
The poet might pretend this moral too,
That, when a wit and fool together woo, ¹⁰
The damsel (not to break an ancient rule)
Should leave the wit, and take the wealthy fool.

This he might mean: but there's a truth }
behind,

And, since it touches none of all our kind }
But masks and misses, faith, I'll speak }
my mind.

What if he taught our sex more cautious carriage,

And not to be too coming before marriage;

For fear of my misfortune in the play,
A kid brought home upon the wedding day?

I fear there are few Sanehos in the pit, ²⁰
So good as to forgive, and to forget;

That will, like him, restore us into favor,
And take us after on our good behavior.

Few, when they find the money-bag is rent,

Will take it for good payment on content.
But in the telling, there the difference is,
Sometimes they find it more than they could wish.

Therefore be warn'd, you misses and you masks,

Look to your hits, nor give the first that asks.

Tears, sighs, and oaths, no truth of passion prove; ³⁰

True settlement, alone, declares true love.
For him that weds a puss, who kept her first,

I say but little, but I doubt the worst.
The wife that was a cat may mind her house,

And prove an honest, and a careful spouse; }
But, faith, I would not trust her with a mouse. }

SONGS

I

SONG OF JEALOUSY

I

WHAT state of life can be so blest
As love, that warms a lover's breast?
Two souls in one, the same desire
To grant the bliss, and to require!
But if in heav'n a hell we find,

'Tis all from thee,

O Jealousy!

'Tis all from thee,

O Jealousy!

Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy, ¹⁰
Thou tyrant of the mind!

II

All other ills, tho' sharp they prove,
Serve to refine, and perfect love:
In absence, or unkind disdain,
Sweet Hope relieves the lover's pain.
But, ah! no cure but death we find,
To set us free

From Jealousy:

O Jealousy!

Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy, ²⁰
Thou tyrant of the mind!

III

False in thy glass all objects are,
Some set too near, and some too far;
Thou art the fire of endless night,
The fire that burns and gives no light.
All torments of the damn'd we find
In only thee,

O Jealousy!

Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy, ³⁰
Thou tyrant of the mind!

II

SONG FOR A GIRL

I

YOUNG I am, and yet unskill'd
How to make a lover yield;
How to keep, or how to gain,
When to love, and when to feign.

II

Take me, take me, some of you,
While I yet am young and true;

Ere I can my soul disguise,
Heave my breasts, and roll my eyes.

III

Stay not till I learn the way,
How to lie, and to betray:
He that has me first, is blest,
For I may deceive the rest.

IV

Could I find a blooming youth,
Full of love, and full of truth,
Brisk, and of a jaunty mien,
I should long to be fifteen.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND MR.
CONGREVE, ON HIS COMEDY
CALL'D THE DOUBLE-DEALER

[This play by Congreve was first acted in November, 1693 (Malone, I, 1, 229; on the authority of Mottaux's *Gentleman's Journal*). Of it Dryden writes as follows in a letter to Walsh: "His [Congreve's] *Double Dealer* is much censur'd by the greater part of the Town: and is defended onely by the best judges, who, you know, are commonly the fewest yet it gets ground daily, and has already been acted Eight times." (Scott-Saintsbury edition, xviii, 189, 190.) To the first edition of the play, published in 1694, he prefixed the following fine poem, which shows his critical appreciation of the comedy and his personal affection for its author. Congreve fulfilled the charge laid upon him in the last lines, by editing an edition of Dryden's dramatic works, published in 1717.]

WELL then, the promis'd hour is come at last;

The present age of wit obscures the past:
Strong were our sires, and as they fought they wit,
Conqu'ring with force of arms, and dint of wit;

Theirs was the giant race, before the flood;
And thus, when Charles return'd, our empire stood.

Like Janus he the stubborn soil manur'd,
With rules of husbandry the rankness cur'd;

Tam'd us to manners, when the stage was rude;

And boist'rous English wit with art indu'd.

Our age was cultivated thus at length,

But what we gain'd in skill we lost in strength.

Our builders were with want of genius curst;

The second temple was not like the first:
Till you, the best Vitruvius, come at length;
Our beauties equal, but excel our strength.
Firm Doric pillars found your solid base;
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher

space:
Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.

In easy dialogue is Fletcher's praise;
He mov'd the mind, but had not power to raise.

Great Jonson did by strength of judgment please;

Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his ease.

In differing talents both adorn'd their age;
One for the study, t'other for the stage:
But both to Congreve justly shall submit,

One match'd in judgment, both o'ermatch'd in wit.

In him all beauties of this age we see,
Etherege his courtship, Southerne's purity,

The satire, wit, and strength of Manly Wycherley.

All this in blooming youth you have achiev'd,

Nor are your foil'd contemporaries griev'd.
So much the sweetness of your manners move,

We cannot envy you, because we love.
Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw
A beardless consul made against the law;
And join his suffrage to the votes of Rome,
Tho' he with Hannibal was overcome.
Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's fame,
And scholar to the youth he taught became.

O that your brows my laurel had sustain'd;

Well had I been depos'd, if you had reign'd!

The father had descended for the son;
For only you are lineal to the throne.
Thus, when the state one Edward did depose,

A greater Edward in his room arose.
But now, not I, but poetry is curst;
For Tom the Second reigns like Tom the First.

But let 'em not mistake my patron's part,
Nor call his charity their own desert. ⁵⁰
Yet this I prophesy: thou shalt be seen
(Tho' with some short parenthesis be-
tween)

High on the throne of wit; and, seated
there,

Not mine — that's little — but thy laurel
wear.

Thy first attempt an early promise made;
That early promise this has more than
paid.

So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
That your least praise is to be regular.
Time, place, and action, may with pains be
wrought;

But genius must be born, and never can be
taught. ⁶⁰

This is your portion; this your native
store;

Heav'n, that but once was prodigal be-
fore,

To Shakespeare gave as much; she could
not give him more.

Maintain your post: that's all the fame
you need;

For 't is impossible you should proceed.
Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning th' ungrateful stage;
Unprofitably kept at Heav'n's expense,
I live a rent-charge on his providence:
But you, whom ev'ry Muse and Grace
adorn, ⁷⁰

Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains; and O defend,
Against your judgment, your departed
friend!

Let not the insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels which descend to
you;

And take for tribute what these lines ex-
press:

You merit more; nor could my love do less.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER

[Early in 1694 (see letter from Dryden to Walsh, Scott-Saintsbury edition, xviii, 191) Tonson published a volume entitled, *The Annual Miscellany for the Year 1694, being the Fourth Part of Miscellany Poems*, which is commonly referred to as the *Fourth Miscellany*. To this Dryden contributed only a translation of *The Third Book of Virgil's Georgics* and the following epistle *To Sir Godfrey Kneller*. Among the

other writers for the volume were Addison, Congreve, Prior, Dennis, Yalden, and Charles Dryden, the poet's son. A second edition of the volume, with the same title, but with many changes in the contents, appeared in 1708; and a third, with title-page reading, *The Fourth Part of Miscellany Poems . . . Publish'd by Mr. Dryden*, and with further changes in the contents, in 1716. Tonson did not carry out his plan of an *Annual Miscellany*, perhaps because Dryden, now busy with his *Virgil*, was unable to give him further help. A fifth part of the series appeared, however, in 1704, after Dryden's death; and a sixth in 1709: second editions of these last two volumes were printed in 1718.

Dryden reprinted his version of *The Third Book of Virgil's Georgics*, with very slight changes, in his complete *Virgil*. It is therefore omitted at this point.

The epistle *To Sir Godfrey Kneller* was probably written as an acknowledgment of a painting of Shakespeare, copied from the well-known Chandos portrait, which Kneller had presented to Dryden: see line 73 below. It was reprinted in the folio *Poems and Translations*, 1701, with the omission of lines 91-94, 115-123, 164, 165 of the *Miscellany* text, and with some minor changes of reading. It is at least doubtful whether these alterations were due to Dryden himself. The present text follows that of the *Miscellany*.]

ONCE I beheld the fairest of her kind:
(And still the sweet idea charms my mind:)
True, she was dumb; for Nature gaz'd so
long,

Pleas'd with her work, that she forgot her
tongue,

But, smiling, said: "She still shall gain the
prize;

I only have transferr'd it to her eyes."
Such are thy pictures, Kneller: such thy
skill,

That Nature seems obedient to thy will;
Comes out, and meets thy pencil in the
draught;

Lives there, and wants but words to speak
her thought. ¹⁰

At least thy pictures look a voice; and we
Imagine sounds, deceiv'd to that degree,
We think 't is somewhat more than just to
see.

Shadows are but privations of the light;
Yet, when we walk, they shoot before the
sight;

With us approach, retire, arise, and fall;
Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all.
Such are thy pieces, imitating life

So near, they almost conquer'd in the strife;
And from their animated canvas came, ²⁰
Demanding souls, and loosen'd from the
frame.

Prometheus, were he here, would cast
away

His Adam, and refuse a soul to clay;
And either would thy noble work inspire,
Or think it warm enough without his fire.

But vulgar hands may vulgar likeness
raise;

This is the least attendant on thy praise:
From hence the rudiments of art began;

A coal, or chalk, first imitated man:
Perhaps the shadow, taken on a wall, ³⁰
Gave outlines to the rude original;

Ere canvas yet was strain'd, before the
grace
Of blended colors found their use and
place,

Or cypress tablets first receiv'd a face.

By slow degrees, the godlike art advanc'd;
As man grew polish'd, picture was inanc'd:

Greece added posture, shade, and perspec-
tive;

And then the mimic piece began to live.
Yet perspective was lame, no distance true,

But all came forward in one common view: ⁴⁰
No point of light was known, no bounds of art;

When light was there, it knew not to depart,
But glaring on remoter objects play'd;

Not languish'd and insensibly decay'd.

Rome rais'd not art, but barely kept alive,
And with old Greece unequally did strive;

Till Goths and Vandals, a rude northern race,
Did all the matchless monuments deface.

Then all the Muses in one ruin lie,
And rhyme began t' enervate poetry. ⁵⁰

Thus, in a stupid military state,
The pen and pencil find an equal fate.

Flat faces, such as would disgrace a screen,
Such as in Bantam's embassy were seen,

Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight
Of brutal nations, only born to fight.

Long time the sister arts, in iron sleep,
A heavy sabbath did supinely keep:

At length, in Raphael's age, at once they
rise,

Stretch all their limbs, and open all their
eyes. ⁶⁰

Thence rose the Roman and the Lombard
line;

One color'd best, and one did best design.
Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler part,

But Titian's painting look'd like Virgil's art.

Thy genius gives thee both; where true
design,

Postures unforc'd, and lively colors join.
Likeness is ever there; but still the best,

Like proper thoughts in lofty language
dress'd:

Where light, to shades descending, plays, not
strives,

Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives. ⁷⁰
Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought:

Thy pictures think, and we divine their
thought.

Shakespeare,* thy gift, I *Shakespeare's
place before my sight; picture, drawn

With awe, I ask his bless- by Sir Godfrey
ing ere I write; Kneller and

With reverence look on his author.
majestic face;

Proud to be less, but of his godlike race.
His soul inspires me, while thy praise I write,

And I, like Teucer, under Ajax fight:
Bids thee, thro' me, be bold; with dauntless

breast
Contemn the bad, and emulate the best. ⁸⁰

Like his, thy critics in th' attempt are lost:
When most they rail, know then, they envy

most.
In vain they snarl aloof; a noisy crowd,

Like women's anger, impotent and loud.
While their their barren industry deplore,

Pass on secure, and mind the goal before.
Old as she is, my Muse shall march behind,

Bear off the blast, and intercept the wind.
Our arts are sisters, tho' not twins in birth;

For hymns were sung in Eden's happy earth
By the first pair, while Eve was yet a saint,

Before she fell with pride, and learn'd to
paint. ⁹²

Forgive th' allusion; 't was not meant to bite,
But satire will have room, where'er I write.

For O the painter Muse, tho' last in place,
Has seiz'd the blessing first, like Jacob's race.

Apelles' art an Alexander found,
And Raphael did with Leo's gold abound;

But Homer was with barren laurel
crown'd. ¹⁰⁰

Thou hast thy Charles a while, and so
had I;

But pass we that unpleasing image by.
Rich in thyself, and of thyself divine,

All pilgrims come and offer at thy shrine.
A graceful truth thy pencil can command;

The fair themselves go mended from thy
hand.

Likeness appears in every lineament;

But likeness in thy work is eloquent.
Tho' Nature there her true resemblance
bears,

A nobler beauty in thy piece appears.
So warm thy work, so glows the gen'rous
frame, ¹¹⁰

Flesh looks less living in the lovely dame.
Thou paint'st as we describe, improving
still,

When on wild nature we ingraft our
skill;

But not creating beauties at our will.
Some other hand perhaps may reach a
face,

But none like thee a finish'd figure place:
None of this age; for that's enough for
thee,

The first of these inferior times to be,
Not to contend with heroes' memory.
Due honors to those mighty names we
grant, ¹²⁰

But shrubs may live beneath the lofty
plant;

Sons may succeed their greater parents
gone:

Such is thy lot, and such I wish my own.

But poets are confin'd in narr'wer space,
To speak the language of their native
place:

The painter widely stretches his command;
Thy pencil speaks the tongue of ev'ry land.
From hence, my friend, all elinates are
your own,

Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.

All nations all immunities will give ¹³⁰
To make you theirs, where'er you please
to live;

And not seven cities, but the world
would strive.

Sure some propitious planet then did
smile,

When first you were conducted to this
isle:

Our genius brought you here, t' enlarge
our fame,

For your good stars are ev'rywhere the
same.

Thy matchless hand, of ev'ry region free,
Adopts our climate, not our climate thee.

Great Rome and Venice * ^{He travel'd}
early did impart ^{very young}
To thee th' examples of their ^{into Italy.}
wondrous art. ¹⁴⁰

Those masters then, but seen, not under-
stood,

With generous emulation fir'd thy blood;
For what in nature's dawn the child ad-
mir'd,

The youth endeavor'd, and the man ac-
quir'd.

That yet thou hast not reach'd their high
degree,

Seems only wanting to this age, not thee.

Thy genius, bounded by the times, like
mine,

Drudges on petty draughts, nor dare
design

A more exalted work, and more divine. ¹⁵⁰

For what a song, or senseless opera

Is to the living labor of a play;

Or what a play to Virgil's work would be,
Such is a single piece to history.

But we, who life bestow, ourselves must
live;

Kings cannot reign unless their subjects
give;

And they who pay the taxes bear the rule:
Thus thou, sometimes, art forc'd to draw
a fool;

But so his follies in thy posture sink,
The senseless idiot seems at least to think.

Good Heav'n! that sots and knaves should
be so vain, ¹⁶⁰

To wish their vile resemblance may re-
main!

And stand recorded, at their own request,
To future days, a libel or a jest!

Meantime, while just encouragement you
want,

You only paint to live, not live to paint.

Else should we see your noble pencil
trace

Our unities of action, time, and place;
A whole compos'd of parts, and those the
best,

With ev'ry various character express'd;
Heroes at large, and at a nearer view; ¹⁷⁰

Less, and at distance, an ignobler crew;

While all the figures in one action join,
As tending to complete the main design.

More cannot be by mortal art express'd,
But venerable age shall add the rest:

For Time shall with his ready pencil stand;
Retouch your figures with his ripening
hand;

Mellow your colors, and imbrown the teint;
Add every grace, which Time alone can
grant;

To future ages shall your fame convey, ¹⁸⁰
And give more beauties than he takes away.

AN ODE ON THE DEATH OF MR. HENRY PURCELL

LATE SERVANT TO HIS MAJESTY, AND
ORGANIST OF THE CHAPEL ROYAL,
AND OF ST. PETER'S, WESTMINSTER

[Henry Purcell, the greatest musician of his time, died on November 21, 1695, at the age of thirty-seven. Dryden's ode was published in the next year, in a broadside, where it is twice printed, first by itself, and then with music written for it by Dr. John Blow. It also appeared as one of several poems prefixed to *Orpheus Britannicus*, a collection of Purcell's music published in 1698.]

I

MARK how the lark and linnet sing;

With rival notes

They strain their warbling throats,

To welcome in the spring.

But in the close of night,

When Philomel begins her heav'nly lay,

They cease their mutual spite,

Drink in her music with delight,

And list'ning and silent, and silent and list'ning,
and list'ning and silent obey.

II

So ceas'd the rival crew, when Purcell
came;

They sung no more, or only sung his fame;
Struck dumb, they all admir'd the godlike
man:

The godlike man,

Alas! too soon retir'd,

As he too late began.

* We beg not tell our *Orpheus* to restore:

Had he been there,

Their sovereigns' fear

Had sent him back before.

The pow'r of harmony too well they know:

He long ere this had tun'd their jarring
sphere,

And left no hell below.

III

The heav'nly choir, who heard his notes
from high,

Let down the scale of music from the sky:

They handed him along,

And all the way he taught, and all the way
they sung.

Ye brethren of the lyre, and tuneful voice,
Lament his lot; but at your own rejoice:

Now live secure, and linger out your
days;

The gods are pleas'd alone with Pur-
cell's lays,

Nor know to mend their choice.

30

PREFACE AND EPILOGUE TO THE HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD

[This comedy, by John Dryden, Jr., the poet's second son, was published in July, 1696 (Malone, I, 1, 425, on the authority of an advertisement in the *London Gazette*), with a prologue by Congreve, and a dedication to Sir Robert Howard, the author's uncle. The play bore the appropriate Virgilian motto:

Et pater *Aeneas* et avunculus excitet Hector. —
(*Aeneid*, III, 343.)

Dryden's preface furnishes a delightful proof of his fatherly kindness. So also, in a different fashion, does the following excerpt from a letter to Tonson (Malone, I, 2, 48):

"Send word, if you please, Sir, what is the most you will give for my son's play, that I may take the fairest chapman, as I am bound to do for his benefit."]

PREFACE

I HAVE thought convenient to acquaint the reader with somewhat concerning this comedy, tho' perhaps not worth his knowledge. It was sent me from Italy some years since, by my second son, to try its fortune on the stage; and being the essay of a young unexperienc'd author, to confess the truth, I thought it not worthy of that honor. 'Tis true, I was not willing to discourage him so far as to tell him plainly my opinion, but it seems he guess'd somewhat of my mind, by my long delays of his expectation; and therefore, in my absence from the town last summer, took the boldness to dedicate his play to that person of honor whose name you will find before his epistle. It was receiv'd by that noble gentleman with so much candor and generosity, as neither my son nor I could deserve from him. Then the play was no longer in my power; the patron demanding it in his own right, it was deliver'd to him. And he was farther pleas'd, during my sickness, to put it into that method in which you find it: the loose scenes digested into order, and knit into a tale.

As it is, I think it may pass amongst the rest of our new plays: I know but two authors, and they are both my friends, who have done better

Y

since the Revolution. This I dare venture to maintain, that the taste of the age is wretchedly deprav'd in all sorts of poetry; nothing almost but what is abominably bad can please. The young hounds, who ought to come behind, now lead the pack; but they miserably mistake the scent. Their poets, worthy of such an audience, know not how to distinguish their characters; the manners are all alike, inconsistent and interfering with each other. There is scarce a man or woman of God's making in all their farces: yet they raise an unnatural sort of laughter, the common effect of buffoonry; and the rabble, which takes this for wit, will endure no better, because 'tis above their understanding. This account I take from the best judges; for I thank God, I have had the grace hitherto to avoid the seeing or reading of their gallimaufries. But 'tis the latter end of a century, and I hope the next will begin better.

This play, I dare assure the reader, is none of those; it may want beauties, but the faults are neither gross nor many. Perfection in any art is not suddenly obtain'd: the author of this, to his misfortune, left his country at a time when he was to have learn'd the language. The story he has treated was an accident which happen'd at Rome, tho' he has transferr'd the scene to England. If it shall please God to restore him to me, I may perhaps inform him better of the rules of writing; and if I am not partial, he has already shewn that a genius is not wanting to him. All that I can reasonably fear is, that the perpetual good success of ill plays may make him endeavor to please by writing worse, and by accommodating himself to the wretched capacity and liking of the present audience, from which, Heaven defend any of my progeny! A poet, indeed, must live by the many; but a good poet will make it his business to please the few. I will not proceed farther on a subject which arraigns so many of the readers.

For what remains, both my son and I are extremely oblig'd to my dear friend, Mr. Congreve, whose excellent prologue was one of the greatest ornaments of the play. Neither is my epilogue the worst which I have written; tho' it seems, at the first sight, to expose our young clergy with too much freedom. It was on that consideration that I had once begun it otherwise, and deliver'd the copy of it to be spoken, in case the first part of it had given offense. This I will give you, partly in my own justification, and partly too because I think it not unworthy of your sight; only rememb'ring you that the last line connects the sense to the ensuing part of it. — Farewell, reader: if you are a father, you will forgive me; if not, you will when you are a father.

Time was, when none could preach without degrees,
And seven years' toll at universities;
But when the canting saints came once in play,
The spirit did their business in a day:
A zealous cobbler, with the gift of tongue,
If he could pray six hours, might preach as long.
Thus, in the primitive times of poetry,
The stage to none but men of sense was free.
But thanks to your judicious taste, my masters,
It lies in common, now, to postasters.
You set them up, and till you dare condemn,
The satire lies on you, and not on them.
When mountebanks their drugs at market cry,
Is it their fault to sell, or yours to buy?
'Tis true, they write with ease, and well they may;
Flyblows are gotten every summer's day;
The poet does but buzz, and there's a play.
Wit's not his business, &c.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY MRS. BRACEGIRDLE

LIKE some raw sophister that mounts the
pulpit,
So trembles a young poet at a full pit.
Unus'd to crowds, the parson quakes for
fear,
And wonders how the devil he durst come
there;
Wanting three talents needful for the
place,
Some beard, some learning, and some little
grace:
Nor is the puny poet void of care;
For authors, such as our new authors
are,
Have not much learning, nor much wit
to spare;
And as for grace, to tell the truth, there's
scarce one
But has as little as the very parson.
Both say, they preach and write for your
instruction;
But 'tis for a third day, and for induction.
The difference is, that tho' you like the
play,
The poet's gain is ne'er beyond his day;
But with the parson 'tis another case;
He, without holiness, may rise to grace.
The poet has one disadvantage more,
That if his play be dull, he's damn'd all
o'er,
Not only a damn'd blockhead, but damn'd
poor.
But dulness well becomes the sable gar-
ment;
I warrant that ne'er spoil'd a priest's pre-
ferment:

Wit's not his business, and, as wit now
 goes,
 Sirs, 't is not so much yours as you sup-
 pose,
 For you like nothing now but nauseous
 beaux.
 You laugh not, gallants, as by proof ap-
 pears,
 At what his beauship says, but what he
 wears;
 So 't is your eyes are tickled, not your
 ears:
 The tailor and the furrier find the stuff,
 The wit lies in the dress, and monstrous
 muff.

30

The truth on 't is, the payment of the
 pit
 Is like for like, clipp'd money for clipp'd
 wit.
 You cannot from our absent author hope,
 He should equip the stage with such a
 fop:
 Fools change in England, and new fools
 arise;
 For tho' th' immortal species never dies,
 Yet ev'ry year new maggots make new
 flies.
 But where he lives abroad, he scarce can
 find
 One fool, for million that he left behind.

TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL

[From the close of 1693 (see letter to Walsh, December 12, 1693, in Scott-Saintsbury edition, xviii, 191) until the summer of 1697, Dryden devoted nearly all his energies to his translation of Virgil. On June 28, 1697, an advertisement in the *London Gazette* states: "Virgil . . . will be finished this week, and be ready next week to be delivered, as subscribed for, in Quires, upon bringing the Receipt for the first Payment, and paying the second." This first edition is a stately folio, with title-page reading as follows:

THE
 WORKS
 OF
 VIRGIL:

Containing His
 PASTORALS,
 GEORGICS,
 AND
 ÆNEIS.

Translated into English Verse; By
 Mr. DRYDEN.

Adorn'd with a Hundred Sculptures.

Sequiturque Patrem non passibus Æquis. Virg. Æn. 2.

LONDON,

Printed for Jacob Tonson, at the Judges-Head in Fleetstreet,
 near the Inner-Temple-Gate, MDCXCVII.

The volume contained, besides the work of Dryden here reprinted, a *Life of Virgil* and a *Preface to the Pastorals* by Knightly Chetwood, an *Essay on the Georgics* by Addison, who also wrote "all the arguments in prose to the whole translation" (see p. 519, below, and *Notes*,

p. 1009, below), and, finally, several complimentary poems, and lists of subscribers to the work. The sculptures were from the plates, somewhat retouched, that had formerly been used for Ogleby's *Virgil*.

Soon after the volume was published, Dryden undertook a revision of it, which occupied him for only nine days. (See letter from Dryden to Tonson: Malone, I, 2, 61.) The second edition, which is the basis of the present text, was also in folio, and appeared in 1698. The third edition, in three volumes, octavo, was not printed until 1709.]

PASTORALS

TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE
HUGH, LORD CLIFFORD

BARON OF CHUDLEIGH

MY LORD,

I HAVE found it not more difficult to translate Virgil, than to find such patrons as I desire for my translation. For, tho' England is not wanting in a learned nobility, yet such are my unhappy circumstances, that they have confin'd me to a narrow choice. To the greater part I have not the honor to be known; and to some of them I cannot shew at present, by any public act, that grateful respect which I shall ever bear them in my heart. Yet I have no reason to complain of fortune, since in the midst of that abundance I could not possibly have chosen better than the worthy son of so illustrious a father. He was the patron of my manhood, when I flourish'd in the opinion of the world; tho' with small advantage to my fortune, till he awaken'd the remembrance of my royal master. He was that Pollio, or that Varus, who introduc'd me to Augustus; and, tho' he soon dismiss'd himself from state affairs, yet in the short time of his administration he shone so powerfully upon me, that, like the heat of a Russian summer, he ripen'd the fruits of poetry in a cold climate, and gave me wherewithal to subsist, at least, in the long winter which succeeded. What I now offer to your Lordship is the wretched remainder of a sickly age, worn out with study, and oppress'd by fortune; without other support than the constancy and patience of a Christian. You, my Lord, are yet in the flower of your youth, and may live to enjoy the benefits of the peace which is promis'd Europe: I can only hear of that blessing; for years, and, above all things, want of health, have shut me out from sharing in the happiness. The poets, who condemn their Tantalus to hell, had added to his torments if they had plac'd him in Elysium, which is the proper emblem of my condition. The fruit and the water may reach my lips, but cannot enter; and, if they could, yet I want a palate as well as a digestion. But it is some kind of pleasure to me, to please

those whom I respect. And I am not altogether out of hope that these *Pastorals* of Virgil may give your Lordship some delight, tho' made English by one who scarce remembers that passion which inspir'd my author when he wrote them. These were his first essay in poetry, (if the *Ceiris* was not his,) and it was more excusable in him to describe love when he was young, than for me to translate him when I am old. He died at the age of fifty-two; and I began this work in my great climacteric. But having perhaps a better constitution than my author, I have wrong'd him less, considering my circumstances, than those who have attempted him before, either in our own, or any modern language. And, tho' this version is not void of errors, yet it comforts me that the faults of others are not worth finding. Mine are neither gross nor frequent in those eclogues wherein my master has rais'd himself above that humble style in which pastoral delights, and which I must confess is proper to the education and converse of shepherds; for he found the strength of his genius betimes, and was even in his youth preluding to his *Georgics* and his *Æneis*. He could not forbear to try his wings, tho' his pinions were not harden'd to maintain a long laborious flight. Yet sometimes they bore him to a pitch as lofty as ever he was able to reach afterwards. But, when he was admonish'd by his subject to descend, he came down gently circling in the air, and singing, to the ground; like a lark, melodious in her mounting, and continuing her song till she alights, still preparing for a higher flight at her next sally, and tuning her voice to better music. The *Fourth*, the *Sixth*, and the *Eighth Pastorals* are clear evidences of this truth. In the three first he contains himself within his bounds; but, addressing to Pollio, his great patron, and himself no vulgar poet, he no longer could restrain the freedom of his spirit, but began to assert his native character, which is sublimity — putting himself under the conduct of the same Cumean Sibyl whom afterwards he gave for a guide to his *Æneas*. 'Tis true he was sensible of his own boldness; and we know it by the *paulo majora* which begins his *Fourth Eclogue*. He remember'd, like young Manlius, that he was forbidden to engage; but what avails an express command to a youthful courage which presages victory in the at-

tempt? Encourag'd with success, he proceeds farther in the *Sixth*, and invades the province of philosophy. And notwithstanding that Phœbus had forewarn'd him of singing wars, as he there confesses, yet he presum'd that the search of nature was as free to him as to Lucretius, who at his age explain'd it according to the principles of Epicurus. In his *Eighth Eclogue* he has innovated nothing; the former part of it being the complaint and despair of a forsaken lover; the latter, a charm of an enchantress, to renew a lost affection. But the complaint perhaps contains some topics which are above the condition of his persons; and our author seems to have made his herdsmen somewhat too learn'd for their profession: the charms are also of the same nature; but both were copied from Theocritus, and had receiv'd the applause of former ages in their original. There is a kind of rusticity in all those pompous verses; somewhat of a holiday shepherd strutting in his country buskins. The like may be observ'd both in the *Pollio* and the *Silenus*, where the similitudes are drawn from the woods and meadows. They seem to me to represent our poet betwixt a farmer and a courtier, when he left Mantua for Rome, and dress'd himself in his best habit to appear before his patron, somewhat too fine for the place from whence he came, and yet retaining part of its simplicity. In the *Ninth Pastoral* he collects some beautiful passages which were scatter'd in Theocritus, which he could not insert into any of his former eclogues, and yet was unwilling they should be lost. In all the rest he is equal to his Sicilian master, and observes, like him, a just decorum both of the subject and the persons; as particularly in the *Third Pastoral*, where one of his shepherds describes a bowl, or mazer, curiously carv'd:

*In medio duo signa: Conon, et quis fuit alter,
Descripsit radiis totum qui gentibus orbem?*

He remembers only the name of Conon, and forgets the other on set purpose; (whether he means Anaximander, or Eudoxus, I dispute not;) but he was certainly forgotten, to shew his country swain was no great scholar.

After all, I must confess that the boorish dialect of Theocritus has a secret charm in it which the Roman language cannot imitate, tho' Virgil has drawn it down as low as possibly he could; as in the *cujum pectus*, and some other words, for which he was so unjustly blam'd by the bad critics of his age, who could not see the beauties of that *merum rus* which the poet describ'd in those expressions. But Theocritus may justly be prefer'd as the original, without injury to Virgil, who modestly contents himself with the second place, and glories only in being the first who transplanted pastoral

into his own country, and brought it there to bear as happily as the cherry trees which Lucullus brought from Pontus.

Our own nation has produc'd a third poet in this kind, not inferior to the two former. For the *Shepherd's Kalendar* of Spenser is not to be match'd in any modern language, not even by Tasso's *Aminta*, which infinitely transcends Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, as having more of nature in it, and being almost wholly clear from the wretched affectation of learning. I will say nothing of the *Piscatory Eclogues*, because no modern Latin can bear criticism. 'Tis no wonder that rolling down, thro' so many barbarous ages, from the spring of Virgil, it bears along with it the filth and ordures of the Goths and Vandals. Neither will I mention Monsieur Fontenelle, the living glory of the French. 'Tis enough for him to have excell'd his master Lucian, without attempting to compare our miserable age with that of Virgil or Theocritus. Let me only add, for his reputation:

— *Si Pergama dextra
Defendi possint, etiam hac defensa fuissent.*

But Spenser, being master of our northern dialect, and skill'd in Chancer's English, has so exactly imitated the Doric of Theocritus that his love is a perfect image of that passion which God infus'd into both sexes, before it was corrupted with the knowledge of arts, and the ceremonies of what we call good manners.

My Lord, I know to whom I dedicate; and could not have been induc'd by any motive to put this part of Virgil, or any other, into unlearned hands. You have read him with pleasure, and, I dare say, with admiration, in the Latin, of which you are a master. You have added to your natural endowments, which, without flattery, are eminent, the superstructures of study, and the knowledge of good authors. Courage, probity, and humanity are inherent in you. These virtues have ever been habitual to the ancient house of Cumberland, from whence you are descended, and of which our chronicles make so honorable mention in the long wars betwixt the rival families of York and Lancaster. Your forefathers have asserted the party which they chose till death, and died for its defense in the fields of battle. You have, besides, the fresh remembrance of your noble father, from whom you never can degenerate.

— *Nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquila columbam.*

It being almost morally impossible for you to be other than you are by kind, I need neither praise nor incite your virtue. You are acquainted with the Roman history, and know without my information that patronage and clientship always descended from the fathers

to the sons, and that the same plebeian houses had recourse to the same patrician line which had formerly protected them, and follow'd their principles and fortunes to the last. So that I am your Lordship's by descent, and part of your inheritance. And the natural inclination which I have to serve you adds to your paternal right; for I was wholly yours from the first moment when I had the happiness and honor of being known to you. Be pleas'd therefore to accept the rudiments of Virgil's poetry, coarsely translated, I confess, but which yet retains some beauties of the author, which neither the barbarity of our language, nor my unskilfulness, could so much sully, but that they appear sometimes in the dim mirror which I hold before you. The subject is not unsuitable to your youth, which allows you yet to love, and is proper to your present scene of life. Rural recreations abroad, and books at home, are the innocent pleasures of a man who is early wise, and gives Fortune no more hold of him than of necessity he must. 'Tis good, on some occasions, to think beforehand as little as we can; to enjoy as much of the present as will not endanger our futurity; and to provide ourselves of the virtuous's saddle, which will be sure to amble, when the world is upon the hardest trot. What I humbly offer to your Lordship is of this nature. I wish it pleasant, and am sure 't is innocent. May you ever continue your esteem for Virgil, and not lessen it for the faults of his translator; who is, with all manner of respect and sense of gratitude,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble,
and most obedient servant,
JOHN DRYDEN.

THE FIRST PASTORAL

OR, TITYRUS AND MELIBŒUS

THE ARGUMENT

The occasion of the *First Pastoral* was this. When Augustus had settled himself in the Roman Empire, that he might reward his veteran troops for their past service, he distributed among 'em all the lands that lay about Cremona and Mantua, turning out the right owners for having sided with his enemies. Virgil was a sufferer among the rest, who afterwards recover'd his estate by Mæcenæ's intercession; and, as an instance of his gratitude, compos'd the following pastoral, where he sets out his own good fortune in the person of Tityrus, and the calamities of his Mantuan neighbors in the character of Melibœus.

MELIBŒUS

BENEATH the shade which beechen boughs
diffuse,
You, Tit'rus, entertain your sylvan Muse:
Round the wide world in banishment we
roam,
Fore'd from our pleasing fields and native
home;
While, stretch'd at ease, you sing your
happy loves,
And Amaryllis fills the shady groves.

TITYRUS

These blessings, friend, a deity bestow'd;
For never can I deem him less than god.
The tender firstlings of my woolly breed
Shall on his holy altar often bleed.¹⁰
He gave my kine to graze the flow'ry plain,
And to my pipe renew'd the rural strain.

MELIBŒUS

I envy not your fortune, but admire,
That, while the raging sword and wasteful
fire
Destroy the wretched neighborhood around,
No hostile arms approach your happy
ground.
Far different is my fate; my feeble goats
With pains I drive from their forsaken
cotes:
And this, you see, I scarcely drag along,
Who, yearning, on the rocks has left her
young,²⁰
The hope and promise of my failing fold.
My loss, by dire portents, the gods fore-
told;
For, had I not been blind, I might have
seen
Yon riven oak, the fairest of the green;
And the hoarse raven, on the blasted
bough,
By croaking from the left, presag'd the
coming blow.
But tell me, Tityrus, what heav'nly power
Preserv'd your fortunes in that fatal hour?

TITYRUS

Fool that I was, I thought imperial Rome
Like Mantua, where on market days we
come,³⁰
And thither drive our tender lambs from
home.
So kids and whelps their sires and dams
express,
And so the great I measur'd by the less.

But country towns, compar'd with her,
appear
Like shrubs when lofty cypresses are near.

MELIBŒUS

What great occasion call'd you hence to
Rome?

TITYRUS

Freedom, which came at length, tho' slow
to come.

Nor did my search of liberty begin,
Till my black hairs were chang'd upon my
chin;

Nor Amaryllis would vouchsafe a look, 40
Till Galatea's meaner bonds I broke.

Till then a helpless, hopeless, homely
swain,

I sought not freedom, nor aspir'd to gain:
Tho' many a victim from my folds was
bought,

And many a cheese to country markets
brought,

Yet all the little that I got, I spent,
And still return'd as empty as I went.

MELIBŒUS

We stood amaz'd to see your mistress
mourn,

Unknowing that she pin'd for your re-
turn;

We wonder'd why she kept her fruit so
long, 50

For whom so late th' ungather'd apples
hung.

But now the wonder ceases, since I see
She kept them only, Tityrus, for thee:

For thee the bubbling springs appear'd to
mourn,

And whisp'ring pines made vows for thy
return.

TITYRUS

What should I do! While here I was en-
chain'd,

No glimpse of godlike liberty remain'd;
Nor could I hope, in any place but there,

To find a god so present to my pray'r.
There first the youth of heav'nly birth I

view'd, 60
For whom our monthly victims are re-
new'd.

He heard my vows, and graciously decreed
My grounds to be restor'd, my former
flocks to feed.

MELIBŒUS

O fortunate old man! whose farm re-
mains

For you sufficient, and requites your
pains;

Tho' rushes overspread the neighb'ring
plains,

Tho' here the marshy grounds approach
your fields,

And there the soil a stony harvest yields.
Your teeming ewes shall no strange mead-
ows try,

Nor fear a rot from tainted company. 70
Behold! yon bord'ring fence of fallow trees

Is fraught with flow'rs, the flow'rs are
fraught with bees:

The busy bees, with a soft murm'ring strain,
Invite to gentle sleep the lab'ring swain;

While, from the neighb'ring rock, with
rural songs,

The pruner's voice the pleasing dream pro-
longs;

Stockdoves and turtles tell their am'rous
pain,

And, from the lofty elms, of love complain.

TITYRUS

Th' inhabitants of seas and skies shall
change,

And fish on shore and stags in air shall
range, 80

The banish'd Parthian dwell on Arar's
brink,

And the blue German shall the Tigris
drink,

Ere I, forsaking gratitude and truth,
Forget the figure of that godlike youth.

MELIBŒUS

But we must beg our bread in climes un-
known,

Beneath the scorching or the freezing zone;
And some to far Oaxis shall be sold,

Or try the Libyan heat, or Scythian cold;
The rest among the Britons be confin'd, 80

A race of men from all the world dis-
join'd.

O! must the wretched exiles ever mourn,
Nor after length of rolling years return?

Are we condemn'd by fate's unjust decree
No more our houses and our homes to
see?

Or shall we mount again the rural throne,
And rule the country kingdoms, once our
own?

Did we for these barbarians plant and
sow ?
On these, on these, our happy fields be-
stow ?
Good Heav'n ! what dire effects from
civil discord flow !
Now let me graff my pears, and prune the
vine ; 100
The fruit is theirs, the labor only mine.
Farewell, my pastures, my paternal stock,
My fruitful fields, and my more fruitful
flock !
No more, my goats, shall I behold you
climb
The steepy cliffs, or crop the flow'ry thyme !
No more, extended in the grot below,
Shall see you browsing on the mountain's
brow
The prickly shrubs ; and after, on the bare,
Lean down the deep abyss, and hang in
air.
No more my sheep shall sip the morn-
ing dew ; 110
No more my song shall please the rural
crew :
Adieu, my tuneful pipe ! and all the
world, adieu !

TITYRUS

This night, at least, with me forget your
care ;
Chestnuts and curds and cream shall be
your fare :
The carpet-ground shall be with leaves o'er-
spread,
And boughs shall weave a cov'ring for your
head.
For see yon sunny hill the shade extends,
And curling smoke from cottages ascends.

THE SECOND PASTORAL

OR, ALEXIS

THE ARGUMENT

The commentators can by no means agree on the person of Alexis, but are all of opinion that some beautiful youth is meant by him, to whom Virgil here makes love, in Corydon's language and simplicity. His way of courtship is wholly pastoral : he complains of the boy's coyness ; recommends himself for his beauty and skill in piping ; invites the youth into the country, where he promises him the diversions of a place, with a suitable

present of nuts and apples ; but when he finds nothing will prevail, he resolves to quit his troublesome amour, and betake himself again to his former business.

YOUNG Corydon, th' unhappy shepherd
swain,

The fair Alexis lov'd, but lov'd in vain ;
And underneath the beechen shade, alone,
Thus to the woods and mountains made
his moan :

Is this, unkind Alexis, my reward ?
And must I die unpitied, and unheard ?
Now the green lizard in the grove is laid,
The sheep enjoy the coolness of the shade,
And Thestylis wild thyme and garlic beats
For harvest hinds, o'erspent with toil and
heats ; 10

While in the scorching sun I trace in vain
Thy flying footsteps o'er the burning plain.
The creaking locusts with my voice con-
spire,

They fried with heat, and I with fierce
desire.

How much more easy was it to sustain
Proud Anaryllis and her haughty reign,
The scorns of young Menalcas, once my
care,

Tho' he was black, and thou art heav'nly
fair !

Trust not too much to that enchanting face ;
Beauty's a charm, but soon the charm will
pass. 20

White lilies lie neglected on the plain,
While dusky hyacinths for use remain.
My passion is thy scorn ; nor wilt thou
know

What wealth I have, what gifts I can
bestow ;

What stores my dairies and my folds con-
tain —

A thousand lambs, that wander on the
plain ;

New milk, that all the winter never fails,
And all the summer overflows the pails.

Amphion sung not sweeter to his herd,
When summon'd stones the Theban turrets
rear'd. 30

Nor am I so deform'd ; for late I stood
Upon the margin of the briny flood :

The winds were still ; and, if the glass be
true,

With Daphnis I may vie, tho' judg'd by
you.

O leave the noisy town ! O come and see
Our country cots, and live content with me !

To wound the flying deer, and from their
cotes
With me to drive afield the browsing goats;
To pipe and sing, and, in our country strain,
To copy, or perhaps contend with Pan.⁴⁰
Pan taught to join with wax unequal reeds;
Pan loves the shepherds, and their flocks
he feeds.
Nor scorn the pipe: Amyntas, to be taught,
With all his kisses would my skill have
bought.
Of seven smooth joints a mellow pipe I
have,
Which with his dying breath Dametas
gave,
And said: "This, Corydon, I leave to thee;
For only thou deserv'st it after me."
His eyes Amyntas durst not upward lift;
For much he grudg'd the praise, but more
the gift.⁵⁰
Besides, two kids, that in the valley stray'd,
I found by chance, and to my fold convey'd:
They drain two bagging udders every day;
And these shall be companions of thy play;
Both fleck'd with white, the true Arcadian
strain,
Which Thestylis had often begg'd in vain:
And she shall have them, if again she sues,
Since you the giver and the gift refuse.
Come to my longing arms, my lovely care,
And take the presents which the nymphs
prepare.⁶⁰
White lilies in full canisters they bring,
With all the glories of the purple spring.
The daughters of the flood have search'd
the mead
For violets pale, and cropp'd the poppy's
head,
The short narcissus and fair daffodil,
Pansies to please the sight, and cassia
sweet to smell;
And set soft hyacinths with iron blue,
To shade marsh marigolds of shining hue;
Some bound in order, others loosely strow'd,
To dress thy bow'r, and trim thy new
abode.⁷⁰
Myself will search our planted grounds at
home
For downy peaches and the glossy plum;
And thrash the chestnuts in the neighb'ring
grove,
Such as my Amaryllis us'd to love.
The laurel and the myrtle sweets agree,
And both in nosegays shall be bound for thee.
Ah, Corydon! ah, poor unhappy swain!

Alexis will thy homely gifts disdain:
Nor, shouldst thou offer all thy little store,
Will rich Iolas yield, but offer more.⁸⁰
What have I done, to name that wealthy
swain,

So powerful are his presents, mine so mean!
The boar amidst my crystal streams I bring;
And southern winds to blast my flow'ry
spring.

Ah, cruel creature, whom dost thou despise?
The gods, to live in woods, have left the
skies;

And godlike Paris, in th' Idaean grove,
To Priam's wealth prefer'd Ceneone's love.
In cities which she built let Pallas reign;
Tow'rs are for gods, but forests for the swain.
The greedy lioness the wolf pursues,⁹⁰
The wolf the kid, the wanton kid the browse;
Alexis, thou art chas'd by Corydon:

All follow sev'ral games, and each his own.
See, from afar, the fields no longer smoke;
The sweating steers, unharnass'd from the
yoke,

Bring, as in triumph, back the crooked plow;
The shadows lengthen as the sun goes low.
Cool breezes now the raging heats remove:
Ah, cruel Heaven, that made no cure for
love!¹⁰⁰

I wish for balmy sleep, but wish in vain;
Love has no bounds in pleasure, or in pain.
What frenzy, shepherd, has thy soul pos-
sess'd?

Thy vineyard lies half prun'd, and half un-
dress'd.

Quench, Corydon, thy long unanswer'd fire;
Mind what the common wants of life require:
On willow twigs employ thy weaving care,
And find an easier love, tho' not so fair.

THE THIRD PASTORAL

OR, PALÆMON

MENALCAS, DAMETAS, PALÆMON

THE ARGUMENT

Dametas and Menalcas, after some smart
strokes of country raillery, resolve to try who
has the most skill at a song; and accord-
ingly make their neighbor Palæmon judge
of their performances; who, after a full
hearing of both parties, declares himself
unfit for the decision of so weighty a contro-
versy, and leaves the victory undetermin'd.

MENALCAS

Ho, swain, what shepherd owns those ragged
sheep?

DAMCETAS

Ægon's they are: he gave 'em me to keep.

MENALCAS

Unhappy sheep, of an unhappy swain !
While he Neera courts, but courts in vain, }
And fears that I the damsel shall obtain; }
Thou, varlet, dost thy master's gains de-
vour;
Thou milk'st his ewes, and often twice an
hour;
Of grass and fodder thou defraud'st the
dams,
And of their mothers' dugs the starving
lambs.

DAMCETAS

Good words, young catamite, at least to
men.
We know who did your business, how, and
when;
And in what chapel too you play'd your
prize,
And what the goats observ'd with leer-
ing eyes:
The nymphs were kind, and laugh'd; and
there your safety lies.

MENALCAS

Yes, when I cropp'd the hedges of the leys,
Cut Micon's tender vines, and stole the
stays!

DAMCETAS

Or rather, when, beneath yon ancient oak,
The bow of Daphnis and the shafts you
broke,
When the fair boy receiv'd the gift of
right;
And, but for mischief, you had died for
spite.

MENALCAS

What nonsense would the fool thy master
prate,
When thou, his knave, canst talk at such a
rate !
Did I not see you, rascal, did I not,
When you lay snug to snap young Damon's
goat ?
His mungril bark'd; I ran to his relief,

And cried: "There, there he goes! stop,
stop the thief!"
Discover'd, and defeated of your prey,
You skulk'd behind the fence, and sneak'd
away.

DAMCETAS

An honest man may freely take his own;
The goat was mine, by singing fairly won.
A solemn match was made; he lost the
prize.
Ask Damon, ask if he the debt denies.
I think he dares not; if he does, he lies.

MENALCAS

Thou sing with him, thou booby! Never
pipe
Was so profan'd to touch that blubber'd
lip.
Dunce at the best! in streets but scarce
allow'd
To tickle, on thy straw, the stupid crowd.

DAMCETAS

To bring it to the trial, will you dare
Our pipes, our skill, our voices, to com-
pare ?
My brinded heifer to the stake I lay; 40
Two thriving calves she suckles twice a
day,
And twice besides her beestings never fail
To store the dairy with a brimming pail.
Now back your singing with an equal stake.

MENALCAS

That should be seen, if I had one to make.
You know too well, I feed my father's
flock;
What can I wager from the common stock ?
A stepdame too I have, a cursed she,
Who rules my henpeck'd sire, and orders
me.
Both number twice a day the milky dams;
And once she takes the tale of all the
lambs.
But, since you will be mad, and since you
may
Suspect my courage, if I should not lay,
The pawn I proffer shall be full as good:
Two bowls I have, well turn'd, of beechen
wood;
Both by divine Alcimedon were made;
To neither of them yet the lip is laid.
The lids are ivy; grapes in clusters lurk
Beneath the carving of the curious work.

Two figures on the sides emboss'd appear —
 Conon, and what's his name who made the sphere,
 And shew'd the seasons of the sliding year,
 Instructed in his trade the lab'ring swain,
 And when to reap, and when to sow the grain?

DAMCETAS

And I have two, to match your pair, at home:
 The wood the same; from the same hand they come
 (The kimbo handles seem with bear's-foot carv'd),
 And never yet to table have been serv'd;
 Where Orpheus on his lyre laments his love,
 With beasts encompass'd, and a dancing grove.
 But these, nor all the proffers you can make,
 Are worth the heifer which I set to stake.

MENALCAS

No more delays, vain boaster, but begin!
 I prophesy beforehand I shall win.
 Palæmon shall be judge how ill you rhyme;
 I'll teach you how to brag another time.

DAMCETAS

Rhymer, come on, and do the worst you can!
 I fear not you, nor yet a better man.
 With silence, neighbor, and attention, wait;
 For 't is a business of a high debate.

PALÆMON

Sing then; the shade affords a proper place:
 The trees are cloth'd with leaves, the fields with grass;
 The blossoms blow, the birds on bushes sing,
 And Nature has accomplish'd all the spring.
 The challenge to Damcetas shall belong;
 Menalcas shall sustain his undersong.
 Each in his turn your tuneful numbers bring;
 By turns the tuneful Muses love to sing.

DAMCETAS

From the great Father of the Gods above
 My Muse begins; for all is full of Jove:

To Jove the care of heav'n and earth belongs;
 My flocks he blesses, and he loves my songs.

MENALCAS

Me Phœbus loves; for he my Muse inspires,
 And in her songs the warmth he gave requires.
 For him, the god of shepherds and their sheep,
 My blushing hyacinths and my bays I keep.

DAMCETAS

My Phyllis me with pelted apples plies;
 Then tripping to the woods the wanton hies,
 And wishes to be seen before she flies.

MENALCAS

But fair Amyntas comes unask'd to me,
 And offers love, and sits upon my knee:
 Not Delia to my dogs is known so well as he.

DAMCETAS

To the dear mistress of my lovesick mind,
 Her swain a pretty present has design'd:
 I saw two stockdoves billing, and ere long
 Will take the nest, and hers shall be the young.

MENALCAS

Ten ruddy wildings in the wood I found,
 And stood on tiptoes, reaching from the ground:
 I sent Amyntas all my present store;
 And will, to-morrow, send as many more.

DAMCETAS

The lovely maid lay panting in my arms,
 And all she said and did was full of charms.
 Winds, on your wings to heav'n her accents bear;
 Such words as heav'n alone is fit to hear.

MENALCAS

Ah! what avails it me, my love's delight,
 To call you mine, when absent from my sight!
 I hold the nets, while you pursue the prey,
 And must not share the dangers of the day.

DAMCETAS

I keep my birthday: send my Phyllis home;
 At shearing time, Iolas, you may come.

MENALCAS

With Phyllis I am more in grace than you;
 Her sorrow did my parting steps pursue:
 "Adieu, my dear," she said, "a long
 adieu!"

DAMÆTAS

The nightly wolf is baneful to the fold,
 Storms to the wheat, to buds the bitter
 cold;
 But, from my frowning fair, more ills I
 find,
 Than from the wolves, and storms, and
 winter wind.

MENALCAS

The kids with pleasure browse the bushy
 plain;
 The show'rs are grateful to the swelling
 grain;
 To teeming ewes the sallow's tender tree; ¹³⁰
 But, more than all the world, my love to me.

DAMÆTAS

Pollio my rural verse vouchsafes to read:
 A heifer, Muses, for your patron breed.

MENALCAS

My Pollio writes himself: a bull be bred,
 With spurning heels, and with a butting head.

DAMÆTAS

Who Pollio loves, and who his Muse ad-
 mires,
 Let Pollio's fortune crown his full desires.
 Let myrrh instead of thorn his fences fill,
 And show'rs of honey from his oaks distil.

MENALCAS

Who hates not living Bavius, let him be, ¹⁴⁰
 Dead Mævius, damn'd to love thy works and
 thee!
 The same ill taste of sense would serve to
 join
 Dog-foxes in the yoke, and shear the swine.

DAMÆTAS

Ye boys, who pluck the flow'rs, and spoil
 the spring,
 Beware the secret snake that shoots a sting.

MENALCAS

Graze not too near the banks, my jolly sheep;
 The ground is false, the running streams are
 deep:

See, they have caught the father of the
 flock,
 Who dries his fleece upon the neighb'ring
 rock.

DAMÆTAS

From rivers drive the kids, and sling your
 hook;
 Anon I'll wash 'em in the shallow brook. ¹⁵⁰

MENALCAS

To fold, my flock! When milk is dried with
 heat,
 In vain the milkmaid tugs an empty teat.

DAMÆTAS

How lank my bulls from plenteous pasture
 come!
 But love, that drains the herd, destroys the
 groom.

MENALCAS

My flocks are free from love, yet look so
 thin,
 Their bones are barely cover'd with their
 skin.
 What magic has bewitch'd the woolly dams,
 And what ill eyes beheld the tender lambs?

DAMÆTAS

Say, where the round of heav'n, which
 all contains, ¹⁶⁰
 To three short ells on earth our sight re-
 strains:
 Tell that, and rise a Phœbus for thy pains.

MENALCAS

Nay, tell me first, in what new region
 springs
 A flow'r that bears inscrib'd the names of
 kings;
 And thou shalt gain a present as divine
 As Phœbus' self; for Phyllis shall be thine.

PALEMÓN

So nice a difference in your singing lies,
 That both have won, or both deserv'd the
 prize.
 Rest equal happy both; and all who prove
 The bitter sweets, and pleasing pains, of
 love. ¹⁷⁰
 Now dam the ditches, and the floods re-
 strain;
 Their moisture has already drench'd the
 plain.

Two figures on the sides emboss'd appear —
 Conon, and what's his name who made the sphere,
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 And all she said and did was full of charms.
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 To call you mine, when absent from my sight!
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 And must not share the dangers of the day.

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 adieu!"

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 Storms to the wheat, to buds the bitter
 cold;
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 The show'rs are grateful to the swelling
 grain;
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 With spurning heels, and with a butting head.

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 Let Pollio's fortune crown his full desires.
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 join
 Dog-foxes in the yoke, and shear the swine.

DAMETAS

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 the spring,
 Beware the secret snake that shoots a sting.

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 The ground is false, the running streams are
 deep:

See, they have caught the father of the
 flock,
 Who dries his fleece upon the neighb'ring
 rock.

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 Anon I'll wash 'em in the shallow brook. ¹⁵⁰

MENALCAS

To fold, my flock! When milk is dried with
 heat,
 In vain the milkmaid tugs an empty teat.

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 come!
 But love, that drains the herd, destroys the
 groom.

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My flocks are free from love, yet look so
 thin,
 Their bones are barely cover'd with their
 skin.
 What magic has bewitch'd the woolly dams,
 And what ill eyes beheld the tender lambs?

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 all contains, ¹⁶⁰
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 Tell that, and rise a Phœbus for thy pains.

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 A flow'r that bears inscrib'd the names of
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 And thou shalt gain a present as divine
 As Phœbus' self; for Phyllis shall be thine.

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 That both have won, or both deserv'd the
 prize.
 Rest equal happy both; and all who prove
 The bitter sweets, and pleasing pains, of
 love. ¹⁷⁰
 Now dam the ditches, and the floods re-
 strain;
 Their moisture has already drench'd the
 plain.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL

OR, POLLIO

THE ARGUMENT

The poet celebrates the birthday of Saloninus, the son of Pollio, born in the consulship of his father, after the taking of Salonæ, a city in Dalmatia. Many of the verses are translated from one of the Sibyls, who prophesy of our Savior's birth.

SICILIAN Muse, begin a loftier strain !
Tho' lowly shrubs, and trees that shade the plain,

Delight not all; Sicilian Muse, prepare
To make the vocal woods deserve a consul's care.

The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes,
Renews its finish'd course: Saturnian times
Roll round again; and mighty years, begun
From their first orb, in radiant circles run.

The base degenerate iron offspring ends;
A golden progeny from heav'n descends. 10
O chaste Lucina, speed the mother's pains,
And haste the glorious birth! thy own
Apollo reigns!

The lovely boy, with his auspicious face,
Shall Pollio's consulship, and triumph }
grace;
Majestic months set out with him to their }
appointed race.

The father banish'd virtue shall restore,
And crimes shall threat the guilty world no more.

The son shall lead the life of gods, and be
By gods and heroes seen, and gods and heroes see.

The jarring nations he in peace shall bind, 20
And with paternal virtues rule mankind.
Unbidden Earth shall wreathing ivy bring,
And fragrant herbs (the promises of }
spring),

As her first off'rings to her infant king.
The goats with strutting dugs shall home-ward speed,

And lowing herds secure from lions feed.
His cradle shall with rising flow'rs be crown'd:

The serpent's brood shall die; the sacred ground
Shall weeds and pois'nous plants refuse to bear;

Each common bush shall Syrian roses wear. 30

But when heroic verse his youth shall raise,
And form it to hereditary praise,
Unlabor'd harvests shall the fields adorn.
And cluster'd grapes shall blush on every thorn;

The knotted oaks shall show'rs of honey weep,

And thro' the matted grass the liquid gold shall creep.

Yet of old fraud some footsteps shall remain:

The merchant still shall plow the deep for gain;

Great cities shall with walls be compass'd round,

And sharpen'd shares shall vex the fruitful ground; 40

Another Tiphys shall new seas explore;
Another Argo land the chiefs upon th' Iberian shore;

Another Helen other wars create,
And great Achilles urge the Trojan fate.

But when to ripen'd manhood he shall grow,

The greedy sailer shall the seas forego;
No keel shall cut the waves for foreign ware,

For every soil shall every product bear.

The laboring hind his oxen shall disjoin;
No plow shall hurt the glebe, no pruning }
hook the vine; 50

Nor wool shall in dissembled colors shine.

But the luxurious father of the fold,
With native purple, or unborrow'd gold,
Beneath his pompous fleece shall proudly sweat;

And under Tyrian robes the lamb shall bleat.

The Fates, when they this happy web have spun,

Shall bless the sacred clew, and bid it smoothly run.

Mature in years, to ready honors move,
O of celestial seed! O foster son of Jove!

See, lab'ring Nature calls thee to sustain 60
The nodding frame of heav'n, and earth, and main!

See to their base restor'd, earth, seas, and air;

And joyful ages, from behind, in crowding ranks appear.

To sing thy praise, would Heav'n my breath prolong,

Infusing spirits worthy such a song,

Not Thracian Orpheus should transcend
 my lays,
 Nor Linus crown'd with never-fading
 bays;
 Tho' each his heav'nly parent should in-
 spire;
 The Muse instruct the voice, and Phœbus
 tune the lyre.
 Should Pan contend in verse, and thou my
 theme,
 Arcadian judges should their god con-
 demn.
 Begin, auspicious boy, to cast about
 Thy infant eyes, and, with a smile, thy
 mother single out:
 Thy mother well deserves that short de-
 light,
 The nauseous qualms of ten long months
 and travel to requite.
 Then smile: the frowning infant's doom is
 read;
 No god shall crown the board, nor goddess
 bless the bed.

THE FIFTH PASTORAL

OR, DAPHNIS

THE ARGUMENT

Mopsus and Menalcas, two very expert shep-
 herds at a song, begin one by consent to the
 memory of Daphnis, who is suppos'd by the
 best critics to represent Julius Cæsar. Mop-
 sus laments his death; Menalcas proclaims
 his divinity; the whole eclogue consisting of
 an elegy and an apotheosis.

MENALCAS

SINCE on the downs our flocks together
 feed,
 And since my voice can match your tune-
 ful reed,
 Why sit we not beneath the grateful
 shade
 Which hazels, intermix'd with elms, have
 made?

MOPSUS

Whether you please that sylvan scene to
 take,
 Where whistling winds uncertain shadows
 make;
 Or will you to the cooler cave succeed,
 Whose mouth the curling vines have over-
 spread?

MENALCAS

Your merit and your years command the
 choice;
 Amyntas only rivals you in voice.

MOPSUS

What will not that presuming shepherd
 dare,
 Who thinks his voice with Phœbus may
 compare?

MENALCAS

Begin you first: if either Alcon's praise,
 Or dying Phyllis, have inspir'd your lays;
 If her you mourn, or Codrus you commend,
 Begin, and Tityrus your flock shall tend.

MOPSUS

Or shall I rather the sad verse repeat,
 Which on the beech's bark I lately writ?
 I writ, and sung betwixt. Now bring the
 swain
 Whose voice you boast, and let him try the
 strain.

MENALCAS

Such as the shrub to the tall olive shows,
 Or the pale fallow to the blushing rose;
 Such is his voice, if I can judge aright,
 Compar'd to thine, in sweetness and in
 height.

MOPSUS

No more, but sit and hear the promis'd
 lay;
 The gloomy grotto makes a doubtful day.
 The nymphs about the breathless body wait
 Of Daphnis, and lament his cruel fate.
 The trees and floods were witness to their
 tears;
 At length the rumor reach'd his mother's
 ears.
 The wretched parent, with a pious haste,
 Came running, and his lifeless limbs em-
 brace'd.
 She sigh'd, she sobb'd; and, furious with
 despair,
 She rent her garments, and she tore her
 hair,
 Accusing all the gods, and every star.
 The swains forgot their sheep, nor near the
 brink
 Of running waters brought their herds to
 drink.
 The thirsty cattle, of themselves, abstain'd

From water, and their grassy fare dis-
dain'd.
The death of Daphnis woods and hills }
deplore; }
They cast the sound to Libya's desert }
shore; }
The Libyan lions hear, and hearing roar.
Fierce tigers Daphnis taught the yoke to
bear,

And first with curling ivy dress'd the spear:
Daphnis did rites to Bacchus first ordain,
And holy revels for his reeling train.
As vines the trees, as grapes the vines
adorn,

As bulls the herds, and fields the yellow
corn;

So bright a splendor, so divine a grace,
The glorious Daphnis cast on his illustrious
race.

When envious Fate the godlike Daphnis⁵⁰
took,

Our guardian gods the fields and plains
forsook;

Pales no longer swell'd the teeming grain,
Nor Phœbus fed his oxen on the plain;
No fruitful crop the sickly fields return,
But oats and darnel choke the rising corn;
And where the vales with violets once were
crown'd,

Now knotty burs and thorns disgrace the
ground.

Come, shepherds, come, and strow with
leaves the plain;

Such funeral rites your Daphnis did or-
dain.⁶⁰

With cypress boughs the crystal fountains
hide,

And softly let the running waters glide.

A lasting monument to Daphnis raise,
With this inscription to record his praise:
"Daphnis, the fields' delight, the shepherd's
love,

Renown'd on earth, and deified above;
Whose flock excell'd the fairest on the plains,
But less than he himself surpass'd the
swains."

MENALCAS

O heavenly poet! such thy verse appears,
So sweet, so charming to my ravish'd ears,
As to the weary swain, with cares oppress'd,
Beneath the sylvan shade, refreshing rest;
As to the feverish traveler, when first⁷³
He finds a crystal stream to quench his thirst.
In singing, as in piping, you excel;

And scarcee your master could perform so
well.

O fortunate young man, at least your lays
Are next to his, and claim the second praise.
Such as they are, my rural songs I join,
To raise our Daphnis to the pow'rs di-
vine;⁸⁰

For Daphnis was so good, to love what
e'er was mine.

MOPsus

How is my soul with such a promise rais'd!
For both the boy was worthy to be prais'd,
And Stimichon has often made me long
To hear, like him, so soft, so sweet a song.

MENALCAS

Daphnis, the guest of heav'n, with wond'ring
eyes,

Views, in the Milky Way, the starry skies,
And far beneath him, from the shining sphere,
Beholds the moving clouds, and rolling year.
For this, with cheerful cries the woods⁹⁰

resound,
The purple spring arrays the various
ground,

The nymphs and shepherds dance, and Pan
himself is crown'd.

The wolf no longer prowls for nightly spoils,
Nor birds the springes fear, nor stags the
toils;

For Daphnis reigns above, and deals from
thence

His mother's milder beams, and peaceful in-
fluence.

The mountain tops unshorn, the rocks re-
joice;

The lowly shrubs partake of human voice.
Assenting Nature, with a gracious nod,
Proclaims him, and salutes the new-admit-
ted god.¹⁰⁰

Be still propitious, ever good to thine!
Behold, four hallow'd altars we design;
And two to thee, and two to Phœbus rise;
On both are offer'd annual sacrifice.

The holy priests, at each returning year,
Two bowls of milk, and two of oil shall
bear;

And I myself the guests with friendly
bowls will cheer.

Two goblets will I crown with sparkling
wine,

The gen'rous vintage of the Chian vine;
These will I pour to thee, and make the
nectar thine.¹¹⁰

In winter shall the genial feast be made
Before the fire; by summer, in the shade.
Dæmetas shall perform the rites divine,
And Lyctian Ægon in the song shall join.
Alphesibæus, tripping, shall advance,
And mimic Satyrs in his antic dance.

When to the nymphs our annual rites we
pay,

And when our fields with victims we survey;
While savage boars delight in shady woods,
And finny fish inhabit in the floods; ¹²⁰
While bees on thyme, and locusts feed on
dew,

Thy grateful swains these honors shall
renew.

Such honors as we pay to pow'rs divine,
To Bacchus and to Ceres, shall be thine.
Such annual honors shall be giv'n; and
thou

Shalt hear, and shalt condemn thy suppli-
ants to their vow.

MOPSUS

What present worth thy verse can Mop-
sus find!

Not the soft whispers of the southern
wind,

That play thro' trembling trees, delight
me more;

Nor murmur'ing billows on the sounding
shore; ¹³⁰

Nor winding streams, that thro' the valley
glide,

And the scarce-cover'd pebbles gently
chide.

MENALCAS

Receive you first this tuneful pipe, the
same

That play'd my Corydon's unhappy flame;
The same that sung Neera's conquer'ing
eyes,

And, had the judge been just, had won the
prize.

MOPSUS

Accept from me this sheephook in ex-
change;

The handle brass, the knobs in equal range.
Antigenes, with kisses, often tried

To beg this present, in his beauty's pride,
When youth and love are hard to be de-
nied. ¹⁴¹

But what I could refuse to his request,
Is yours unask'd, for you deserve it best.

THE SIXTH PASTORAL

OR, SILENUS

THE ARGUMENT

Two young shepherds, Chromis and Mnasyllus, having been often promis'd a song by Silenus, chance to catch him asleep in this pastoral; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promise. Silenus, finding they would be put off no longer, begins his song, in which he describes the formation of the universe, and the original of animals, according to the Epicurean philosophy; and then runs thro' the most surprising transformations which have happen'd in Nature since her birth. This pastoral was design'd as a compliment to Syro the Epicurean, who instructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philosophy. Silenus acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnasyllus as the two pupils.

I FIRST transferr'd to Rome Sicilian strains;
Nor blush'd the Doric Muse to dwell on
Mantuan plains.

But when I tried her tender voice, too
young,

And fighting kings and bloody battles sung,
Apollo cheek'd my pride, and bade me feed
My fat'n'ing flocks, nor dare beyond the
reed.

Admonish'd thus, while every pen prepares
To write thy praises, Varus, and thy wars,
My past'ral Muse her humble tribute brings,
And yet not wholly uninspir'd she sings. ¹⁰

For all who read, and, reading, not disdain
These rural poems, and their lowly strain,
The name of Varus oft inscrib'd shall see
In every grove, and every vocal tree,
And all the sylvan reign shall sing of
thee:

Thy name, to Phœbus and the Muses
known,

Shall in the front of every page be shown;
For he who sings thy praise secures his
own.

Proceed, my Muse! — Two Satyrs, on
the ground,

Stretch'd at his ease, their sire Silenus
found. ²⁰

Doz'd with his fumes, and heavy with his
load,

They found him snoring in his dark abode,
And seiz'd with youthful arms the drunken
god.

His rosy wreath was dropp'd not long before,

Borne by the tide of wine, and floating on
the floor.
His empty can, with ears half worn away,
Was hung on high, to boast the triumph of
the day.
Invaded thus, for want of better bands,
His garland they unstring, and bind his
hands;
For, by the fraudulent god deluded long, ³⁰
They now resolve to have their promis'd
song.
Ægle came in, to make their party good —
The fairest Nais of the neighboring flood —
And, while he stares around with stupid
eyes,
His brows with berries, and his temples,
dyes.
He finds the fraud, and, with a smile, de-
mands
On what design the boys had bound his
hands.
“Loose me,” he cried, “’t was impudence to
find
A sleeping god; ’t is sacrilege to bind.
To you the promis’d poem I will pay; ⁴⁰
The nymph shall be rewarded in her way.”
He rais’d his voice; and soon a num’rous
throng
Of tripping Satyrs crowded to the song;
And sylvan Fauns and savage beasts ad-
vanc’d,
And nodding forests to the numbers danc’d.
Not by Hæmonian hills the Thracian bard, }
Nor awful Phœbus was on Pindus heard }
With deeper silence, or with more regard. }
He sung the secret seeds of nature’s frame;
How seas, and earth, and air, and active
flame, ⁵⁰
Fell thro’ the mighty void, and, in their fall,
Were blindly gather’d in this goodly ball.
The tender soil then, stiff’ning by degrees,
Shut from the bounded earth the bounding
seas.
Then earth and ocean various forms disclose,
And a new sun to the new world arose;
And mists, condens’d to clouds, obscure the
sky;
And clouds, dissolv’d, the thirsty ground
supply;
The rising trees the lofty mountains }
grace; }
The lofty mountains feed the savage
race, ⁶⁰
Yet few, and strangers, in th’ unpeopled
place. }

From thence the birth of man the song pur-
sued,
And how the world was lost, and how re-
new’d;
The reign of Saturn, and the Golden Age;
Prometheus’ theft, and Jove’s avenging rage;
The cries of Argonauts for Hylas drown’d,
With whose repeated name the shores re-
sound;
Then mourns the madness of the Cretan
queen —
Happy for her if herds had never been.
What fury, wretched woman, seiz’d thy
breast! ⁷⁰
The maids of Argos (tho’, with rage pos-
sess’d,
Their imitated lowings fill’d the grove)
Yet shunn’d the guilt of thy prepost’rous
love,
Nor sought the youthful husband of the
herd;
Tho’ lab’ring yokes on their own necks
they fear’d,
And felt for budding horns on their smooth
foreheads rear’d.
Ah, wretched queen, you range the path-
less wood,
While on a flow’ry bank he chaws the cud,
Or sleeps in shades, or thro’ the forest
roves,
And roars with anguish for his absent
loves. — ⁸⁰
“Ye nymphs, with toils his forest walk
surround,
And trace his wand’ring footsteps on the
ground.
But, ah! perhaps my passion he disdains,
And courts the milky mothers of the
plains.
We search th’ ungrateful fugitive abroad,
While they at home sustain his happy
load.” —
He sung the lover’s fraud; the longing
maid,
With golden fruit, like all the sex, be-
tray’d;
The sisters mourning for their brother’s loss;
Their bodies hid in barks, and furr’d with
moss; ⁹⁰
How each a rising alder now appears,
And o’er the Po distils her gummy tears:
Then sung, how Gallus, by a Muse’s hand,
Was led and welcom’d to the sacred strand;
The senate rising to salute their guest;
And Linus thus their gratitude express’d:

"Receive this present, by the Muses made,
The pipe on which th' Ascrean pastor
play'd;

With which of old he charm'd the savage
train,

And call'd the mountain ashes to the plain.
Sing thou on this thy Phœbus, and the
wood

Where once his fane of Parian marble stood;
On this his ancient oracles rehearse,
And with new numbers grace the God of
Verse."

Why should I sing the double Scylla's fate?
(The first by love transform'd, the last by
hate—

A beauteous maid above; but magic arts
With barking dogs deform'd her nether
parts:)

What vengeance on the passing fleet she
pour'd,

The master frighted, and the mates de-
vour'd.

Then ravish'd Philomel the song express'd;
The crime reveal'd; the sister's cruel feast;
And how in fields the lapwing Tereus reigns,
The warbling nightingale in woods com-
plains;

While Progne makes on chimney tops her
moan,

And hovers o'er the palace once her own.
Whatever songs besides the Delphian god
Had taught the laurels, and the Spartan
flood,

Silenus sung: the vales his voice rebound,
And carry to the skies the sacred sound.

And now the setting sun had warn'd the
swain

To call his counted cattle from the plain:
Yet still th' unwearied sire pursues the
tuneful strain,

Till, unperceiv'd, the heav'ns with stars
were hung,

And sudden night surpris'd the yet un-
finish'd song.

THE SEVENTH PASTORAL

OR, MELIBCEUS

THE ARGUMENT

Melibceus here gives us the relation of a sharp
poetical contest between Thyrsis and Cory-
don, at which he himself and Daphnis were
present; who both declar'd for Corydon.

BENEATH a holm repair'd two jolly swains
(Their sheep and goats together graz'd the
plains),

Both young Arcadians, both alike inspir'd
To sing, and answer as the song requir'd.
Daphnis, as umpire, took the middle seat,
And fortune thether led my weary feet;
For, while I fenc'd my myrtles from the cold,
The father of my flock had wander'd from
the fold.

Of Daphnis I enquir'd: he, smiling, said:
"Dismiss your fear;" and pointed where
he fed;

"And, if no greater cares disturb your mind,
Sit here with us, in covert of the wind.
Your lowing heifers, of their own accord,
At wat'ring time will seek the neighb'ring
ford.

Here wanton Mincius winds along the meads,
And shades his happy banks with bending
reeds.

And see, from yon old oak that mates the
skies,
How black the clouds of swarming bees
arise."

What should I do! Nor was Alcippe nigh,
Nor absent Phyllis could my care supply,
To house, and feed by hand my weaning
lamb,

And drain the strutting udders of their
dams.

Great was the strife betwixt the singing
swains;

And I prefer'd my pleasure to my gains.
Alternate rhyme the ready champions chose:
These Corydon rehears'd, and Thyrsis those.

CORYDON

Ye Muses, ever fair, and ever young,
Assist my numbers, and inspire my song.
With all my Codrus, O inspire my breast!
For Codrus, after Phœbus, sings the best.
Or, if my wishes have presum'd too high,
And stretch'd their bounds beyond mortal-
ity,

The praise of artful numbers I resign,
And hang my pipe upon the sacred pine.

THYRSIS

Arcadian swains, your youthful poet crown
With ivy wreaths; tho' surly Codrus frown:
Or, if he blast my Muse with envious praise,
Then fence my brows with amulets of bays,
Lest his ill arts, or his malicious tongue,
Should poison, or bewitch my growing song.

CORYDON

These branches of a stag, this tusky boar
(The first essay of arms untried before)
Young Micon offers, Delia, to thy shrine:
But speed his hunting with thy pow'r di-
vine;

Thy statue then of Parian stone shall stand;
Thy legs in buskins with a purple band.

THYRSIS

This bowl of milk, these cakes (our }
country fare),
For thee, Priapus, yearly we prepare,
Because a little garden is thy care;
But, if the falling lambs increase my fold,
Thy marble statue shall be turn'd to gold. ⁵¹

CORYDON

Fair Galatea, with thy silver feet,
O, whiter than the swan, and more than
Hybla sweet,
Tall as a poplar, taper as the bole,
Come, charm thy shepherd, and restore my
soul!
Come, when my lated sheep at night return,
And crown the silent hours, and stop the
rosy morn!

THYRSIS

May I become as abject in thy sight
As seaweed on the shore, and black as night;
Rough as a bur; deform'd like him who
chaws ⁶⁰
Sardinian herbage to contract his jaws;
Such and so monstrous let thy swain ap-
pear,
If one day's absence looks not like a year.
Hence from the field, for shame: the flock
deserves
No better feeding while the shepherd
starves.

CORYDON

Ye mossy springs, inviting easy sleep,
Ye trees, whose leafy shades those mossy
fountains keep,
Defend my flock! The summer heats are
near,
And blossoms on the swelling vines ap-
pear.

THYRSIS

With heapy fires our cheerful hearth is
crown'd;
And firs for torches in the woods abound: ⁷⁰

We fear not more the winds and wintry
cold,
Than streams the banks, or wolves the
bleating fold.

CORYDON

Our woods, with juniper and chestnuts }
crown'd,
With falling fruits and berries paint the
ground;
And lavish Nature laughs, and strows }
her stores around:
But, if Alexis from our mountains fly,
Ev'n running rivers leave their channels
dry.

THYRSIS

Parch'd are the plains, and frying is the
field,
Nor with'ring vines their juicy vintage
yield; ⁸⁰
But, if returning Phyllis bless the plain,
The grass revives, the woods are green
again,
And Jove descends in show'rs of kindly
rain.

CORYDON

The poplar is by great Alcides worn;
The brows of Phœbus his own bays adorn;
The branching vine the jolly Bacchus loves;
The Cyprian queen delights in myrtle
groves;
With hazel Phyllis crowns her flowing }
hair;
And, while she loves that common wreath
to wear,
Nor bays, nor myrtle boughs, with hazel
shall compare. ⁹⁰

THYRSIS

The tow'ring ash is fairest in the woods;
In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods:
But, if my Lycidas will ease my pains,
And often visit our forsaken plains,
To him the tow'ring ash shall yield in
woods,
In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods.

MELIBEUS

These rhymes I did to memory commend,
When vanquish'd Thyrsis did in vain con-
tend;
Since when 'tis Corydon among the swains,
Young Corydon without a rival reigns. ¹⁰⁰

THE EIGHTH PASTORAL

OR, PHARMACEUTRIA

THE ARGUMENT

This pastoral contains the songs of Damon and Alphesibœus. The first of 'em bewails the loss of his mistress, and repines at the success of his rival Mopsus. The other repeats the charms of some enchantress, who endeavor'd by her spells and magic to make Daphnis in love with her.

THE mournful Muse of two despairing swains,

The love rejected, and the lovers' pains;
To which the salvage lynxes list'ning stood,

The rivers stood on heaps, and stopp'd the running flood;

The hungry herd their needful food refuse —

Of two despairing swains, I sing the mournful Muse.

Great Pollio! thou, for whom thy Rome prepares

The ready triumph of thy finish'd wars,
Whether Timavus or th' Illyrian coast,
Whatever land or sea thy presence boast; ¹⁰
Is there an hour in fate reserv'd for me,
To sing thy deeds in numbers worthy thee?

In numbers like to thine could I rehearse

Thy lofty tragic scenes, thy labor'd verse,
The world another Sophocles in thee,
Another Homer should behold in me.
Amidst thy laurels let this ivy twine:
Thine was my earliest Muse; my latest shall be thine.

Scarce from the world the shades of night withdrew,

Scarce were the flocks refresh'd with morning dew, ²⁰

When Damon, stretch'd beneath an olive shade,

And wildly staring upwards, thus inveigh'd
Against the conscious gods, and curs'd
the cruel maid:

"Star of the morning, why dost thou delay?

Come, Lucifer, drive on the lagging day,
While I my Nisa's perjur'd faith deplore —

Witness, ye pow'rs, by whom she falsely swore!

The gods, alas! are witnesses in vain;
Yet shall my dying breath to Heav'n complain.

Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain. ³⁰

"The pines of Mænalus, the vocal grove,
Are ever full of verse, and full of love:

They hear the hinds, they hear their god complain,

Who suffer'd not the reeds to rise in vain.

Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.

"Mopsus triumphs; he weds the willing fair:

When such is Nisa's choice, what lover can despair!

Now griffons join with mares; another age
Shall see the hound and hind their thirst assuage,

Promiscuous at the spring. Prepare the lights, ⁴⁰

O Mopsus, and perform the bridal rites.
Scatter thy nuts among the scrambling boys:

Thine is the night, and thine the nuptial joys.

For thee the sun declines: O happy swain!
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.

"O, Nisa, justly to thy choice condemn'd!
Whom hast thou taken, whom hast thou condemn'd!

For him, thou hast refus'd my browsing herd,
Scorn'd my thick eyebrows, and my shaggy beard.

Unhappy Damon sighs and sings in vain, ⁵⁰
While Nisa thinks no god regards a lover's pain.

Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.

"I view'd thee first, (how fatal was the view!)

And led thee where the ruddy wildings grew,

High on the planted hedge, and wet with morning dew.

Then scarce the bending branches I could win;

The callow down began to clothe my chin.
I saw; I perish'd; yet indulg'd my pain.

Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.

"I know thee, Love! in desarts thou wert bred, ⁶⁰

And at the dugs of salvage tigers fed;

Alien of birth, usurper of the plains !
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mæna-
lian strains.

"Relentless Love the cruel mother led
The blood of her unhappy babes to shed.
Love lent the sword; the mother struck
the blow;

Inhuman she; but more inhuman thou:
Alien of birth, usurper of the plains !
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mæna-
lian strains.

"Old doting Nature, change thy course
anew,
And let the trembling lamb the wolf pur-
sue;

Let oaks now glitter with Hesperian fruit,
And purple daffodils from alder shoot;
Fat amber let the tamarisk distil,
And hooting owls contend with swans in
skill;

Hoarse Tit'rus strive with Orpheus in the
woods,

And challenge fam'd Arion on the floods.
Or, O ! let Nature cease, and Chaos reign !
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mæna-
lian strain.

"Let earth be sea; and let the whelm-
ing tide
The lifeless limbs of luckless Damon
hide:

Farewell, ye secret woods, and shady
groves,
Haunts of my youth, and conscious of my
loves !

From yon high cliff I plunge into the
main:

Take the last present of thy dying swain; }
And cease, my silent flute, the sweet }
Mænalian strain."

Now take your turns, ye Muses, to re-
hearse
His friend's complaints, and mighty magic
verse:

"Bring running water; bind those altars
round

With fillets, and with vervain strow the
ground:

Make fat with frankincense the sacred
fires,

To re-inflame my Daphnis with desires.
'Tis done: we want but verse.—Restore,
my charms,

My ling'ring Daphnis to my longing arms.

"Pale Phebe, drawn by verse, from
heav'n descends;

And Circe chang'd with charms Ulysses'
friends.

Verse breaks the ground, and penetrates
the brake,

And in the winding cavern splits the snake:
Verse fires the frozen veins.—Restore, my
charms,

My ling'ring Daphnis to my longing arms.

"Around his waxen image first I wind
Three woolen fillets, of three colors join'd;
Thrice bind about his thrice-devoted head,
Which round the sacred altar thrice is
led.

Unequal numbers please the gods.—My
charms,

Restore my Daphnis to my longing arms.

"Knit with three knots the fillets; knit
'em straight;

And say: 'These knots to love I conse-
crate.'

Haste, Amaryllis, haste.—Restore, my
charms,

My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms. 110

"As fire this figure hardens, made of
clay,

And this of wax with fire consumes away;
Such let the soul of cruel Daphnis be,
Hard to the rest of women, soft to me.

Crumble the sacred mole of salt and
corn:

Next in the fire the bays with brimstone
burn;

And, while it crackles in the sulphur,
say,

'This I for Daphnis burn; thus Daphnis
burn away !

This laurel is his fate.'—Restore, my
charms,

My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms. 120

"As when the raging heifer, thro' the
grove,

Stung with desire, pursues her wand'ring
love;

Faint at the last, she seeks the weedy
pools,

To quench her thirst, and on the rushes
rolls,

Careless of night, unmindful to return;
Such fruitless fires perfidious Daphnis
burn,

While I so scorn his love !—Restore, my
charms,

My ling'ring Daphnis to my longing arms.

"These garments once were his, and left
to me,

The pledges of his promis'd loyalty, ¹³⁰
Which underneath my threshold I bestow:

These pawns, O sacred earth, to me my Daphnis owe.

As these were his, so mine is he. — My charms,

Restore their ling'ring lord to my deluded arms.

"These pois'nous plants, for magic use design'd,

(The noblest and the best of all the baneful kind,)

Old Mœris brought me from the Pontic strand,

And cull'd the mischief of a bounteous land.

Smear'd with these pow'rful juices, on the plain,

He howls a wolf among the hungry train;
And oft the mighty negromancer boasts, ¹⁴¹

With these, to call from tombs the stalking ghosts,

And from the roots to tear the standing corn,

Which, whirl'd aloft, to distant fields is borne.

Such is the strength of spells. — Restore, my charms,

My ling'ring Daphnis to my longing arms.

"Bear out these ashes; cast 'em in the brook;

Cast backwards o'er your head; nor turn your look:

Since neither gods nor godlike verse can move,

Break out, ye smother'd fires, and kindle smother'd love. ¹⁵⁰

Exert your utmost pow'r, my ling'ring charms;

And force my Daphnis to my longing arms.

"See, while my last endeavors I delay,
The waking ashes rise, and round our altars play!

Run to the threshold, Amaryllis, hark!
Our Hylas opens, and begins to bark.

Good Heav'n, may lovers what they wish believe!

Or dream their wishes, and those dreams deceive!

No more — my Daphnis comes: no more, my charms!

He comes, he runs, he leaps to my desiring arms."

¹⁶⁰

THE NINTH PASTORAL

OR, LYCIDAS AND MÆRIS

THE ARGUMENT

When Virgil, by the favor of Augustus, had recover'd his patrimony near Mantua, and went in hope to take possession, he was in danger to be slain by Arius the centurion, to whom those lands were assign'd by the Emperor, in reward of his service against Brutus and Cassius. This pastoral, therefore, is fill'd with complaints of his hard usage; and the persons introduc'd are the bailiff of Virgil, Mœris, and his friend Lycidas.

LYCIDAS

Ho, Mœris! whether on thy way so fast?
This leads to town.

MÆRIS

O Lycidas, at last
The time is come I never thought to see,
(Strange revolution for my farm and me!)
When the grim captain in a surly tone
Cries out: "Pack up, ye rascals, and be gone."

Kick'd out, we set the best face on 't we could;
And these two kids, t' appease his angry mood,
I bear — of which the Furies give him good!

LYCIDAS

Your country friends were told another tale;
That, from the sloping mountain to the vale ¹⁰
And dodder'd oak, and all the banks along,
Menalcas sav'd his fortune with a song.

MÆRIS

Such was the news, indeed; but songs and rhymes
Prevail as much in these hard iron times,
As would a plump of trembling fowl, that rise
Against an eagle sousing from the skies.
And, had not Phœbus warn'd me, by the croak
Of an old raven from a hollow oak,
To shun debate, Menalcas had been slain, ²⁰
And Mœris not surviv'd him, to complain.

LYCIDAS

Now Heav'n defend ! Could barb'rous rage
induce
The brutal son of Mars t' insult the sacred
Muse !

Who then should sing the nymphs, or who
rehearse

The waters gliding in a smoother verse !
Or Amaryllis praise — that heav'nly lay,
That shorten'd, as we went, our tedious
way :

" O Tit'rus, tend my herd, and see them
fed ;

To morning pastures, evening waters, led ;
And 'ware the Libyan ridgil's butting
head."

30

MÆRIS

Or what unfinish'd he to Varus read :

" Thy name, O Varus, (if the kinder pow'rs
Preserve our plains, and shield the Mantuan
tow'rs,

Obnoxious by Cremona's neighb'ring crime,)
The wings of swans, and stronger-pinion'd
rhyme,

Shall raise aloft, and soaring bear above,
Th' immortal gift of gratitude to Jove."

LYCIDAS

Sing on, sing on ; for I can ne'er be cloy'd :
So may thy swarms the baleful yew avoid ;
So may thy cows their burden'd bags dis-
tend,

40

And trees to goats their willing branches
bend.

Mean as I am, yet have the Muses made
Me free, a member of the tuneful trade :
At least the shepherds seem to like my
lays ;

But I discern their flatt'ry from their
praise :

I nor to Cinna's ears, nor Varus' dare as-
pire,

But gabble, like a goose, amidst the swan-
like choir.

MÆRIS

'Tis what I have been conning in my mind ;
Nor are they verses of a vulgar kind.

" Come, Galatea, come, the seas forsake : 50
What pleasures can the tides with their
hoarse murmurs make ?

See, on the shore inhabits purple spring,
Where nightingales their love-sick ditty
sing :

See, meads with purling streams, with
flow'rs the ground,
The grottoes cool, with shady poplars
crown'd ;
And creeping vines on arbors weav'd
around.
Come then, and leave the waves' tumultu-
ous roar ;
Let the wild surges vainly beat the shore."

LYCIDAS

Or that sweet song I heard with such de-
light ;

The same you sung alone one starry night. 60
The tune I still retain, but not the words.

MÆRIS

" Why, Daphnis, dost thou search in old re-
cords,

To know the seasons when the stars arise ?
See, Cæsar's lamp is lighted in the skies :

The star whose rays the blushing grapes
adorn,

And swell the kindly ripening ears of corn.
Under this influence, graft the tender shoot :

Thy children's children shall enjoy the fruit."

The rest I have forgot ; for cares and time
Change all things, and untune my soul to
rhyme.

70

I could have once sung down a summer's
sun ;

But now the chime of poetry is done :

My voice grows hoarse ; I feel the notes
decay,

As if the wolves had seen me first to-day.
But these, and more than I to mind can bring,
Menalcas has not yet forgot to sing.

LYCIDAS

Thy faint excuses but inflame me more :
And now the waves roll silent to the shore ;

Hush'd winds the topmost branches scarcely
bend,

As if thy tuneful song they did attend : 80
Already we have half our way o'ercome ;
Far off I can discern Bianor's tomb.

Here, where the laborer's hands have form'd
a bow'r

Of wreathing trees, in singing waste an hour.
Rest here thy weary limbs ; thy kids lay
down :

We've day before us yet to reach the town ;
Or if, ere night, the gath'ring clouds we
fear,

A song will help the beating storm to bear.

And, that thou may'st not be too late
abroad,
Sing, and I'll ease thy shoulders of thy
load. 90

MÆRIS

Cease to request me; let us mind our way:
Another song requires another day.
When good Menalcas comes, if he rejoice,
And find a friend at court, I'll find a voice.

THE TENTH PASTORAL

OR, GALLUS

THE ARGUMENT

Gallus, a great patron of Virgil, and an excellent poet, was very deeply in love with one Cytheris, whom he calls Lycoris, and who had forsaken him for the company of a soldier. The poet therefore supposes his friend Gallus retir'd, in his height of melancholy, into the solitudes of Arcadia (the celebrated scene of pastorals), where he represents him in a very languishing condition, with all the rural deities about him, pitying his hard usage, and condoling his misfortune.

THY sacred succor, Arethusa, bring,
To crown my labor ('tis the last I sing),
Which proud Lycoris may with pity view:
The Muse is mournful, tho' the numbers
few. }
Refuse me not a verse, to grief and
Gallus due: }
So may thy silver streams beneath the
tide,
Unmix'd with briny seas, securely glide.
Sing then my Gallus, and his hopeless
vows;
Sing, while my cattle crop the tender
browse.
The vocal grove shall answer to the sound,
And echo, from the vales, the tuneful voice
rebound. 11
What lawns or woods withheld you from
his aid, }
Ye nymphs, when Gallus was to love be-
tray'd; }
To love, unpitied by the cruel maid?
Not steepy Pindus could retard your course,
Nor cleft Parnassus, nor th' Aonian source:
Nothing that owns the Muses could suspend
Your aid to Gallus — Gallus is their friend.

For him the lofty laurel stands in tears,
And hung with humid pearls the lowly
shrub appears. 20

Manalian pines the godlike swain be-
moan, }

When, spread beneath a rock, he sigh'd
alone; }

And cold Lycæus wept from every drop-
ping stone. }

The sheep surround their shepherd, as he
lies:

Blush not, sweet poet, nor the name de-
spise —

Along the streams, his flock Adonis fed;
And yet the Queen of Beauty bless'd his
bed.

The swains and tardy neatherds came, and
last,

Menalcas, wet with beating winter mast.
Wond'ring, they ask'd from whence arose
thy flame; 30

Yet more amaz'd, thy own Apollo came.
Flush'd were his cheeks, and glowing were
his eyes:

"Is she thy care? is she thy care?" he
cries.

"Thy false Lycoris flies thy love and
thee, }

And, for thy rival, tempts the raging sea,
The forms of horrid war, and heav'n's in-
clemency."

Silvanus came: his brows a country crown
Of fennel, and of nodding lilies, down.

Great Pan arriv'd; and we beheld him
too,

His cheeks and temples of vermilion hue.
"Why, Gallus, this immoderate grief?" he
cried. 41

"Think'st thou that love with tears is sat-
isfied? "

The meads are sooner drunk with morning
dews,

The bees with flow'ry shrubs, the goats
with browse."

Unmov'd, and with dejected eyes, he
mourn'd:

He paus'd, and then these broken words
return'd:

"'Tis past; and pity gives me no relief;
But you, Arcadian swains, shall sing my
grief,

And on your hills my last complaints renew:
So sad a song is only worthy you. 50

How light would lie the turf upon my
brest,

If you my suff'rings in your songs express'd !
 Ah ! that your birth and bus'ness had been mine;
 To pen the sheep, and press the swelling vine !
 Had Phyllis or Amyntas caus'd my pain,
 Or any nymph, or shepherd on the plain,
 (Tho' Phyllis brown, tho' black Amyntas were,
 Are violets not sweet, because not fair ?)
 Beneath the fallows, and the shady vine,
 My loves had mix'd their pliant limbs with mine:
 Phyllis with myrtle wreaths had crown'd my hair,
 And soft Amyntas sung away my care.
 Come, see what pleasures in our plains abound;
 The woods, the fountains, and the flow'ry ground.
 As you are beauteous, were you half so true,
 Here could I live, and love, and die with only you.
 * Now I to fighting fields am sent afar,
 And strive in winter camps with toils of war;
 While you, (alas, that I should find it so !)
 To shun my sight, your native soil forego,
 And climb the frozen Alps, and tread th' eternal snow.
 Ye frosts and snows, her tender body spare !
 Those are not limbs for icicles to tear.
 For me, the wilds and deserts are my choice;
 The Muses, once my care; my once harmonious voice.
 There will I sing, forsaken and alone:
 The rocks and hollow caves shall echo to my moan.
 The rind of ev'ry plant her name shall know;
 And, as the rind extends, the loves shall grow.
 Then on Arcadian mountains will I chase
 (Mix'd with the woodland nymphs) the savage race;
 Nor cold shall hinder me, with horns and hounds
 To thrid the thickets, or to leap the mounds.
 And now methinks o'er steepy rocks I go,
 And rush thro' sounding woods, and bend the Parthian bow;
 As if with sports my sufferings I could ease,
 Or by my pains the God of Love appease.

My frenzy changes; I delight no more
 On mountain tops to chase the tusky boar:
 No game but hopeless love my thoughts pursue —
 Once more, ye nymphs, and songs, and sounding woods, adieu !
 Love alters not for us his hard decrees,
 Not tho' beneath the Thracian clime we freeze,
 Or Italy's indulgent heav'n forego,
 And in midwinter tread Sithonian snow;
 Or, when the barks of elms are scorch'd, we keep
 On Meroe's burning plains the Libyan sheep.
 In hell, and earth, and seas, and heav'n above,
 Love conquers all; and we must yield to Love."

My Muses, here your sacred raptures end:
 The verse was what I ow'd my suff'ring friend.

This while I sung, my sorrows I deceiv'd,
 And bending osiers into baskets weav'd.
 The song, because inspir'd by you, shall shine;
 And Gallus will approve, because 't is mine —
 Gallus, for whom my holy flames renew
 Each hour, and ev'ry moment rise in view;
 As alders, in the spring, their boles extend,
 And heave so fiercely that the bark they rend.
 Now let us rise; for hoarseness oft invades
 The singer's voice, who sings beneath the shades.
 From juniper unwholesome dews distil,
 That blast the sooty corn, the with'ring herbage kill.
 Away, my goats, away ! for you have brows'd your fill.

GEORGICS

TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE PHILIP, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD, &c.

MY LORD,

I CANNOT begin my address to your Lordship better than in the words of Virgil:

— *Quod optanti divum promittere nemo
 Auderet, volventa dies, en, attulit ultro.*

Seven years together I have conceal'd the longing which I had to appear before you: a time as tedious as Æneas pass'd in his wand'ring voyage, before he reach'd the promis'd Italy. But I consider'd that nothing which my

meanness could produce was worthy of your patronage. At last this happy occasion offer'd, of presenting to you the best poem of the best poet. If I balk'd this opportunity, I was in despair of finding such another; and, if I took it, I was still uncertain whether you would vouchsafe to accept it from my hands. 'T was a bold venture which I made, in desiring your permission to lay my unworthy labors at your feet. But my rashness has succeeded beyond my hopes; and you have been pleas'd not to suffer an old man to go discontented out of the world, for want of that protection of which he had been so long ambitious. I have known a gentleman in disgrace, and not daring to appear before King Charles the Second, tho' he much desir'd it: at length he took the confidence to attend a fair lady to the court, and told his Majesty that, under her protection, he had presum'd to wait on him. With the same humble confidence I present myself before your Lordship, and, attending on Virgil, hope a gracious reception. The gentleman succeeded, because the powerful lady was his friend; but I have too much injur'd my great author, to expect he should intercede for me. I would have translated him; but, according to the literal French and Italian phrases, I fear I have traduc'd him. 'T is the fault of many a well-meaning man, to be officious in a wrong place, and do a prejudice where he had endeavor'd to do a service. Virgil wrote his *Georgics* in the full strength and vigor of his age, when his judgment was at the height, and before his fancy was declining. He had (according to our homely saying) his full swing at this poem, beginning it about the age of thirty-five, and scarce concluding it before he arriv'd at forty. 'T is observ'd both of him and Horace, (and I believe it will hold in all great poets,) that, tho' they wrote before with a certain heat of genius which inspir'd them, yet that heat was not perfectly digested. There is requir'd a continuance of warmth to ripen the best and noblest fruits. Thus Horace, in his First and Second Book of *Odes*, was still rising, but came not to his meridian till the Third; after which his judgment was an overpoise to his imagination: he grew too cautious to be bold enough; for he descended in his Fourth by slow degrees, and, in his *Satires* and *Epistles*, was more a philosopher and a critic than a poet. In the beginning of summer the days are almost at a stand, with little variation of length or shortness, because at that time the diurnal motion of the sun partakes more of a right line than of a spiral. The same is the method of nature in the frame of man. He seems at forty to be fully in his summer tropic; somewhat before, and somewhat after, he finds in his soul but small increases or decays. From fifty to three-score, the balance generally holds even,

in our colder climates: for he loses not much in fancy; and judgment, which is the effect of observation, still increases. His succeeding years afford him little more than the stubble of his own harvest: yet, if his constitution be healthful, his mind may still retain a decent vigor; and the gleanings of that Ephraim, in comparison with others, will surpass the vintage of Abiezer. I have call'd this somewhere, by a bold metaphor, a green old age; but Virgil has given me his authority for the figure:

Jam senior; sed cruda Deo, viridisque senectus.

Amongst those few who enjoy the advantage of a latter spring your Lordship is a rare example; who, being now arriv'd at your great climacteric, yet give no proof of the least decay in your excellent judgment and comprehension of all things which are within the compass of human understanding. Your conversation is as easy as it is instructive; and I could never observe the least vanity, or the least assuming, in anything you said, but a natural unaffected modesty, full of good sense, and well digested; a clearness of notion, express'd in ready and unstudied words. No man has complain'd, or ever can, that you have discours'd too long on any subject: for you leave us in an eagerness of learning more; pleas'd with what we hear, but not satisfied, because you will not speak so much as we could wish. I dare not excuse your Lordship from this fault; for, tho' 't is none in you, 't is one to all who have the happiness of being known to you. I must confess, the critics make it one of Virgil's beauties, that, having said what he thought convenient, he always left somewhat for the imagination of his readers to supply; that they might gratify their fancies by finding more in what he had written than at first they could; and think they had added to his thought, when it was all there beforehand, and he only sav'd himself the expense of words. However it was, I never went from your Lordship but with a longing to return, or without a hearty curse to him who invented ceremonies in the world, and put me on the necessity of withdrawing, when it was my interest, as well as my desire, to have given you a much longer trouble. I cannot imagine (if your Lordship will give me leave to speak my thoughts) but you have had a more than ordinary vigor in your youth; for too much of heat is requir'd at first, that there may not too little be left at last. A prodigal fire is only capable of large remains; and yours, my Lord, still burns the clearer in declining. The blaze is not so fierce as at the first; but the smoke is wholly vanish'd; and your friends who stand about you are not only sensible of a cheerful warmth, but are kept at an awful distance by its force. In my small observations of mankind,

I have ever found that such as are not rather too full of spirit when they are young, degenerate to dulness in their age. Sobriety in our riper years is the effect of a well-concocted warmth; but, where the principles are only phlegm, what can be expected from the waterish matter but an insipid manhood and a stupid old infancy; discretion in leading strings, and a confirm'd ignorance on crutches? Virgil, in his *Third Georgic*, when he describes a colt who promises a courser for the race, or for the field of battle, shews him the first to pass the bridge which trembles under him, and to stem the torrent of the flood. His beginnings must be in rashness — a noble fault; but time and experience will correct that error, and tame it into a deliberate and well-weigh'd courage, which knows both to be cautious and to dare, as occasion offers. Your Lordship is a man of honor, not only so unshain'd, but so unquestion'd, that you are the living standard of that heroic virtue; so truly such, that if I would flatter you, I could not. It takes not from you, that you were born with principles of generosity and probity; but it adds to you, that you have cultivated nature, and made those principles the rule and measure of all your actions. The world knows this, without my telling; yet poets have a right of recording it to all posterity:

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.

Epaminondas, Lucullus, and the two first Cæsars were not esteem'd the worse commanders for having made philosophy and the liberal arts their study. Cicero might have been their equal, but that he wanted courage. To have both these virtues, and to have improv'd them both with a softness of manners and a sweetness of conversation — few of our nobility can fill that character. One there is, and so conspicuous by his own light, that he needs not

Digito monstrari, et dicier, "Hic est."

To be nobly born, and of an ancient family, is in the extremes of fortune, either good or bad; for virtue and descent are no inheritance. A long series of ancestors shews the native with great advantage at the first; but if he any way degenerate from his line, the least spot is visible on ermine. But, to preserve this whiteness in its original purity, you, my Lord, have, like that ermine, forsaken the common track of business, which is not always clean: you have chosen for yourself a private greatness, and will not be polluted with ambition. It has been observ'd in former times that none have been so greedy of employments, and of managing the public, as they who have least deserv'd their stations. But such only merit to be call'd patriots, under

whom we see their country flourish. I have laugh'd sometimes (for who would always be a Heraclitus?) when I have reflected on those men who from time to time have shot themselves into the world. I have seen many successions of them; some bolting out upon the stage with vast applause, and others hiss'd off, and quitting it with disgrace. But, while they were in action, I have constantly observ'd that they seem'd desirous to retreat from business: greatness, they said, was nauseous, and a crowd was troublesome; a quiet privacy was their ambition. Some few of them, I believe, said this in earnest, and were making a provision against future want, that they might enjoy their age with ease: they saw the happiness of a private life, and promis'd to themselves a blessing which every day it was in their power to possess. But they deferr'd it, and linger'd still at court, because they thought they had not yet enough to make them happy: they would have more, and laid in, to make their solitude luxurious — a wretched philosophy, which Epicurus never taught them in his garden. They lov'd the prospect of this quiet in reversion, but were not willing to have it in possession: they would first be old, and made as sure of health and life as if both of them were at their dispose. But put them to the necessity of a present choice, and they preferr'd continuance in power; like the wretch who call'd Death to his assistance, but refus'd it when he came. The great Scipio was not of their opinion, who indeed sought honors in his youth, and endur'd the fatigues with which he purchas'd them. He serv'd his country when it was in need of his courage and his conduct, till he thought it was time to serve himself; but dismounted from the saddle when he found the beast which bore him began to grow restive and ungovernable. But your Lordship has given us a better example of moderation. You saw betimes that ingratitude is not confin'd to commonwealths; and therefore, tho' you were form'd alike for the greatest of civil employments and military commands, yet you push'd not your fortune to rise in either, but contented yourself with being capable, as much as any whosoever, of defending your country with your sword, or assisting it with your counsel, when you were call'd. For the rest, the respect and love which was paid you, not only in the province where you live, but generally by all who had the happiness to know you, was a wise exchange for the honors of the court — a place of forgetfulness, at the best, for well-deservers. 'Tis necessary, for the polishing of manners, to have breath'd that air; but 'tis infectious, even to the best morals, to live always in it. 'Tis a dangerous commerce, where an honest man is sure at the

first of being cheated, and he recovers not his losses but by learning to cheat others. The undermining smile becomes at length habitual; and the drift of his plausible conversation is only to flatter one, that he may betray another. Yet 'tis good to have been a looker-on, without venturing to play; that a man may know false dice another time, tho' he never means to use them. I commend not him who never knew a court, but him who forsakes it because he knows it. A young man deserves no praise, who, out of melancholy zeal, leaves the world before he has well tried it, and runs headlong into religion. He who carries a maidenhead into a cloister is sometimes apt to lose it there, and to repent of his repentance. He only is like to endure austerities who has already found the inconvenience of pleasures. For almost every man will be making experiments in one part or another of his life, and the danger is the less when we are young; for, having tried it early, we shall not be apt to repeat it afterwards. Your Lordship therefore may properly be said to have chosen a retreat, and not to have chosen it till you had maturely weigh'd the advantages of rising higher, with the hazards of the fall. *Res, non parva labore, sed relicta*, was thought by a poet to be one of the requisites to a happy life. Why should a reasonable man put it into the power of Fortune to make him miserable, when his ancestors have taken care to release him from her? Let him venture, says Horace, *qui zonam perdidit*. He who has nothing plays securely; for he may win, and cannot be poorer if he loses. But he who is born to a plentiful estate, and is ambitious of offices at court, sets a stake to Fortune which she can seldom answer: if he gains nothing, he loses all, or part of what was once his own; and if he gets, he cannot be certain but he may refund. In short, however he succeeds, 'tis covetousness that induc'd him first to play; and covetousness is the undoubted sign of ill sense at bottom. The odds are against him that he loses; and one loss may be of more consequence to him than all his former winnings. 'Tis like the present war of the Christians against the Turk: every year they gain a victory, and by that a town; but, if they are once defeated, they lose a province at a blow, and endanger the safety of the whole empire. You, my Lord, enjoy your quiet in a garden, where you have not only the leisure of thinking, but the pleasure to think of nothing which can discompose your mind. A good conscience is a port which is landlock'd on every side; and where no winds can possibly invade, no tempests can arise. There a man may stand upon the shore, and not only see his own image, but that of his Maker, clearly reflected from the undisturb'd

and silent waters. Reason was intended for a blessing; and such it is to men of honor and integrity, who desire no more than what they are able to give themselves; like the happy old Corycian whom my author describes in his *Fourth Georgic*, whose fruits and salads, on which he liv'd contented, were all of his own growth, and his own plantation. Virgil seems to think that the blessings of a country life are not complete without an improvement of knowledge by contemplation and reading:

*O fortunatos nimium, bona si sua norint,
Agricolas!*

'Tis but half possession not to understand that happiness which we possess. A foundation of good sense and a cultivation of learning are requir'd to give a seasoning to retirement, and make us taste the blessing. God has bestow'd on your Lordship the first of these; and you have bestow'd on yourself the second. Eden was not made for beasts, tho' they were suffer'd to live in it, but for their master, who studied God in the works of his creation. Neither could the Devil have been happy there with all his knowledge; for he wanted innocence to make him so. He brought envy, malice, and ambition into Paradise, which sour'd to him the sweetness of the place. Wherever inordinate affections are, 'tis hell. Such only can enjoy the country, who are capable of thinking when they are there, and have left their passions behind them in the town. Then they are prepar'd for solitude; and in that solitude is prepar'd for them:

Et secura quies, et nescia fallere vita.

As I began this dedication with a verse of Virgil, so I conclude it with another. The continuance of your health, to enjoy that happiness which you so well deserve, and which you have provided for yourself, is the sincere and earnest wish of

Your Lordship's most devoted
And most obedient Servant,
JOHN DRYDEN.

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE GEORGICS

THE ARGUMENT

The poet, in the beginning of this book, propounds the general design of each *Georgic*; and, after a solemn invocation of all the gods who are any way related to his subject, he addresses himself in particular to Augustus, whom he compliments with divinity; and

after strikes into his business. He shews the different kinds of tillage proper to different soils; traces out the original of agriculture; gives a catalogue of the husbandman's tools; specifies the employments peculiar to each season; describes the changes of the weather, with the signs in heaven and earth that forebode them; instances many of the prodigies that happen'd near the time of Julius Cæsar's death; and shuts up all with a supplication to the gods for the safety of Augustus, and the preservation of Rome.

WHAT makes a plenteous harvest, when to turn

The fruitful soil, and when to sow the corn;
The care of sheep, of oxen, and of kine,
And how to raise on elms the teeming vine;
The birth and genius of the frugal bee,
I sing, Mæcenas, and I sing to thee.

Ye deities, who fields and plains protect,
Who rule the seasons, and the year direct,
Bacchus and fost'ring Ceres, pow'rs divine,
Who gave us corn for mast, for water, wine;

Ye Fauns, propitious to the rural swains,
Ye nymphs, that haunt the mountains and the plains,

Join in my work, and to my numbers bring
Your needful succor; for your gifts I sing.
And thou, whose trident struck the teeming earth,

And made a passage for the courser's birth;
And thou, for whom the Cæan shore sustains

Thy milky herds, that graze the flow'ry plains;

And thou, the shepherds' tutelary god,
Leave, for a while, O Pan, thy lov'd abode;

And, if Arcadian fleeces be thy care,
From fields and mountains to my song repair.

Inventor, Pallas, of the fatt'ning oil,
Thou founder of the plow, and plowman's toil;

And thou, whose hands the shroud-like cypress rear,
Come, all ye gods and goddesses, that wear

The rural honors, and increase the year:
You, who supply the ground with seeds of grain;

And you, who swell those seeds with kindly rain;

And chiefly thou, whose undetermin'd state

Is yet the business of the gods' debate,
Whether in after times to be declar'd
The patron of the world, and Rome's peculiar guard,

Or o'er the fruits and seasons to preside,
And the round circuit of the year to guide —

Pow'rful of blessings, which thou strew'st around,

And with thy goddess-mother's myrtle crown'd.

Or wilt thou, Cæsar, choose the wat'ry reign,

To smoothe the surges, and correct the main?

Then mariners, in storms, to thee shall pray;

Ev'n utmost Thule shall thy pow'r obey,
And Neptune shall resign the fæces of the sea;

The wat'ry virgins for thy bed shall strive,
And Tethys all her waves in dowry give.
Or wilt thou bless our summers with thy rays,

And, seated near the Balance, poise the days,
Where, in the void of heav'n, a space is free,

Betwixt the Scorpion and the Maid, for thee?

The Scorpion, ready to receive thy laws,
Yields half his region, and contracts his claws.

Whatever part of heav'n thou shalt obtain —

For let not hell presume of such a reign;
Nor let so dire a thirst of empire move

Thy mind, to leave thy kindred gods above —

Tho' Greece admires Elysium's blest retreat;

Tho' Proserpine affects her silent seat,
And, importun'd by Ceres to remove,

Prefers the fields below to those above, —
But thou, propitious Cæsar, guide my course,

And to my bold endeavors add thy force:

Pity the poet's and the plowman's cares;
Int'rest thy greatness in our mean affairs,

And use thyself betimes to hear and grant our pray'rs.

While yet the spring is young, while Earth unbinds

Her frozen bosom to the western winds;
While mountain snows dissolve against the sun,

And streams, yet new, from precipices run;
 Ev'n in this early dawning of the year,
 Produce the plow, and yoke the sturdy
 steer,

And goad him till he groans beneath his
 toil,

Till the bright share is buried in the soil.

That crop rewards the greedy peasant's
 pains,

Which twice the sun, and twice the cold
 sustains,

And bursts the crowded barns with more
 than promis'd gains.

But, ere we stir the yet unbroken ground,
 The various course of seasons must be
 found;

The weather, and the setting of the winds,
 The culture suiting to the sev'ral kinds
 Of seeds and plants, and what will thrive
 and rise,

And what the genius of the soil denies. ⁸⁰
 This ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres
 suits;

That other loads the trees with happy fruits;
 A fourth with grass, unbidden, decks the
 ground.

Thus *Tmolus* is with yellow saffron crown'd:

India black ebony and white ivory bears;

And soft *Idume* weeps her od'rous tears.

Thus *Pontus* sends her beaver stones from
 far;

And naked Spaniards temper steel for war:

Epirus for th' *Elean* chariot breeds,

In hopes of palms, a race of running steeds.

This is the orig'nal contract; these the
 laws ⁹¹

Impos'd by Nature, and by Nature's
 cause,

On sundry places, when *Deucalion* hurl'd

His mother's entrails on the desert world;

Whence men, a hard laborious kind,
 were born.

Then borrow part of winter for thy corn,

And early with thy team the glebe in
 furrows turn;

That, while the turf lies open and un-
 bound,

Succeeding suns may bake the mellow
 ground.

But, if the soil be barren, only scar ¹⁰⁰

The surface, and but lightly print the
 share,

When cold *Areturus* rises with the sun;

Lest wicked weeds the corn should overrun
 In wat'ry soils, or lest the barren sand

Should suck the moisture from the thirsty
 land.

Both these unhappy soils the swain for-
 bears,

And keeps a sabbath of alternate years,
 That the spent earth may gather heart
 again,

And, better'd by cessation, bear the grain.

At least where vetches, pulse, and tares
 have stood, ¹¹⁰

And stalks of lupines grew (a stubborn
 wood),

Th' ensuing season, in return, may bear
 The bearded product of the golden year.

For flax and oats will burn the tender
 field,

And sleepy poppies harmful harvests yield;
 But sweet vicissitudes of rest and toil

Make easy labor, and renew the soil.

Yet sprinkle sordid ashes all around,

And load with fatt'ning dung thy fallow
 ground.

Thus change of seeds for meager soils is
 best; ¹²⁰

And earth manur'd, not idle, tho' at rest.

Long practice has a sure improvement
 found,

With kindled fires to burn the barren
 ground,

When the light stubble, to the flames re-
 sign'd,

Is driv'n along, and crackles in the wind:
 Whether from hence the hollow wound of
 Earth

Is warm'd with secret strength for better
 birth;

Or, when the latent vice is cur'd by fire,
 Redundant humors thro' the pores expire;

Or that the warmth distends the chinks,
 and makes ¹³⁰

New breathings, whence new nourishment
 she takes;

Or that the heat the gaping grounds con-
 strains,

New knits the surface, and new strings the
 veins;

Lest soaking show'rs should pierce her
 secret seat,

Or freezing *Boreas* chill her genial heat,
 Or scorching suns too violently beat.

Nor is the profit small the peasant makes,
 Who smooths with harrows, or who pounds
 with rakes

The crumbling clods; nor *Ceres* from on
 high

Regards his labors with a grudging eye; ¹⁴⁰
 Nor his, who plows across the furrow'd
 grounds,
 And on the back of earth inflicts new
 wounds;
 For he with frequent exercise commands
 Th' unwilling soil, and tames the stubborn
 lands.

Ye swains, invoke the pow'rs who rule
 the sky,
 For a moist summer, and a winter dry;
 For winter drought rewards the peasant's
 pain,
 And broods indulgent on the buried grain.
 Hence Mysia boasts her harvests, and the
 tops

Of Gargarus admire their happy crops. ¹⁵⁰
 When first the soil receives the fruitful
 seed,

Make no delay, but cover it with speed:
 So fenc'd from cold, the pliant furrows
 break

Before the surly clod resists the rake.
 And call the floods from high, to rush
 amain

With pregnant streams, to swell the teem-
 ing grain.

Then, when the fiery suns too fiercely play,
 And shrivel'd herbs on with'ring stems de-
 cay,

The wary plowman, on the mountain's
 brow,

Undams his wat'ry stores — huge torrents
 flow, ¹⁶⁰

And, rattling down the rocks, large mois-
 ture yield,

Temp'ring the thirsty fever of the field —
 And lest the stem, too feeble for the
 freight,

Should scarce sustain the head's unwieldy
 weight,

Sends in his feeding flocks betimes, t' in-
 vade

The rising bulk of the luxuriant blade,
 Ere yet th' aspiring offspring of the grain
 O'ertops the ridges of the furrow'd plain;
 And drains the standing waters, when they
 yield

Too large a bev'rage to the drunken field:
 But most in autumn, and the show'ry
 spring, ¹⁷¹

When dubious months uncertain weather
 bring;

When fountains open, when impetuous
 rain

Swells hasty brooks, and pours upon the
 plain;

When earth with slime and mud is cover'd
 o'er,

Or hollow places spew their wat'ry store.
 Nor yet the plowman, nor the lab'ring
 steer,

Sustain alone the hazards of the year:
 But glutton geese, and the Strymonian
 crane,

With foreign troops invade the tender
 grain; ¹⁸⁰

And tow'ring weeds malignant shadows
 yield;

And spreading suec'ry chokes the rising
 field.

The sire of gods and men, with hard de-
 crees,

Forbids our plenty to be bought with ease,
 And wills that mortal men, inur'd to toil,
 Should exercise, with pains, the grudging
 soil.

Himself invented first the shining share,
 And whetted human industry by care;
 Himself did handicrafts and arts ordain,
 Nor suffer'd sloth to rust his active reign.
 Ere this, no peasant vex'd the peaceful
 ground, ¹⁹¹

Which only turfs and greens for altars
 found:

No fences parted fields, nor marks nor
 bounds

Distinguish'd acres of litigious grounds;
 But all was common, and the fruitful Earth
 Was free to give her unexacted birth.
 Jove added venom to the viper's brood,
 And swell'd with raging storms the peace-
 ful flood;

Commission'd hungry wolves t' infest the
 fold,

And shook from oaken leaves the liquid
 gold; ²⁰⁰

Remov'd from human reach the cheerful
 fire,

And from the rivers bade the wine retire;
 That studious need might useful arts ex-
 plore,

From furrow'd fields to reap the foodful
 store,

And force the veins of clashing flints t'
 expire

The lurking seeds of their celestial fire.
 Then first on seas the hollow'd alder swam;
 Then sailors quarter'd heav'n, and found a
 name

For ev'ry fix'd and ev'ry wand'ring star:
The Pleiads, Hyads, and the Northern
Car.

Then toils for beasts, and lime for birds ²¹⁰
were found,

And deep-mouth dogs did forest walks surround;

And casting nets were spread in shallow
brooks,

Drags in the deep, and baits were hung on
hooks.

Then saws were tooth'd, and sounding axes
made,

(For wedges first did yielding wood invade;)

And various arts in order did succeed:
What cannot endless labor, urg'd by
need?

First Ceres taught the ground with grain
to sow,

And arm'd with iron shares the crooked
plow;

When now Dodonian oaks no more supplied ²²⁰

Their mast, and trees their forest fruit denied.

Soon was his labor doubled to the swain,
And blasting mildews blacken'd all his
grain;

Tough thistles chok'd the fields, and kill'd
the corn,

And an unthrifty crop of weeds was born:
Then burs and brambles, an unbidden crew
Of graceless guests, th' unhappy field sub-
due;

And oats unblest, and darnel domineers,
And shoots its head above the shining ears;
So that, unless the land with daily care ²³¹
Is exercis'd, and with an iron war
Of rakes and harrows the proud foes ex-
pell'd,

And birds with clamors frighted from the
field;

Unless the boughs are lopp'd that shade
the plain,

And Heav'n invoc'd with vows for fruitful
rain,

On other crops you may with envy look,
And shake for food the long-abandon'd oak.
Nor must we pass untold what arms they
wield,

Who labor tillage and the furrow'd field; ²⁴⁰

Without whose aid the ground her corn
denies,

And nothing can be sown, and nothing rise:

The crooked plow, the share, the tow'ring
height

Of wagons, and the cart's unwieldy weight;
The sled, the tumbrel, hurdles, and the
flail,

The fan of Bacchus, with the flying sail —
These all must be prepar'd, if plowmen
hope

The promis'd blessing of a bounteous crop.
Young elms, with early force, in copses
bow,

Fit for the figure of the crooked plow. ²⁵⁰
Of eight foot long a fasten'd beam pre-
pare;

On either side the head produce an ear, }
And sink a socket for the shining share: }
Of beech the plow-tail and the bending
yoke,

Or softer linden harden'd in the smoke.

I could be long in precepts; but I fear
So mean a subject might offend your ear.
Delve of convenient depth your thrashing
floor:

With temper'd clay then fill and face it
o'er;

And let the weighty roller run the round,
To smoothe the surface of th' unequal
ground;

Lest, crack'd with summer heats, the floor-
ing flies, ²⁶¹

Or sinks, and thro' the crannies weeds
arise.

For sundry foes the rural realm surround;
The field mouse builds her garner under
ground

For gather'd grain; the blind laborious
mole

In winding mazes works her hidden hole;
In hollow caverns vermin make abode —
The hissing serpent, and the swelling toad;
The corn-devouring weasel here abides, ²⁷⁰

And the wise ant her wintry store provides.
Mark well the flow'ring almonds in the
wood:

If od'rous blooms the bearing branches
load,

The glebe will answer to the sylvan reign;
Great heats will follow, and large crops of
grain.

But if a wood of leaves o'ershade the tree,
Such and so barren will thy harvest be:

In vain the hind shall vex the thrashing
floor;

For empty chaff and straw will be thy
store.

Some steep their seed, and some in caldrons
 boil,²⁸⁰
 With vigorous niter and with lees of oil,
 O'er gentle fires, th' exuberant juice to
 drain,
 And swell the flatt'ring husks with fruitful
 grain.
 Yet is not the success for years assur'd,
 Tho' chosen is the seed, and fully cur'd,
 Unless the peasant, with his annual pain,
 Renews his choice, and culls the largest
 grain.
 Thus all below, whether by Nature's curse,
 Or Fate's decree, degen'rate still to worse.
 So the boat's brawny crew the current
 stem,²⁹⁰
 And, slow advancing, struggle with the
 stream;
 But if they slack their hands, or cease to
 strive,
 Then down the flood with headlong haste
 they drive.
 Nor must the plowman less observe the
 skies,
 When the Kids, Dragon, and Arcturus rise,
 Than sailors homeward bent, who cut their
 way
 Thro' Helle's stormy straits, and oyster-
 breeding sea.
 But, when Astraea's Balance, hung on high,
 Betwixt the nights and days divides the sky,
 Then yoke your oxen, sow your winter
 grain,³⁰⁰
 Till cold December comes with driving
 rain.
 Linseed and fruitful poppy bury warm,
 In a dry season, and prevent the storm.
 Sow beans and clover in a rotten soil,
 And millet rising from your annual toil;
 When with his golden horns, in full ca-
 reer,
 The Bull beats down the barriers of the
 year,
 And Argos and the Dog forsake the
 northern sphere.
 But if your care to wheat alone extend,
 Let Maia with her sisters first descend,
 And the bright Gnosian diadem down-
 ward bend,³¹¹
 Before you trust in earth your future hope;
 Or else expect a listless lazy crop.
 Some swains have sown before; but most
 have found
 A husky harvest from the grudging ground.
 Vile vetches would you sow, or lentils lean,

The growth of Egypt, or the kidney bean?
 Begin when the slow wagoner descends,
 Nor cease your sowing till midwinter ends:
 For this, thro' twelve bright signs Apollo
 guides³²⁰
 The year, and earth in sev'ral climes di-
 vides.
 Five girdles bind the skies: the torrid zone
 Glows with the passing and repassing sun;
 Far on the right and left, th' extremes of
 heav'n
 To frosts and snows and bitter blasts are
 giv'n;
 Betwixt the midst and these, the gods as-
 sign'd
 Two habitable seats for humankind,
 And cross their limits cut a sloping way,
 Which the twelve signs in beauteous order
 sway.
 Two poles turn round the globe; one seen
 to rise³³⁰
 O'er Scythian hills, and one in Libyan
 skies;
 The first sublime in heav'n, the last is
 whirl'd
 Below the regions of the nether world.
 Around our pole the spiry Dragon glides,
 And, like a winding stream, the Bears di-
 vides—
 The less and greater, who, by Fate's decree,
 Abhor to dive beneath the southern sea.
 There, as they say, perpetual night is found
 In silence brooding on th' unhappy ground:
 Or, when Aurora leaves our northern sphere,
 She lights the downward heav'n, and rises
 there;³⁴¹
 And, when on us she breathes the living
 light,
 Red Vesper kindles there the tapers of the
 night.
 From hence uncertain seasons we may know,
 And when to reap the grain, and when to
 sow;
 Or when to fell the furzes; when 't is meet
 To spread the flying canvas for the fleet.
 Observe what stars arise, or disappear;
 And the four quarters of the rolling year.
 But, when cold weather and continued rain
 The lab'ring husband in his house restrain,
 Let him forecast his work with timely
 care,³⁵²
 Which else is huddled when the skies
 are fair:
 Then let him mark the sheep, or whet
 the shining share,

Or hollow trees for boats, or number o'er
His sacks, or measure his increasing store,
Or sharpen stakes, or head the forks, or
twine

The fallow twigs to tie the straggling vine;
Or wicker baskets weave, or air the corn,
Or grinded grain betwixt two marbles
turn. 360

No laws, divine or human, can restrain
From necessary works the lab'ring swain.
Ev'n holidays and feasts permission yield
To float the meadows, or to fence the field,
To fire the brambles, snare the birds, and
steep

In wholesome waterfalls the woolly sheep.
And oft the drudging ass is driv'n, with
toil,

To neigh'ring towns with apples and with
oil;

Returning late, and loaden, home with gain
Of barter'd pitch, and handmills for the
grain. 370

The lucky days, in each revolving moon,
For labor choose: the fifth be sure to shun;
That gave the Furies and pale Pluto birth,
And arm'd, against the skies, the sons of
earth.

With mountains pil'd on mountains, thrice
they strove

To scale the steepy battlements of Jove;
And thrice his lightning and red thunder
play'd,

And their demolish'd works in ruin laid.
The sev'nth is, next the tenth, the best to
join

Young oxen to the yoke, and plant the
vine: 380

Then, weavers, stretch your stays upon the
weft.

The ninth is good for travel, bad for theft.
Some works in dead of night are better
done,

Or when the morning dew prevents the sun.
Parch'd meads and stubble mow by Phœbe's
light,

Which both require the coolness of the
night;

For moisture then abounds, and pearly
rains

Descend in silence to refresh the plains.
The wife and husband equally conspire
To work by night, and rake the winter
fire: 390

He sharpens torches in the glimm'ring
room;

She shoots the flying shuttle thro' the loom,
Or boils in kettles must of wine, and skims
With leaves the dregs that overflow the
brims;

And, till the watchful cock awakes the
day,

She sings, to drive the tedious hours away.
But in warm weather, when the skies are
clear,

By daylight reap the product of the year;
And in the sun your golden grain display,
And thrash it out, and winnow it by day.
Plow naked, swain, and naked sow the
land; 401

For lazy winter numbs the lab'ring hand.
In genial winter, swains enjoy their store,
Forget their hardships, and recruit for
more;

The farmer to full bowls invites his friends,
And, what he got with pains, with pleasure
spends.

So sailors, when escap'd from stormy seas,
First crown their vessels, then indulge
their ease.

Yet that's the proper time to thrash the
wood

For mast of oak, your fathers' homely
food; 410

To gather laurel berries, and the spoil
Of bloody myrtles, and to press your oil;
For stalking cranes to set the guileful
snare;

T' inclose the stags in toils, and hunt the
hare;

With Balearic slings, or Gnosian bow,
To persecute from far the flying doe—
Then, when the fleecy skies new clothe the
wood,

And cakes of rustling ice come rolling
down the flood.

Now sing we stormy stars, when
autumn weighs

The year, and adds to nights, and shortens
days, 420

And suns declining shine with feeble rays;
What cares must then attend the toiling

swain;

Or when the low'ring spring, with lavish
rain,

Beats down the slender stem and bearded
grain,

While yet the head is green, or, lightly
swell'd

With milky moisture, overlooks the field.
Ev'n when the farmer, now secure of fear,

Sends in the swains to spoil the finish'd
 year;
 Ev'n while the reaper fills his greedy
 hands,
 And binds the golden sheafs in brittle
 bands; ⁴³⁰
 Oft have I seen a sudden storm arise
 From all the warring winds that sweep the
 skies:
 The heavy harvest from the root is torn,
 And whirl'd aloft the lighter stubble
 borne;
 With such a force the flying rack is driv'n,
 And such a winter wears the face of heav'n:
 And oft whole sheets descend of sluicy
 rain,
 Suck'd by the spongy clouds from off the
 main;
 The lofty skies at once come pouring down,
 The promis'd crop and golden labors
 drown. ⁴⁴⁰
 The dykes are fill'd, and with a roaring
 sound
 The rising rivers float the nether ground;
 And rocks the bellowing voice of boil-
 ing seas rebound. }
 The Father of the Gods his glory shrouds,
 Involv'd in tempests, and a night of clouds;
 And, from the middle darkness flashing
 out,
 By fits he deals his fiery bolts about.
 Earth feels the motions of her angry god;
 Her entrails tremble, and her mountains
 nod, }
 And flying beasts in forests seek abode:
 Deep horror seizes ev'ry human breast; ⁴⁵⁰
 Their pride is humbled and their fear con-
 fess'd,
 While he from high his rolling thunder
 throws,
 And fires the mountains with repeated
 blows.
 The rocks are from their old foundations
 rent;
 The winds redouble, and the rains aug-
 ment:
 The waves on heaps are dash'd against the
 shore;
 And now the woods, and now the billows
 roar.
 In fear of this, observe the starry signs,
 Where Saturn houses, and where Hermes
 joins. ⁴⁶⁰
 But first to Heav'n thy due devotions pay,
 And annual gifts on Ceres' altars lay.

When winter's rage abates, when cheerful
 hours
 Awake the spring, and spring awakes the
 flows,
 On the green turf thy careless limbs dis-
 play,
 And celebrate the Mighty Mother's day:
 For then the hills with pleasing shades are
 crown'd,
 And sleeps are sweeter on the silken ground;
 With milder beams the sun securely shines;
 Fat are the lambs, and luscious are the
 wines. ⁴⁷⁰
 Let ev'ry swain adore her pow'r divine,
 And milk and honey mix with sparkling
 wine:
 Let all the choir of clowns attend the show
 In long procession, shouting as they go;
 Invoking her to bless their yearly stores,
 Inviting plenty to their crowded floors.
 Thus in the spring, and thus in summer's
 heat,
 Before the sickles touch the ripening wheat,
 On Ceres call; and let the lab'ring hind
 With oaken wreaths his hollow temples
 bind: ⁴⁸⁰
 On Ceres let him call, and Ceres praise,
 With uncouth dances, and with country lays.
 And that by certain signs we may presage
 Of heats and rains, and wind's impetuous
 rage,
 The sov'reign of the heav'ns has set on
 high
 The moon, to mark the changes of the sky;
 When southern blasts should cease, and
 when the swain
 Should near their folds his feeding flocks
 restrain.
 For, ere the rising winds begin to roar,
 The working seas advance to wash the
 shore; ⁴⁹⁰
 Soft whispers run along the leavy woods,
 And mountains whistle to the murmur'ing
 floods.
 Ev'n then the doubtful billows scarce
 abstain
 From the toss'd vessel on the troubled
 main;
 When crying cormorants forsake the sea,
 And stretching to the covert wing their
 way;
 When sportful coots run skimming o'er
 the strand;
 When watchful herons leave their wat'ry
 stand,

And mounting upward, with erected flight,
Gain on the skies, and soar above the
sight. ⁵⁰⁰

And oft, before tempestuous winds arise,
The seeming stars fall headlong from the
skies,

And, shooting thro' the darkness, gild the
night

With sweeping glories, and long trails of
light;

And chaff with eddy-winds is whirl'd
around,

And dancing leaves are lifted from the
ground;

And floating feathers on the waters play.
But when the winged thunder takes his
way

From the cold North, and East and West
ingage,

And at their frontiers meet with equal
rage, ⁵¹⁰

The clouds are crush'd; a glut of gather'd
rain

The hollow ditches fills, and floats the
plain;

And sailors furl their dropping sheets
amain. }

Wet weather seldom hurts the most un-
wise;

So plain the signs, such prophets are the
skies.

The wary crane foresees it first, and sails
Above the storm, and leaves the lowly
vales;

The cow looks up, and from afar can find
The change of heav'n, and snuffs it in the
wind;

The swallow skims the river's wat'ry face;
The frogs renew the croaks of their lo-
quacious race; ⁵²¹

The careful ant her secret cell forsakes,
And drags her eggs along the narrow
tracks:

At either horn the rainbow drinks the
flood;

Huge flocks of rising rooks forsake their
food,

And, crying, seek the shelter of the
wood. }

Besides, the sev'ral sorts of wat'ry fowls
That swim the seas, or haunt the standing
pools,

The swans that sail along the silver flood,
And dive with stretching necks to search
their food, ⁵³⁰

Then lave their backs with sprinkling dews
in vain,

And stem the stream to meet the pro-
mis'd rain.

The crow with clam'rous cries the show'r
demands,

And single stalks along the desert sands.
The nightly virgin, while her wheel she
plies,

Foresees the storm impending in the skies,
When sparkling lamps their spitt'ring light
advance,

And in the sockets oily bubbles dance.
Then, after show'rs, 't is easy to desery

Returning suns, and a serener sky: ⁵⁴⁰

The stars shine smarter; and the moon
adorns,

As with unborrow'd beams, her sharpen'd
horns.

The filmy gossamer now flits no more,
Nor halcyons bask on the short sunny
shore;

Their litter is not toss'd by sows unclean:
But a blue droughty mist descends upon
the plain;

And owls, that mark the setting sun, de-
clare

A starlight evening, and a morning fair.
Tow'ring aloft, avenging Nisus flies,

While, dar'd below, the guilty Scylla lies.
Wherever frighted Scylla flies away, ⁵⁵¹

Swift Nisus follows, and pursues his prey;
Where injur'd Nisus takes his airy course,

Thence trembling Scylla flies, and shuns
his force:

This punishment pursues th' unhappy maid,
And thus the purple hair is dearly paid.

Then, thrice the ravens rend the liquid air,
And croaking notes proclaim the settled
fair;

Then, round their airy palaces they fly,
To greet the sun; and, seiz'd with secret
joy, ⁵⁶⁰

When storms are overblown, with food
repair

To their forsaken nests and callow care.
Not that I think their breasts with heav'nly
souls

Inspir'd, as man, who destiny controls;
But with the changeful temper of the
skies,

As rains condense, and sunshine rarefies,
So turn the species in their alter'd minds,

Compos'd by calms, and discompos'd by
winds:

From hence proceeds the birds' harmonious voice;

From hence the cows exult, and frisking lambs rejoice. 570

Observe the daily circle of the sun,
And the short year of each revolving moon:

By them thou shalt foresee the following day,

Nor shall a starry night thy hopes betray.
When first the moon appears, if then she shrouds

Her silver crescent, tipp'd with sable clouds,
Conclude she bodes a tempest on the main,
And brews for fields impetuous floods of rain;

Or, if her face with fiery flushing glow,
Expect the rattling winds aloft to blow. 580

But, four nights old, (for that's the surest sign,)

With sharpen'd horns if glorious then she shine,

Next day, nor only that, but all the moon,
Till her revolving race be wholly run,
Are void of tempests, both by land and sea,
And sailors in the port their promis'd vow shall pay.

Above the rest, the sun, who never lies,
Foretells the change of weather in the skies:

For if he rise unwilling to his race,
Clouds on his brows, and spots upon his face, 590

Or if thro' mists he shoots his sullen beams,
Frugal of light, in loose and straggling streams;

Suspect a drizzling day, with southern rain,
Fatal to fruits, and flocks, and promis'd grain.

Or if Aurora, with half-open'd eyes,
And a pale sickly cheek, salute the skies;
How shall the vine, with tender leaves, defend

Her teeming clusters, when the storms descend,

When ridgy roofs and tiles can scarce avail
To bar the ruin of the rattling hail? 600

But, more than all, the setting sun survey,
When down the steep of heav'n he drives the day;

For oft we find him finishing his race
With various colors erring on his face.

If fiery red his glowing globe descends,
High winds and furious tempests he portends;

But if his cheeks are swoln with livid blue,
He bodes wet weather by his wat'ry hue.
If dusky spots are varied on his brow,
And, streak'd with red, a troubled color show; 610

That sullen mixture shall at once declare
Winds, rain, and storms, and elemental war:

What desperate madman then would venture o'er

The *frith*, or haul his cables from the shore?
But if with purple rays he brings the light,
And a pure heav'n resigns to quiet night,
No rising winds or falling storms are nigh;

But northern breezes thro' the forest fly,
And drive the rack, and purge the ruffled sky. 619

Th' unerring sun by certain signs declares
What the late ev'n or early morn prepares,
And when the south projects a stormy day,
And when the clearing north will puff the clouds away.

The sun reveals the secrets of the sky;
And who dares give the source of light the lie?

The change of empires often he declares,
Fierce tumults, hidden treasons, open wars.
He first the fate of Cæsar did foretell,
And pitted Rome, when Rome in Cæsar fell;

In iron clouds conceal'd the public light, 630
And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.

Nor was the fact foretold by him alone:
Nature herself stood forth, and seconded the sun.

Earth, air, and seas with prodigies were sign'd;

And birds obscene, and howling dogs divin'd.
What rocks did Ætna's bellowing mouth expire

From her torn entrails! and what floods of fire!

What clanks were heard, in German skies afar,

Of arms and armies, rushing to the war!
Dire earthquakes rent the solid Alps below, 640

And from their summets shook th' eternal snow;

Pale specters in the close of night were seen,

And voices heard of more than mortal men;
In silent groves dumb sheep and oxen spoke;

And streams ran backward, and their beds
forsook;

The yawning earth disclos'd th' abyss of
hell;

The weeping statues did the wars foretell,
And holy sweat from brazen idols fell.

Then, rising in his might, the king of floods
Rush'd thro' the forests, tore the lofty
woods; 650

And, rolling onward, with a sweepy sway,
Bore houses, herds, and lab'ring hinds away.
Blood sprang from wells, wolfs howl'd in
towns by night,

And boding victims did the priests affright;
Such peals of thunder never pour'd from
high,

Nor fork'y lightnings flash'd from such a
sullen sky.

Red meteors ran across th' ethereal space;
Stars disappear'd, and comets took their
place.

For this, th' Emathian plains once more
were strow'd

With Roman bodies, and just Heav'n
thought good 660

To fatten twice those fields with Roman
blood.

Then, after length of time, the lab'ring swains
Who turn the turfs of those unhappy plains
Shall rusty piles from the plow'd furrows
take,

And over empty helmets pass the rake;
Amaz'd at antic titles on the stones,
And mighty relics of gigantic bones.

Ye home-born deities, of mortal birth!
Thou Father Romulus, and Mother Earth,
Goddess unmov'd! whose guardian arms
extend 670

O'er Tuscan Tiber's course, and Roman
tow'rs defend;

With youthful Cæsar your joint pow'rs
ingage,

Nor hinder him to save the sinking age.
O let the blood already spilt atone

For the past crimes of curst Laomedon!
Heav'n wants thee there; and long the
gods, we know,

Have grudg'd thee, Cæsar, to the world
below,

Where fraud and rapine right and wrong
confound,

Where impious arms from ev'ry part re-
sound,

And monstrous crimes in ev'ry shape are
crown'd. 680

The peaceful peasant to the wars is press'd;
The fields lie fallow in inglorious rest;
The plain no pasture to the flock affords;
The crooked scythes are straighten'd into
swords:

And there Euphrates her soft offspring
arms,

And here the Rhine rebellows with alarms;
The neighb'ring cities range on sev'ral
sides,

Perfidious Mars long-plighted leagues
divides,

And o'er the wasted world in triumph
rides.

So four fierce coursers, starting to the
race, 690

Scour thro' the plain, and lengthen ev'ry
pace;

Nor reins, nor curbs, nor threat'ning cries
they fear,

But force along the trembling charioteer.

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE GEORGICS

THE ARGUMENT

The subject of the following book is planting:
in handling of which argument the poet
shews all the different methods of raising
trees, describes their variety, and gives rules
for the management of each in particular.
He then points out the soils in which the sev-
eral plants thrive best, and thence takes occa-
sion to run out into the praises of Italy: after
which he gives some directions for discover-
ing the nature of every soil, prescribes rules
for the dressing of vines, olives, &c., and con-
cludes the *Georgic* with a panegyric on a
country life.

THUS far of tillage, and of heav'nly signs:
Now sing, my Muse, the growth of gen'rous
vines,

The shady groves, the woodland progeny,
And the slow product of Minerva's tree.

Great Father Bacchus! to my song re-
pair;

For clust'ring grapes are thy peculiar care:
For thee, large bunches load the bending
vine,

And the last blessings of the year are thine.
To thee his joys the jolly Autumn owes,

When the fermenting juice the vat o'er-
flows. 10

Come, strip with me, my god ! come, drench
 all o'er
 Thy limbs in must of wine, and drink at
 ev'ry pore.
 Some trees their birth to bounteous Na-
 ture owe;
 For some without the pains of planting
 grow.
 With osiers thus the banks of brooks
 abound,
 Sprung from the wat'ry genius of the
 ground.
 From the same principles gray willows
 come,
 Herculean poplar, and the tender broom.
 But some from seeds inclos'd in earth
 arise;
 For thus the mastful chestnut mates the
 skies.
 Hence rise the branching beech and vocal
 oak,
 Where Jove of old oraculously spoke.
 Some from the root a rising wood disclose:
 Thus elms, and thus the salvage cherry
 grows;
 Thus the green bay, that binds the poet's
 brows,
 Shoots, and is shelter'd by the mother's
 boughs.
 These ways of planting Nature did or-
 dain
 For trees and shrubs, and all the sylvan
 reign.
 Others there are, by late experience found:
 Some cut the shoots, and plant in furrow'd
 ground;
 Some cover rooted stalks in deeper mold;
 Some, cloven stakes; and (wondrous to be-
 hold !)
 Their sharpen'd ends in earth their footing
 place,
 And the dry poles produce a living race.
 Some bow their vines, which buried in the
 plain,
 Their tops in distant arches rise again.
 Others no root require; the lab'rer cuts
 Young slips, and in the soil securely puts.
 Ev'n stumps of olives, bar'd of leaves, and
 dead,
 Revive, and oft redeem their wither'd head.
 'Tis usual now an inmate graft to see
 With insolence invade a foreign tree:
 Thus pears and quinces from the crab tree
 come,
 And thus the ruddy cornel bears the plum.

Then let the learned gard'ner mark with
 care
 The kinds of stocks, and what those kinds
 will bear;
 Explore the nature of each sev'ral tree,
 And, known, improve with artful industry:
 And let no spot of idle earth be found,
 But cultivate the genius of the ground; 50
 For open Ismarus will Bacchus please;
 Taburnus loves the shade of olive trees.
 The virtues of the sev'ral soils I sing —
 Mæcenæ, now thy needful succor bring !
 O thou ! the better part of my renown,
 Inspire thy poet, and thy poem crown;
 Embark with me, while I new tracts ex-
 plore,
 With flying sails, and breezes from the
 shore:
 Not that my song, in such a scanty space,
 So large a subject fully can embrace — 60
 Not tho' I were supplied with iron lungs,
 A hundred mouths, fill'd with as many
 tongues —
 But steer my vessel with a steady hand,
 And coast along the shore in sight of land.
 Nor will I tire thy patience with a train
 Of preface, or what ancient poets feign.
 The trees which of themselves advance in
 air
 Are barren kinds, but strongly built and
 fair;
 Because the vigor of the native earth
 Maintains the plant, and makes a manly
 birth. 70
 Yet these, receiving grafts of other kind,
 Or thence transplanted, change their sal-
 vage mind,
 Their wildness lose, and, quitting nature's
 part,
 Obey the rules and discipline of art.
 The same do trees that, sprung from bar-
 ren roots,
 In open fields transplanted bear their fruits;
 For, where they grow, the native energy
 Turns all into the substance of the tree,
 Starves and destroys the fruit, is only made
 For brawny bulk, and for a barren shade.
 The plant that shoots from seed, a sullen
 tree, 81
 At leisure grows, for late posterity;
 The gen'rous flavor lost, the fruits decay,
 And salvage grapes are made the birds'
 ignoble prey.
 Much labor is requir'd in trees, to tame
 Their wild disorder, and in ranks reclaim.

Well must the ground be digg'd, and better
dress'd,

New soil to make, and meliorate the rest.

Old stakes of olive trees in plants revive;

By the same methods Paphian myrtles
live; ⁹⁰

But nobler vines by propagation thrive.

From roots hard hazels; and from cions rise

Tall ash, and taller oak that mates the
skies;

Palm, poplar, fir, descending from the
steep

Of hills, to try the dangers of the deep.

The thin-leav'd arbutue hazel graffs re-
ceives;

And planes huge apples bear, that bore but
leaves.

Thus mastful beech the bristly chestnut
bears,

And the wild ash is white with blooming
pears,

And greedy swine from grafted elms are
fed ¹⁰⁰

With falling acorns, that on oaks are bred.

But various are the ways to change the
state

Of plants, to bud, to graff, t' inoculate.

For, where the tender rinds of trees dis-
close

Their shooting gems, a swelling knot there
grows;

Just in that space a narrow slit we make,

Then other buds from bearing trees we take;

Inserted thus, the wounded rind we close,

In whose moist womb th' admitted infant
grows.

But, when the smoother bole from knots is
free, ¹¹⁰

We make a deep incision in the tree,

And in the solid wood the slip inclose:

The batt'ning bastard shoots again and
grows;

And in short space the laden boughs arise,

With happy fruit advancing to the skies.

The mother plant admires the leaves un-
known

Of alien trees, and apples not her own.

Of vegetable woods are various kinds,

And the same species are of sev'ral minds.

Lotes, willows, elms, have diff'rent forms
allow'd; ¹²⁰

So fun'ral cypress, rising like a shroud:

Fat olive trees of sundry sorts appear,

Of sundry shapes their unctuous berries
bear.

Radii long olives, Orehits round produce,
And bitter Pausia, pounded for the juice.

Aleinois' orchard various apples bears;

Unlike are bergamotes and pounder pears.

Nor our Italian vines produce the shape,

Or taste, or flavor, of the Lesbian grape.

The Thasian vines in richer soils abound; ¹³⁰

The Mareotic grow in barren ground.

The Psythian grape we dry; Lagean juice

Will stamm'ring tongues and stagg'ring
feet produce.

Rathe ripe are some, and some of later
kind;

Of golden some, and some of purple rind.

How shall I praise the Ræthean grape di-
vine,

Which yet contends not with Falernian
wine?

Th' Aminean many a consulship survives,

And longer than the Lydian vintage lives,

Or high Phæneus, king of Chian growth; ¹⁴⁰

But for large quantities and lasting, both,

The less Argitis bears the prize away.

The Rhodian, sacred to the solemn day,

In second services is pour'd to Jove,

And best accepted by the gods above.

Nor must Bumastus his old honors lose,

In length and largeness like the dugs of
cows.

I pass the rest, whose ev'ry race, and name,

And kinds, are less material to my theme;

Which who would learn, as soon may tell
the sands, ¹⁵⁰

Driv'n by the western wind on Libyan
lands;

Or number, when the blust'ring Eurus
roars,

The billows beating on Ionian shores.

Nor ev'ry plant on ev'ry soil will grow:

The fallow loves the wat'ry ground, and low;

The marshes, alders; nature seems t' ordain

The rocky cliff for the wild ash's reign;

The baleful yew to northern blasts assigns,

To shores the myrtles, and to mounts the
vines.

Regard th' extremest cultivated coast, ¹⁶⁰

From hot Arabia to the Scythian frost:

All sort of trees their sev'ral countries

know;

Black ebon only will in India grow,

And od'rous frankincense on the Sabæan
bough. ¹⁷⁰

Balm slowly trickles thro' the bleeding
veins

Of happy shrubs in Idumæan plains.

The green Egyptian thorn, for med'cine
 good,
 With Ethiops' hoary trees and woolly wood,
 Let others tell; and how the Seres spin
 Their fleecy forests in a slender twine; ¹⁷⁰
 With mighty trunks of trees on Indian
 shores,
 Whose height above the feather'd arrow
 soars,
 Shot from the toughest bow, and by the
 brawn
 Of expert archers with vast vigor drawn.
 Sharp-tasted citrons Median climes pro-
 duce,
 (Bitter the rind, but gen'rous is the juice,)
 A cordial fruit, a present antidote
 Against the direful stepdam's deadly
 draught,
 Who, mixing wicked weeds with words im-
 pure, ¹⁷⁹
 The fate of envied orphans would procure.
 Large is the plant, and like a laurel grows,
 And, did it not a diff'rent scent disclose,
 A laurel were: the fragrant flow'rs contemn
 The stormy winds, tenacious of their stem.
 With this the Medes to lab'ring age be-
 queath
 New lungs, and cure the sourness of the
 breath.
 But neither Median woods (a plenteous
 land),
 Fair Ganges, Hermus rolling golden sand,
 Nor Bactria, nor the richer Indian fields,
 Nor all the gummy stores Arabia yields, ¹⁹⁰
 Nor any foreign earth of greater name,
 Can with sweet Italy contend in fame. }
 No bulls whose nostrils breathe a living
 flame }
 Have turn'd our turf; no teeth of serpents
 here
 Were sown, an armed host and iron crop to
 bear.
 But fruitful vines, and the fat olive's freight,
 And harvests heavy with their fruitful
 weight,
 Adorn our fields; and on the cheerful green
 The grazing flocks and lowing herds are
 seen.
 The warrior horse, here bred, is taught to
 train; ²⁰⁰
 There flows Clitumnus thro' the flow'ry
 plain,
 Whose waves, for triumphs after pros-
 p'rous war,
 The victim ox and snowy sheep prepare.

Perpetual spring our happy climate sees;
 Twice breed the cattle, and twice bear
 the trees;
 And summer suns recede by slow degrees. }
 Our land is from the rage of tigers freed,
 Nor nourishes the lion's angry seed;
 Nor pois'nous aconite is here produc'd,
 Or grows unknown, or is, when known, re-
 fus'd; ²¹⁰
 Nor in so vast a length our serpents glide,
 Or rais'd on such a spiry volume ride.
 Next add our cities of illustrious name,
 Their costly labor, and stupendous frame;
 Our forts on steepy hills, that far below
 See wanton streams in winding valleys
 flow;
 Our twofold seas, that, washing either side,
 A rich recruit of foreign stores provide;
 Our spacious lakes; thee, Larius, first; and
 next
 Benacus, with tempest'ous billows vex'd. ²²⁰
 Or shall I praise thy ports, or mention
 make
 Of the vast mound that binds the Lucrine
 lake?
 Or the disdainful sea, that, shut from
 thence,
 Roars round the structure, and invades the
 fence,
 There, where secure the Julian waters glide,
 Or where Avernus' jaws admit the Tyrrhene
 tide?
 Our quarries, deep in earth, were fam'd of
 old
 For veins of silver, and for ore of gold.
 Th' inhabitants themselves their country
 grace:
 Hence rose the Marsian and Sabellian race,
 Strong-limb'd and stout, and to the wars
 inclin'd, ²³¹
 And hard Ligurians, a laborious kind,
 And Volscians arm'd with iron-headed
 darts.
 Besides, an offspring of undaunted hearts,
 The Decii, Marii, great Camillus, came
 From hence, and greater Scipio's double
 name;
 And mighty Cæsar, whose victorious arms
 To farthest Asia carry fierce alarms,
 Avert unwarlike Indians from his Rome,
 Triumph abroad, secure our peace at home.
 Hail, sweet Saturnian soil! of fruitful
 grain ²⁴¹
 Great parent, greater of illustrious men!
 For thee my tuneful accents will I raise,

And treat of arts disclos'd in ancient days;
Once more unlock for thee the sacred
spring,

And old Ascrean verse in Roman cities
sing.

The nature of their sev'ral soils now
see,

Their strength, their color, their fertility:
And first for heath, and barren hilly
ground,

Where meager clay and flinty stones
abound; ²⁵⁰

Where the poor soil all succor seems to
want—

Yet this suffices the Palladian plant.
Undoubted signs of such a soil are found; }

For here wild olive shoots o'erspread
the ground, }

And heaps of berries strew the fields
around. }

But where the soil, with fatt'ning moisture
fill'd,

Is cloth'd with grass, and fruitful to be
till'd,

Such as in cheerful vales we view from
high,

Which dripping rocks with rolling streams
supply,

And feed with ooze; where rising hillocks
run ²⁶⁰

In length, and open to the southern sun;
Where fern succeeds, ungrateful to the
plow—

That gentle ground to gen'rous grapes al-
low.

Strong stocks of vines it will in time pro-
duce,

And overflow the vats with friendly juice,
Such as our priests in golden goblets pour

To gods, the givers of the cheerful hour,
Then when the bloated Tuscan blows his
horn,

And reeking entrails are in chargers
borne.

If herds or fleecy flocks be more thy
care, ²⁷⁰

Or goats that graze the field, and burn it
bare,

Then seek Tarentum's lawns, and farthest
coast,

Or such a field as hapless Mantua lost,
Where silver swans sail down the wat'ry
road,

And graze the floating herbage of the flood.
There crystal streams perpetual tenor keep,

Nor food nor springs are wanting to thy
sheep;

For, what the day devours, the nightly dew
Shall to the morn in pearly drops renew.

Fat crumbling earth is fitter for the plow,
Putrid and loose above, and black below;

For plowing is an imitative toil, ²⁸²
Resembling nature in an easy soil.

No land for seed like this; no fields afford
So large an income to the village lord:

No toiling teams from harvest labor come
So late at night, so heavy-laden home.

The like of forest land is understood,
From whence the surly plowman grubs }

the wood,
Which had for length of ages idle stood: }

Then birds forsake the ruins of their seat,
And, flying from their nests, their callow
young forget. ²⁹²

The coarse lean gravel, on the mountain
sides,

Scarce dewy bev'rage for the bees provides;
Nor chalk nor crumbling stones, the food
of snakes,

That work in hollow earth their winding
tracks.

The soil exhaling clouds of subtle dews,
Imbibing moisture which with ease she
spews,

Which rusts not iron, and whose mold is
clean,

Well cloth'd with cheerful grass, and ever
green, ³⁰⁰

Is good for olives, and aspiring vines,
Embracing husband elms in am'rous twines;

Is fit for feeding cattle, fit to sow,
And equal to the pasture and the plow.

Such is the soil of fat Campanian fields;
Such large increase the land that joins
Vesuvius yields;

And such a country could Acerra boast,
Till Clanius overflow'd th' unhappy coast.

I teach thee next the differ'ing soils to
know,

The light for vines, the heavier for the
plow. ³¹⁰

Choose first a place for such a purpose fit:
There dig the solid earth, and sink a pit;

Next fill the hole with its own earth again,
And trample with thy feet, and tread it in:

Then, if it rise not to the former height
Of superflue, conclude that soil is light,

A proper ground for pasturage and vines.
But if the sullen earth, so press'd, repines

Within its native mansion to retire,

And stays without, a heap of heavy mire,
 'T is good for arable, a glebe that asks ³²¹
 Tough teams of oxen, and laborious tasks.

Salt earth and bitter are not fit to sow,
 Nor will be tam'd or mended with the plow.
 Sweet grapes degen'rate there; and fruits,
 declin'd

From their first flav'rous taste, renounce
 their kind.

This truth by sure experiment is tried;

For first an osier colander provide

Of twigs thick wrought (such toiling peas-
 ants twine,

When thro' strait passages they strain their
 wine): ³³⁰

In this close vessel place that earth ac-
 curst,

But fill'd brimful with wholesome water
 first;

Then run it thro': the drops will rope
 around,

And by the bitter taste disclose the ground.
 The fatter earth by handling we may find,
 With ease distinguish'd from the meager
 kind:

Poor soil will crumble into dust; the rich
 Will to the fingers cleave like clammy
 pitch:

Moist earth produces corn and grass, but
 both

Too rank and too luxuriant in their
 growth. ³⁴⁰

Let not my land so large a promise boast,
 Lest the lank ears in length of stem be
 lost.

The heavier earth is by her weight be-
 tray'd;

The lighter in the poising hand is weigh'd.
 'T is easy to distinguish by the sight

The color of the soil, and black from white;
 But the cold ground is difficult to know;
 Yet this the plants that prosper there
 will show:

Black ivy, pitch trees, and the baleful
 yew.

These rules consider'd well, with early
 care ³⁵⁰

The vineyard destin'd for thy vines pre-
 pare;

But, long before the planting, dig the
 ground

With furrows deep that cast a rising mound:
 The clods, expos'd to winter winds, will
 bake;

For putrid earth will best in vineyards take,

And hoary frosts, after the painful toil
 Of delving hinds, will rot the mellow soil
 Some peasants, not t' omit the nice
 care,

Of the same soil their nursery prepare ³⁵⁹
 With that of their plantation; lest the tree,
 Translated, should not with the soil agree.

Beside, to plant it as it was, they mark
 The heav'n's four quarters on the tender
 bark,

And to the north or south restore the side
 Which at their birth did heat or cold abide.
 So strong is custom; such effects can use
 In tender souls of pliant plants produce.

Choose next a province for thy vineyard's
 reign,

On hills above, or in the lowly plain.

If fertile fields or valleys be thy choice, ³⁷⁰
 Plant thick; for bounteous Bacchus will re-
 joice

In close plantations there; but if the vine
 On rising ground be plac'd, or hills supine,
 Extend thy loose battalions largely wide,
 Opening thy ranks and files on either side,
 But marshal'd all in order as they stand;
 And let no soldier straggle from his band.
 As legions in the field their front display,
 To try the fortune of some doubtful day,
 And move to meet their foes with sober
 pace, ³⁸⁰

Strict to their figure, tho' in wider space,
 Before the battle joins, while from afar
 The field yet glitters with the pomp of
 war,

And equal Mars, like an impartial lord,
 Leaves all to fortune, and the dint of
 sword;

So let thy vines in intervals be set,
 But not their rural discipline forget:

Indulge their width, and add a roomy
 space,

That their extremest lines may scarce em-
 brace:

Nor this alone t' indulge a vain delight, ³⁹⁰
 And make a pleasing prospect for the sight;
 But, for the ground itself, this only way
 Can equal vigor to the plants convey,
 Which, crowded, want the room their
 branches to display.

How deep they must be planted, wouldst
 thou know?

In shallow furrows vines securely grow.
 Not so the rest of plants; for Jove's own
 tree,

That holds the woods in awful sov'reignty,

Requires a depth of lodging in the ground,
 And, next the lower skies, a bed profound:
 High as his topmost boughs to heav'n ascend,
 So low his roots to hell's dominion tend.
 Therefore, nor winds, nor winter's rage o'er-
 throws
 His bulky body, but unmov'd he grows;
 For length of ages lasts his happy reign,
 And lives of mortal man contend in vain:
 Full in the midst of his own strength he
 stands,
 Stretching his brawny arms, and leafy
 hands;
 His shade protects the plains, his head
 the hills commands.
 The hurtful hazel in thy vineyard shun;
 Nor plant it to receive the setting sun;
 Nor break the topmost branches from the
 tree;
 Nor prune, with blunted knife, the pro-
 pruned.
 Root up wild olives from thy labor'd lands;
 For sparkling fire, from hinds' unwary
 hands,
 Is often scatter'd o'er their unctuous rinds,
 And after spread abroad by raging winds:
 For first the smould'ring flame the trunk
 receives;
 Ascending thence, it crackles in the leaves;
 At length victorious to the top aspires,
 Involving all the wood in smoky fires;
 But most, when, driv'n by winds, the flam-
 ing storm
 Of the long files destroys the beauteous
 form.
 In ashes then th' unhappy vineyard lies;
 Nor will the blasted plants from ruin rise;
 Nor will the wither'd stock be green again;
 But the wild olive shoots, and shades th'
 ungrateful plain.
 Be not seduc'd with wisdom's empty shows,
 To stir the peaceful ground when Boreas
 blows.
 When winter frosts constrain the field with
 cold,
 The fainty root can take no steady hold;
 But when the golden spring reveals the
 year,
 And the white bird returns, whom serpents
 fear,
 That season deem the best to plant thy
 vines:
 Next that, is when autumnal warmth de-
 clines,

Ere heat is quite decay'd, or cold begun,
 Or Capricorn admits the winter sun.
 The spring adorns the woods, renews the
 leaves;
 The womb of Earth the genial seed receives:
 For then almighty Jove descends, and
 pours
 Into his buxom bride his fruitful show'rs;
 And, mixing his large limbs with hers, he
 feeds
 Her births with kindly juice, and fosters
 teeming seeds.
 Then joyous birds frequent the lonely grove,
 And beasts, by nature stung, renew their
 love.
 Then fields the blades of buried corn dis-
 close;
 And, while the balmy western spirit
 blows,
 Earth to the breath her bosom dares ex-
 pose.
 With kindly moisture then the plants
 abound;
 The grass securely springs above the ground;
 The tender twig shoots upward to the
 skies,
 And on the faith of the new sun relies.
 The swerving vines on the tall elms pre-
 vail,
 Unhurt by southern show'rs, or northern
 hail;
 They spread their gems, the genial warmth
 to share,
 And boldly trust their buds in open air.
 In this soft season (let me dare to sing)
 The world was hatch'd by heav'n's im-
 perial king:
 In prime of all the year, and holidays of
 spring.
 Then did the new creation first appear;
 Nor other was the tenor of the year,
 When laughing heav'n did the great birth
 attend,
 And eastern winds their wintry breath
 suspend:
 Then sheep first saw the sun in open fields,
 And salvage beasts were sent to stock the
 wilds,
 And golden stars flew up to light the skies,
 And man's relentless race from stony quar-
 ries rise.
 Nor could the tender, new creation bear
 Th' excessive heats or coldness of the year;
 But, chill'd by winter, or by summer fir'd,
 The middle temper of the spring requir'd,

When warmth and moisture did at once
 abound,⁴⁷²
 And heav'n's indulgence brooded on the
 ground.
 For what remains, in depth of earth se-
 cure
 Thy cover'd plants, and dung with hot ma-
 nure,
 And shells and gravel in the ground inclose;
 For thro' their hollow chinks the water
 flows,
 Which, thus imbib'd, returns in misty dews,
 And, steaming up, the rising plant renews.
 Some husbandmen, of late, have found
 the way,⁴⁸⁰
 A hilly heap of stones above to lay,
 And press the plants with sherds of pot-
 ters' clay.
 This fence against immod'rate rain they
 found,
 Or when the Dog-star cleaves the thirsty
 ground.
 Be mindful, when thou hast intomb'd the
 shoot,
 With store of earth around to feed the
 root;
 With iron teeth of rakes and prongs to
 move
 The crusted earth, and loosen it above.
 Then exercise thy sturdy steers to plow
 Betwixt thy vines, and teach thy feeble
 row⁴⁹⁰
 To mount on reeds and wands, and, up-
 ward led,
 On ashen poles to raise their forky head.
 On these new crutches let them learn to
 walk,
 Till, swerving upwards, with a stronger
 stalk,
 They brave the winds, and, clinging to
 their guide,
 On tops of elms at length triumphant ride.
 But, in their tender nonage, while they
 spread
 Their springing leafs, and lift their infant
 head,
 And upward while they shoot in open air,
 Indulge their childhood, and the nursing
 spare.⁵⁰⁰
 Nor exercise thy rage on newborn life;
 But let thy hand supply the pruning knife,
 And crop luxuriant stragglers, nor be loth
 To strip the branches of their leafy growth:
 But when the rooted vines, with steady
 hold,

Can clasp their elms, then, husbandman,
 bold
 To lop the disobedient boughs, that stray
 Beyond their ranks; let crooked steel in-
 vade
 The lawless troops, which discipline dis-
 claim,
 And their superfluous growth with rigor
 tame.
 Next, fenc'd with hedges and deep ditches⁵¹⁰
 round,
 Exclude th' incroaching cattle from thy
 ground,
 While yet the tender gems but just ap-
 pear,
 Unable to sustain th' uncertain year;
 Whose leaves are not alone foul winter's
 prey,
 But oft by summer suns are scorch'd away,
 And, worse than both, become th' un-
 worthy browse
 Of buffaloes, salt goats, and hungry cows.
 For not December's frost, that burns the
 boughs,
 Nor dog days' parching heat, that splits⁵²⁰
 the rocks,
 Are half so harmful as the greedy flocks,
 Their venom'd bite, and scars indented on
 the stocks.
 For this, the malefactor goat was laid
 On Bacchus' altar, and his forfeit paid.
 At Athens thus Old Comedy began,
 When round the streets the reeling actors
 ran,
 In country villages, and crossing ways,
 Contending for the prizes of their plays;
 And, glad with Bacchus, on the grassy
 soil,
 Leapt o'er the skins of goats besmear'd⁵³⁰
 with oil.
 Thus Roman youth, deriv'd from ruin'd
 Troy,
 In rude Saturnian rhymes express their joy;
 With taunts, and laughter loud, their audi-
 ence please,
 Deform'd with vizards, cut from barks of
 trees.
 In jolly hymns they praise the God of
 Wine,
 Whose earthen images adorn the pine,
 And there are hung on high, in honor of
 the vine:
 A madness so devout the vineyard fills.
 In hollow valleys and on rising hills,⁵³⁹
 On whate'er side he turns his honest face,

And dances in the wind, those fields are in
his grace.

To Bacchus therefore let us tune our lays,
And in our mother tongue resound his
praise.

Thin cakes in chargers, and a guilty goat,
Dragg'd by the horns, be to his altars
brought;

Whose offer'd entrails shall his crime re-
proach,

And drip their fatness from the hazel
broach.

To dress thy vines, new labor is requir'd;
Nor must the painful husbandman be tir'd:
For thrice, at least, in compass of the
year, ⁵⁵⁰

Thy vineyard must employ the sturdy steer
To turn the glebe, besides thy daily pain
To break the clods, and make the surface
plain,

T' unload the branches, or the leaves to
thin,

That suck the vital moisture of the vine.
Thus in a circle runs the peasant's pain,
And the year rolls within itself again.
Ev'n in the lowest months, when storms
have shed

From vines the hairy honors of their head,
Not then the drudging hind his labor ends,
But to the coming year his care extends: ⁵⁶¹
Ev'n then the naked vine he persecutes;
His pruning knife at once reforms and
cuts.

Be first to dig the ground; be first to burn
The branches lopp'd; and first the props
return

Into thy house, that bore the burden'd
vines;

But last to reap the vintage of thy wines.
Twice in the year luxuriant leaves o'er-
shade

The incuber'd vine; rough brambles twice
invade:

Hard labor both! Commend the large ex-
cess ⁵⁷⁰

Of spacious vineyards; cultivate the less.
Besides, in woods the shrubs of prickly
thorn,

Sallows and reeds, on banks of rivers born,
Remain to cut; for vineyards useful
found,

To stay thy vines, and fence thy fruitful
ground.

Nor, when thy tender trees at length are
bound,

When peaceful vines from pruning hooks
are free,
When husbands have survey'd the last
degree,
And utmost files of plants, and order'd
ev'ry tree;

Ev'n when they sing at ease in full con-
tent, ⁵⁸⁰

Insulting o'er the toils they underwent,
Yet still they find a future task remain,
To turn the soil, and break the clods again:
And, after all, their joys are unsincere,
While falling rains on ripening grapes they
fear.

Quite opposite to these are olives found:
No dressing they require, and dread no
wound,

Nor rakes nor harrows need; but, fix'd be-
low,

Rejoice in open air, and unconcern'dly grow.
The soil itself due nourishment supplies: ⁵⁹⁰
Plow but the furrows, and the fruits arise;
Content with small endeavors, till they
spring.

Soft peace they figure, and sweet plenty
bring:

Then olives plant, and hymns to Pallas
sing.

Thus apple trees, whose trunks are strong
to bear

Their spreading boughs, exert themselves
in air,

Want no supply, but stand secure alone,
Not trusting foreign forces, but their
own,

Till with the ruddy freight the bending
branches groan.

Thus trees of nature, and each common
bush, ⁶⁰⁰

Uncultivated thrive, and with red berries
blush.

Vile shrubs are shorn for browse; the
tow'ring height

Of unctuous trees are torches for the night.
And shall we doubt (indulging easy sloth),

To sow, to set, and to reform their growth?
To leave the lofty plants — the lowly kind

Are for the shepherd or the sheep design'd.
Ev'n humble broom and osiers have their
use,

And shade for sleep, and food for flocks
produce;

Hedges for corn, and honey for the bees, ⁶¹⁰
Besides the pleasing prospect of the trees.

How goodly looks Cytorus, ever green

With boxen groves ! with what delight are
seen

Narycian woods of pitch, whose gloomy
shade

Seems for retreat of heav'nly Muses made !
But much more pleasing are those fields to
see,

That need not plows, nor human industry.
Ev'n cold Caucasian rocks with trees are
spread,

And wear green forests on their hilly head.
Tho' bending from the blast of eastern
storms,

Tho' shent their leaves, and shatter'd are
their arms,

Yet Heav'n their various plants for use de-
signs;

For houses, cedars; and, for shipping, pines;
Cypress provides for spokes and wheels of
wains,

And all for keels of ships, that scour the
wat'ry plains.

Willows in twigs are fruitful, elms in leaves;
The war from stubborn myrtle shafts re-
ceives;

From cornels, jav'lins; and the tougher
yew

Receives the bending figure of a bow.

Nor box, nor limes, without their use
are made;

Smooth-grain'd, and proper for the
turner's trade;

Which curious hands may kerve, and
steel with ease invade.

Light alder stems the Po's impetuous tide,
And bees in hollow oaks their honey hide.

Now balance with these gifts the funny joys
Of wine, attended with eternal noise.

Wine urg'd to lawless lust the Centaurs'
train;

Thro' wine they quarrel'd, and thro' wine
were slain.

O happy, if he knew his happy state,
The swain, who, free from business and
debate,

Receives his easy food from Nature's hand,
And just returns of cultivated land !

No palace, with a lofty gate, he wants,
T' admit the tides of early visitants,

With eager eyes devouring, as they pass,
The breathing figures of Corinthian brass.

No statues threaten from high pedestals;
No Persian arras hides his homely walls

With antic vests, which thro' their shady
fold

Betray the streaks of ill-dissembled gold.
He boasts no wool whose native white is
dyed

With purple poison of Assyrian pride;
No costly drugs of Araby defile,
With foreign scents, the sweetness of his
oil;

But easy quiet, a secure retreat,
A harmless life that knows not how to
cheat,

With home-bred plenty the rich owner
bless,

And rural pleasures crown his happiness.
Unvex'd with quarrels, undisturb'd with
noise,

The country king his peaceful realm enjoys:
Cool grots, and living lakes, the flow'ry
pride

Of meads, and streams that thro' the valley
glide,

And shady groves that easy sleep invite,
And, after toilsome days, a soft repose at
night.

Wild beasts of nature in his woods abound;
And youth, of labor patient, plow the
ground,

Inur'd to hardship, and to homely fare.
Nor venerable age is wanting there

In great examples to the youthful train;
Nor are the gods ador'd with rites profane.

From hence Astrea took her flight; and
here

The prints of her departing steps appear.
Ye sacred Muses ! with whose beauty
fir'd

My soul is ravish'd, and my brain inspir'd;
Whose priest I am, whose holy fillets wear;

Would you your poet's first petition hear;
Give me the ways of wand'ring stars to
know,

The depths of heav'n above, and earth be-
low:

Teach me the various labors of the moon,
And whence proceed th' eclipses of the
sun;

Why flowing tides prevail upon the main,
And in what dark recess they shrink again;

What shakes the solid earth; what cause
delays

The summer nights, and shortens winter
days.

But, if my heavy blood restrain the flight
Of my free soul, aspiring to the height
Of nature, and unclouded fields of light,

My next desire is, void of care and strife,

To lead a soft, secure, inglorious life —
 A country cottage near a crystal flood, ⁶⁹⁰
 A winding valley, and a lofty wood.
 Some god conduct me to the sacred shades
 Where Bacchanals are sung by Spartan
 maids,

Or lift me high to Hæmus' hilly crown,
 Or in the plains of Tempe lay me down,
 Or lead me to some solitary place,
 And cover my retreat from human race!

Happy the man, who, studying nature's
 laws,

Thro' known effects can trace the secret
 cause;

His mind possessing in a quiet state, ⁷⁰⁰
 Fearless of fortune, and resign'd to fate!
 And happy too is he who decks the bow'rs
 Of Sylvans, and adores the rural pow'rs;
 Whose mind, unmov'd, the bribes of courts
 can see,

Their glitt'ring baits, and purple slavery;
 Nor hopes the people's praise, nor fears
 their frown,

Nor, when contending kindred tear the
 crown,

Will set up one, or pull another down.

Without concern he hears, but hears from
 far,

Of tumults, and descents, and distant war;
 Nor with a superstitious fear is aw'd ⁷¹¹
 For what befalls at home, or what abroad.
 Nor envies he the rich their heapy store,
 Nor his own peace disturbs with pity for the
 poor.

He feeds on fruits, which, of their own
 accord,

The willing ground and laden trees afford.
 From his lov'd home no lucre him can
 draw;

The senate's mad decrees he never saw;
 Nor heard, at hawling bars, corrupted }
 law.

Some to the seas, and some to camps re-
 sort, ⁷²⁰

And some with impudence invade the court:
 In foreign countries others seek renown;
 With wars and taxes others waste their
 own,

And houses burn, and household gods de-
 face,

To drink in bowls which glitt'ring gems
 enchase,

To loll on couches, rich with citron steads,
 And lay their guilty limbs in Tyrian beds.

This wretch in earth intombs his golden ore,

Hov'ring and brooding on his buried store.
 Some patriot fools to pop'lar praise aspire, ⁷³⁰
 Or public speeches, which worse fools ad-
 mire,

While from both benches, with redoubled
 sounds,

Th' applause of lords and commoners
 abounds.

Some thro' ambition, or thro' thirst of gold,
 Have slain their brothers, or their country
 sold;

And, leaving their sweet homes, in exile run
 To lands that lie beneath another sun.

The peasant, innocent of all these ills,
 With crooked plows the fertile fallows
 tills,

And the round year with daily labor fills.
 From hence the country markets are sup-
 plied;

Enough remains for household charge be-
 side, ⁷⁴¹

His wife and tender children to sustain,
 And gratefully to feed his dumb deserving
 train.

Nor cease his labors till the yellow field
 A full return of bearded harvest yield:
 A crop so plenteous, as the land to load,
 O'ercome the crowded barns, and lodge on
 ricks abroad.

Thus ev'ry sev'ral season is employ'd,
 Some spent in toil, and some in ease en-
 joy'd. ⁷⁵⁰

The yeanning ewes prevent the springing
 year;

The laden boughs their fruits in autumn
 bear:

'T is then the vine her liquid harvest yields,
 Bak'd in the sunshine of ascending fields.
 The winter comes; and then the falling
 mast

For greedy swine provides a full repast;
 Then olives, ground in mills, their fatness
 boast,

And winter fruits are mellow'd by the frost.
 His cares are eas'd with intervals of bliss:
 His little children, climbing for a kiss, ⁷⁶⁰
 Welcome their father's late return at night;
 His faithful bed is crown'd with chaste de-
 light.

His kine with swelling udders ready stand,
 And, lowing for the pail, invite the milker's
 hand.

His wanton kids, with budding horns pre-
 par'd,

Fight harmless battles in his homely yard:

Himself, in rustic pomp, on holidays,
 To rural pow'rs a just oblation pays,
 And on the green his careless limbs dis-
 plays.
 The hearth is in the midst; the herdsmen,
 round
 The cheerful fire, provoke his health in
 goblets crown'd.
 He calls on Bacchus, and propounds the
 prize:
 The groom his fellow-groom at butts de-
 fies,
 And bends his bow, and levels with his
 eyes;
 Or, stripp'd for wrestling, smears his limbs
 with oil,
 And watches with a trip his foe to foil.
 Such was the life the frugal Sabines led;
 So Remus and his brother god were bred,
 From whom th' austere Etrurian virtue rose;
 And this rude life our homely fathers chose.
 Old Rome from such a race deriv'd her
 birth
 (The seat of empire, and the conquer'd
 earth),
 Which now on sev'n high hills triumphant
 reigns,
 And in that compass all the world contains.
 Ere Saturn's rebel son usurp'd the skies,
 When beasts were only slain for sacrifice,
 While peaceful Crete enjoy'd her ancient
 lord,
 Ere sounding hammers forg'd th' inhuman
 sword,
 Ere hollow drums were beat, before the
 breath
 Of brazen trumpets rung the peals of death,
 The good old god his hunger did assuage
 With roots and herbs, and gave the Golden
 Age.
 But, overlabor'd with so long a course,
 'Tis time to set at ease the smoking horse.

THE THIRD BOOK OF THE GEORGICS

THE ARGUMENT

This book begins with an invocation of some rural deities, and a compliment to Augustus; after which Virgil directs himself to Mæcenas, and enters on his subject. He lays down rules for the breeding and management of horses, oxen, sheep, goats, and dogs; and in-

terweaves several pleasant descriptions of a chariot race, of the battle of the bulls, of the force of love, and of the Scythian winter. In the latter part of the book he relates the diseases incident to cattle; and ends with the description of a fatal murrain that formerly rag'd among the Alps.

THY fields, propitious Pales, I rehearse;
 And sing thy pastures in no vulgar verse,
 Amphrysian shepherd; the Lycean woods,
 Arcadia's flow'ry plains, and pleasing floods.
 All other themes that careless minds in-
 vite

Are worn with use, unworthy me to write.
 Busiris' altars, and the dire decrees
 Of hard Eurystheus, ev'ry reader sees;
 Hylas the boy, Latona's erring isle,
 And Pelops' iv'ry shoulder, and his toil
 For fair Hippodame, with all the rest
 Of Grecian tales, by poets are express'd:
 New ways I must attempt, my groveling
 name

To raise aloft, and wing my flight to fame.
 I, first of Romans, shall in triumph come
 From conquer'd Greece and bring her tro-
 phies home,

With foreign spoils adorn my native place,
 And with Idume's palms my Mantua grace.
 Of Parian stone a temple will I raise,
 Where the slow Mincius thro' the valley
 strays,

Where cooling streams invite the flocks to
 drink,
 And reeds defend the winding water's
 brink.

Fall in the midst shall mighty Cæsar stand,
 Hold the chief honors, and the dome com-
 mand.

Then I, conspicuous in my Tyrian gown,
 (Submitting to his godhead my renown,)
 A hundred coursers from the goal will
 drive:

The rival chariots in the race shall strive.
 All Greece shall flock from far, my
 games to see;

The whorlbat and the rapid race shall
 be
 Reserv'd for Cæsar, and ordain'd by me.
 Myself, with olive crown'd, the gifts will
 bear:

Ev'n now methinks the public shouts I
 hear;
 The passing pageants and the pomps ap-
 pear.

I to the temple will conduct the crew,

The sacrifice and sacrificers view,
From thence return, attended with my
train,

Where the proud theaters disclose the
scene,

Which interwoven Britons seem to raise,
And shew the triumph which their shame
displays. ⁴⁰

High o'er the gate in elephant and gold,
The crowd shall Cæsar's Indian war behold:
The Nile shall flow beneath; and, on the
side,

His shatter'd ships on brazen pillars ride.
Next him Niphates, with inverted urn,
And dropping sedge, shall his Armenia
mourn;

And Asian cities in our triumph borne.
With backward bows the Parthians shall be
there,

And, spurring from the fight, confess their
fear.

A double wreath shall crown our Cæsar's
brows: ⁵⁰

Two differing trophies, from two different
foes.

Europe with Afric in his fame shall join;
But neither shore his conquest shall con-
fine.

The Parian marble there shall seem to
move

In breathing statues, not unworthy Jove,
Resembling heroes, whose ethereal root
Is Jove himself, and Cæsar is the fruit.

Tros and his race the sculptor shall em-
ploy;

And he, the god, who built the walls of
Troy.

Envy herself at last, grown pale and dumb,
(By Cæsar combated and overcome,) ⁶¹

Shall give her hands, and fear the curling
snakes

Of lashing Furies, and the burning lakes;
The pains of famish'd Tantalus shall feel,

And Sisyphus, that labors up the hill
The rolling rock in vain; and curst Ix-
ion's wheel.

Meantime we must pursue the sylvan
lands,

(Th' abode of nymphs,) untouch'd by
former hands;

For such, Mæcenas, are thy hard com-
mands.

Without thee, nothing lofty can I sing: ⁷⁰

Come then, and with thyself thy genius
bring,

With which inspir'd, I brook no dull
delay:

Cithæron loudly calls me to my way;
Thy hounds, Taygetus, open, and pursue
their prey. }

High Epidaurus urges on my speed,
Fam'd for his hills, and for his horses'
breed:

From hills and dales the cheerful cries re-
bound;

For Echo hunts along, and propagates the
sound.

A time will come, when my maturer Muse
In Cæsar's wars a nobler theme shall choose,
And thro' more ages bear my sovereign's
praise, ⁸¹

Than have from Tithon pass'd to Cæsar's
days.

The generous youth, who, studious of the
prize,

The race of running coursers multiplies,
Or to the plow the sturdy bullock breeds,

May know that from the dam the worth of
each proceeds.

The mother cow must wear a low'ring look,
Sour-headed, strongly neck'd, to bear the
yoke.

Her double dewlap from her chin descends,
And at her thighs the pond'rous burthen
ends. ⁹⁰

Long are her sides and large; her limbs are
great;

Rough are her ears, and broad her horny
feet;

Her color shining black, but fleck'd with
white.

She tosses from the yoke; provokes the fight:
She rises in her gait, is free from fears,

And in her face a bull's resemblance bears.
Her ample forehead with a star is crown'd,

And with her length of tail she sweeps the
ground.

The bull's insult at four she may sustain;
But, after ten, from nuptial rites refrain. ¹⁰⁰

Six seasons use; but then release the cow,
Unfit for love, and for the lab'ring plow.

Now, while their youth is fill'd with
kindly fire,

Submit thy females to the lusty sire:
Watch the quick motions of the frisking
tail;

Then serve their fury with the rushing
male,

Indulging pleasure, lest the breed should
fail. }

In youth alone, unhappy mortals live;
 But, ah! the mighty bliss is fugitive: 109
 Discolor'd sickness, anxious labors, come,
 And age, and death's inexorable doom.
 Yearly thy herds in vigor will impair.
 Recruit and mend 'em with thy yearly care:
 Still propagate, for still they fall away;
 'Tis prudence to prevent th' entire decay.

Like diligence requires the courser's race,
 In early choice, and for a longer space.
 The colt that for a stallion is design'd
 By sure presages shows his generous
 kind;

Of able body, sound of limb and wind. 120
 Upright he walks, on pasterns firm and
 straight;

His motions easy; prancing in his gait;
 The first to lead the way, to tempt the
 flood,

To pass the bridge unknown, nor fear the
 trembling wood;

Dauntless at empty noises; lofty neck'd,
 Sharp-headed, barrel-bellied, broadly
 back'd;

Brawny his chest, and deep; his color
 gray;

For beauty, dappled, or the brightest
 bay;

Faint white and dun will scarce the rear-
 ing pay.

The fiery courser, when he hears from far
 The sprightly trumpets and the shouts of
 war, 131

Pricks up his ears; and, trembling with
 delight,

Shifts place, and paws, and hopes the
 promis'd fight.

On his right shoulder his thick mane, re-
 clin'd,

Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind.
 His horny hoofs are jetty black and
 round;

His chine is double; starting, with a
 bound

He turns the turf, and shakes the solid
 ground.

Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils
 flow:

He bears his rider headlong on the foe. 140
 Such was the steed in Grecian poets
 fam'd,

Proud Cyllarus, by Spartan Pollux tam'd:
 Such coursers bore to fight the god of
 Thrace;

And such, Achilles, was thy warlike race.

In such a shape, grim Saturn did restrain^a
 His heav'nly limbs, and flow'd with such a^e
 mane,

When, half-surpris'd, and fearing to be
 seen,

The lecher gallop'd from his jealous queen,
 Ran up the ridges of the rocks amain,
 And with shrill neighings fill'd the neigh-
 b'ring plain. 150

But, worn with years, when dire diseases
 come,

Then hide his not ignoble age at home,
 In peace t' enjoy his former palms and
 pains;

And gratefully be kind to his remains.
 For, when his blood no youthful spirits
 move,

He languishes and labors in his love;
 And, when the sprightly seed should swiftly
 come,

Dribbling he drudges, and defrauds the
 womb:

In vain he burns, like hasty stubble fires,
 And in himself his former self requires. 160

His age and courage weigh; nor those
 alone,

But note his father's virtues and his own:
 Observe if he disdains to yield the prize,
 Of loss impatient, proud of victories.

Hast thou beheld, when from the goal
 they start,

The youthful charioteers with heaving
 heart

Rush to the race; and, panting, scarcely
 bear

Th' extremes of feverish hope and chilling
 fear;

Stoop to the reins, and lash with all their
 force?

The flying chariot kindles in the course; 170
 And now alow, and now aloft they fly,
 As borne thro' air, and seem to touch the
 sky.

No stop, no stay; but clouds of sand arise,
 Spurn'd, and cast backward on the follower's
 eyes.

The hindmost blows the foam upon the
 first:

Such is the love of praise, an honorable
 thirst.

Bold Erichthonius was the first who
 join'd

Four horses for the rapid race design'd,
 And o'er the dusty wheels presiding sate:

The Lapithæ to chariots add the state 180

Of bits and bridles; taught the steed to bound,

To run the ring, and trace the mazy round;
To stop, to fly, the rules of war to know;
T' obey the rider, and to dare the foe.

To choose a youthful steed with courage fir'd,

To breed him, break him, back him, are requir'd

Experienc'd masters, and in sundry ways;
Their labors equal, and alike their praise.
But, once again, the batter'd horse beware:
The weak old stallion will deceive thy care,

Tho' famous in his youth for force and speed,

Or was of Argos or Epirian breed,
Or did from Neptune's race, or from himself proceed.

These things premis'd, when now the nuptial time

Approaches for the stately steed to climb,
With food unable him to make his court;
Distend his chine, and pamper him for sport.

Feed him with herbs, whatever thou canst find,

Of generous warmth, and of salacious kind;
Then water him, and (drinking what he can)

Encourage him to thirst again, with bran.
Instructed thus, produce him to the fair,
And join in wedlock to the longing mare.
For, if the sire be faint, or out of case,
He will be copied in his famish'd race,
And sink beneath the pleasing task assign'd
(For all's too little for the craving kind).

As for the females, with industrious care
Take down their mettle; keep 'em lean and bare:

When conscious of their past delight, and keen

To take the leap, and prove the sport again,
With scanty measure then supply their food;

And, when athirst, restrain 'em from the flood:

Their bodies harass; sink 'em when they run;

And fry their melting marrow in the sun.
Starve 'em, when barns beneath their burthen groan,

And winnow'd chaff by western winds is blown;

For fear the rankness of the swelling womb

Should scant the passage, and confine the room;

Lest the fat furrows should the sense destroy

Of genial lust, and dull the seat of joy.

But let 'em suck the seed with greedy force,

And close involve the vigor of the horse.

The male has done: thy care must now proceed

To teeming females, and the promis'd breed.
First let 'em run at large, and never know
The taming yoke, or draw the crooked plow.

Let 'em not leap the ditch, or swim the flood,

Or lumber o'er the meads, or cross the wood;

But range the forest, by the silver side
Of some cool stream, where nature shall provide

Green grass and fatt'ning clover for their fare,

And mossy caverns for their noontide lair,
With rocks above, to shield the sharp nocturnal air.

About th' Alburnian groves, with holly green,

Of winged insects mighty swarms are seen.

This flying plague (to mark its quality)

Æstros the Grecians call; Asylus, we;

A fierce loud-buzzing breeze: their stings draw blood,

And drive the cattle gadding thro' the wood.
Seiz'd with unusual pains, they loudly cry:

Tanagrus hastens thence, and leaves his channel dry.

This curse the jealous Juno did invent,
And first imploy'd for Io's punishment.

To shun this ill, the cunning leech ordains,
In summer's sultry heats (for then it reigns)

To feed the females ere the sun arise,
Or late at night, when stars adorn the skies.

When she has calv'd, then set the dam aside,

And for the tender progeny provide.

Distinguish all betimes with branding fire,
To note the tribe, the lineage, and the sire;

Whom to reserve for husband of the herd,
Or who shall be to sacrifice prefer'd;

Or whom thou shalt to turn thy glebe allow,
To smooth the furrows, and sustain the plow:

The rest, for whom no lot is yet decreed,
May run in pastures, and at pleasure feed.

The calf, by nature and by genius made
To turn the glebe, breed to the rural trade.
Set him betimes to school; and let him be
Instructed there in rules of husbandry, ²⁶²
While yet his youth is flexible and green,
Nor had examples of the world has seen.
Early begin the stubborn child to break:
For his soft neck a supple collar make
Of bending osiers; and (with time and care
Enur'd that easy servitude to bear)
Thy flattering method on the youth pursue.
Join'd with his schoolfellows by two and
two, ²⁷⁰

Persuade 'em first to lead an empty wheel,
That scarce the dust can raise, or they can
feel:

In length of time produce the lab'ring yoke,
And shining shares, that make the furrow
smoke.

Ere the licentious youth be thus restrain'd,
Or moral precepts on their minds have
gain'd,

Their wanton appetites not only feed
With delicacies of leaves, and marshy weed,
But with thy sickle reap the rankest land,
And minister the blade with bounteous
hand; ²⁸⁰

Nor be with harmful parsimony won
To follow what our homely sires have done,
Who fill'd the pail with beestings of the
cow,

But all her udder to the calf allow.

If to the warlike steed thy studies bend,
Or for the prize in chariots to contend,
Near Pisa's flood the rapid wheels to guide,
Or in Olympian groves aloft to ride,
The generous labors of the courser, first,
Must be with sight of arms and sounds of
trumpets nurs'd; ²⁹⁰

Inur'd the groaning axletree to bear —
And let him clashing whips in stables hear.
Soothe him with praise, and make him under-
stand

The loud applauses of his master's hand:
This, from his weaning, let him well be
taught;

And then betimes in a soft snaffle wrought,
Before his tender joints with nerves are knit,
Untried in arms, and trembling at the bit.
But when to four full springs his years ad-
vance,

Teach him to run the round, with pride to
prance, ³⁰⁰

And (rightly manag'd) equal time to beat,
To turn, to bound in measure, and curvet.
Let him to this, with easy pains, be brought,
And seem to labor, when he labors not.
Thus, form'd for speed, he challenges the
wind,

And leaves the Scythian arrow far behind;
He scours along the field, with loosen'd
reins,

And treads so light, he scarcely prints the
plains.

Like Boreas in his race, when, rushing
forth,

He sweeps the skies, and clears the cloudy
north — ³¹⁰

The waving harvest bends beneath his blast,
The forest shakes, the groves their honors
cast;

He flies aloft, and with impetuous roar
Pursues the foaming surges to the shore —
Thus, o'er th' Elean plains, thy well-breath'd
horse

Impels the flying car, and wins the course;
Or, bred to Belgian wagons, leads the way,
Untir'd at night, and cheerful all the day.

When once he's broken, feed him full and
high;

Indulge his growth, and his gaunt sides
supply. ³²⁰

Before his training, keep him poor and low;
For his stout stomach with his food will
grow:

The pamper'd colt will discipline disdain,
Impatient of the lash, and restiff to the
rein.

Wouldst thou their courage and their
strength improve?

Too soon they must not feel the stings of
love.

Whether the bull or courser be thy care,
Let him not leap the cow, nor mount the
mare.

The youthful bull must wander in the wood
Behind the mountain, or beyond the flood,
Or in the stall at home his fodder find, ³³¹
Far from the charms of that alluring kind.
With two fair eyes his mistress burns his
breast:

He looks, and languishes, and leaves his
rest;

Forsakes his food, and, pining for the lass,
Is joyless of the grove, and spurns the grow-
ing grass.

The soft seducer, with enticing looks,
The bellowing rivals to the fight provokes.

A beauteous heifer in the woods is bred:
The stooping warriors, aiming head to head,
Engage their clashing horns; with dreadful sound

The forest rattles, and the rocks rebound.
They fence, they push, and, pushing, loudly roar:

Their dewlaps and their sides are bath'd in gore.

Nor, when the war is over, is it peace;
Nor will the vanquish'd bull his claim release;

But, feeding in his breast his ancient fires,
And cursing fate, from his proud foe retires.

Driv'n from his native land to foreign grounds,

He with a gen'rous rage resents his wounds,
His ignominious flight, the victor's boast,
And, more than both, the loves, which unreveng'd he lost.

Often he turns his eyes, and, with a groan,
Surveys the pleasing kingdoms, once his own;

And therefore to repair his strength he tries,

Hard'ning his limbs with painful exercise,

And rough upon the flinty rock he lies.
On prickly leaves and on sharp herbs he feeds,

Then to the prelude of a war proceeds.
His horns, yet sore, he tries against a tree,
And meditates his absent enemy.

He snuffs the wind; his heels the sand excite;

But when he stands collected in his might,

He roars, and promises a more successful fight.

Then, to redeem his honor at a blow,
He moves his camp, to meet his careless foe.

Not with more madness, rolling from afar,
The spumy waves proclaim the wat'ry war;
And mounting upwards, with a mighty roar,
March onwards, and insult the rocky shore.
They mate the middle region with their height,

And fall no less than with a mountain's weight;

The waters boil, and, belching, from below
Black sands as from a forceful engine throw.

Thus every creature, and of every kind,

The secret joys of sweet coition find:
Not only man's imperial race, but they
That wing the liquid air, or swim the sea,
Or haunt the desert, rush into the flame;
For Love is lord of all, and is in all the same.

'Tis with this rage the mother lion stung
Scours o'er the plain, regardless of her young:

Demanding rites of love, she sternly stalks,
And hunts her lover in his lonely walks.
'Tis then the shapeless bear his den forsakes;
In woods and fields a wild destruction makes:

Boars whet their tusks; to battle tigers move,

Enrag'd with hunger, more enrag'd with love:

Then woe to him that in the desert land
Of Libya travels, o'er the burning sand!
The stallion snuffs the well-known scent afar,

And snorts and trembles for the distant mare;

Nor bits nor bridles can his rage restrain,
And rugged rocks are interpos'd in vain:
He makes his way o'er mountains, and contains

Unruly torrents, and unforded streams.
The bristled boar, who feels the pleasing wound,

New grinds his arming tusks, and digs the ground.

The sleepy lecher shuts his little eyes;
About his churning chaps the frothy bubbles rise:

He rubs his sides against a tree; prepares
And hardens both his shoulders for the wars.

What did the youth, when Love's unerring dart

Transfix'd his liver, and inflam'd his heart?
Alone, by night, his wat'ry way he took:
About him, and above, the billows broke;
The sluices of the sky were open spread,
And rolling thunder rattled o'er his head.
The raging tempest call'd him back in vain,
And every boding omen of the main;
Nor could his kindred, nor the kindly force
Of weeping parents, change his fatal course:
No, not the dying maid, who must deplore
His floating carcass on the Sestian shore.

I pass the wars that spotted lynxes make
With their fierce rivals, for the females' sake;

The howling wolves', the mastiffs' amorous
 rage;
 When ev'n the fearful stag dares for his
 hind engage.
 But, far above the rest, the furious mare,
 Barr'd from the male, is frantic with
 despair: ⁴²⁰
 For, when her pouting vent declares her
 pain,
 She tears the harness, and she rends the
 rein.
 For this (when Venus gave them rage)
 and pow'r)
 Their masters' mangled members they }
 devour,
 Of love defrauded in their longing hour. }
 For love, they force thro' thickets of the
 wood;
 They climb the steepy hills, and stem the
 flood.
 When, at the spring's approach, their
 marrow burns,
 (For with the spring their genial warmth
 returns,)
 The mares to cliffs of rugged rocks repair,
 And with wide nostrils snuff the western
 air: ⁴³¹
 When (wondrous to relate!) the parent
 wind,
 Without the stallion, propagates the kind.
 Then, fir'd with amorous rage, they take
 their flight
 Thro' plains, and mount the hills' unequal
 height;
 Nor to the north, nor to the rising sun,
 Nor southward to the rainy regions run,
 But boring to the west, and hov'ring there,
 With gaping mouths they draw prolific air;
 With which impregnate, from their groins
 they shed ⁴⁴⁰
 A slimy juice, by false conception bred.
 The shepherd knows it well, and calls by
 name
 Hippomanes, to note the mother's flame.
 This, gather'd in the planetary hour,
 With noxious weeds, and spell'd with words
 of pow'r,
 Dire stepdames in the magic bowl infuse,
 And mix, for deadly draughts, the pois'nous
 juice.
 But time is lost, which never will
 renew, }
 While we too far the pleasing path }
 pursue,
 Surveying nature with too nice a view. }

Let this suffice for herds: our following
 care ⁴⁵¹
 Shall woolly flocks and shaggy goats
 declare.
 Nor can I doubt what oil I must bestow,
 To raise my subject from a ground so low;
 And the mean matter which my theme
 affords
 T' embellish with magnificence of words.
 But the commanding Muse my chariot
 guides,
 Which o'er the dubious cliff securely rides;
 And pleas'd I am, no beaten road to take,
 But first the way to new discoveries make.
 Now, sacred Pales, in a lofty strain ⁴⁶¹
 I sing the rural honors of thy reign.
 First, with assiduous care from winter keep,
 Well fodder'd in the stalls, thy tender
 sheep:
 Then spread with straw the bedding of thy
 fold,
 With fern beneath, to fend the bitter cold;
 That free from gouts thou mayst preserve
 thy care,
 And clear from scabs, produc'd by freezing
 air.
 Next, let thy goats officiously be nurs'd,
 And led to living streams, to quench their
 thirst. ⁴⁷⁰
 Feed 'em with winter browse; and, for their
 lair,
 A cote that opens to the south prepare;
 Where basking in the sunshine they may lie,
 And the short remnants of his heat enjoy.
 This during winter's drizzly reign be done,
 Till the new Ram receives th' exalted sun;
 For hairy goats of equal profit are
 With woolly sheep, and ask an equal care.
 'T is true, the fleece, when drunk with Tyr-
 ian juice,
 Is dearly sold; but not for needful use: ⁴⁸⁰
 For the salacious goat encreases more,
 And twice as largely yields her milky store.
 The still distended udders never fail,
 But, when they seem exhausted, swell the
 pail.
 Meantime the pastor shears their hoary
 beards,
 And eases of their hair the loaden herds.
 Their camelots, warm in tents, the soldier
 hold,
 And shield the shiv'ring mariner from cold.
 On shrubs they browse, and on the bleaky
 top
 Of rugged hills the thorny bramble crop.

Attended with their bleating kids they
 come
 At night, unask'd, and mindful of their ⁴⁹¹
 home;
 And scarce their swelling bags the
 threshold overcome.

So much the more thy diligence bestow
 In depth of winter, to defend the snow,
 By how much less the tender helpless kind
 For their own ills can fit provision find.
 Then minister the browse with bounteous
 hand,

And open let thy stacks all winter stand.
 But, when the western winds with vital
 pow'r ⁵⁰⁰

Call forth the tender grass and budding
 flow'r;

Then, at the last, produce in open air
 Both flocks, and send 'em to their summer
 fare.

Before the sun, while Hesperus appears,
 First let 'em sip from herbs the pearly tears
 Of morning dews, and after break their
 fast

On greensward ground — a cool and grate-
 ful taste.

But, when the day's fourth hour has drawn
 the dews,

And the sun's sultry heat their thirst re-
 news;

When creaking grasshoppers on shrubs com-
 plain, ⁵¹⁰

Then lead 'em to their wat'ring troughs
 again.

In summer's heat, some bending valley
 find,

Clos'd from the sun, but open to the wind;
 Or seek some ancient oak, whose arms
 extend

In ample breadth, thy cattle to defend,
 Or solitary grove, or gloomy glade,
 To shield 'em with its venerable shade.

Once more to wat'ring lead; and feed
 again

When the low sun is sinking to the main,
 When rising Cynthia sheds her silver dews,
 And the cool evening breeze the meads re-
 news, ⁵²¹

When linnets fill the woods with tuneful
 sound,

And hollow shores the haleyon's voice re-
 bound.

Why should my Muse enlarge on Libyan
 swains,
 Their scatter'd cottages, and ample plains,

Where oft the flocks without a leader
 stray,
 Or thro' continued desarts take their way,
 And, feeding, add the length of night to
 day?

Whole months they wander, grazing as they
 go;

Nor folds nor hospitable harbor know: ⁵³⁰
 Such an extent of plains, so vast a space
 Of wilds unknown, and of untasted grass,
 Allures their eyes: the shepherd last ap-
 pears,

And with him all his patrimony bears;
 His house and household gods, his trade of
 war,

His bow and quiver, and his trusty cur.
 Thus, under heavy arms, the youth of
 Rome

Their long laborious marches overcome;
 Cheerly their tedious travels undergo,
 And pitch their sudden camp before the
 foe. ⁵⁴⁰

Not so the Scythian shepherd tends his
 fold,

Nor he who bears in Thraee the bitter
 cold,

Nor he who treads the bleak Mæotian
 strand,

Or where proud Ister rolls his yellow sand.
 Early they stall their flocks and herds; for
 there

No grass the fields, no leaves the forests
 wear:

The frozen earth lies buried there, below
 A hilly heap, sev'n cubits deep in snow;
 And all the west allies of stormy Boreas
 blow.

The sun from far peeps with a sickly
 face, ⁵⁵⁰

Too weak the clouds and mighty fogs to
 chase,

When up the skies he shoots his rosy head,
 Or in the ruddy ocean seeks his bed.

Swift rivers are with sudden ice constrain'd;
 And studded wheels are on its back sus-
 tain'd,

An hostry now for wagons, which before
 Tall ships of burthen on its bosom bore.

The brazen caldrons with the frost are
 flaw'd;

The garment, stiff with ice, at hearths is
 thaw'd;

With axes first they cleave the wine; and
 thence, ⁵⁶⁰

By weight, the solid portions they dispense.

From locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen
beard,
Long icicles depend, and crackling sounds
are heard.

Meantime perpetual sleet, and driving snow,
Obscure the skies, and hang on herds below.
The starving cattle perish in their stalls;
Huge oxen stand enclos'd in wintry walls
Of snow congeal'd; whole herds are buried
there

Of mighty stags, and scarce their horns ap-
pear.

The dext'rous huntsman wounds not these
afar 570

With shafts or darts, or makes a distant
war

With dogs, or pitches toils to stop their
flight,

But close engages in unequal fight;
And, while they strive in vain to make their
way

Thro' hills of snow, and pitifully bray,
Assaults with dint of sword, or pointed
spears,

And homeward, on his back, the joyful bur-
then bears.

The men to subterranean caves retire,
Secure from cold, and crowd the cheerful
fire:

With trunks of elms and oaks the hearth
they load, 580

Nor tempt th' inclemency of heav'n abroad.
Their jovial nights in frolics and in play
They pass, to drive the tedious hours away,
And their cold stomachs with crown'd gob-
lets cheer

Of windy cider, and of barny beer.
Such are the cold Rhiphaean race, and such
The savage Scythian, and unwarlike Dutch,
Where skins of beasts the rude barbarians
wear,

The spoils of foxes, and the furry bear.

Is wool thy care? Let not thy cattle go
Where bushes are, where burs and thistles
grow; 591

Nor in too rank a pasture let 'em feed;
Then of the purest white select thy breed.
Ev'n tho' a snowy ram thou shalt behold,
Prefer him not in haste for husband to thy
fold:

But search his mouth; and, if a swarthy
tongue

Is underneath his humid palate hung,
Reject him, lest he darken all the flock,
And substitute another from thy stock.

'T was thus, with fleeces milky white, (if we
May trust report,) Pan, god of Arcady, 601
Did bribe thee, Cynthia; nor didst thou
disdain,

When call'd in woody shades, to cure a
lover's pain.

If milk be thy design, with plenteous
hand

Bring clover grass; and from the marshy
land

Salt herbage for the fodd'ring rack provide,
To fill their bags, and swell the milky tide.

These raise their thirst, and to the taste
restore

The savor of the salt on which they fed be-
fore.

Some, when the kids their dams too
deeply drain, 610

With gags and muzzles their soft mouths
restrain.

Their morning milk the peasants press at
night;

Their evening meal, before the rising light,
To market bear; or sparingly they steep

With seas'ning salt, and stor'd for winter
keep.

Nor, last, forget thy faithful dogs; but
feed

With fatt'ning whey the mastiffs' gen'rous
breed,

And Spartan race, who, for the fold's relief,
Will prosecute with cries the nightly thief,
Repulse the prowling wolf, and hold at bay
The mountain robbers rushing to the prey.
With cries of hounds, thou mayst pursue
the fear 622

Of flying hares, and chase the fallow deer;
Rouse from their desert dens the bristled
rage

Of boars, and beamy stags in toils engage.
With smoke of burning cedar scent thy
walls,

And fume with stinking galbanum thy stalls,
With that rank odor from thy dwelling
place

To drive the viper's brood, and all the
venom'd race;

For often under stalls unmov'd they lie,
Obscure in shades, and shunning heav'n's
broad eye; 631

And snakes, familiar, to the hearth succeed,
Disclose their eggs, and near the chimney
breed:

Whether to roofy houses they repair,
Or sun themselves abroad in open air,

In all abodes, of pestilential kind
To sheep and oxen and the painful hind.
Take, shepherd, take a plant of stubborn
oak,

And labor him with many a sturdy stroke,
Or with hard stones demolish from afar ⁶⁴⁰
His haughty crest, the seat of all the war;
Invade his hissing throat and winding
spires;
Till, stretch'd in length, th' unfolded foe
retires.

He drags his tail, and for his head pro-
vides,
And in some secret cranny slowly glides; }
But leaves expos'd to blows his back and
batter'd sides.

In fair Calabria's woods a snake is bred,
With curling crest, and with advancing
head:

Waving he rolls, and makes a winding
track;

His belly spotted, burnish'd is his back. ⁶⁵⁰
While springs are broken, while the south-
ern air

And dropping heav'n's the moisten'd earth
repair,

He lives on standing lakes and trembling
bogs,

And fills his maw with fish, or with loqua-
cious frogs:

But when in muddy pools the water sinks,
And the chapp'd earth is furrow'd o'er with
chinks,

He leaves the fens, and leaps upon the
ground,

And, hissing, rolls his glaring eyes around.
With thirst inflam'd, impatient of the heats,
He rages in the fields, and wide destruction
threats. ⁶⁶⁰

O let not sleep my closing eyes invade
In open plains, or in the secret shade,
When he, renew'd in all the speckled pride
Of pompous youth, has cast his slough aside,
And in his summer liv'ry rolls along,
Erect, and brandishing his forky tongue, }
Leaving his nest and his imperfect young;
And, thoughtless of his eggs, forgets to
rear

The hopes of poison for the foll'wing year.
The causes and the signs shall next be
told ⁶⁷⁰

Of ev'ry sickness that infects the fold.
A scabby tetter on their pelts will stick,
When the raw rain has pierc'd them to the
quick,

Or searching frosts have eaten thro' the
skin,

Or burning icicles are lodg'd within;
Or, when the fleece is shorn, if sweat re-
mains

Unwash'd, and soaks into their empty veins;
When their defenseless limbs the brambles
tear,

Short of their wool, and naked from the
shear.

Good shepherds, after shearing, drench }
their sheep; ⁶⁸⁰
And their flock's father (forc'd from high
to leap)

Swims down the stream, and plunges in
the deep.

They oint their naked limbs with mother'd
oil;

Or, from the founts where living sulphurs
boil,

They mix a med'cine to foment their limbs,
With scum that on the molten silver swims.

Fat pitch and black bitumen add to these; }

Besides, the waxen labor of the bees,
And hellebore, and squills deep-rooted in
the seas.

Receipts abound; but, searching all thy
store, ⁶⁹⁰

The best is still at hand, to launch the sore,
And cut the head; for, till the core be found,

The secret vice is fed, and gathers ground;
While, makin' fruitless moan, the shep-
herd s'uds,

And, when th' launching-knife requires
his hands,

Vain help, with idle pray'rs, from heav'n
demands.

Deep in their bones when fevers fix their
seat,

And rack their limbs, and lick the vital
heat,

The ready cure to cool the raging pain

Is underneath the foot to breathe a vein. ⁷⁰⁰

This remedy the Scythian shepherds found:

Th' inhabitants of Thracia's hilly ground

And Gelons use it, when for drink and food

They mix their cruddled milk with horses'
blood.

But where thou seest a single sheep re-
main

In shades aloof, or couch'd upon the plain,

Or listlessly to crop the tender grass,

Or late to lag behind, with truant pace;

Revenge the crime, and take the traitor's
head,

Ere in the faultless flock the dire contagion spread.

On winter seas we fewer storms behold,
Than foul diseases that infect the fold.
Nor do those ills on single bodies prey,
But oft'ner bring the nation to decay,
And sweep the present stock and future
hope away.

A dire example of this truth appears,
When, after such a length of rolling years,
We see the naked Alps, and thin remains
Of scatter'd cots, and yet unpeopled
plains,

Once fill'd with grazing flocks, the shep-
herds' happy reigns.

Here, from the vicious air and sickly skies,
A plague did on the dumb creation rise:
During th' autumnal heats th' infection
grew,

Tame cattle and the beasts of nature slew,
Pois'ning the standing lakes, and pools im-
pure;

Nor was the foodful grass in fields secure.
Strange death! for, when the thirsty fire had
drunk

Their vital blood, and the dry nerves were
shrunk,

When the contracted limbs were cramp'd,
ev'n then

A wat'rish humor swell'd and ooz'd again,
Converting into bane the kindly juice
Ordain'd by nature for a better use.

The victim ox, that was for altars press'd,
Trim'd with white ribbons, and with gar-
lands dress'd,

Sunk of himself, without the god's com-
mand,

Preventing the slow sacrificer's hand.

Or, by the holy butcher if he fell,
Th' inspected entrails could no fates fore-
tell;

Nor, laid on altars, did pure flames arise;
But clouds of smold'ring smoke forbade
the sacrifice:

Scarcely the knife was redd'n'd with his
gore,

Or the black poison stain'd the sandy floor.
The thriven calves in meads their food for-
sake,

And render their sweet souls before the
plenteous rack.

The fawning dog runs mad; the wheezing
swine

With coughs is chok'd, and labors from the
chine.

The victor horse, forgetful of his food,
The palm renounces, and abhors the flood;
He paws the ground; and on his hanging
ears

A doubtful sweat in clammy drops ap-
pears:

Parch'd is his hide, and rugged are his
hairs.

Such are the symptoms of the young dis-
ease;

But, in time's process, when his pains en-
crease,

He rolls his mournful eyes; he deeply
groans

With patient sobbing, and with many
moans.

He heaves for breath; which, from his
lungs supplied,

And fetch'd from far, distends his lab'ring
side.

To his rough palate his dry tongue suc-
ceeds;

And ropy gore he from his nostrils bleeds.
A drench of wine has with success been
us'd,

And thro' a horn the gen'rous juice infus'd;
Which, timely taken, op'd his closing jaws,

But, if too late, the patient's death did
cause:

For the too vig'rous dose too fiercely
wrought,

And added fury to the strength it brought.
Recrinited into rage, he grinds his teeth

In his own flesh, and feeds approaching
death.

Ye gods, to better fate good men dispose,
And turn that impious error on our foes!

The steer, who to the yoke was bred to
bow,

(Studios of tillage, and the crooked plow,) ⁷⁷⁰
Falls down and dies; and, dying, spews a
flood

Of foamy madness, mix'd with clotted
blood.

The clown, who, cursing Providence, re-
pines,

His mournful fellow from the team dis-
joins;

With many a groan forsakes his fruitless
care,

And in th' unfinished furrow leaves the
share.

The pining steer no shades of lofty woods
Nor flow'ry meads can ease, nor crystal
floods

Roll'd from the rock: his flabby flanks decrease;
780

His eyes are settled in a stupid peace;
His bulk too weighty for his thighs is grown,
And his unwieldy neck hangs drooping down.

Now what avails his well-deserving toil
To turn the glebe, or smooth the rugged soil!

And yet he never supp'd in solemn state,
Nor undigested feasts did urge his fate,
Nor day to night luxuriously did join,
Nor surfeited on rich Campanian wine.
Simple his bev'rage, homely was his food,
The wholesome herbage, and the running flood:
791

No dreadful dreams awak'd him with affright;

His pains by day secur'd his rest by night.
'T was then that buffaloes, ill pair'd,
were seen

To draw the car of Jove's imperial queen,
For want of oxen; and the lab'ring swain
Scratch'd, with a rake, a furrow for his grain,
And cover'd with his hand the shallow seed again.

He yokes himself, and up the hilly height
With his own shoulders draws the wagon's weight.
800

The nightly wolf, that round th' enclosure prowl'd

To leap the fence, now plots not on the fold,

Tam'd with a sharper pain. The fearful doe

And flying stag amidst the greyhounds go,

And round the dwellings roam of man,
their fiercer foe.

The scaly nations of the sea profound,
Like shipwreck'd carcasses, are driv'n aground,

And mighty *phocæ*, never seen before
In shallow streams, are stranded on the shore.
809

The viper dead within her hole is found:
Defenseless was the shelter of the ground.
The water snake, whom fish and paddocks fed,

With staring scales lies poison'd in his bed:
To birds their native heav'n's contagious prove;

From clouds they fall, and leave their souls above.

Besides, to change their pasture 'tis in vain,

Or trust to physic; physic is their bane.
The learned leeches in despair depart,
And shake their heads, desponding of their art.
819

Tisiphone, let loose from under ground,
Majestically pale, now treads the round,
Before her drives diseases and affright,
And every moment rises to the sight,
Aspiring to the skies, encroaching on the light.

The rivers, and their banks, and hills around,
With lowings and with dying bleats resound.
At length, she strikes an universal blow;
To death at once whole herds of cattle go;
Sheep, oxen, horses, fall; and, heap'd on high,

The differing species in confusion lie,
830
Till, warn'd by frequent ills, the way they found

To lodge their loathsome carrion underground:

For useless to the currier were their hides;
Nor could their tainted flesh with ocean tides

Be freed from filth; nor could Vulcanian flame

The stench abolish, or the savor tame.
Nor safely could they shear their fleecy store,

(Made drunk with pois'nous juice, and stiff with gore,)

Or touch the web: but, if the vest they wear,

Red blisters rising on their paps appear, 840
And flaming carbuncles, and noisome sweat,
And clammy dews, that loathsome lice begot;

Till the slow-creeping evil eats his way,
Consumes the parching limbs, and makes the life his prey.

THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE GEORGICS

THE ARGUMENT

Virgil has taken care to raise the subject of each *Georgic*. In the first, he has only dead matter on which to work. In the second, he just steps on the world of life, and describes that degree of it which is to be found in vegetables. In the third, he advances to ani-

Ere in the faultless flock the dire contagion spread.

On winter seas we fewer storms behold,
Than foul diseases that infect the fold.
Nor do those ills on single bodies prey,
But oft'ner bring the nation to decay,
And sweep the present stock and future
hope away.

A dire example of this truth appears,
When, after such a length of rolling years,
We see the naked Alps, and thin remains
Of scatter'd cots, and yet unpeopled
plains,
Once fill'd with grazing flocks, the shep-
herds' happy reigns.

Here, from the vicious air and sickly skies,
A plague did on the dumb creation rise:
During th' autumnal heats th' infection
grew,

Tame cattle and the beasts of nature slew,
Pois'ning the standing lakes, and pools im-
pure;

Nor was the foodful grass in fields secure.
Strange death ! for, when the thirsty fire had
drunk

Their vital blood, and the dry nerves were
shrunk,

When the contracted limbs were cramp'd,
ev'n then

A wat'rish humor swell'd and ooz'd again,
Converting into bane the kindly juice
Ordain'd by nature for a better use.

The victim ox, that was for altars press'd,
Trim'm'd with white ribbons, and with gar-
lands dress'd,

Sunk of himself, without the god's com-
mand,

Preventing the slow sacrificer's hand.

Or, by the holy butcher if he fell,
Th' inspected entrails could no fates fore-
tell;

Nor, laid on altars, did pure flames arise;
But clouds of smold'ring smoke forbade
the sacrifice:

Scarcely the knife was redden'd with his
gore,

Or the black poison stain'd the sandy floor.
The thriven calves in meads their food for-
sake,

And render their sweet souls before the
plenteous rack.

The fawning dog runs mad; the wheezing
swine

With coughs is chok'd, and labors from the
chine.

The victor horse, forgetful of his food,
The palm renounces, and abhors the flood;
He paws the ground; and on his hanging
ears

A doubtful sweat in clammy drops ap-
pears:
Parch'd is his hide, and rugged are his
hairs.

Such are the symptoms of the young dis-
ease;

But, in time's process, when his pains en-
crease,

He rolls his mournful eyes; he deeply
groans

With patient sobbing, and with manly
moans.

He heaves for breath; which, from his
lungs supplied,

And fetch'd from far, distends his lab'ring
side.

To his rough palate his dry tongue suc-
ceeds;

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mals; and, in the last, singles out the bee, which may be reckon'd the most sagacious of 'em, for his subject.

In this *Georgic* he shews us what station is most proper for the bees, and when they begin to gather honey; how to call 'em home when they swarm; and how to part 'em when they are engag'd in battle. From hence he takes occasion to discover their different kinds; and, after an excursion, relates their prudent and politic administration of affairs, and the several diseases that often rage in their hives, with the proper symptoms and remedies of each disease. In the last place, he lays down a method of repairing their kind, supposing their whole breed lost; and gives at large the history of its invention.

THE gifts of heav'n my foll'wing song pursues,

Aërial honey, and ambrosial dews.

Mæcenas, read this other part, that sings
Embattled squadrons, and advent'rous
kings:

A mighty pomp, tho' made of little things.
Their arms, their arts, their manners, I
disclose,

And how they war, and whence the people
rose:

Slight is the subject, but the praise not
small,

If Heav'n assist, and Phœbus hear my
call.

First, for thy bees a quiet station find, ¹⁰
And lodge 'em under covert of the wind,
(For winds, when homeward they return,
will drive

The loaded carriers from their ev'ning hive,)
Far from the cows' and goats' insulting
crew,

That trample down the flow'rs, and brush
the dew.

The painted lizard, and the birds of prey,
Foes of the frugal kind, be far away;

The titmouse, and the peckers' hungry
brood,

And Progne, with her bosom stain'd in
blood:

These rob the trading citizens, and bear ²⁰
The trembling captives thro' the liquid
air,

And for their callow young a cruel feast
prepare.

But near a living stream their mansion
place,

Edg'd round with moss and tufts of mat-
ted grass;

And plant (the winds' impetuous rage to
stop)

Wild olive trees, or palms, before the busy
shop;

That, when the youthful prince, with proud
alarm,

Calls out the vent'rous colony to swarm;
When first their way thro' yielding air they
wing,

New to the pleasures of their native spring;
The banks of brooks may make a cool re-
treat ³¹

For the raw soldiers from the scalding
heat,

And neighb'ring trees with friendly shade
invite

The troops, unus'd to long laborious fight.
Then o'er the running stream, or standing
lake,

A passage for thy weary people make;
With osier floats the standing water strow;

Of massy stones make bridges, if it flow;
That basking in the sun thy bees may lie,

And, resting there, their flaggy pinions
dry, ⁴⁰

When, late returning home, the laden host
By raging winds is wreck'd upon the coast.

Wild thyme and sav'ry set around their
cell,

Sweet to the taste, and fragrant to the
smell;

Set rows of rosemary with flow'ring stem,
And let the purple vi'lets drink the stream.

Whether thou build the palace of thy
bees

With twisted osiers, or with barks of trees,
Make but a narrow mouth; for, as the cold

Congeals into a lump the liquid gold, ⁵⁰
So 't is again dissolv'd by summer's heat,

And the sweet labors both extremes de-
feat.

And therefore, not in vain, th' industrious
kind

With dauby wax and flow'rs the chinks
have lin'd,

And, with their stores of gather'd glue, con-
trive

To stop the vents and crannies of their
hive.

Not birdlime, or Idæan pitch, produce
A more tenacious mass of clammy juice.

Nor bees are lodg'd in hives alone, but
found

In chambers of their own, beneath the
ground;

Their vaulted roofs are hung in pumices,
And in the rotten trunks of hollow trees.

But plaister thou the chinky hives with
clay,

And leafy branches o'er their lodgings lay:
Nor place them where too deep a water

flows,
Or where the yew, their pois'nous neigh-
bor, grows;

Nor roast red crabs, t' offend the nice-
ness of their nose;

Nor near the steaming stench of muddy
ground;

Nor hollow rocks that render back the
sound,

And doubled images of voice rebound. ⁷⁰

For what remains, when golden suns ap-
pear,

And under earth have driv'n the winter
year,

The winged nation wanders thro' the skies,
And o'er the plains and shady forest flies;

Then, stooping on the meads and leafy
bow'rs,

They skim the floods, and sip the purple
flow'rs.

Exalted hence, and drunk with secret joy,
Their young succession all their cares em-
ploy:

They breed, they brood, instruct, and edu-
cate,

And make provision for the future state; so
They work their waxen lodgings in their

lives,
And labor honey to sustain their lives.

But when thou seest a swarming cloud arise,
That sweeps aloft, and darkens all the

skies,
The motions of their hasty flight attend;

And know, to floods or woods their airy
march they bend.

Then melfoil beat, and honeysuckles }
pound;

With these alluring savors strew the
ground,

And mix with tinkling brass the cymbals'
droning sound.

Straight to their ancient cells, recall'd from
air, ⁹⁰

The reconcil'd deserters will repair.
But if intestine broils alarm the hive,

(For two pretenders off for empire strive,)
The vulgar in divided factions jar;

And murr'ring sounds proclaim the civil
war.

Inflam'd with ire, and trembling with dis-
dain,

Scarce can their limbs their mighty souls
contain.

With shouts the cowards' courage they ex-
cite,

And martial clangors call 'em out to fight;
With hoarse alarms the hollow camp re-
bounds, ¹⁰⁰

That imitates the trumpets' angry sounds;
Then to their common standard they re-
pair;

The nimble horsemen scour the fields of
air;

In form of battle drawn, they issue forth,
And ev'ry knight is proud to prove his
worth.

Press'd for their country's honor, and
their king's,

On their sharp beaks they whet their
pointed stings,

And exercise their arms, and tremble
with their wings.

Full in the midst the haughty monarchs
ride;

The trusty guards come up, and close the
side; ¹¹⁰

With shouts the daring foe to battle is
defied.

Thus, in the season of unclouded spring,
To war they follow their undaunted king,

Crowd thro' their gates, and in the fields of
light

The shocking squadrons meet in mortal
fight.

Headlong they fall from high, and,
wounded, wound,

And heaps of slaughter'd soldiers bite the
ground.

Hard hailstones lie not thicker on the plain,
Nor shaken oaks such show'rs of acorns rain.

With gorgeous wings, the marks of sov'reign
sway, ¹²⁰

The two contending princes make their
way;

Intrepid thro' the midst of danger go,
Their friends encourage, and amaze the foe.

With mighty souls in narrow bodies press'd,
They challenge, and encounter breast to
breast;

So fix'd on fame, unknowing how to fly,
And obstinately bent to win or die,

That long the doubtful combat they main-
tain,

Till one prevails — for one can only reign.

Yet all those dreadful deeds, this deadly
 fray, ¹³⁰
 A cast of scatter'd dust will soon allay,
 And undecided leave the fortune of the
 day.
 When both the chiefs are sunder'd from
 the fight,
 Then to the lawful king restore his right;
 And let the wasteful prodigal be slain,
 That he who best deserves alone may reign.
 With ease distinguish'd is the regal race:
 One monarch wears an honest open face;
 Shap'd to his size, and godlike to behold,
 His royal body shines with specks of gold,
 And ruddy scales; for empire he design'd,
 Is better born, and of a nobler kind. ¹⁴²
 That other looks like nature in disgrace:
 Gaunt are his sides, and sullen is his face;
 And like their grisly prince appears his
 gloomy race,
 Grim, ghastly, rugged, like a thirsty train
 That long have travel'd thro' a desert
 plain,
 And spet from their dry chaps the gather'd
 dust again.
 The better brood, unlike the bastard crew,
 Are mark'd with royal streaks of shining
 hue; ¹⁵⁰
 Glitt'ring and ardent, tho' in body less:
 From these, at pointed seasons, hope to
 press
 Huge heavy honeycombs, of golden juice,
 Not only sweet, but pure, and fit for use,
 To allay the strength and hardness of the
 wine,
 And with old Bacchus new metheglin join.
 But when the swarms are eager of their
 play,
 And loathe their empty hives, and idly
 stray,
 Restrain the wanton fugitives, and take
 A timely care to bring the truants back. ¹⁶⁰
 The task is easy — but to clip the wings
 Of their high-flying arbitrary kings.
 At their command, the people swarm away:
 Confine the tyrant, and the slaves will stay.
 Sweet gardens, full of saffron flow'rs,
 invite
 The wand'ring gluttons, and retard their
 flight:
 Besides, the god obscene, who frights away,
 With his lath sword, the thieves and birds of
 prey.
 With his own hand, the guardian of the
 bees

For slips of pines may search the mountain
 trees, ¹⁷⁰
 And with wild thyme and sav'ry plant the
 plain,
 Till his hard horny fingers ache with
 pain;
 And deck with fruitful trees the fields
 around,
 And with refreshing waters drench the
 ground.
 Now, did I not so near my labors end,
 Strike sail, and hast'ning to the harbor
 tend,
 My song to flow'ry gardens might extend:
 To teach the vegetable arts, to sing
 The Pæstan roses, and their double spring;
 How succ'ry drinks the running streams,
 and how ¹⁸⁰
 Green beds of parsley near the river grow;
 How cucumbers along the surface creep
 With crooked bodies, and with bellies deep;
 The late narcissus, and the winding trail
 Of bear's-foot, myrtles green, and ivy pale.
 For, where with stately tow'rs Tarentum
 stands,
 And deep Gæsus soaks the yellow sands,
 I chanc'd an old Corycian swain to know,
 Lord of few acres, and those barren too,
 Unfit for sheep or vines, and more unfit
 to sow: ¹⁹⁰
 Yet, lab'ring well his little spot of ground,
 Some scatt'ring pot-herbs here and there he
 found,
 Which, cultivated with his daily care,
 And bruised with vervain, were his frugal
 fare.
 Sometimes white lilies did their leaves
 afford,
 With wholesome poppy flow'rs, to mend his
 homely board;
 For, late returning home, he supp'd at
 ease,
 And wisely deem'd the wealth of mon-
 archs less:
 The little of his own, because his own,
 did please.
 To quit his care, he gather'd, first of all, ²⁰⁰
 In spring the roses, apples in the fall;
 And, when cold winter split the rocks in
 twain,
 And ice the running rivers did restrain,
 He stripp'd the bear's-foot of its leafy
 growth,
 And, calling western winds, accus'd the
 spring of sloth.

He therefore first among the swains was found

To reap the product of his labor'd ground,
And squeeze the combs with golden
liquor crown'd.

His limes were first in flow'rs; his lofty
pines,

With friendly shade, secur'd his tender
vines. ²¹⁰

For ev'ry bloom his trees in spring afford,
An autumn apple was by tale restor'd.

He knew to rank his elms in even rows,
For fruit the grafted pear tree to dispose,
And tame to plums the sourness of the
sloes.

With spreading planes he made a cool re-
treat,

To shade good fellows from the summer's
heat.

But, straiten'd in my space, I must forsake
This task, for others afterwards to take.

Describe we next the nature of the bees,
Bestow'd by Jove for secret services, ²²¹

When, by the tinkling sound of timbrels
led,

The King of Heav'n in Cretan caves they
fed.

Of all the race of animals, alone,
The bees have common cities of their own;
And, common sons, beneath one law they
live,

And with one common stock their traffic
drive.

Each has a certain home, a sev'ral stall;
All is the State's, the State provides for all.
Mindful of coming cold, they share the

pain, ²³⁰
And hoard, for winter's use, the summer's
gain.

Some o'er the public magazines preside,
And some are sent new forage to provide;
These drudge in fields abroad, and those

at home

Lay deep foundations for the labor'd
comb,

With dew, narcissus leaves, and clammy
gum.

To pitch the waxen flooring some contrive;
Some nurse the future nation of the hive;
Sweet honey some condense; some purge
the grout;

The rest, in cells apart, the liquid nectar
shut: ²⁴⁰

All, with united force, combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive;

With envy stung, they view each other's
deeds;

With diligence the fragrant work proceeds.
As when the Cyclops, at th' almighty nod,

New thunder hasten for their angry god,
Subdued in fire the stubborn metal lies;

One brawny smith the puffing bellows plies,
And draws and blows reciprocating air:

Others to quench the hissing mass prepare;
With lifted arms they order ev'ry blow,

And chime their sounding hammers in a
row; ²⁵²

With labor'd anvils *Ætæa* groans be-
low;

Strongly they strike; huge flakes of flames
expire;

With tongs they turn the steel, and vex it
in the fire.

If little things with great we may com-
pare,

Such are the bees, and such their busy care;
Studios of honey, each in his degree,

The youthful swain, the grave experienc'd,
bee:

That in the field; this, in affairs of state ²⁶⁰
Employ'd at home, abides within the gate,

To fortify the combs, to build the wall,
To prop the ruins, lest the fabric fall:

But, late at night, with weary pinions come
The lab'ring youth, and heavy laden, home.

Plains, meads, and orchards, all the day
he plies;

The gleans of yellow thyme distend his
thighs:

He spoils the saffron flow'rs; he sips the
blues

Of vi'lets, wilding blooms, and willow dew.
Their toil is common, common is their

sleep; ²⁷⁰

They shake their wings when morn begins
to peep,

Rush thro' the city gates without delay,
Nor ends their work, but with declining

day.

Then, having spent the last remains of
light,

They give their bodies due repose at night,
When hollow murmurs of their ev'ning
bells

Dismiss the sleepy swains, and toll 'em to
their cells.

When once in beds their weary limbs they
steep,

No buzzing sounds disturb their golden
sleep.

'Tis sacred silence all. Nor dare they
stray, ²⁸⁰

When rain is promis'd, or a stormy day;
But near the city walls their wat'ring take,
Nor forage far, but short excursions make.
And as, when empty barks on billows
float,

With sandy ballast sailors trim the boat;
So bees bear gravel stones, whose poisoning
weight

Steers thro' the whistling winds their
steady flight.

But, what's more strange, their modest
appetites,

Averse from Venas, fly the nuptial rites.

No lust enervates their heroic mind, ²⁹⁰

Nor wastes their strength on wanton
womankind;

But in their mouths reside their genial
pow'rs:

They gather children from the leaves
and flow'rs.

Thus make they kings to fill the regal
seat,

And thus their little citizens create,
And waxen cities build and palaces of
state.

And off on rocks their tender wings they
tear,

And sink beneath the burthens which they
bear:

Such rage of honey in their bosom beats,
And such a zeal they have for flow'ry
sweets. ³⁰⁰

Thus tho' the race of life they quickly
run,

Which in the space of sev'n short years is
done,

Th' immortal line in sure succession
reigns;

The fortune of the family remains,
And grandsires' grandsons the long list
contains.

Besides, not Egypt, India, Media, more,
With servile awe their idol king adore:

While he survives, in concord and con-
tent

The commons live, by no divisions rent;
But the great monarch's death dissolves
the government. ³¹⁰

All goes to ruin; they themselves contrive
To rob the honey, and subvert the hive.

The king presides, his subjects' toil surveys;
The servile rout their careful Cæsar praise:

Him they extol; they worship him alone;

They crowd his levees, and support his
throne;

They raise him on their shoulders with a
shout;

And, when their sov'reign's quarrel calls
'em out,

His foes to mortal combat they defy,
And think it honor at his feet to die. ³²⁰

Induc'd by such examples, some have
taught

That bees have portions of ethereal
thought;

Endued with particles of heavenly fires:
For God the whole created mass inspires;

Thro' heav'n, and earth, and ocean's depth
he throws

His influence round, and kindles as he
goes.

Hence flocks, and herds, and men, and
beasts, and fowls

With breath are quicken'd and attract
their souls;

Hence take the forms his prescience did
ordain,

And into him at length resolve again. ³³⁰

No room is left for death: they mount the
sky,

And to their own congenial planets fly.
Now, when thou hast decreed to seize
their stores,

And by prerogative to break their doors,
With sprinkled water first the city choke,

And then pursue the citizens with smoke.
Two honey harvests fall in ev'ry year:

First, when the pleasing Pleiades appear,
And, springing upward, spurn the briny
seas; ³³⁹

Again, when their affrighted choir surveys
The wat'ry Scorpion mend his pace be-

hind,

With a black train of storms, and winter
wind,

They plunge into the deep, and safe pro-
tection find.

Prone to revenge, the bees, a wrathful race,
When once provok'd, assault th' aggressor's
face,

And thro' the purple veins a passage find;
There fix their stings, and leave their souls
behind.

But if a pinching winter thou foresee,
And wouldst preserve thy famish'd family;

With fragrant thyme the city fumigate, ³⁵⁰

And break the waxen walls to save the state.

For lurking lizards often lodge, by stealth,

Within the suburbs, and purloin their
 wealth;
 And worms, that shun the light, a dark
 retreat
 Have found in combs, and undermin'd the
 seat;
 Or lazy drones, without their share of pain,
 In winter quarters free, devour the gain;
 Or wasps infest the camp with loud alarms,
 And mix in battle with unequal arms;
 Or secret moths are there in silence fed;³⁶⁰
 Or spiders in the vault their snary webs
 have spread.
 The more oppress'd by foes, or famine-pin'd,
 The more increase thy care to save the sink-
 ing kind:
 With greens and flow'rs recruit their empty
 hives,
 And seek fresh forage to sustain their lives.
 But, since they share with man one com-
 mon fate,
 In health and sickness, and in turns of state;
 Observe the symptoms when they fall away,
 And languish with insensible decay.
 They change their hue; with haggard eyes
 they stare;³⁷⁰
 Lean are their looks, and shagged is their
 hair;
 And crowds of dead, that never must
 return
 To their lov'd hives, in decent pomp are
 borne:
 Their friends attend the hearse; the next
 relations mourn.
 The sick for air before the portal gasp,
 Their feeble legs within each other clasp,
 Or idle in their empty hives remain,
 Benumb'd with cold, and listless of their
 gain.
 Soft whispers then, and broken sounds are
 heard,
 As when the woods by gentle winds are
 stirr'd;³⁸⁰
 Such stifled noise as the close furnace hides,
 Or dying murmurs of departing tides.
 This when thou seest, galbanean odors use,
 And honey in the sickly hive infuse.
 Thro' reeden pipes convey the golden flood,
 T' invite the people to their wonted food.
 Mix it with thicken'd juice of sodden wines,
 And raisins from the grapes of Psythian
 vines:
 To these add pounded gulls, and roses dry,
 And, with Cceropian thyme, strong-scented
 centaury.³⁹⁰

A flow'r there is, that grows in meadow
 ground,
 Amellus call'd, and easy to be found;
 For, from one root, the rising stem bestows
 A wood of leaves, and v'let-purple boughs:
 The flow'r itself is glorious to behold,
 And shines on altars like refulgent gold;
 Sharp to the taste; by shepherds near the
 stream
 Of Mella found; and thence they gave the
 name.
 Boil this restoring root in gen'rous wine,
 And set beside the door, the sickly stock to
 dine.⁴⁰⁰
 But, if the lab'ring kind be wholly lost,
 And not to be retriev'd with care or cost;
 'Tis time to touch the precepts of an art
 Th' Arcadian master did of old impart;
 And how he stock'd his empty hives again,
 Renew'd with putrid gore of oxen slain.
 An ancient legend I prepare to sing,
 And upward follow Fame's immortal
 spring:—
 For, where with sev'nfold horns myste-
 rious Nile
 Surrounds the skirts of Egypt's fruitful
 isle,⁴¹⁰
 And where in pomp the sunburnt people
 ride
 On painted barges o'er the teeming tide,
 Which, pouring down from Ethiopian lands,
 Makes green the soil with slime, and black
 prolific sands;
 That length of region, and large tract of
 ground,
 In this one art a sure relief have found.
 First, in a place by nature close, they build
 A narrow flooring, gutter'd, wall'd, and
 til'd.
 In this, four windows are contriv'd, that
 strike
 To the four winds oppos'd their beams
 oblique.⁴²⁰
 A steer of two years old they take, whose
 head
 Now first with burnish'd horns begins to
 spread;
 They stop his nostrils, while he strives in
 vain
 To breathe free air, and struggles with his
 pain.
 Knock'd down, he dies: his bowels, bruis'd
 within,
 Betray no wound on his unbroken skin.
 Extended thus, in this obscene abode

They leave the beast; but first sweet flow'rs
are strow'd
Beneath his body, broken boughs and
thyme,

And pleasing cassia just renew'd in prime.
This must be done, ere spring makes equal
day, ⁴³
When western winds on curling waters play;
Ere painted meads produce their flow'ry
crops,

Or swallows twitter on the chimney tops.
The tainted blood, in this close prison pent,
Begins to boil, and thro' the bones ferment.
Then, wondrous to behold, new creatures

rise,
A moving mass at first, and short of thighs;
Till, shooting out with legs, and imp'd with
wings,

The grubs proceed to bees with pointed
stings; ⁴⁴

And, more and more affecting air, they try
their tender pinions, and begin to fly:

At length, like summer storms from spread-
ing clouds,

That burst at once, and pour impetuous
floods;

Or flights of arrows from the Parthian
bows,

When from afar they gall embattled foes;
With such a tempest thro' the skies they
steer,

And such a form the winged squadrons
bear.

What god, O Muse! this useful science
taught?

Or by what man's experience was it
brought? ⁴⁵

Sad Aristæus from fair Tempe fled,
His bees with famine or diseases dead:

On Peneus' banks he stood, and near his
holy head;

And, while his falling tears the stream
supplied,

Thus, mourning, to his mother goddess cried:
"Mother Cyrene! mother, whose abode

Is in the depth of this immortal flood!
What boots it, that from Phœbus' loins I

spring,

The third, by him and thee, from heav'n's
high king?

O where is all thy boasted pity gone, ⁴⁶
And promise of the skies to thy deluded
son?

Why didst thou me, unhappy me, create,
Odious to gods, and born to bitter fate?

Whom scarce my sheep, and scarce my
painful plow,
The needful aids of human life allow:
So wretched is thy son, so hard a mother
thou!

Proceed, inhuman parent, in thy scorn;
Root up my trees; with blights destroy

my corn;

My vineyards ruin, and my sheepfolds
burn.

Let loose thy rage; let all thy spite be
shown, ⁴⁷

Since thus thy hate pursues the praises of
thy son."

But, from her mossy bow'r below the
ground,

His careful mother heard the plaintive
sound,

Encompass'd with her sea-green sisters
round.

One common work they plied; their distaffs
full

With carded locks of blue Milesian wool:
Spio, with Drymo brown, and Xanthe fair,

And sweet Phyllodoe with long dishevel'd
hair;

Cydippe with Lycorias, one a maid,
And one that once had call'd Lucina's aid;

Clio and Beree, from one father both; ⁴⁸
Both girl with gold, and clad in party-col-
or'd cloth;

Opis the meek, and Deiopeia proud;
Nisæa softly, with Ligæa loud;

Thalia joyous, Ephyre the sad,
And Arethusa, once Diana's maid,

But now (her quiver left) to love betray'd.
To these Clymene the sweet theft declares

Of Mars, and Vulcan's unavailing cares;
And all the rapes of gods, and ev'ry love, ⁴⁹

From ancient Chaos down to youthful Jove.
Thus while she sings, the sisters turn

the wheel,
Empty the woolly rock, and fill the reel.

A mournful sound again the mother hears;
Again the mournful sound invades the sis-
ters' ears.

Starting at once from their green seats,
they rise;

Fear in their heart, amazement in their
eyes.

But Arethusa, leaping from her bed,
First lifts above the waves her beauteous
head,

And, crying from afar, thus to Cyrene
said: ⁵⁰

"O sister, not with causeless fear possess'd!

No stranger voice disturbs thy tender breast.
'Tis Aristæus, 'tis thy darling son,
Who to his careless mother makes his moan.
Near his paternal stream he sadly stands,
With downcast eyes, wet cheeks, and folded hands,
Upbraiding heav'n, from whence his lineage came;

And cruel calls the gods, and cruel thee, by name."

Cyrene, mov'd with love, and seiz'd with fear,
Cries out: "Conduct my son, conduct him here: 510

'Tis lawful for the youth, deriv'd from gods,

To view the secrets of our deep abodes."
At once she wav'd her hand on either side;
At once the ranks of swelling streams divide.

Two rising heaps of liquid crystal stand,
And leave a space betwixt of empty sand.
Thus safe receiv'd, the downward track he treads,

Which to his mother's wat'ry palace leads.
With wond'ring eyes he views the secret store

Of lakes, that pent in hollow caverns roar:
He hears the crackling sound of coral woods, 521

And sees the secret source of subterranean floods;

And where, distinguish'd in their sev'ral cells,

The fount of Phasis, and of Lycus, dwells;
Where swift Enipeus in his bed appears,
And Tiber his majestic forehead rears;
Whence Anio flows, and Hypæris, profound,
Breaks thro' th' opposing rocks with raging sound;

Where Pó first issues from his dark abodes,
And, awful in his cradle, rules the floods:
Two golden horns on his large front he wears, 531

And his grim face a bull's resemblance bears;

With rapid course he seeks the sacred main,

And fattens, as he runs, the fruitful plain.

Now, to the court arriv'd, th' admiring son

Beholds the vaulted roofs of pory stone;
Now to his mother goddess tells his grief,

Which she with pity hears, and promises relief.

Th' officious nymphs, attending in a ring,
With waters drawn from their perpetual spring, 540

From earthly dregs his body purify,
And rub his temples with fine towels dry;
Then load the tables with a lib'ral feast,
And honor with full bowls their friendly guest.

The sacred altars are involv'd in smoke,
And the bright choir their kindred gods invoke.

Two bowls the mother fills with Lydian wine;

Then thus: "Let these be pour'd, with rites divine,

To the great authors of our wat'ry line:
To Father Ocean, this; and this," she said, 550

"Be to the nymphs his sacred sisters paid,
Who rule the wat'ry plains, and hold the woodland shade."

She sprinkled thrice, with wine, the Vestal fire;

Thrice to the vaulted roof the flames aspire.

Rais'd with so blest an omen, she begun,
With words like these, to cheer her drooping son:

"In the Carpathian bottom makes abode
The shepherd of the seas, a prophet and a god.

High o'er the main in wat'ry pomp he rides;
His azure car and finny coursers guides: 560
Proteus' his name — to his Pallenian port
I see from far the weary god resort.

Him not alone we river gods adore,
But aged Nereus hearkens to his lore.
With sure foresight, and with unerring doom,

He sees what is, and was, and is to come.
This Neptune gave him, when he gave to keep

His scaly flocks, that graze the wat'ry deep.
Implore his aid; for Proteus only knows
The secret cause, and cure, of all thy woes.
But first the wily wizard must be caught;
For, unconstrain'd, he nothing tells for naught; 572

Nor is with pray'rs, or bribes, or flatt'ry bought.

Surprise him first, and with hard fetters bind;

Then all his frauds will vanish into wind.

I will myself conduct thee on thy way;
When next the southing sun inflames the
day,

When the dry herbage thirsts for dews in
vain,

And sheep, in shades, avoid the parching
plain:

Then will I lead thee to his secret seat,
When, weary with his toil, and seorch'd
with heat, ⁵⁸¹
The wayward sire frequents his cool re-
treat.

His eyes with heavy slumber overcast;
With force invade his limbs, and bind him
fast.

Thus surely bound, yet be not over bold:
The slipp'ry god will try to loose his hold,
And various forms assume, to cheat thy
sight,

And with vain images of beasts affright:
With foamy tusks will seem a bristly boar,
Or imitate the lion's angry roar; ⁵⁹⁰
Break out in crackling flames to shun thy
snares,

Or hiss a dragon, or a tiger stares;
Or, with a wile thy caution to betray,
In fleeting streams attempt to slide away.
But thou, the more he varies forms, beware
To strain his fetters with a stricter care;
Till, tiring all his arts, he turns again
To his true shape, in which he first was
seen."

This said, with nectar she her son anoints,
Infusing vigor thro' his mortal joints: ⁶⁰⁰
Down from his head the liquid odors ran;
He breath'd of heav'n, and look'd above a
man.

Within a mountain's hollow womb there
lies

A large recess, conceal'd from human eyes,
Where heaps of billows, driv'n by wind
and tide,

In form of war their wat'ry ranks divide,
And there, like sentries set, without the
mouth abide:

A station safe for ships, when tempests roar,
A silent harbor, and a cover'd shore.

Secure within resides the various god, ⁶¹⁰
And draws a rock upon his dark abode.

Hether with silent steps, secure from
sight,

The goddess guides her son, and turns
him from the light:

Herself, involv'd in clouds, precipitates
her flight.

'T was noon; the sultry Dog-star from
the sky

Seorch'd Indian swains; the rivell'd grass
was dry;

The sun with flaming arrows pierc'd the
flood,

And, darting to the bottom, bak'd the mud;
When weary Proteus, from the briny waves,
Retir'd for shelter to his wonted caves. ⁶²⁰

His finny flocks about their shepherd play,
And, rolling round him, spirt the bitter sea;

Unwieldily they wallow first in ooze,
Then in the shady covert seek repose.

Himself, their herdsman, on the middle
mount,

Takes of his muster'd flocks a just account.
So, seated on a rock, a shepherd's groom

Surveys his ev'ning flocks returning home,
When lowing calves and bleating lambs,

from far, ⁶²⁹

Provoke the prowling wolf to nightly war.
Th' occasion offers, and the youth complies:

For scarce the weary god had clos'd his
eyes,

When, rushing on, with shouts, he binds in
chains

The drowsy prophet, and his limbs con-
strains.

He, not unmindful of his usual art,
First in dissembled fire attempts to part:

Then roaring beasts and running streams
he tries,

And wearies all his miracles of lies;
But, having shifted ev'ry form to scape,

Convine'd of conquest, he resum'd his
shape, ⁶⁴⁰

And thus, at length, in human accent spoke:
"Audacious youth! what madness could

provoke
A mortal man t' invade a sleeping god?

What bus'ness brought thee to my dark
abode?"

To this th' audacious youth: "Thou
know'st full well

My name and bus'ness, god; nor need I tell.
No man can Proteus cheat; but, Proteus,

leave

Thy fraudulent arts, and do not thou deceive.
Foll'wing the gods' command, I come t'

implore
Thy help, my perish'd people to restore."

The seer, who could not yet his wrath
assuage, ⁶⁵¹

Roll'd his green eyes, that sparkled with
his rage,

And gnash'd his teeth, and cried: "No vulgar god Pursues thy crimes, nor with a common rod.

Thy great misdeeds have met a due reward; And Orpheus' dying pray'rs at length are heard.

For crimes not his the lover lost his life, And at thy hands requires his murder'd wife;

Nor (if the Fates assist not) canst thou scape

The just revenge of that intended rape. ⁶⁶⁰
To shun thy lawless lust, the dying bride, Unwary, took along the river's side, Nor at her heels perceiv'd the deadly snake That kept the bank, in covert of the brake. But all her fellow-nymphs the mountains

tear
With loud laments, and break the yielding air:

The realms of Mars remurmur'd all around, And echoes to th' Athenian shores rebound. Th' unhappy husband, husband now no more,

Did on his tuneful harp his loss deplore, And sought his mournful mind with music to restore. ⁶⁷¹

On thee, dear wife, in deserts all alone, He call'd, sigh'd, sung: his griefs with day begun,

Nor were they finish'd with the setting sun.

Ev'n to the dark dominions of the night He took his way, thro' forests void of light, And dar'd amidst the trembling ghosts to sing,

And stood before th' inexorable king. Th' infernal troops like passing shadows glide,

And, list'ning, crowd the sweet musician's side. ⁶⁸⁰

Not flocks of birds, when driv'n by storms or night,

Stretch to the forest with so thick a flight: Men, matrons, children, and th' unmarried maid,

The mighty hero's more majestic shade,* And youths on fun'ral piles before their parents laid.

All these Cocytus bounds with squalid reeds,

With muddy ditches, and with deadly weeds;

And baleful Styx encompasses around, With nine slow circling streams, th' unhappy ground.

Ev'n from the depths of hell the damn'd advance; ⁶⁹⁰

Th' infernal mansions, nodding, seem to dance;

The gaping three-mouth'd dog forgets to snarl;

The Furies hearken, and their snakes uncurl;

Ioion seems no more his pains to feel, But leans attentive on his standing wheel.

"All dangers pass'd, at length the lovely bride

In safety goes, with her melodious guide, Longing the common light again to share, And draw the vital breath of upper air: ⁶⁹⁹

He first; and close behind him follow'd she; For such was Proserpine's severe decree —

When strong desires th' impatient youth invade,

By little caution and much love betray'd: A fault which easy pardon might receive,

Were lovers judges, or could Hell forgive. For, near the confines of ethereal light,

And longing for the glimm'ring of a sight, Th' unwary lover cast his eyes behind,

Forgetful of the law, nor master of his mind.

Straight all his hopes exhal'd in empty smoke, ⁷¹⁰

And his long toils were forfeit for a look. Three flashes of blue lightning gave the sign

Of cov'nants broke; three peals of thunder join.

Then thus the bride: 'What fury seiz'd on thee,

Unhappy man! to lose thyself and me?

Dragg'd back again by cruel destinies, An iron slumber shuts my swimming eyes.

And now, farewell! Involv'd in shades of night,

Forever I am ravish'd from thy sight.

In vain I reach my feeble hands, to join ⁷²⁰
In sweet embraces — ah! no longer thine!

She said; and from his eyes the fleeting fair

Retir'd like subtle smoke dissolv'd in air, And left her hopeless lover in despair.

In vain, with folding arms, the youth assay'd To stop her flight, and strain the flying shade:

* This whole line is taken from the Marquess of Nor-
manby's translation.

He prays, he raves, all means in vain he }
 tries,
 With rage inflam'd, astonish'd with sur- }
 prise;
 But she return'd no more, to bless his }
 longing eyes,
 Nor would th' infernal ferryman once }
 more ⁷³⁰
 Be brib'd to waft him to the farther shore.
 What should he do, who twice had lost his
 love?
 What notes invent? what new petitions
 move?
 Her soul already was consign'd to fate,
 And shiv'ring in the leaky sculler sate.
 For sev'n continued months, if fame say
 true,
 The wretched swain his sorrows did renew.
 By Strymon's freezing streams he sate
 alone:
 The rocks were mov'd to pity with his
 moan;
 Trees bent their heads to hear him sing his
 wrongs; ⁷⁴⁰
 Fierce tigers couch'd around, and loll'd
 their fawning tongues.
 "So, close in poplar shades, her children
 gone,
 The mother nightingale laments alone,
 Whose nest some prying churl had found,
 and thence
 By stealth convey'd th' unfeather'd inno-
 cence.
 But she supplies the night with mournful
 strains;
 And melancholy music fills the plains.
 Sad Orpheus thus his tedious hours em-
 ploys,
 Averse from Venus, and from nuptial joys.
 Alone he tempts the frozen floods, alone ⁷⁵⁰
 Th' unhappy climes, where spring was never
 known:
 He mourn'd his wretched wife, in vain re-
 stor'd,
 And Pluto's unavailing boon deplor'd.
 "The Thracian matrons, who the youth
 accus'd
 Of love disdain'd and marriage rites re-
 fus'd,
 With furies and nocturnal orgies fir'd,
 At length against his sacred life conspir'd.
 Whom ev'n the savage beasts had spar'd,
 they kill'd,
 And strew'd his mangled limbs about the
 field.

Then, when his head, from his fair shoulders
 torn, ⁷⁶⁰
 Wash'd by the waters, was on Hebrus borne,
 Ev'n then his trembling tongue invoc'd his
 bride;
 With his last voice, 'Eurydice,' he cried.
 'Eurydice,' the rocks and river banks re-
 plied."
 This answer Proteus gave; nor more he
 said,
 But in the billows plung'd his hoary head;
 And, where he leap'd, the waves in circles
 widely spread.
 The nymph return'd, her drooping son to
 cheer,
 And bade him banish his superfluous fear:
 "For now," said she, "the cause is known,
 from whence ⁷⁷⁰
 Thy woe succeeded, and for what offense.
 The nymphs, companions of th' unhappy
 maid,
 This punishment upon thy crimes have laid;
 And sent a plague among thy thriving bees.
 With vows and suppliant pray'rs their
 pow'rs appease:
 The soft Napean race will soon repent
 Their anger, and remit the punishment.
 The secret in an easy method lies:
 Select four brawny bulls for sacrifice,
 Which on Lyceus graze without a guide; ⁷⁸⁰
 Add four fair heifers yet in yoke untried.
 For these, four altars in their temple rear,
 And then adore the woodland pow'rs with
 pray'r.
 From the slain victims pour the streaming
 blood,
 And leave their bodies in the shady wood:
 Nine mornings thence, Lethæan poppy
 bring,
 T' appease the manes of the poets' king;
 And, to propitiate his offended bride,
 A fatted calf and a black ewe provide.
 This finish'd, to the former woods repair."
 His mother's precepts he performs with
 care; ⁷⁹¹
 The temple visits, and adores with pray'r;
 Four altars raises; from his herd he culls,
 For slaughter, four the fairest of his bulls:
 Four heifers from his female store he took,
 All fair, and all unknowing of the yoke.
 Nine mornings thence, with sacrifice and
 pray'rs,
 The pow'rs aton'd, he to the grove repairs.
 Behold a prodigy! for, from within
 The broken bowels and the bloated skin, ⁸⁰⁰

A buzzing noise of bees his ears alarms:
Straight issue thro' the sides assembling
swarms.

Dark as a cloud, they make a wheeling
flight,

Then on a neighb'ring tree, descending,
light:

Like a large cluster of black grapes they
show,

And make a large dependence from the
bough.

Thus have I sung of fields, and flocks, and
trees,

And of the waxen work of lab'ring bees;
While mighty Caesar, thund'ring from afar,
Seeks on Euphrates' banks the spoils of war;
With conqu'ring arms asserts his country's
cause, S: 1

With arts of peace the willing people draws;
On the glad earth the Golden Age renews,
And his great father's path to heav'n pur-
sues;

While I at Naples pass my peaceful days,
Affecting studies of less noisy praise;
And, bold thro' youth, beneath the beechen
shade,

The lays of shepherds, and their loves, have
play'd.

ÆNEIS

TO THE

MOST HONORABLE
JOHN, LORD MARQUIS OF
NORMANBY

EARL OF MULGRAVE, &c.

AND KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER
OF THE GARTER

A HEROIC poem, truly such, is undoubtedly the greatest work which the soul of man is capable to perform. The design of it is to form the mind to heroic virtue by example. 'Tis convey'd in verse, that it may delight, while it instructs: the action of it is always one, entire, and great. The least and most trivial episodes, or underactions, which are interwoven in it, are parts either necessary or convenient to carry on the main design; either so necessary, that, without them, the poem must be imperfect, or so convenient, that no others can be imagin'd more suitable

to the place in which they are. There is nothing to be left void in a firm building; even the cavities ought not to be fill'd with rubbish, (which is of a perishable kind, destructive to the strength,) but with brick or stone, tho' of less pieces, yet of the same nature, and fitted to the craumies. Even the least portions of them must be of the epic kind: all things must be grave, majestic, and sublime; nothing of a foreign nature, like the trifling *novels* which Ariosto and others have inserted in their poems; by which the reader is misled into another sort of pleasure, opposite to that which is design'd in an epic poem. One raises the soul, and hardens it to virtue; the other softens it again, and unbends it into vice. One conduces to the poet's aim, the completing of his work, which he is driving on, laboring and hast'ning in every line; the other slackens his pace, diverts him from his way, and locks him up, like a knight-errant, in an enchanted castle, when he should be pursuing his first adventure. Statius, as Bossu has well observ'd, was ambitious of trying his strength with his master Virgil, as Virgil had before tried his with Homer. The Grecian gave the two Romans an example, in the games which were celebrated at the funerals of Patroclus. Virgil imitated the invention of Homer, but chang'd the sports. But both the Greek and Latin poet took their occasions from the subject; tho', to confess the truth, they were both ornamental, or at best convenient parts of it, rather than of necessity arising from it. Statius, who, thro' his whole poem, is noted for want of conduct and judgment, instead of staying, as he might have done, for the death of Capaneus, Hippomedon, Tydeus, or some other of his seven champions, (who are heroes all alike,) or more properly for the tragical end of the two brothers, whose exequies the next successor had leisure to perform when the siege was rais'd, and in the interval betwixt the poet's first action and his second, went out of his way, as it were on prepenes malice, to commit a fault. For he took his opportunity to kill a royal infant by the means of a serpent (that author of all evil), to make way for those funeral honors which he intended for him. Now if this innocent had been of any relation to his *Thebais*; if he had either farther'd or hinder'd the

taking of the town; the poet might have found some sorry excuse at least for detaining the reader from the promis'd siege. On these terms, this Capaneus of a poet ingag'd his two immortal predecessors; and his success was answerable to his enterprise.

If this economy must be observ'd in the minutest parts of an epic poem, which, to a common reader, seem to be detach'd from the body, and almost independent of it; what soul, tho' sent into the world with great advantages of nature, cultivated with the liberal arts and sciences, conversant with histories of the dead, and enrich'd with observations on the living, can be sufficient to inform the whole body of so great a work? I touch here but transiently, without any strict method, on some few of those many rules of imitating nature which Aristotle drew from Homer's *Iliads* and *Odysseys*, and which he fitted to the drama; furnishing himself also with observations from the practice of the theater when it flourish'd under Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles: for the original of the stage was from the epic poem. Narration, doubtless, preceded acting, and gave laws to it; what at first was told artfully, was, in process of time, represented gracefully to the sight and hearing. Those episodes of Homer which were proper for the stage, the poets amplified each into an action; out of his limbs they form'd their bodies; what he had contracted, they enlarg'd; out of one Hercules were made infinite of pigmies, yet all endued with human souls; for from him, their great creator, they have each of them the *divina particulam aure*. They flow'd from him at first, and are at last resolv'd into him. Nor were they only animated by him, but their measure and symmetry was owing to him. His one, entire, and great action was copied by them according to the proportions of the drama. If he finish'd his orb within the year, it suffic'd to teach them, that their action being less, and being also less diversified with incidents, their orb, of consequence, must be circumscrib'd in a less compass, which they reduc'd within the limits either of a natural or an artificial day; so that, as he taught them to amplify what he had shorten'd, by the same rule, applied the contrary way, he taught them to shorten what he had amplified. Tragedy is the miniature of human life; an epic poem

is the draught at length. Here, my Lord, I must contract also; for, before I was aware, I was almost running into a long digression, to prove that there is no such absolute necessity that the time of a stage action should so strictly be confin'd to twenty-four hours as never to exceed them, for which Aristotle contends, and the Grecian stage has practic'd. Some longer space, on some occasions, I think, may be allow'd, especially for the English theater, which requires more variety of incidents than the French. Corneille himself, after long practice, was inclin'd to think that the time allotted by the ancients was too short to raise and finish a great action: and better a mechanic rule were stretch'd or broken, than a great beauty were omitted. To raise, and afterwards to calm the passions; to purge the soul from pride, by the examples of human miseries, which befall the greatest; in few words, to expel arrogance, and introduce compassion, are the great effects of tragedy; great, I must confess, if they were altogether as true as they are pompous. But are habits to be introduc'd at three hours' warning? Are radical diseases so suddenly remov'd? A mountebank may promise such a cure, but a skilful physician will not undertake it. An epic poem is not in so much haste: it works leisurely; the changes which it makes are slow; but the cure is likely to be more perfect. The effects of tragedy, as I said, are too violent to be lasting. If it be answer'd that, for this reason, tragedies are often to be seen, and the dose to be repeated, this is tacitly to confess that there is more virtue in one heroic poem than in many tragedies. A man is humbled one day, and his pride returns the next. Chymical medicines are observ'd to relieve oft'ner than to cure; for 't is the nature of spirits to make swift impressions, but not deep. Galenical decoctions, to which I may properly compare an epic poem, have more of body in them; they work by their substance and their weight. It is one reason of Aristotle's to prove that tragedy is the more noble, because it turns in a shorter compass; the whole action being circumscrib'd within the space of four-and-twenty hours. He might prove as well that a mushroom is to be preferr'd before a peach, because it shoots up in the compass of a night. A chariot may be driven round the pillar

in less space than a large machine, because the bulk is not so great. Is the Moon a more noble planet than Saturn, because she makes her revolution in less than thirty days, and he in little less than thirty years? Both their orbs are in proportion to their several magnitudes; and consequently the quickness or slowness of their motion, and the time of their circumvolutions, is no argument of the greater or less perfection. And, besides, what virtue is there in a tragedy which is not contain'd in an epic poem, where pride is humbled, virtue rewarded, and vice punish'd; and those more amply treated than the narrowness of the drama can admit? The shining quality of an epic hero, his magnanimity, his constancy, his patience, his piety, or whatever characteristical virtue his poet gives him, raises first our admiration. We are naturally prone to imitate what we admire; and frequent acts produce a habit. If the hero's chief quality be vicious, as, for example, the choleric and obstinate desire of vengeance in Achilles, yet the moral is instructive: and, besides, we are inform'd in the very proposition of the *Iliads* that this anger was pernicious; that it brought a thousand ills on the Grecian camp. The courage of Achilles is propos'd to imitation, not his pride and disobedience to his general, nor his brutal cruelty to his dead enemy, nor the selling his body to his father. We abhor these actions while we read them; and what we abhor we never imitate. The poet only shews them, like rocks or quicksands, to be shunn'd.

By this example the critics have concluded that it is not necessary the manners of the hero should be virtuous. They are poetically good, if they are of a piece: tho', where a character of perfect virtue is set before us, 'tis more lovely; for there the whole hero is to be imitated. This is the *Æneas* of our author; this is that idea of perfection in an epic poem which painters and statuary have only in their minds, and which no hands are able to express. These are the beauties of a god in a human body. When the picture of Achilles is drawn in tragedy, he is taken with those warts, and moles, and hard features, by those who represent him on the stage, or he is no more Achilles; for his creator, Homer, has so describ'd him. Yet even thus he

appears a perfect hero, tho' an imperfect character of virtue. Horace paints him after Homer, and delivers him to be copied on the stage with all those imperfections. Therefore they are either not faults in a heroic poem, or faults common to the drama. After all, on the whole merits of the cause, it must be acknowledg'd that the epic poem is more for the manners, and tragedy for the passions. The passions, as I have said, are violent; and acute distempers require medicines of a strong and speedy operation. Ill habits of the mind are like chronic diseases, to be corrected by degrees, and cur'd by alteratives; wherein, tho' purges are sometimes necessary, yet diet, good air, and moderate exercise have the greatest part. The matter being thus stated, it will appear that both sorts of poetry are of use for their proper ends. The stage is more active; the epic poem works at greater leisure, yet is active too, when need requires; for dialogue is imitated by the drama from the more active parts of it. One puts off a fit, like the *quinquina*, and relieves us only for a time; the other roots out the distemper, and gives a healthful habit. The sun enlightens and cheers us, dispels fogs, and warms the ground with his daily beams; but the corn is sow'd, increases, is ripen'd, and is reap'd for use in process of time, and in its proper season. I proceed from the greatness of the action to the dignity of the actors; I mean to the persons employ'd in both poems. There likewise tragedy will be seen to borrow from the epopee; and that which borrows is always of less dignity, because it has not of its own. A subject, 'tis true, may lend to his sovereign; but the act of borrowing makes the king inferior, because he wants, and the subject supplies. And suppose the persons of the drama wholly fabulous, or of the poet's invention, yet heroic poetry gave him the examples of that invention, because it was first, and Homer the common father of the stage. I know not of any one advantage which tragedy can boast above heroic poetry, but that it is represented to the view, as well as read, and instructs in the closet, as well as on the theater. This is an uncontested excellence, and a chief branch of its prerogative; yet I may be allow'd to say, without partiality, that herein the actors share the poet's

praise. Your Lordship knows some modern tragedies which are beautiful on the stage, and yet I am confident you would not read them. Tryphon the stationer complains they are seldom ask'd for in his shop. The poet who flourish'd in the scene is damn'd in the *ruelle*; may more, he is not esteem'd a good poet by those who see and hear his extravagances with delight. They are a sort of stately fustian, and lofty childishness. Nothing but nature can give a sincere pleasure; where that is not imitated, 'tis grotesque painting; the fine woman ends in a fish's tail.

I might also add that many things which not only please, but are real beauties in the reading, would appear absurd upon the stage; and those not only the *speciosa miracula*, as Horace calls them, of transformations, of Scylla, Antiphates, and the Læstrygons, which cannot be represented even in operas; but the prowess of Achilles or Æneas would appear ridiculous in our dwarf heroes of the theater. We can believe they routed armies, in Homer or in Virgil; but *ne Hercules contra duos* in the drama. I forbear to instance in many things which the stage cannot, or ought not to represent; for I have said already more than I intended on this subject, and should fear it might be turn'd against me, that I plead for the preëminence of epic poetry because I have taken some pains in translating Virgil, if this were the first time that I had deliver'd my opinion in this dispute. But I have more than once already maintain'd the rights of my two masters against their rivals of the scene, even while I wrote tragedies myself, and had no thoughts of this present undertaking. I submit my opinion to your judgment, who are better qualified than any man I know to decide this controversy. You come, my Lord, instructed in the cause, and needed not that I should open it. Your *Essay of Poetry*, which was publish'd without a name, and of which I was not honor'd with the confidence, I read over and over with much delight, and as much instruction, and, without flattering you, or making myself more moral than I am, not without some envy. I was loth to be inform'd how an epic poem should be written, or how a tragedy should be contriv'd and manag'd, in better verse, and with more judgment, than I could teach others. A native of Parnas-

us, and bred up in the studies of its fundamental laws, may receive new lights from his contemporaries; but 'tis a grudging kind of praise which he gives his benefactors. He is more oblig'd than he is willing to acknowledge; there is a tincture of malice in his commendations; for where I own I am taught, I confess my want of knowledge. A judge upon the bench may, out of good nature, or at least interest, encourage the pleadings of a puny counselor; but he does not willingly commend his brother sergeant at the bar, especially when he controls his law, and exposes that ignorance which is made sacred by his place. I gave the unknown author his due commendation, I must confess; but who can answer for me and for the rest of the poets who heard me read the poem, whether we should not have been better pleas'd to have seen our own names at the bottom of the title-page? Perhaps we commended it the more, that we might seem to be above the censure. We are naturally displeas'd with an unknown critic, as the ladies are with the lampooner, because we are bitten in the dark, and know not where to fasten our revenge. But great excellencies will work their way thro' all sorts of opposition. I applauded rather out of decency than affection; and was ambitious, as some yet can witness, to be acquainted with a man with whom I had the honor to converse, and that almost daily, for so many years together. Heaven knows if I have heartily forgiven you this deceit. You extorted a praise which I should willingly have given, had I known you. Nothing had been more easy than to commend a patron of a long standing. The world would join with me, if the *encomiums* were just; and, if unjust, would excuse a grateful flatterer. But to come anonymous upon me, and force me to commend you against my interest, was not altogether so fair, give me leave to say, as it was politic; for by concealing your quality, you might clearly understand how your work succeeded, and that the general approbation was given to your merit, not your titles. Thus, like Apelles, you stood unseen behind your own Venus, and receiv'd the praises of the passing multitude; the work was commended, not the author; and I doubt not this was one of the most pleasing adventures of your life.

I have detain'd your Lordship longer than I intended in this dispute of preference betwixt the epic poem and the drama, and yet have not formally answer'd any of the arguments which are brought by Aristotle on the other side, and set in the fairest light by Dacier. But I suppose, without looking on the book, I may have touch'd on some of the objections; for, in this address to your Lordship, I design not a treatise of heroic poetry, but write in a loose epistolary way, somewhat tending to that subject, after the example of Horace, in his First Epistle of the Second Book, to Augustus Cæsar, and of that to the Pisos, which we call his *Art of Poetry*; in both of which he observes no method that I can trace, whatever Scaliger the Father or Heinsius may have seen, or rather think they had seen. I have taken up, laid down, and resum'd as often as I pleas'd, the same subject; and this loose proceeding I shall use thro' all this prefatory dedication. Yet all this while I have been sailing with some side wind or other toward the point I propos'd in the beginning, the greatness and excellency of an heroic poem, with some of the difficulties which attend that work. The comparison, therefore, which I made betwixt the epopee and the tragedy was not altogether a digression; for 't is concluded on all hands that they are both the masterpieces of human wit.

In the mean time, I may be bold to draw this corollary from what has been already said, that the file of heroic poets is very short; all are not such who have assum'd that lofty title in ancient or modern ages, or have been so esteem'd by their partial and ignorant admirers.

There have been but one great *Ilias*, and one *Æneis*, in so many ages. The next, but the next with a long interval betwixt, was the *Jerusalem*: I mean not so much in distance of time, as in excellency. After these three are enter'd, some Lord Chamberlain should be appointed, some critic of authority should be set before the door, to keep out a crowd of little poets, who press for admission, and are not of quality. Mævius would be deaf'ning your Lordship's ears with his

Fortunam Priami cantabo, et nobile bellum—

mere fustian, as Horace would tell you from behind, without pressing forward, and

more smoke than fire. Pulei, Boiardo, and Ariosto would cry out: "Make room for the Italian poets, the descendants of Virgil in a right line." Father Le Moine, with his *Saint Louis*; and Scudéry with his *Alaric*: "for a godly king and a Gothic conqueror;" and Chapelain would take it ill that his *Maid* should be refus'd a place with Helen and Lavinia. Spenser has a better plea for his *Fairy Queen*, had his action been finish'd, or had been one; and Milton, if the Devil had not been his hero, instead of Adam; if the giant had not foil'd the knight, and driven him out of his stronghold, to wander thro' the world with his lady errant; and if there had not been more machining persons than human in his poem. After these, the rest of our English poets shall not be mention'd. I have that honor for them which I ought to have; but, if they are worthies, they are not to be rank'd amongst the three whom I have nam'd, and who are establish'd in their reputation.

Before I quitted the comparison betwixt epic poetry and tragedy, I should have acquainted my judge with one advantage of the former over the latter, which I now casually remember out of the preface of Segrais before his translation of the *Æneis*, or out of Bossu, no matter which. The style of the heroic poem is, and ought to be, more lofty than that of the drama. The critic is certainly in the right, for the reason already urg'd; the work of tragedy is on the passions, and in dialogue; both of them altho strong metaphors, in which the epopee delights. A poet cannot speak too plainly on the stage: *for volat irrevocabile verbum*; the sense is lost, if it be not taken flying; but what we read alone, we have leisure to digest. There an author may beautify his sense by the boldness of his expression, which if we understand not fully at the first, we may dwell upon it till we find the secret force and excellence. That which cures the manners by alterative physick, as I said before, must proceed by insensible degrees; but that which purges the passions must do its business all at once, or wholly fail of its effect, at least in the present operation, and without repeated doses. We must beat the iron while 't is hot, but we may polish it at leisure. Thus, my Lord, you pay the fine of my forgetfulness; and yet the merits of both causes are where they were, and un-

decided, till you declare whether it be more for the benefit of mankind to have their manners in general corrected, or their pride and hard-heartedness remov'd.

I must now come closer to my present business, and not think of making more invasive wars abroad, when, like Hannibal, I am call'd back to the defense of my own country. Virgil is attack'd by many enemies; he has a whole confederacy against him; and I must endeavor to defend him as well as I am able. But their principal objections being against his moral, the duration or length of time taken up in the action of the poem, and what they have to urge against the manners of his hero, I shall omit the rest as mere cavils of grammarians; at the worst, but casual slips of a great man's pen, or inconsiderable faults of an admirable poem, which the author had not leisure to review before his death. Macrobius has answer'd what the ancients could urge against him; and some things I have lately read in Tanneguy le Fèvre, Valois, and another whom I name not, which are scarce worth answering. They begin with the moral of his poem, which I have elsewhere confess'd, and still must own, not to be so noble as that of Homer. But let both be fairly stated; and, without contradicting my first opinion, I can shew that Virgil's was as useful to the Romans of his age, as Homer's was to the Grecians of his, in what time soever he may be suppos'd to have liv'd and flourish'd. Homer's moral was to urge the necessity of union, and of a good understanding betwixt confederate states and princes engag'd in a war with a mighty monarch; as also of discipline in an army, and obedience in the several chiefs to the supreme commander of the joint forces. To inculcate this, he sets forth the ruinous effects of discord in the camp of those allies, occasion'd by the quarrel betwixt the general and one of the next in office under him. Agamemnon gives the provocation, and Achilles resents the injury. Both parties are faulty in the quarrel, and accordingly they are both punish'd; the aggressor is forc'd to sue for peace to his inferior on dishonorable conditions; the deserter refuses the satisfaction offer'd, and his obstinacy costs him his best friend. This works the natural effect of choler, and turns his rage against him by

whom he was last affronted, and most sensibly. The greater anger expels the less; but his character is still preserv'd. In the mean time, the Grecian army receives loss on loss, and is half destroy'd by a pestilence into the bargain:

Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.

As the poet, in the first part of the example, had shewn the bad effects of discord, so, after the reconciliation, he gives the good effects of unity; for Hector is slain, and then Troy must fall. By this 'tis probable that Homer liv'd when the Median monarchy was grown formidable to the Grecians, and that the joint endeavors of his countrymen were little enough to preserve their common freedom from an encroaching enemy. Such was his moral, which all critics have allow'd to be more noble than that of Virgil, tho' not adapted to the times in which the Roman poet liv'd. Had Virgil flourish'd in the age of Ennius, and address'd to Scipio, he had probably taken the same moral, or some other not unlike it. For then the Romans were in as much danger from the Carthaginian commonwealth as the Grecians were from the Assyrian or Median monarchy. But we are to consider him as writing his poem in a time when the old form of government was subverted, and a new one just establish'd by Octavius Cæsar, in effect by force of arms, but seemingly by the consent of the Roman people. The commonwealth had receiv'd a deadly wound in the former civil wars betwixt Marius and Sylla. The commons, while the first prevail'd, had almost shaken off the yoke of the nobility; and Marius and Cinna, like the captains of the mob, under the specious pretense of the public good, and of doing justice on the oppressors of their liberty, reveng'd themselves, without form of law, on their private enemies. Sylla, in his turn, proscrib'd the heads of the adverse party: he too had nothing but liberty and reformation in his mouth; for the cause of religion is but a modern motive to rebellion, invented by the Christian priesthood, refining on the heathen. Sylla, to be sure, meant no more good to the Roman people than Marius before him, whatever he declar'd; but sacrific'd the lives and took the estates of all his enemies, to gratify those who brought him into power.

Such was the reformation of the government by both parties. The senate and the commons were the two bases on which it stood, and the two champions of either faction each destroy'd the foundations of the other side; so the fabric, of consequence, must fall betwixt them, and tyranny must be built upon their ruins. This comes of altering fundamental laws and constitutions; like him, who, being in good health, lodg'd himself in a physician's house, and was overpersuaded by his landlord to take physic, of which he died, for the benefit of his doctor. *Stavo ben;* (was written on his monument,) *ma, per star meglio, sto qui.*

After the death of those two usurpers, the commonwealth seem'd to recover, and held up its head for a little time. But it was all the while in a deep consumption, which is a flattering disease. Pompey, Crassus, and Cæsar had found the sweets of arbitrary power; and, each being a check to the other's growth, struck up a false friendship amongst themselves, and divided the government betwixt them, which none of them was able to assume alone. These were the public-spirited men of their age; that is, patriots for their own interest. The commonwealth look'd with a florid countenance in their management, spread in bulk, and all the while was wasting in the vitals. Not to trouble your Lordship with the repetition of what you know: after the death of Crassus, Pompey found himself outwitted by Cæsar, broke with him, overpower'd him in the senate, and caus'd many unjust decrees to pass against him. Cæsar, thus injur'd, and unable to resist the faction of the nobles, which was now uppermost, (for he was a Marian,) had recourse to arms; and his cause was just against Pompey, but not against his country, whose constitution ought to have been sacred to him, and never to have been violated on the account of any private wrong. But he prevail'd; and, Heav'n declaring for him, he became a providential monarch, under the title of perpetual dictator. He being murder'd by his own son, whom I neither dare commend, nor can justly blame, (tho' Dante, in his *Inferno*, has put him and Cassius, and Judas Iscariot betwixt them, into the great devil's mouth,) the commonwealth popp'd up its head for the third time, under Brutus and Cassius, and then sunk for ever.

Thus the Roman people were grossly gull'd, twice or thrice over, and as often enslav'd in one century, and under the same pretense of reformation. At last the two battles of Philippi gave the decisive stroke against liberty; and, not long after, the commonwealth was turn'd into a monarchy by the conduct and good fortune of Augustus. 'Tis true that the despotic power could not have fallen into better hands than those of the first and second Cæsar. Your Lordship well knows what obligations Virgil had to the latter of them: he saw, beside, that the commonwealth was lost without resource; the heads of it destroy'd; the senate, new molded, grown degenerate, and either bought off, or thrusting their own necks into the yoke, out of fear of being forc'd. Yet I may safely affirm for our great author, (as men of good sense are generally honest,) that he was still of republican principles in heart.

Secretisque piis, his dantem jura Catonem.

I think I need use no other argument to justify my opinion, than that of this one line, taken from the Eighth Book of the *Æneis*. If he had not well studied his patron's temper, it might have ruin'd him with another prince. But Augustus was not discontented, at least that we can find, that Cato was plac'd, by his own poet, in Elysium, and there giving laws to the holy souls who deserv'd to be separated from the vulgar sort of good spirits. For his conscience could not but whisper to the arbitrary monarch, that the kings of Rome were at first elective, and govern'd not without a senate; that Romulus was no hereditary prince; and tho', after his death, he receiv'd divine honors for the good he did on earth, yet he was but a god of their own making; that the last Tarquin was expell'd justly, for overt acts of tyranny and maladministration; for such are the conditions of an elective kingdom: and I meddle not with others, being, for my own opinion, of Montaigne's principles, that an honest man ought to be contented with that form of government, and with those fundamental constitutions of it, which he receiv'd from his ancestors, and under which himself was born; tho' at the same time he confess'd freely, that if he could have chosen his place of birth, it should have been at

Venice; which, for many reasons, I dislike, and am better pleas'd to have been born an Englishman.

But, to return from my long rambling, I say that Virgil, having maturely weigh'd the condition of the times in which he liv'd; that an entire liberty was not to be retriev'd; that the present settlement had the prospect of a long continuance in the same family, or those adopted into it; that he held his paternal estate from the bounty of the conqueror, by whom he was likewise enrich'd, esteem'd, and cherish'd; that this conqueror, tho' of a bad kind, was the very best of it; that the arts of peace flourish'd under him; that all men might be happy, if they would be quiet; that, now he was in possession of the whole, yet he shar'd a great part of his authority with the senate; that he would be chosen into the ancient offices of the commonwealth, and rul'd by the power which he deriv'd from them, and prorogued his government from time to time, still, as it were, threat'ning to dismiss himself from public cares, which he exercis'd more for the common good than for any delight he took in greatness—these things, I say, being consider'd by the poet, he concluded it to be the interest of his country to be so govern'd; to infuse an awful respect into the people towards such a prince; by that respect to confirm their obedience to him, and by that obedience to make them happy. This was the moral of his divine poem; honest in the poet; honorable to the emperor, whom he derives from a divine extraction; and reflecting part of that honor on the Roman people, whom he derives also from the Trojans; and not only profitable, but necessary, to the present age, and likely to be such to their posterity. That it was the receiv'd opinion that the Romans were descended from the Trojans, and Julius Cæsar from Julius the son of Æneas, was enough for Virgil; tho' perhaps he thought not so himself, or that Æneas ever was in Italy; which Bochartus manifestly proves. And Homer, where he says that Jupiter hated the house of Priam, and was resolv'd to transfer the kingdom to the family of Æneas, yet mentions nothing of his leading a colony into a foreign country and settling there. But that the Romans valued themselves on their Trojan ancestry is so undoubted a truth that I need not

prove it. Even the seals which we have remaining of Julius Cæsar, which we know to be antique, have the star of Venus over them, tho' they were all graven after his death, as a note that he was deified. I doubt not but it was one reason why Augustus should be so passionately concern'd for the preservation of the *Æneis*, which its author had condemn'd to be burnt, as an imperfect poem, by his last will and testament; was because it did him a real service, as well as an honor; that a work should not be lost where his divine original was celebrated in verse which had the character of immortality stamp'd upon it.

Neither were the great Roman families which flourish'd in his time less oblig'd by him than the emperor. Your Lordship knows with what address he makes mention of them, as captains of ships, or leaders in the war; and even some of Italian extraction are not forgotten. These are the single stars which are sprinkled thro' the *Æneis*; but there are whole constellations of them in the Fifth Book. And I could not but take notice, when I translated it, of some favorite families to which he gives the victory and awards the prizes, in the person of his hero, at the funeral games which were celebrated in honor of Anchises. I insist not on their names; but am pleas'd to find the Memmii amongst them, deriv'd from Mnestheus, because Lucretius dedicates to one of that family, a branch of which destroy'd Corinth. I likewise either found or form'd an image to myself of the contrary kind; that those who lost the prizes were such as had disoblig'd the poet, or were in disgrace with Augustus, or enemies to Mæcenæ; and this was the poetical revenge he took. For *genus irritabile vatum*, as Horace says. When a poet is thoroughly provok'd, he will do himself justice, however dear it cost him; *animamque in vulnere ponit*. I think these are not bare imaginations of my own, tho' I find no trace of them in the commentators; but one poet may judge of another by himself. The vengeance we defer is not forgotten. I hinted before that the whole Roman people were oblig'd by Virgil, in deriving them from Troy; an ancestry which they affected. We and the French are of the same humor: they would be thought to descend from a son, I think, of Hector; and we would have our Britain

both nam'd and planted by a descendant of Æneas. Spenser favors this opinion what he can. His Prince Arthur, or whoever he intends by him, is a Trojan. Thus the hero of Homer was a Grecian, of Virgil a Roman, of Tasso an Italian.

I have transgress'd my bounds, and gone farther than the moral led me. But, if your Lordship is not tir'd, I am safe enough.

Thus far, I think, my author is defended. But, as Augustus is still shadow'd in the person of Æneas, (of which I shall say more when I come to the manners which the poet gives his hero,) I must prepare that subject by shewing how dextrously he manag'd both the prince and people, so as to displease neither, and to do good to both; which is the part of a wise and an honest man, and proves that it is possible for a courtier not to be a knave. I shall continue still to speak my thoughts like a free-born subject, as I am; tho' such things, perhaps, as no Dutch commentator could, and I am sure no Frenchman durst. I have already told your Lordship my opinion of Virgil, that he was no arbitrary man. Oblig'd he was to his master for his bounty; and he repays him with good counsel, how to behave himself in his new monarchy, so as to gain the affections of his subjects, and deserve to be call'd the father of his country. From this consideration it is that he chose, for the groundwork of his poem, one empire destroy'd, and another rais'd from the ruins of it. This was just the parallel. Æneas could not pretend to be Priam's heir in a lineal succession; for Anchises, the hero's father, was only of the second branch of the royal family; and Helenus, a son of Priam, was yet surviving, and might lawfully claim before him. It may be Virgil mentions him on that account. Neither has he forgotten Priamus, in the Fifth of his *Æneis*, the son of Polites, youngest son to Priam, who was slain by Pyrrhus, in the Second Book. Æneas had only married Creïssa, Priam's daughter, and by her could have no title while any of the male issue were remaining. In this case the poet gave him the next title, which is that of an elective king. The remaining Trojans chose him to lead them forth, and settle them in some foreign country. Ilioneus, in his speech to Dido, calls him expressly by the name of king. Our poet, who

all this while had Augustus in his eye, had no desire he should seem to succeed by any right of inheritance deriv'd from Julius Cæsar, (such a title being but one degree remov'd from conquest,) for what was introduc'd by force, by force may be remov'd. 'Twas better for the people that they should give, than he should take; since that gift was indeed no more at bottom than a trust. Virgil gives us an example of this in the person of Mezentius: he govern'd arbitrarily; he was expell'd, and came to the deserv'd end of all tyrants. Our author shews us another sort of kingship, in the person of Latinus. He was descended from Saturn, and, as I remember, in the third degree. He is describ'd a just and a gracious prince, solicitous for the welfare of his people, always consulting with his senate to promote the common good. We find him at the head of them, when he enters into the council hall, speaking first, but still demanding their advice, and steering by it, as far as the iniquity of the times would suffer him. And this is the proper character of a king by inheritance, who is born a father of his country. Æneas, tho' he married the heiress of the crown, yet claim'd no title to it during the life of his father-in-law. *Pater arma Latinius habeto*, &c., are Virgil's words. As for himself, he was contented to take care of his country gods, who were not those of Latium; wherein our divine author seems to relate to the after-practice of the Romans, which was to adopt the gods of those they conquer'd, or receiv'd as members of their commonwealth. Yet, withal, he plainly touches at the office of the high-priesthood, with which Augustus was invested, and which made his person more sacred and inviolable than even the tribunitial power. It was not therefore for nothing that the most judicious of all poets made that office vacant by the death of Panthus in the Second Book of the *Æneis*, for his hero to succeed in it, and consequently for Augustus to enjoy. I know not that any of the commentators have taken notice of that passage. If they have not, I am sure they ought; and if they have, I am not indebted to them for the observation. The words of Virgil are very plain:

Sacra, suosque tibi commendat Troja penates.

As for Augustus, or his uncle Julius, claiming by descent from Æneas, that title is already out of doors. Æneas succeeded not, but was elected. Troy was foredoom'd to fall for ever:

*Postquam res Asiæ Priamique evertere regnum
Immeritum visum superis.*

— Æneis, lib. iii, lin. 1.

Augustus, 'tis true, had once resolv'd to rebuild that city, and there to make the seat of empire; but Horace writes an ode on purpose to deter him from that thought, declaring the place to be accursed, and that the gods would as often destroy it as it should be rais'd. Hereupon the emperor laid aside a project so ungrateful to the Roman people. But by this, my Lord, we may conclude that he had still his pedigree in his head, and had an itch of being thought a divine king, if his poets had not given him better counsel.

I will pass by many less material objections, for want of room to answer them: what follows next is of great importance, if the critics can make out their charge; for 'tis level'd at the manners which our poet gives his hero, and which are the same which were eminently seen in his Augustus. Those manners were piety to the gods and a dutiful affection to his father, love to his relations, care of his people, courage and conduct in the wars, gratitude to those who had oblig'd him, and justice in general to mankind.

Piety, as your Lordship sees, takes place of all, as the chief part of his character; and the word in Latin is more full than it can possibly be express'd in any modern language; for there it comprehends not only devotion to the gods, but filial love and tender affection to relations of all sorts. As instances of this, the deities of Troy and his own Penates are made the companions of his flight: they appear to him in his voyage, and advise him; and at last he replaces them in Italy, their native country. For his father, he takes him on his back; he leads his little son; his wife follows him; but, losing his footsteps thro' fear or ignorance, he goes back into the midst of his enemies to find her, and leaves not his pursuit till her ghost appears, to forbid his farther search. I will say nothing of his duty to his father while he liv'd, his sorrow for his death, of the games

instituted in honor of his memory, or seeking him, by his command, even after death, in the Elysian fields. I will not mention his tenderness for his son, which everywhere is visible — of his raising a tomb for Polydorus, the obsequies for Misenus, his pious remembrance of Deiphobus, the funerals of his nurse, his grief for Pallas, and his revenge taken on his murderer, whom otherwise, by his natural compassion, he had forgiven: and then the poem had been left imperfect; for we could have had no certain prospect of his happiness, while the last obstacle to it was unremov'd. Of the other parts which compose his character, as a king or as a general, I need say nothing; the whole Æneis is one continued instance of some one or other of them; and where I find anything of them tax'd, it shall suffice me, as briefly as I can, to vindicate my divine master to your Lordship, and by you to the reader. But herein Segrais, in his admirable preface to his translation of the Æneis, as the author of the Dauphin's *Virgil* justly calls it, has prevented me. Him I follow, and what I borrow from him, am ready to acknowledge to him. For, impartially speaking, the French are as much better critics than the English, as they are worse poets. Thus we generally allow that they better understand the management of a war than our islanders; but we know we are superior to them in the day of battle. They value themselves on their generals, we on our soldiers. But this is not the proper place to decide that question, if they make it one. I shall say perhaps as much of other nations and their poets, excepting only Tasso; and hope to make my assertion good, which is but doing justice to my country; part of which honor will reflect on your Lordship, whose thoughts are always just; your numbers harmonious, your words chosen, your expressions strong and manly, your verse flowing, and your turns as happy as they are easy. If you would set us more copies, your example would make all precepts needless. In the mean time, that little you have written is own'd, and that particularly by the poets, (who are a nation not over lavish of praise to their contemporaries,) as a principal ornament of our language; but the sweetest essences are always confin'd in the smallest glasses.

When I speak of your Lordship, 'tis never

a digression, and therefore I need beg no pardon for it; but take up Segrais where I left him, and shall use him less often than I have occasion for him; for his preface is a perfect piece of criticism, full and clear, and digested into an exact method; mine is loose, and, as I intended it, epistolary. Yet I dwell on many things which he durst not touch; for 't is dangerous to offend an arbitrary master, and every patron who has the power of Augustus has not his clemency. In short, my Lord, I would not translate him, because I would bring you somewhat of my own. His notes and observations on every book are of the same excellency; and, for the same reason, I omit the greater part.

He takes notice that Virgil is arraign'd for placing piety before valor, and making that piety the chief character of his hero. I have said already from Bossu, that a poet is not oblig'd to make his hero a virtuous man; therefore, neither Homer nor Tasso are to be blam'd for giving what predominant quality they pleas'd to their first character. But Virgil, who design'd to form a perfect prince, and would insinuate that Augustus, whom he calls Æneas in his poem, was truly such, found himself oblig'd to make him without blemish, thoroughly virtuous; and a thorough virtue both begins and ends in piety. Tasso, without question, observ'd this before me, and therefore split his hero in two; he gave Godfrey piety, and Rinaldo fortitude, for their chief qualities or manners. Homer, who had chosen another moral, makes both Agamemnon and Achilles vicious; for his design was to instruct in virtue by shewing the deformity of vice. I avoid repetition of that I have said above. What follows is translated literally from Segrais:

"Virgil had consider'd that the greatest virtues of Augustus consisted in the perfect art of governing his people; which caus'd him to reign for more than forty years in great felicity. He consider'd that his emperor was valiant, civil, popular, eloquent, politic, and religious; he has given all these qualities to Æneas. But, knowing that piety alone comprehends the whole duty of man towards the gods, towards his country, and towards his relations, he judg'd that this ought to be his first character, whom he would set for a pattern of perfection. In

reality, they who believe that the praises which arise from valor are superior to those which proceed from any other virtues, have not consider'd (as they ought) that valor, destitute of other virtues, cannot render a man worthy of any true esteem. That quality, which signifies no more than an intrepid courage, may be separated from many others which are good, and accompanied with many which are ill. A man may be very valiant, and yet impious and vicious. But the same cannot be said of piety, which excludes all ill qualities, and comprehends even valor itself, with all other qualities which are good. Can we, for example, give the praise of valor to a man who should see his gods profan'd, and should want the courage to defend them? To a man who should abandon his father, or desert his king in his last necessity?"

Thus far Segrais, in giving the preference to piety before valor. I will now follow him, where he considers this valor, or intrepid courage, singly in itself; and this also Virgil gives to his Æneas, and that in a heroic degree.

Having first concluded that our poet did for the best in taking the first character of his hero from that essential virtue on which the rest depend, he proceeds to tell us that in the ten years' war of Troy he was consider'd as the second champion of his country (allowing Hector the first place); and this, even by the confession of Homer, who took all occasions of setting up his own countrymen the Grecians, and of undervaluing the Trojan chiefs. But Virgil (whom Segrais forgot to cite) makes Diomed give him a higher character for strength and courage. His testimony is this, in the Eleventh Book:

— *Stetimus tela aspera contra,
Contulimusque manus: experto credite, quantus
In clypeum assurgat, quo turbine torquet hastam.
Si duo præterea tales Idæa tulisset
Terra viros, ultro Inachias venisset ad vrbes
Dardanus, et versis lugeret Græcia fati.
Quicquid apud duræ cessatum est nenia Troje,
Hectoris Æneæque manu victoria Graium
Hæsit, et in decimum vestigia retulit annum.
Ambo animis, ambo insignes præstantibus armis:
Hic pietate prior.* —

I give not here my translation of these verses, (tho' I think I have not ill succeeded in them,) because your Lordship is so great a master of the original that I have no reason

to desire you should see Virgil and me so near together. But you may please, my Lord, to take notice that the Latin author refuses upon the Greek, and insinuates that Homer had done his hero wrong in giving the advantage of the duel to his own countryman; tho' Diomedes was manifestly the second champion of the Grecians; and Ulysses prefer'd him before Ajax, when he chose him for the companion of his nightly expedition; for he had a headpiece of his own, and wanted only the fortitude of another to bring him off with safety, and that he might compass his design with honor.

The French translator thus proceeds: "They who accuse Æneas for want of courage, either understand not Virgil, or have read him slightly; otherwise they would not raise an objection so easy to be answer'd." Hereupon he gives so many instances of the hero's valor, that to repeat them after him would tire your Lordship, and put me to the unnecessary trouble of transcribing the greatest part of the three last *Æneids*. In short, more could not be expected from an Amadis, a Sir Lancelot, or the whole Round Table, than he performs. *Proxima quoque metit gladio*, is the perfect account of a knight-errant. "If it be replied," continues Segrais, "that it was not difficult for him to undertake and achieve such hardy enterprises, because he wore enchanted arms; that accusation, in the first place, must fall on Homer, ere it can reach Virgil." Achilles was as well provided with them as Æneas, tho' he was invulnerable without them. And Ariosto, the two Tassos (Bernardo and Torquato), even our own Spenser, in a word, all modern poets, have copied Homer as well as Virgil: he is neither the first nor last, but in the midst of them; and therefore is safe, if they are so. "Who knows," says Segrais, "but that his fated armor was only an allegorical defense, and signified no more than that he was under the peculiar protection of the gods? — born, as the astrologers will tell us out of Virgil, (who was well vers'd in the Chaldean mysteries,) under the favorable influence of Jupiter, Venus, and the Sun." But I insist not on this, because I know you believe not there is such an art; tho' not only Horace and Persius, but Augustus himself, thought otherwise. But, in defense of Virgil, I dare positively say that he has been more cautious in this particular

than either his predecessor or his descendants; for Æneas was actually wounded in the Twelfth of the *Æneis*, tho' he had the same godsmith to forge his arms as had Achilles. It seems he was no warluck, as the Scots commonly call such men, who, they say, are iron-free, or lead-free. Yet, after this experiment that his arms were not impenetrable, when he was cur'd indeed by his mother's help, because he was that day to conclude the war by the death of Turnus, the poet durst not carry the miracle too far, and restore him wholly to his former vigor: he was still too weak to overtake his enemy; yet we see with what courage he attacks Turnus, when he faces and renews the combat. I need say no more; for Virgil defends himself without needing my assistance, and proves his hero truly to deserve that name. He was not then a second-rate champion, as they would have him who think fortitude the first virtue in a hero. But, being beaten from this hold, they will not yet allow him to be valiant, because he wept more often, as they think, than well becomes a man of courage.

In the first place, if tears are arguments of cowardice, what shall I say of Homer's hero? Shall Achilles pass for timorous because he wept, and wept on less occasions than Æneas? Herein Virgil must be granted to have excell'd his master. For once both heroes are describ'd lamenting their lost loves: Briseis was taken away by force from the Grecian; Creusa was lost for ever to her husband. But Achilles went roaring along the salt sea-shore, and, like a booby, was complaining to his mother, when he should have reveng'd his injury by arms. Æneas took a nobler course; for, having secur'd his father and his son, he repeated all his former dangers to have found his wife, if she had been above ground. And here your Lordship may observe the address of Virgil; it was not for nothing that this passage was related with all these tender circumstances. Æneas told it; Dido heard it. That he had been so affectionate a husband was no ill argument to the coming dowager that he might prove as kind to her. Virgil has a thousand secret beauties, tho' I have not leisure to remark them.

Segrais, on this subject of a hero's shedding tears, observes that historians commend Alexander for weeping when he read

the mighty actions of Achilles; and Julius Cæsar is likewise prais'd, when, out of the same noble envy, he wept at the victories of Alexander. But, if we observe more closely, we shall find that the tears of Æneas were always on a laudable occasion. Thus he weeps out of compassion and tenderness of nature, when, in the temple of Carthage, he beholds the pictures of his friends, who sacrific'd their lives in defense of their country. He deplores the lamentable end of his pilot Palinurus, the untimely death of young Pallas his confederate, and the rest, which I omit. Yet, even for these tears, his wretched critics dare condemn him. They make Æneas little better than a kind of St. Swithen hero, always raining. One of these censors is bold enough to argue him of cowardice, when, in the beginning of the First Book, he not only weeps, but trembles at an approaching storm:

*Extemplo Æneæ solvuntur frigore membra :
Ingemūt, et duplices tendens ad sidera palmas, &c.*

But to this I have answer'd formerly, that his fear was not for himself, but for his people. And who can give a sovereign a better commendation, or recommend a hero more to the affection of the reader? They were threaten'd with a tempest, and he wept; he was promis'd Italy, and therefore he pray'd for the accomplishment of that promise. All this in the beginning of a storm; therefore he shew'd the more early piety, and the quicker sense of compassion. Thus much I have urg'd elsewhere in the defense of Virgil; and, since, I have been inform'd by Mr. Moyle, a young gentleman whom I can never sufficiently commend, that the ancients accounted drowning an accursed death; so that, if we grant him to have been afraid, he had just occasion for that fear, both in relation to himself and to his subjects. I think our adversaries can carry this argument no farther, unless they tell us that he ought to have had more confidence in the promise of the gods. But how was he assur'd that he had understood their oracles aright? Helenus might be mistaken; Phœbus might speak doubtfully; even his mother might flatter him that he might prosecute his voyage, which if it succeeded happily, he should be the founder of an empire. For that she herself was doubtful of his fortune is appar-

ent by the address she made to Jupiter on his behalf; to which the god makes answer in these words:

*Parce metu, Cytherea : manent immota tuorum
Fata tibi, &c.*

notwithstanding which, the goddess, tho' comforted, was not assur'd; for even after this, thro' the course of the whole Æneis, she still apprehends the interest which Juno might make with Jupiter against her son. For it was a moot point in heaven, whether he could alter fate, or not. And indeed some passages in Virgil would make us suspect that he was of opinion Jupiter might defer fate, tho' he could not alter it. For in the latter end of the Tenth Book he introduces Juno begging for the life of Turnus, and flattering her husband with the power of changing destiny — *Tua, qui potes, orsa reflectas!* To which he graciously answers:

*Si mora præsentis lethi, tempusque caduco
Oratur juveni, meque hoc ita ponere sentis,
Tolle fuga Turnum, atque instantibus eripe fati.
Hactenus indulgisse vacat. Sin altior istis
Sub precibus venia ulla latet, totumque moveri
Mutarive putas bellum, spes pascis inaneis.*

But that he could not alter those decrees, the King of Gods himself confesses, in the book above cited, when he comforts Hercules for the death of Pallas, who had invok'd his aid before he threw his lance at Turnus:

— *Trojæ sub mœnibus altis
Tot nati cecidere deum; quin occidit una
Sarpedon, mea progenies. Etiam sua Turnum
Fata manent, metasque dati pervenit ad avi* —

where he plainly acknowledges that he could not save his own son, or prevent the death which he foresaw. Of his power to defer the blow I once occasionally discours'd with that excellent person Sir Robert Howard, who is better conversant than any man that I know in the doctrine of the Stoics; and he set me right, from the concurrent testimony of philosophers and poets, that Jupiter could not retard the effects of fate, even for a moment. For, when I cited Virgil as favoring the contrary opinion in that verse,

*Tolle fuga Turnum, atque instantibus eripe
fatis, &c.*

he replied, and, I think, with exact judgment, that, when Jupiter gave Juno leave to withdraw Turnus from the present danger, it was because he certainly foreknew that his fatal hour was not come; that it was in destiny for Juno at that time to save him; and that himself obey'd destiny in giving her that leave.

I need say no more in justification of our hero's courage, and am much deceiv'd if he ever be attack'd on this side of his character again. But he is arraign'd with more shew of reason by the ladies, who will make a numerous party against him, for being false to love, in forsaking Dido. And I cannot much blame them; for, to say the truth, 't is an ill precedent for their gallants to follow. Yet, if I can bring him off with flying colors, they may learn experience at her cost, and, for her sake, avoid a cave, as the worst shelter they can choose from a shower of rain, especially when they have a lover in their company.

In the first place, Segrais observes with much acuteness that they who blame Æneas for his insensibility of love when he left Carthage, contradict their former accusation of him for being always crying, compassionate, and effeminately sensible of those misfortunes which befell others. They give him two contrary characters; but Virgil makes him of a piece, always grateful, always tender-hearted. But they are impudent enough to discharge themselves of this blunder, by laying the contradiction at Virgil's door. He, they say, has shewn his hero with these inconsistent characters, acknowledging and ungrateful, compassionate and hard-hearted, but, at the bottom, fickle and self-interested; for Dido had not only receiv'd his weather-beaten troops before she saw him, and given them her protection, but had also offer'd them an equal share in her dominion:

*Vultis et his mecum pariter considerare regnis?
Urbem quam statuo, vestra est.*

This was an obligation never to be forgotten; and the more to be consider'd, because antecedent to her love. That passion, 't is true, produc'd the usual effects, of generosity, gallantry, and care to please; and thither we refer them. But when she had made all these advances, it was still in his power to have refus'd them; after the in-

trigue of the cave (call it marriage, or enjoyment only) he was no longer free to take or leave; he had accepted the favor, and was oblig'd to be constant, if he would be grateful.

My Lord, I have set this argument in the best light I can, that the ladies may not think I write booty; and perhaps it may happen to me, as it did to Doctor Cudworth, who has rais'd such strong objections against the being of a God, and Providence, that many think he has not answer'd them. You may please at least to hear the adverse party. Segrais pleads for Virgil, that no less than an absolute command from Jupiter could excuse this insensibility of the hero, and this abrupt departure, which looks so like extreme ingratitude. But, at the same time, he does wisely to remember you, that Virgil had made piety the first character of Æneas; and, this being allow'd, (as I am afraid it must,) he was oblig'd, antecedent to all other considerations, to search an asylum for his gods in Italy — for those very gods, I say, who had promis'd to his race the universal empire. Could a pious man dispense with the commands of Jupiter, to satisfy his passion, or (take it in the strongest sense) to comply with the obligations of his gratitude? Religion, 't is true, must have moral honesty for its groundwork, or we shall be apt to suspect its truth; but an immediate revelation dispenses with all duties of morality. All casuists agree that theft is a breach of the moral law; yet, if I might presume to mingle things sacred with profane, the Israelites only spoil'd the Egyptians, not robb'd them, because the propriety was transferr'd by a revelation to their lawgiver. I confess Dido was a very infidel in this point; for she would not believe, as Virgil makes her say, that ever Jupiter would send Mercury on such an immoral errand. But this needs no answer, at least no more than Virgil gives it:

Fata obstant; placidasque viri deus obstruit aures.

This notwithstanding, as Segrais confesses, he might have shewn a little more sensibility when he left her; for that had been according to his character.

But let Virgil answer for himself. He still lov'd her, and struggled with his inclinations to obey the gods:

— *Curam sub corde premebat,
Multa gemens, magnoque animum labefactus
amare.*

Upon the whole matter, and humanly speaking, I doubt there was a fault somewhere; and Jupiter is better able to bear the blame than either Virgil or Æneas. The poet, it seems, had found it out, and therefore brings the deserting hero and the forsaken lady to meet together in the lower regions, where he excuses himself when 'tis too late; and accordingly she will take no satisfaction, nor so much as hear him. Now Segrais is forc'd to abandon his defense, and excuses his author by saying that the *Æneis* is an imperfect work, and that death prevented the divine poet from reviewing it; and for that reason he had condemn'd it to the fire; tho', at the same time, his two translators must acknowledge that the Sixth Book is the most correct of the whole *Æneis*. O, how convenient is a machine sometimes in a heroic poem! This of Mercury is plainly one; and Virgil was constrain'd to use it here, or the honesty of his hero would be ill defended. And the fair sex, however, if they had the deserter in their power, would certainly have shewn him no more mercy than the Bacchanals did Orpheus: for, if too much constancy may be a fault sometimes, then want of constancy, and ingratitude after the last favor, is a crime that never will be forgiven. But of machines, more in their proper place; where I shall shew with how much judgment they have been us'd by Virgil; and, in the mean time, pass to another article of his defense on the present subject; where, if I cannot clear the hero, I hope at least to bring off the poet; for here I must divide their causes. Let Æneas trust to his machine, which will only help to break his fall; but the address is incomparable. Plato, who borrow'd so much from Homer, and yet concluded for the banishment of all poets, would at least have rewarded Virgil before he sent him into exile. But I go farther, and say that he ought to be acquitted, and deserv'd, beside, the bounty of Augustus and the gratitude of the Roman people. If, after this, the ladies will stand out, let them remember that the jury is not all agreed; for Octavia was of his party, and was of the first quality in Rome; she was also present at the reading of the *Sixth Æneid*, and we know not

that she condemn'd Æneas; but we are sure she presented the poet for his admirable elegy on her son Marcellus.

But let us consider the secret reasons which Virgil had for thus framing this noble episode, wherein the whole passion of love is more exactly describ'd than in any other poet. Love was the theme of his Fourth Book; and, tho' it is the shortest of the whole *Æneis*, yet there he has given its beginning, its progress, its traverses, and its conclusion; and had exhausted so entirely this subject, that he could resume it but very slightly in the eight ensuing books.

She was warm'd with the graceful appearance of the hero; she smother'd those sparkles out of decency; but conversation blew them up into a flame. Then she was forc'd to make a confidant of her whom she best might trust, her own sister, who approves the passion, and thereby augments it; then succeeds her public owning it; and, after that, the consummation. Of Venus and Juno, Jupiter and Mercury, I say nothing, for they were all machining work; but, possession having cool'd his love, as it increas'd hers, she soon perceiv'd the change, or at least grew suspicious of a change; this suspicion soon turn'd to jealousy, and jealousy to rage; then she disdains and threatens, and again is humble, and intreats, and, nothing availing, despairs, curses, and at last becomes her own executioner. See here the whole process of that passion, to which nothing can be added. I dare go no farther, lest I should lose the connection of my discourse.

To love our native country, and to study its benefit and its glory, to be interested in its concerns, is natural to all men, and is indeed our common duty. A poet makes a farther step; for, endeavoring to do honor to it, 't is allowable in him even to be partial in its cause; for he is not tied to truth, or fetter'd by the laws of history. Homer and Tasso are justly prais'd for choosing their heroes out of Greece and Italy; Virgil indeed made his a Trojan; but it was to derive the Romans and his own Augustus from him. But all the three poets are manifestly partial to their heroes, in favor of their country; for Dares Phrygius reports of Hector that he was slain cowardly: Æneas, according to the best account, slew not Mezentius, but was slain by him; and the

chronicles of Italy tell us little of that Rinaldo d'Este who conquers Jerusalem in Tasso. He might be a champion of the Church; but we know not that he was so much as present at the siege. To apply this to Virgil, he thought himself engag'd in honor to espouse the cause and quarrel of his country against Carthage. He knew he could not please the Romans better, or oblige them more to patronize his poem, than by disgracing the foundress of that city. He shews her ungrateful to the memory of her first husband, doting on a stranger; enjoy'd, and afterwards forsaken by him. This was the original, says he, of the immortal hatred betwixt the two rival nations. 'Tis true, he colors the falsehood of Æneas by an express command from Jupiter, to forsake the queen who had oblig'd him; but he knew the Romans were to be his readers, and them he brib'd, perhaps at the expense of his hero's honesty; but he gain'd his cause, however, as pleading before corrupt judges. They were content to see their founder false to love, for still he had the advantage of the amour: it was their enemy whom he forsook, and she might have forsaken him, if he had not got the start of her: she had already forgotten her vows to her Sieheus; and *varium et mutabile semper femina* is the sharpest satire, in the fewest words, that ever was made on womankind; for both the adjectives are neuter, and *animal* must be understood, to make them grammar. Virgil does well to put those words into the mouth of Mercury. *If a god had not spoken them, neither durst he have written them, nor I translated them.* Yet the deity was forc'd to come twice on the same errand; and the second time, as much a hero as Æneas was, he frightened him. It seems he fear'd not Jupiter so much as Dido; for your Lordship may observe that, as much intent as he was upon his voyage, yet he still delay'd it, till the messenger was oblig'd to tell him plainly, that, if he weigh'd not anchor in the night, the queen would be with him in the morning. *Notumque furens quid femina possit* — she was injur'd; she was revengeful; she was powerful. The poet had likewise before hinted that her people were naturally perfidious; for he gives their character in their queen, and makes a proverb of *Punica fides*, many ages before it was invented.

Thus I hope, my Lord, that I have made good my promise, and justified the poet, whatever becomes of the false knight. And sure a poet is as much privileg'd to lie as an ambassador, for the honor and interest of his country; at least as Sir Henry Wotton has defin'd.

This naturally leads me to the defense of the famous anachronism, in making Æneas and Dido contemporaries; for 't is certain that the hero liv'd almost two hundred years before the building of Carthage. One who imitates Bocaline says that Virgil was accus'd before Apollo for this error. The god soon found that he was not able to defend his favorite by reason, for the case was clear: he therefore gave this middle sentence, that anything might be allow'd to his son Virgil, on the account of his other merits; that, being a monarch, he had a dispensing power, and pardon'd him. But, that this special act of grace might never be drawn into example, or pleaded by his puny successors in justification of their ignorance, he decreed for the future, no poet should presume to make a lady die for love two hundred years before her birth. To moralize this story, Virgil is the Apollo who has this dispensing power. His great judgment made the laws of poetry; but he never made himself a slave to them: chronology, at best, is but a cobweb law, and he broke thro' it with his weight. They who will imitate him wisely must choose, as he did, an obscure and a remote *æra*, where they may invent at pleasure, and not be easily contradicted. Neither he, nor the Romans, had ever read the Bible, by which only his false computation of times can be made out against him. This Segrain says in his defense, and proves it from his learned friend Bochartus, whose letter on this subject he has printed at the end of the *Fourth Æneid*, to which I refer your Lordship and the reader. Yet the credit of Virgil was so great that he made this fable of his own invention pass for an authentic history, or at least as credible as anything in Homer. Ovid takes it up after him, even in the same age, and makes an ancient heroine of Virgil's new-created Dido; dictates a letter for her, just before her death, to the ingrateful fugitive; and, very unluckily for himself, is for measuring a sword with a man so much superior in force to him, on the same subject. I

think I may be judge of this, because I have translated both. The famous author of the *Art of Love* has nothing of his own; he borrows all from a greater master in his own profession; and, which is worse, improves nothing which he finds. Nature fails him; and, being forc'd to his old shift, he has recourse to witticism. This passes indeed with his soft admirers, and gives him the preference to Virgil in their esteem. But let them like for themselves, and not prescribe to others; for our author needs not their admiration.

The motives that induc'd Virgil to coin this fable I have shew'd already; and have also begun to shew that he might make this anachronism by superseding the mechanic rules of poetry, for the same reason that a monarch may dispense with or suspend his own laws, when he finds it necessary so to do, especially if those laws are not altogether fundamental. Nothing is to be call'd a fault in poetry, says Aristotle, but what is against the art; therefore a man may be an admirable poet without being an exact chronologer. Shall we dare, continues Segrais, to condemn Virgil for having made a fiction against the order of time, when we commend Ovid and other poets who have made many of their fictions against the order of nature? For what else are the splendid miracles of the *Metamorphoses*? Yet these are beautiful as they are related, and have also deep learning and instructive mythologies couch'd under them; but to give, as Virgil does in this episode, the original cause of the long wars betwixt Rome and Carthage, to draw truth out of fiction after so probable a manner, with so much beauty, and so much for the honor of his country, was proper only to the divine wit of Maro; and Tasso, in one of his discourses, admires him for this particularly. 'Tis not lawful, indeed, to contradict a point of history which is known to all the world, as, for example, to make Hannibal and Scipio contemporaries with Alexander; but, in the dark recesses of antiquity, a great poet may and ought to feign such things as he finds not there, if they can be brought to embellish that subject which he treats. On the other side, the pains and diligence of ill poets is but thrown away when they want the genius to invent and feign agreeably. But if the fictions be de-

lightful; (which they always are, if they be natural;) if they be of a piece; if the beginning, the middle, and the end be in their due places, and artfully united to each other, such works can never fail of their deserv'd success. And such is Virgil's episode of Dido and Æneas; where the sourest critic must acknowledge that, if he had depriv'd his *Æneis* of so great an ornament because he found no traces of it in antiquity, he had avoided their unjust censure, but had wanted one of the greatest beauties of his poem. I shall say more of this in the next article of their charge against him, which is want of invention. In the mean time I may affirm, in honor of this episode, that it is not only now esteem'd the most pleasing entertainment of the *Æneis*, but was so accounted in his own age, and before it was mellow'd into that reputation which time has given it; for which I need produce no other testimony than that of Ovid, his contemporary:

*Nec pars ulla magis legitur de corpore toto,
Quam non legitimo fadere junctus amor.*

Where, by the way, you may observe, my Lord, that Ovid, in those words, *non legitimo fadere junctus amor*, will by no means allow it to be a lawful marriage betwixt Dido and Æneas. He was in banishment when he wrote those verses, which I cite from his letter to Augustus: "You, sir," saith he, "have sent me into exile for writing my *Art of Love*, and my wanton *Elegies*; yet your own poet was happy in your good graces, tho' he brought Dido and Æneas into a cave, and left them there not over honestly together. May I be so bold to ask your Majesty, is it a greater fault to teach the art of unlawful love, than to shew it in the action?" But was Ovid, the court poet, so bad a courtier as to find no other plea to excuse himself than by a plain accusation of his master? Virgil confess'd it was a lawful marriage betwixt the lovers, that Juno, the goddess of matrimony, had ratified it by her presence; for it was her business to bring matters to that issue. That the ceremonies were short, we may believe; for Dido was not only amorous, but a widow. Mercury himself, tho' employ'd on a quite contrary errand, yet owns it a marriage by an *innuendo*: *pulchramque uxori urbem Extruis*. He calls Æneas

not only a husband, but upbraids him for being a foud husband, as the word *uxorius* implies. Now mark a little, if your Lordship pleases, why Virgil is so much concern'd to make this marriage (for he seems to be the father of the bride himself, and to give her to the bridegroom): it was to make way for the divorce which he intended afterwards; for he was a finer flatterer than Ovid, and I more than conjecture that he had in his eye the divorce which not long before had pass'd betwixt the emperor and Seribonia. He drew this dimple in the cheek of Æneas, to prove Augustus of the same family, by so remarkable a feature in the same place. Thus, as we say in our homespun English proverb, *he kill'd two birds with one stone*: pleas'd the emperor, by giving him the resemblance of his ancestor, and gave him such a resemblance as was not scandalous in that age. For to leave one wife, and take another, was but a matter of gallantry at that time of day among the Romans. *Neque hæc in fœdera veni* is the very excuse which Æneas makes, when he leaves his lady: "I made no such bargain with you at our marriage, to live always drudging on at Carthage: my business was Italy; and I never made a secret of it. If I took my pleasure, had not you your share of it? I leave you free, at my departure, to comfort yourself with the next stranger who happens to be shipwreck'd on your coast. Be as kind a hostess as you have been to me, and you can never fail of another husband. In the mean time, I call the gods to witness that I leave your shore unwillingly; for, tho' Juno made the marriage, yet Jupiter commands me to forsake you." This is the effect of what he saith, when it is dishonor'd out of Latin verse into English prose. If the poet argued not aright, we must pardon him for a poor blind heathen, who knew no better morals.

I have detain'd your Lordship longer than I intended on this objection, which would indeed weigh something in a spiritual court; but I am not to defend our poet there. The next, I think, is but a cavil, tho' the cry is great against him, and hath continued from the time of Macrobius to this present age. I hinted it before. They lay no less than want of invention to his charge — a capital crime, I must acknowledge; for a poet is a maker, as the word signifies; and who

cannot make, that is, invent, hath his name for nothing. That which makes this accusation look so strange at the first sight, is, that he has borrow'd so many things from Homer, Apollonius Rhodius, and others who preceded him. But in the first place, if invention is to be taken in so strict a sense, that the matter of a poem must be wholly new, and that in all its parts, then Scaliger hath made out, saith Segrais, that the history of Troy was no more the invention of Homer than of Virgil. There was not an old woman, or almost a child, but had it in their mouths, before the Greek poet or his friends digested it into this admirable order in which we read it. At this rate, as Solomon hath told us, there is nothing new beneath the sun. Who then can pass for an inventor, if Homer, as well as Virgil, must be depriv'd of that glory? Is Versailles the less a new building, because the architect of that palace hath imitated others which were built before it? Walls, doors and windows, apartments, offices, rooms of convenience and magnificence, are in all great houses. So descriptions, figures, fables, and the rest, must be in all heroic poems; they are the common materials of poetry, furnish'd from the magazine of nature; every poet hath as much right to them as every man hath to air or water. *Quid prohibetis aquas? Usus communis aquarum est.* But the argument of the work, that is to say, its principal action, the economy and disposition of it; these are the things which distinguish copies from originals. The poet who borrows nothing from others is yet to be born; he and the Jews' Messias will come together. There are parts of the *Æneis* which resemble some parts both of the *Ilias* and of the *Odyssees*: as, for example, Æneas descended into hell, and Ulysses had been there before him; Æneas lov'd Dido, and Ulysses lov'd Calypso: in few words, Virgil hath imitated Homer's *Odyssees* in his first six books, and in his six last the *Ilias*. But from hence can we infer that the two poets write the same history? Is there no invention in some other parts of Virgil's *Æneis*? The disposition of so many various matters, is not that his own? From what book of Homer had Virgil his episode of Nisus and Euryalus, of Mezentius and Lausus? From whence did he borrow his design of bringing Æneas into Italy? of establishing the Roman empire on the

foundations of a Trojan colony? to say nothing of the honor he did his patron, not only in his descent from Venus, but in making him so like him in his best features, that the goddess might have mistaken Augustus for her son. He had indeed the story from common fame, as Homer had his from the Egyptian priestess. *Æneidum genetrix* was no more unknown to Lucretius than to him. But Lucretius taught him not to form his hero, to give him piety or valor for his manners, and both in so eminent a degree, that, having done what was possible for man, to save his king and country, his mother was forc'd to appear to him, and restrain his fury, which hurried him to death in their revenge. But the poet made his piety more successful; he brought off his father and his son; and his gods witness'd to his devotion, by putting themselves under his protection, to be replac'd by him in their promis'd Italy. Neither the invention nor the conduct of this great action were owing to Homer or any other poet. 'Tis one thing to copy, and another thing to imitate from nature. The copier is that servile imitator, to whom Horace gives no better a name than that of animal; he will not so much as allow him to be a man. Raphael imitated nature; they who copy one of Raphael's pieces imitate but him, for his work is their original. They translate him, as I do Virgil; and fall as short of him, as I of Virgil. There is a kind of invention in the imitation of Raphael; for, tho' the thing was in nature, yet the idea of it was his own. Ulysses travel'd; so did Æneas: but neither of them were the first travelers; for Cain went into the land of Nod before they were born, and neither of the poets ever heard of such a man. If Ulysses had been kill'd at Troy, yet Æneas must have gone to sea, or he could never have arriv'd in Italy. But the designs of the two poets were as different as the courses of their heroes; one went home, and the other sought a home. To return to my first similitude: suppose Apelles and Raphael had each of them painted a burning Troy, might not the modern painter have succeeded as well as the ancient, tho' neither of them had seen the town on fire? for the draughts of both were taken from the ideas which they had of nature. Cities had been burnt before either of them were in being. But, to close the simile as I began it,

they would not have design'd it after the same manner: Apelles would have distinguish'd Pyrrhus from the rest of all the Grecians, and shew'd him forcing his entrance into Priam's palace; there he had set him in the fairest light, and given him the chief place of all his figures; because he was a Grecian, and he would do honor to his country. Raphael, who was an Italian, and descended from the Trojans, would have made Æneas the hero of his piece; and perhaps not with his father on his back, his son in one hand, his bundle of gods in the other, and his wife following; for an act of piety is not half so graceful in a picture as an act of courage: he would rather have drawn him killing Androgeos, or some other, hand to hand; and the blaze of the fires should have darted full upon his face, to make him conspicuous amongst his Trojans. This, I think, is a just comparison betwixt the two poets, in the conduct of their several designs. Virgil cannot be said to copy Homer; the Grecian had only the advantage of writing first. If it be urg'd that I have granted a resemblance in some parts, yet therein Virgil has excell'd him. For what are the tears of Calypso for being left, to the fury and death of Dido? Where is there the whole process of her passion and all its violent effects to be found, in the languishing *episode* of the *Odyssees*? If this be to copy, let the critics shew us the same disposition, features, or coloring, in their original. The like may be said of the descent to hell, which was not of Homer's invention neither; he had it from the story of Orpheus and Eurydice. But to what end did Ulysses make that journey? Æneas undertook it by the express commandment of his father's ghost: there he was to shew him all the succeeding heroes of his race, and, next to Romulus (mark, if you please, the address of Virgil,) his own patron, Augustus Cæsar. Anchises was likewise to instruct him how to manage the Italian war, and how to conclude it with his honor; that is, in other words, to lay the foundations of that empire which Augustus was to govern. This is the noble invention of our author; but it hath been copied by so many signpost daubers, that now 'tis grown fulsome, rather by their want of skill than by the commonness.

In the last place, I may safely grant that,

by reading Homer, Virgil was taught to imitate his invention; that is, to imitate like him; which is no more than if a painter studied Raphael, that he might learn to design after his manner. And thus I might imitate Virgil, if I were capable of writing an heroic poem, and yet the invention be my own; but I should endeavor to avoid a servile copying. I would not give the same story under other names, with the same characters, in the same order, and with the same sequel; for every common reader to find me out at the first sight for a plagiarist, and cry: "This I read before in Virgil, in a better language, and in better verse. This is like Merry Andrew on the low rope, copying lubberly the same tricks which his master is so dextrously performing on the high."

I will trouble your Lordship but with one objection more, which I know not whether I found in Le Fèvre, or Valois; but I am sure I have read it in another French critic, whom I will not name, because I think it is not much for his reputation. Virgil, in the heat of action — suppose, for example, in describing the fury of his hero in a battle, when he is endeavoring to raise our concerns to the highest pitch — turns short on the sudden into some similitude, which diverts, say they, your attention from the main subject, and misspends it on some trivial image. He pours cold water into the caldron, when his business is to make it boil.

This accusation is general against all who would be thought heroic poets; but I think it touches Virgil less than any. He is too great a master of his art, to make a blot which may so easily be hit. Similitudes, as I have said, are not for tragedy, which is all violent, and where the passions are in a perpetual ferment; for there they deaden where they should animate; they are not of the nature of dialogue, unless in comedy: a metaphor is almost all the stage can suffer, which is a kind of similitude comprehended in a word. But this figure has a contrary effect in heroic poetry; there 't is employ'd to raise the admiration, which is its proper business; and admiration is not of so violent a nature as fear or hope, compassion or horror, or any concernment we can have for such or such a person on the stage. Not but I confess that similitudes

and descriptions, when drawn into an unreasonable length, must needs nauseate the reader. Once, I remember, and but once, Virgil makes a similitude of fourteen lines; and his description of Fame is about the same number. He is blam'd for both; and I doubt not but he would have contracted them, had he liv'd to have review'd his work; but faults are no precedents. This I have observ'd of his similitudes in general, that they are not plac'd, as our unobserving critics tell us, in the heat of any action, but commonly in its declining. When he has warm'd us in his description as much as possibly he can, then, lest that warmth should languish, he renews it by some apt similitude, which illustrates his subject, and yet palls not his audience. I need give your Lordship but one example of this kind, and leave the rest to your observation, when next you review the whole *Æneis* in the original, unblemish'd by my rude translation. 'T is in the First Book, where the poet describes Neptune composing the ocean, on which Æolus had rais'd a tempest without his permission. He had already chidden the rebellious winds for obeying the commands of their usurping master; he had warn'd them from the seas; he had beaten down the billows with his mace, dispell'd the clouds, restor'd the sunshine, while Triton and Cymothoe were heaving the ships from off the quicksands, before the poet would offer at a similitude for illustration:

*Ac, veluti magno in populo cum sepe coorta est
Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus,
Jamque faces et saxa volant; furor arma mini-*
strat;

Tum, pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum
quem

Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus ad-
stant;

*Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet:
Sic cunctus pelagi cecidit fragor, æquora post-*
quam

*Prospiciens genitor cœloque invectus aperto
Flectit equos, curruque volans dat lora secundo.*

This is the first similitude which Virgil makes in this poem, and one of the longest in the whole; for which reason I the rather cite it. While the storm was in its fury, any allusion had been improper; for the poet could have compar'd it to nothing more impetuous than itself; consequently he could have made no illustration. If he

could have illustrated, it had been an ambitious ornament out of season, and would have diverted our concernment: *nunc non erat hinc locus*; and therefore he deferr'd it to its proper place.

These are the criticisms of most moment which have been made against the *Æneis* by the ancients or moderns. As for the particular exceptions against this or that passage, Macrobius and Pontanus have answer'd them already. If I desir'd to appear more learned than I am, it had been as easy for me to have taken their objections and solutions, as it is for a country parson to take the expositions of the fathers out of Junius and Tremellius, or not to have nam'd the authors from whence I had them; for so Ruæus, otherwise a most judicious commentator on Virgil's works, has us'd Pontanus, his greatest benefactor; of whom he is very silent; and I do not remember that he once cites him.

What follows next is no objection; for that implies a fault: and it had been none in Virgil, if he had extended the time of his action beyond a year. At least Aristotle has set no precise limits to it. Homer's, we know, was within two months: Tasso, I am sure, exceeds not a summer; and, if I examin'd him, perhaps he might be reduc'd into a much less compass. Bossu leaves it doubtful whether Virgil's action were within the year, or took up some months beyond it. Indeed, the whole dispute is of no more concernment to the common reader, than it is to a plowman, whether February this year had 28 or 29 days in it. But, for the satisfaction of the more curious, of which number I am sure your Lordship is one, I will translate what I think convenient out of Segrais, whom perhaps you have not read; for he has made it highly probable that the action of the *Æneis* began in the spring, and was not extended beyond the autumn. And we have known campaigns that have begun sooner and have ended later.

Ronsard, and the rest whom Segrais names, who are of opinion that the action of this poem takes up almost a year and half, ground their calculation thus. Anchises died in Sicily at the end of winter, or beginning of the spring. Æneas, immediately after the interment of his father, puts to sea for Italy. He is surpris'd by the tempest describ'd in the beginning of the First

Book; and there it is that the scene of the poem opens, and where the action commences. He is driven by the storm to the coasts of Afric; he stayot ill at Carthage all that summer, and almost all the winter following, sets sail again for o'ne Italy just before the beginning of the spring; he meets with contrary winds, and makes Sicily the second time. This part of the action completes the year. Then he celebrates the anniversary of his father's funerals, and shortly after arrives at Cumes; and from thence his time is taken up in his first treaty with Latinus, the overture of the war, the siege of his camp by Turnus, his going for succors to relieve it, his return, the raising of the siege by the first battle, the twelve days' truce, the second battle, the assault of Laurentum, and the single fight with Turnus; all which, they say, cannot take up less than four or five months more; by which account we cannot suppose the entire action to be contain'd in a much less compass than a year and half.

Segrais reckons another way; and his computation is not condemn'd by the learned Ruæus, who compil'd and publish'd the commentaries on our poet which we call the Dauphin's *Virgil*.

He allows the time of year when Anchises died to be in the latter end of winter, or the beginning of the spring: he acknowledges that, when Æneas is first seen at sea afterwards, and is driven by the tempest on the coast of Afric, is the time when the action is naturally to begin: he confesses, farther, that Æneas left Carthage in the latter end of winter; for Dido tells him in express terms, as an argument for his longer stay:

Quinetiam hierno moliris sidere classem.

But, whereas Ronsard's followers suppose that when Æneas had buried his father, he set sail immediately for Italy, (tho' the tempest drove him on the coast of Carthage,) Segrais will by no means allow that supposition, but thinks it much more probable that he remain'd in Sicily till the midst of July, or the beginning of August; at which time he places the first appearance of his hero on the sea, and there opens the action of the poem. From which beginning to the death of Turnus, which concludes the action, there need not be suppos'd above ten months of intermediate time: for, arriving

office, and the chief of them their particular attendants. Thus Jupiter had in propriety Ganymede and Mercury, and Juno had Iris. It was not for Virgil then to create new ministers; he must take what he found in his religion. It cannot therefore be said that he borrow'd them from Homer, any more than Apollo, Diana, and the rest, whom he uses as he finds occasion for them, as the Grecian poet did; but he invents the occasions for which he uses them. Venus, after the destruction of Troy, had gain'd Neptune entirely to her party; therefore we find him busy in the beginning of the *Æneis*, to calm the tempest rais'd by *Æolus*, and afterwards conducting the Trojan fleet to Cumæ in safety, with the loss only of their pilot, for whom he bargains. I name those two examples amongst a hundred which I omit, to prove that Virgil, generally speaking, employ'd his machines in performing those things which might possibly have been done without them. What more frequent than a storm at sea, upon the rising of Orion? What wonder, if, amongst so many ships, there should one be overset, which was commanded by Orontes, tho' half the winds had not been there which *Æolus* employ'd? Might not *Palinurus*, without a miracle, fall asleep, and drop into the sea, having been overwearied with watching, and secure of a quiet passage, by his observation of the skies? At least *Æneas*, who knew nothing of the machine of *Somnus*, takes it plainly in this sense:

*O nimum colo et pelago confise sereno,
Nudus in ignota, Palinure, jacebis arena.*

But machines sometimes are specious things, to amuse the reader and give a color of probability to things otherwise incredible. And, besides, it sooth'd the vanity of the Romans, to find the gods so visibly concern'd in all the actions of their predecessors. We, who are better taught by our religion, yet own every wonderful accident which befalls us for the best, to be brought to pass by some special providence of Almighty God, and by the care of guardian angels; and from hence I might infer that no heroic poem can be writ on the Epicurean principles; which I could easily demonstrate, if there were need to prove it, or I had leisure.

When Venus opens the eyes of her son

Æneas, to behold the gods who combated against Troy in that fatal night when it was surpris'd, we share the pleasure of that glorious vision (which Tasso has not ill copied in the sacking of Jerusalem). But the Greeks had done their business, tho' neither Neptune, Juno, or Pallas had given them their divine assistance. The most crude machine which Virgil uses is in the episode of Camilla, where Opis, by the command of her mistress, kills Aruns. The next is in the *Twelfth Æneid*, where Venus cures her son *Æneas*. But in the last of these the poet was driven to a necessity; for Turnus was to be slain that very day; and *Æneas*, wounded as he was, could not have engag'd him in single combat, unless his hurt had been miraculously heal'd. And the poet had consider'd that the *dittany* which she brought from Crete could not have wrought so speedy an effect, without the juice of *ambrosia*, which she mingled with it. After all, that his machine might not seem too violent, we see the hero limping after Turnus. The wound was skinn'd, but the strength of his thigh was not restor'd. But what reason had our author to wound *Æneas* at so critical a time? And how came the cuisses to be worse temper'd than the rest of his armor, which was all wrought by Vulcan and his journeyman? These difficulties are not easily to be solv'd, without confessing that Virgil had not life enough to correct his work; tho' he had review'd it, and found those errors which he resolv'd to mend: but, being prevented by death, and not willing to leave an imperfect work behind him, he ordain'd, by his last testament, that his *Æneis* should be burn'd. As for the death of Aruns, who was shot by a goddess, the machine was not altogether so outrageous as the wounding Mars and Venus by the sword of Diomedes. Two divinities, one would have thought, might have pleaded their prerogative of impassibility, or at least not have been wounded by any mortal hand; beside that the *εἶς* which they shed was so very like our common blood, that it was not to be distinguish'd from it, but only by the name and color. As for what Horace says in his *Art of Poetry*, that no machines are to be us'd, unless on some extraordinary occasion:

Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus —

that rule is to be applied to the theater, of which he is then speaking; and means no more than this, that, when the knot of the play is to be untied, and no other way is left for making the discovery; then, and not otherwise, let a god descend upon a rope, and clear the business to the audience. But this has no relation to the machines which are us'd in an epic poem.

In the last place, for the *Dira*, or flying pest, which, flapping on the shield of Turnus, and fluttering about his head, dishearten'd him in the duel, and press'd to him his approaching death, I might have plac'd it more properly amongst the objections; for the critics who lay want of courage to the charge of Virgil's hero quote this passage as a main proof of their assertion. They say our author had not only secur'd him before the duel, but also, in the beginning of it, had given him the advantage in impenetrable arms, and in his sword; for that of Turnus was not his own, which was forg'd by Vulcan for his father, but a weapon which he had snatch'd in haste, and by mistake, belonging to his charioteer Metiscus; that, after all this, Jupiter, who was partial to the Trojan, and distrustful of the event, tho' he had hung the balance, and given it a jog of his hand to weigh down Turnus, thought convenient to give the Fates a collateral security, by sending the screech owl to discourage him: for which they quote these words of Virgil:

— *Non me tua turbida virtus*

Terret, ait: dii me terrent, et Jupiter hostis.

In answer to which, I say that this machine is one of those which the poet uses only for ornament, and not out of necessity. Nothing can be more beautiful or more poetical than his description of the three *Dire*, or the setting of the balance, which our Milton has borrow'd from him, but employ'd to a different end: for, first, he makes God Almighty set the scales for St. Gabriel and Satan, when he knew no combat was to follow; then he makes the good angel's scale descend, and the Devil's mount, quite contrary to Virgil, if I have translated the three verses according to my author's sense:

*Jupiter ipse duas æquato examine lances
Sustinet; et fata imponit diversa duorum;
Quem damnet labor, et quo vergat pondere letum.*

For I have taken these words, *quem damnet labor*, in the sense which Virgil gives them in another place — *damnabis tu quoque votis* — to signify a prosperous event. Yet I dare not condemn so great a genius as Milton: for I am much mistaken if he alludes not to the text in Daniel, where Belshazzar was put into the balance and found too light. This is digression; and I return to my subject. I said above that these two machines of the balance and the *Dira* were only ornamental, and that the success of the duel had been the same without them. For, when Æneas and Turnus stood fronting each other before the altar, Turnus look'd dejected, and his color faded in his face, as if he desponded of the victory before the fight; and not only he, but all his party, when the strength of the two champions was judg'd by the proportion of their limbs, concluded it was *impar pugna*, and that their chief was overmatch'd: whereupon Juturna (who was of the same opinion) took this opportunity to break the treaty and renew the war. Juno herself had plainly told the nymph beforehand that her brother was to fight

Imparibus fatis, nec diis nec viribus æquis;

so that there was no need of an apparition to fright Turnus: he had the presage within himself of his impending destiny. The *Dira* only serv'd to confirm him in his first opinion, that it was his destiny to die in the ensuing combat; and in this sense are those words of Virgil to be taken:

— *Non me tua turbida virtus*

Terret, ait: dii me terrent, et Jupiter hostis.

I doubt not but the adverb *solum* is to be understood: "T is not your valor *only* that gives me this concernment; but I find also, by this portent, that Jupiter is my enemy." For Turnus fled before, when his first sword was broken, till his sister supplied him with a better; which indeed he could not use, because Æneas kept him at a distance with his spear. I wonder Ruxes saw not this, where he charges his author so unjustly, for giving Turnus a second sword to no purpose. How could he fasten a blow, or make a thrust, when he was not suffer'd to approach? Besides, the chief errand of the *Dira* was to warn Juturna from the field, for she could have brought the chariot again, when she saw her brother

worsted in the duel. I might farther add, that *Æneas* was so eager of the fight that he left the city, now almost in his possession, to decide his quarrel with *Turnus* by the sword; whereas *Turnus* had manifestly declin'd the combat, and suffer'd his sister to convey him as far from the reach of his enemy as she could. I say, not only suffer'd her, but consented to it; for 't is plain he knew her, by these words:

*O soror, et dudum agnovi, cum prima per artem
Fœdera turbasti, tegue hæc in bella dedisti;
Et nunc nequiquam fallis dea.* —

I have dwelt so long on this subject, that I must contract what I have to say in reference to my translation, unless I would swell my preface into a volume, and make it formidable to your Lordship, when you see so many pages yet behind. And indeed what I have already written, either in justification or praise of *Virgil*, is against myself, for presuming to copy, in my coarse English, the thoughts and beautiful expressions of this inimitable poet, who flourish'd in an age when his language was brought to its last perfection, for which it was particularly owing to him and *Horace*. I will give your Lordship my opinion, that those two friends had consulted each other's judgment, wherein they should endeavor to excel; and they seem to have pitch'd on propriety of thought, elegance of words, and harmony of numbers. According to this model, *Horace* writ his *Odes* and *Epodes*: for his *Satires* and *Epistles*, being intended wholly for instruction, requir'd another style:

Ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri —

and therefore, as he himself professes, are *sermoni propiora*, nearer prose than verse. But *Virgil*, who never attempted the lyric verse, is everywhere elegant, sweet, and flowing in his hexameters. His words are not only chosen, but the places in which he ranks them for the sound; he who removes them from the station wherein their master sets them, spoils the harmony. What he says of the *Sibyl's* prophecies may be as properly applied to every word of his: they must be read in order as they lie; the least breath discomposes them; and somewhat of their divinity is lost. I cannot boast that I have been thus exact in my verses; but

I have endeavor'd to follow the example of my master, and am the first Englishman, perhaps, who made it his design to copy him in his numbers, his choice of words, and his placing them for the sweetness of the sound. On this last consideration I have shunn'd the *cesura* as much as possibly I could: for, wherever that is us'd, it gives a roughness to the verse; of which we can have little need in a language which is overstock'd with consonants. Such is not the Latin, where the vowels and consonants are mix'd in proportion to each other; yet *Virgil* judg'd the vowels to have somewhat of an overbalance, and therefore tempers their sweetness with *casuras*. Such difference there is in tongues, that the same figure which roughens one, gives majesty to another; and that was it which *Virgil* studied in his verses. *Ovid* uses it but rarely; and hence it is that his versification cannot so properly be call'd sweet, as luscious. The Italians are forc'd upon it once or twice in every line, because they have a redundancy of vowels in their language. Their metal is so soft that it will not coin without alloy to harden it. On the other side, for the reason already nam'd, 't is all we can do to give sufficient sweetness to our language: we must not only choose our words for elegance, but for sound; to perform which, a mastery in the language is requir'd; the poet must have a magazine of words, and have the art to manage his few vowels to the best advantage, that they may go the farther. He must also know the nature of the vowels — which are more sonorous, and which more soft and sweet — and so dispose them as his present occasions require: all which, and a thousand secrets of versification beside, he may learn from *Virgil*, if he will take him for his guide. If he be above *Virgil*, and is resolv'd to follow his own *verve*, (as the French call it,) the proverb will fall heavily upon him: "Who teaches himself, has a fool for his master."

Virgil employ'd eleven years upon his *Æneis*; yet he left it, as he thought himself, imperfect. Which when I seriously consider, I wish that, instead of three years, which I have spent in the translation of his works, I had four years more allow'd me to correct my errors, that I might make my version somewhat more tolerable than it is: for a poet cannot have too great a reverence for

his readers, if he expects his labors should survive him. Yet I will neither plead my age nor sickness, in excuse of the faults which I have made: that I wanted time, is all I have to say; for some of my subscribers grew so clamorous that I could no longer defer the publication. I hope, from the candor of your Lordship, and your often experienc'd goodness to me, that, if the faults are not too many, you will make allowances with Horace:

*Si plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.*

You may please also to observe, that there is not, to the best of my remembrance, one vowel gaping on another for want of a *cæsura*, in this whole poem; but, where a vowel ends a word, the next begins either with a consonant, or what is its equivalent; for our *W* and *H* aspirate, and our diphthongs, are plainly such. The greatest latitude I take is in the letter *Y*, when it concludes a word and the first syllable of the next begins with a vowel. Neither need I have call'd this a latitude, which is only an explanation of this general rule, that no vowel can be cut off before another when we cannot sink the pronunciation of it; as *he, she, me, I, &c.* Virgil thinks it sometimes a beauty to imitate the license of the Greeks, and leave two vowels opening on each other, as in that verse of the *Third Pastoral*:

Et succus pecori, et lac subducitur agnis.

But, *nobis non licet esse tam disertis*, at least if we study to refine our numbers. I have long had by me the materials of an English *prosodia*, containing all the mechanical rules of versification, wherein I have treated with some exactness of the feet, the quantities, and the pauses. The French and Italians know nothing of the two first; at least their best poets have not practis'd them. As for the pauses, Malherbe first brought them into France, within this last century; and we see how they adorn their *Alexandrins*. But, as Virgil propounds a riddle, which he leaves unsolv'd:

*Dic, quibus in terris, inscripti nomina regum
Nascantur flores; et Phylida solus habeto;*

so I will give your Lordship another, and leave the exposition of it to your acute judgment. I am sure there are few who make verses have observ'd the sweetness of these two lines in *Cooper's Hill*:

*Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full.*

And there are yet fewer who can find the reason of that sweetness. I have given it to some of my friends in conversation, and they have allow'd the criticism to be just. But, since the evil of false quantities is difficult to be cur'd in any modern language; since the French and the Italians, as well as we, are yet ignorant what feet are to be us'd in heroic poetry; since I have not strictly observ'd those rules myself which I can teach others; since I pretend to no dictatorship among my fellow poets; since, if I should instruct some of them to make well-running verses, they want genius to give them strength as well as sweetness; and, above all, since your Lordship has advis'd me not to publish that little which I know, I look on your counsel as your command, which I shall observe inviolably, till you shall please to revoke it, and leave me at liberty to make my thoughts public. In the mean time, that I may arrogate nothing to myself, I must acknowledge that Virgil in Latin, and Spenser in English, have been my masters. Spenser has also given me the boldness to make use sometimes of his *Alexandrin* line, which we call, tho' improperly, the Pindaric, because Mr. Cowley has often employ'd it in his *Odes*. It adds a certain majesty to the verse, when 'tis us'd with judgment, and stops the sense from overflowing into another line. Formerly the French, like us and the Italians, had but five feet, or ten syllables, in their heroic verse; but since Ronsard's time, as I suppose, they found their tongue too weak to support their epic poetry without the addition of another foot. That indeed has given it somewhat of the run and measure of a *trimeter*; but it runs with more activity than strength: their language is not strung with sinews, like our English. It has the nimbleness of a greyhound, but not the bulk and body of a mastiff. Our men and our verses overbear them by their weight; and *pondere, non numero*, is the

British motto. The French have set up purity for the standard of their language; and a masculine vigor is that of ours. Like their tongue is the genius of their poets, light and trifling in comparison of the English; more proper for sonnets, madrigals, and elegies, than heroic poetry. The turn on thoughts and words is their chief talent, but the epic poem is too stately to receive those little ornaments. The painters draw their nymphs in thin and airy habits; but the weight of gold and of embroideries is reserv'd for queens and goddesses. Virgil is never frequent in those turns, like Ovid, but much more sparing of them in his *Æneis* than in his *Pastorals* and *Georgics*.

Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes.

That turn is beautiful indeed; but he employs it in the story of Orpheus and Eurydice, not in his great poem. I have us'd that license in his *Æneis* sometimes, but I own it as my fault. 'Twas given to those who understand no better. 'T is like Ovid's

Semivirumque boem, semibovemque virum.

The poet found it before his critics, but it was a darling sin, which he would not be persuaded to reform. The want of genius, of which I have accus'd the French, is laid to their charge by one of their own great authors, tho' I have forgotten his name, and where I read it. If rewards could make good poets, their great master has not been wanting on his part in his bountiful encouragements; for he is wise enough to imitate Augustus, if he had a Maro. The triumph and proscriber had descended to us in a more hideous form than they now appear, if the emperor had not taken care to make friends of him and Horace. I confess the banishment of Ovid was a blot in his escutcheon: yet he was only banish'd; and who knows but his crime was capital, and then his exile was a favor? Ariosto, who, with all his faults, must be acknowledg'd a great poet, has put these words into the mouth of an evangelist; but whether they will pass for a gospel now, I cannot tell:

*Non fu sì santo ni benigno Augusto,
Come la tuba di Virgilio suona.
L' haver havuto in poesia buon gusto,
Lo proscrittione iniqua gli perdona.*

But heroic poetry is not of the growth of France, as it might be of England, if it were cultivated. Spenser wanted only to have read the rules of Bossu; for no man was ever born with a greater genius, or had more knowledge to support it. But the performance of the French is not equal to their skill; and hitherto we have wanted skill to perform better. Segrais, whose preface is so wonderfully good, yet is wholly destitute of elevation, tho' his version is much better than that of the two brothers, or any of the rest who have attempted Virgil. Hannibal Caro is a great name amongst the Italians; yet his translation of the *Æneis* is most scandalously mean, tho' he has taken the advantage of writing in blank verse, and freed himself from the shackles of modern rhyme, (if it be modern; for Le Clerc has told us lately, and I believe has made it out, that David's Psalms were written in as errant rhyme as they are translated.) Now, if a Muse cannot run when she is unfetter'd, 't is a sign she has but little speed. I will not make a digression here, tho' I am strangely tempted to it; but will only say, that he who can write well in rhyme, may write better in blank verse. Rhyme is certainly a constraint even to the best poets, and those who make it with most ease; tho' perhaps I have as little reason to complain of that hardship as any man, excepting Quarles and Withers. What it adds to sweetness, it takes away from sense; and he who loses the least by it may be call'd a gainer. It often makes us swerve from an author's meaning; as, if a mark be set up for an archer at a great distance, let him aim as exactly as he can, the least wind will take his arrow, and divert it from the white. I return to our Italian translator of the *Æneis*. He is a foot-poet, he lackeys by the side of Virgil at the best, but never mounts behind him. Doctor Morelli, who is no mean critic in our poetry, and therefore may be presum'd to be a better in his own language, has confirm'd me in this opinion by his judgment, and thinks, withal, that he has often mistaken his master's sense. I would say so, if I durst, but am afraid I have committed the same fault more often, and more grossly; for I have forsaken Ruëus (whom generally I follow) in many places, and made expositions of my own in some, quite contrary to

him. Of which I will give but two examples, because they are so near each other, in the *Tenth Æneid*:

— *Sorti pater æquus utrique.*

Pallas says it to Turnus, just before they fight. Ræus thinks that the word *pater* is to be referr'd to Evander, the father of Pallas. But how could he imagine that it was the same thing to Evander, if his son were slain, or if he overcame? The poet certainly intended Jupiter, the common father of mankind; who, as Pallas hop'd, would stand an impartial spectator of the combat, and not be more favorable to Turnus than to him. The second is not long after it, and both before the duel is begun. They are the words of Jupiter, who comforts Hercules for the death of Pallas, which was immediately to ensue, and which Hercules could not hinder, (tho' the young hero had address'd his prayers to him for his assistance,) because the gods cannot control destiny. — The verse follows:

Sic ait; atque oculos Rutulorum rejicit arvis,

which the same Ræus thus construes: Jupiter, after he had said this, immediately turns his eyes to the Rutulian fields, and beholds the duel. I have given this place another exposition, that he turn'd his eyes from the field of combat, that he might not behold a sight so displeasing to him. The word *rejicit*, I know, will admit of both senses; but Jupiter having confess'd that he could not alter fate, and being griev'd he could not, in consideration of Hercules, it seems to me that he should avert his eyes, rather than take pleasure in the spectacle. But of this I am not so confident as the other, tho' I think I have follow'd Virgil's sense.

What I have said, tho' it has the face of arrogance, yet is intended for the honor of my country; and therefore I will boldly own that this English translation has more of Virgil's spirit in it than either the French or the Italian. Some of our countrymen have translated episodes and other parts of Virgil with great success; as particularly your Lordship, whose version of *Orpheus and Eurydice* is eminently good. Amongst the dead authors, the *Silenus* of my Lord Roscommon cannot be too much commended. I say nothing of Sir John Denham, Mr. Waller, and Mr. Cowley; 't is the

utmost of my ambition to be thought their equal, or not to be much inferior to them, and some others of the living. But 't is one thing to take pains on a fragment, and translate it perfectly; and another thing to have the weight of a whole author on my shoulders. They who believe the burthen light, let them attempt the *Fourth*, *Sixth*, or *Eighth Pastoral*; the *First* or *Fourth Georgic*; and, amongst the *Æneids*, the *Fourth*, the *Fifth*, the *Seventh*, the *Ninth*, the *Tenth*, the *Eleventh*, or the *Twelfth*; for in these I think I have succeeded best.

Long before I undertook this work, I was no stranger to the original. I had also studied Virgil's design, his disposition of it, his manners, his judicious management of the figures, the sober retrenchments of his sense, which always leaves somewhat to gratify our imagination, on which it may enlarge at pleasure; but, above all, the elegance of his expressions, and the harmony of his numbers. For, as I have said in a former dissertation, the words are in poetry what the colors are in painting. If the design be good, and the draught be true, the coloring is the first beauty that strikes the eye. Spenser and Milton are the nearest, in English, to Virgil and Horace in the Latin; and I have endeavor'd to form my style by imitating their masters. I will farther own to you, my Lord, that my chief ambition is to please those readers who have discernment enough to prefer Virgil before any other poet in the Latin tongue. Such spirits as he desir'd to please, such would I choose for my judges, and would stand or fall by them alone. Segrais has distinguish'd the readers of poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three classes; (he might have said the same of writers too, if he had pleas'd.) In the lowest form he places those whom he calls *les petits esprits*; such things as are our upper-gallery audience in a playhouse, who like nothing but the husk and rind of wit; prefer a quibble, a conceit, an epigram, before solid sense and elegant expression; these are mob readers. If Virgil and Martial stood for Parliament-men, we know already who would carry it. But, tho' they make the greatest appearance in the field, and cry the loudest, the best on't is, they are but a sort of French Huguenots, or Dutch boors, brought over in herds, but not naturaliz'd; who have

not land of two pounds *per annum* in Parnassus, and therefore are not privileg'd to poll. Their authors are of the same level, fit to represent them on a mountebank's stage, or to be masters of the ceremonies in a bear garden. Yet these are they who have the most admirers. But it often happens, to their mortification, that, as their readers improve their stock of sense, (as they may by reading better books, and by conversation with men of judgment,) they soon forsake them; and when the torrent from the mountains falls no more, the swelling writer is reduc'd into his shallow bed, like the Manzanares at Madrid, with scarce water to moisten his own pebbles. There are a middle sort of readers, (as we hold there is a middle state of souls,) such as have a farther insight than the former, yet have not the capacity of judging right; for I speak not of those who are brib'd by a party, and know better, if they were not corrupted; but I mean a company of warm young men, who are not yet arriv'd so far as to discern the difference betwixt fastian, or ostentatious sentences, and the true sublime. These are above liking Martial, or Owen's *Epigrams*, but they would certainly set Virgil below Statius or Lucan. I need not say their poets are of the same paste with their admirers. They affect greatness in all they write; but 'tis a bladder'd greatness, like that of the vain man whom Seneca describes; an ill habit of body, full of humors, and swell'd with dropsy. Even these too desert their authors, as their judgment ripens. The young gentlemen themselves are commonly misled by their *pædagogues* at school, their tutor at the university, or their governor in their travels. And many of those three sorts are the most positive blockheads in the world. How many of those flatulent writers have I known who have sunk in their reputation after seven or eight editions of their works! for indeed they are poets only for young men. They had great success at their first appearance; but, not being of God, as a wit said formerly, they could not stand.

I have already nam'd two sorts of judges; but Virgil wrote for neither of them: and, by his example, I am not ambitious of pleasing the lowest or the middle form of readers.

He chose to please the most judicious, souls of the highest rank and truest under-

standing. These are few in number; but whoever is so happy as to gain their approbation can never lose it, because they never give it blindly. Then they have a certain *magnetism* in their judgment, which attracts others to their sense. Every day they gain some new proselyte, and in time become the Church. For this reason, a well-weigh'd judicious poem, which at its first appearance gains no more upon the world than to be just receiv'd, and rather not blam'd than much applauded, insinuates itself by insensible degrees into the liking of the reader: the more he studies it, the more it grows upon him; every time he takes it up, he discovers some new graces in it. And whereas poems which are produc'd by the vigor of imagination only, have a gloss upon them at the first which time wears off, the works of judgment are like the diamond; the more they are polish'd, the more luster they receive. Such is the difference betwixt Virgil's *Æneis* and Marini's *Adone*. And, if I may be allow'd to change the metaphor, I would say that Virgil is like the Fame which he describes:

Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.

Such a sort of reputation is my aim, tho' in a far inferior degree, according to my motto in the title-page: *Sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis*: and therefore I appeal to the highest court of judicature, like that of the peers, of which your Lordship is so great an ornament.

Without this ambition which I own, of desiring to please the *judices natos*, I could never have been able to have done anything at this age, when the fire of poetry is commonly extinguish'd in other men. Yet Virgil has given me the example of Entellus for my encouragement: when he was well heated, the younger champion could not stand before him. And we find the elder contended not for the gift, but for the honor: *nec dona moror*. For Dampier has inform'd us, in his *Voyages*, that the air of the country which produces gold is never wholesome.

I had long since consider'd that the way to please the best judges is not to translate a poet literally, and Virgil least of any other. For, his peculiar beauty lying in his choice of words, I am excluded from it by the narrow compass of our heroic verse,

unless I would make use of monosyllables only, and those clogg'd with consonants, which are the dead weight of our mother tongue. 'Tis possible, I confess, tho' it rarely happens, that a verse of monosyllables may sound harmoniously; and some examples of it I have seen. My first line of the *Aeneis* is not harsh:

Arms, and the man I sing, who, fore'd by fate, &c.

But a much better instance may be given from the last line of Manilius, made English by our learned and judicious Mr. Creech:

Nor could the world have borne so fierce a flame —

where the many liquid consonants are plac'd so artfully that they give a pleasing sound to the words, tho' they are all of one syllable.

'Tis true, I have been sometimes forc'd upon it in other places of this work; but I never did it out of choice: I was either in haste, or Virgil gave me no occasion for the ornament of words; for it seldom happens but a monosyllable line turns verse to prose; and even that prose is rugged and unharmonious. Philarchus, I remember, taxes Balzac for placing twenty monosyllables in file, without one dissyllable betwixt them. The way I have taken is not so strait as metaphrase, nor so loose as paraphrase: some things too I have omitted, and sometimes have added of my own. Yet the omissions, I hope, are but of circumstances, and such as would have no grace in English; and the additions, I also hope, are easily deduc'd from Virgil's sense. They will seem (at least I have the vanity to think so) not stuck into him, but growing out of him. He studies brevity more than any other poet; but he had the advantage of a language wherein much may be comprehended in a little space. We, and all the modern tongues, have more articles and pronouns, besides signs of tenses and cases, and other barbarities on which our speech is built by the faults of our forefathers. The Romans founded theirs upon the Greek: and the Greeks, we know, were laboring many hundred years upon their language before they brought it to perfection. They rejected all those signs, and cut off as many articles as they could spare;

comprehending in one word what we are constrain'd to express in two; which is one reason why we cannot write so concisely as they have done. The word *pater*, for example, signifies not only a father, but *your* father, *my* father, *his* or *her* father, all included in a word.

This inconvenience is common to all modern tongues; and this alone constrains us to employ more words than the ancients needed. But having before observ'd that Virgil endeavors to be short, and at the same time elegant, I pursue the excellence and forsake the brevity. For there he is like ambergris, a rich perfume, but of so close and glutinous a body that it must be open'd with inferior scents of musk, for if or the sweetness will not be drawn out his another language.

On the whole matter, I think it may steer betwixt the two extremes; all the elephraze and literal translation he harmony near my author as I could, we said in a, all his graces, the most emure in poetry are in the beauty of his work. If the words, I must add, are always transitive. Such of these as would retain their elegance in our tongue, I have endeavor'd to graff on it; but most of them are of necessity to be lost, because they will not shine in any but their own. Virgil has sometimes two of them in a line; but the scantiness of our heroic verse is not capable of receiving more than one; and that too must expiate for many others which have none. Such is the difference of the languages, or such my want of skill in choosing words. Yet I may presume to say, and I hope with as much reason as the French translator, that, taking all the materials of this divine author, I have endeavor'd to make Virgil speak such English as he would himself have spoken, if he had been born in England, and in this present age. I acknowledge, with Segrais, that I have not succeeded in this attempt according to my desire; yet I shall not be wholly without praise, if in some sort I may be allow'd to have copied the clearness, the purity, the easiness, and the magnificence of his style. But I shall have occasion to speak farther on this subject before I end the preface.

When I mention'd the Pindaric line, I should have added that I take another license in my verses; for I frequently make

use of triplet rhymes, and for the same reason, because they bound the sense. And therefore I generally join these two licenses together, and make the last verse of the triplet a Pindaric: for, besides the majesty which it gives, it confines the sense within the barriers of three lines, which would languish if it were lengthen'd into four. Spenser is my example for both these privileges of English verses; and Chapman has follow'd him in his translation of Homer. Mr. Cowley has given in to them after both; and all succeeding writers after him. I regard them now as the *Magna Charta* of heroic poetry, and am too much an Englishman to lose what my ancestors have gain'd for me. Let the French and Italians value themselves on their regularity; strength and elevation are our standard. I said before, and I repeat it, that the affected purity of the French has unsinew'd their heroic verse. The language of an epic poem is almost wholly figurative; yet they are so fearful of a metaphor, that no example of Virgil can encourage them to be bold with safety. Sure they might warn themselves by that sprightly blaze, without approaching it so close as to singe their wings; they may come as near it as their master. Not that I would discourage that purity of diction in which he excels all other poets. But he knows how far to extend his franchises, and advances to the verge, without venturing a foot beyond it. On the other side, without being injurious to the memory of our English Pindar, I will presume to say that his metaphors are sometimes too violent, and his language is not always pure. But at the same time I must excuse him; for, thro' the iniquity of the times, he was forc'd to travel, at an age when, instead of learning foreign languages, he should have studied the beauties of his mother tongue, which, like all other speeches, is to be cultivated early, or we shall never write it with any kind of elegance. Thus by gaining abroad he lost at home; like the painter in the *Arcadia*, who, going to see a skirmish, had his arms lopp'd off, and return'd, says Sir Philip Sidney, well instructed how to draw a battle, but without a hand to perform his work.

There is another thing in which I have presum'd to deviate from him and Spenser. They both make hemistichs (or half verses)

breaking off in the middle of a line. I confess there are not many such in the *Fairy Queen*; and even those few might be occasion'd by his unhappy choice of so long a stanza. Mr. Cowley had found out that no kind of staff is proper for a heroic poem, as being all too lyrical; yet, tho' he wrote in couplets, where rhyme is freer from constraint, he frequently affects half verses; of which we find not one in Homer, and I think not in any of the Greek poets, or the Latin, excepting only Virgil; and there is no question but he thought he had Virgil's authority for that license. But I am confident our poet never meant to leave him, or any other, such a precedent; and I ground my opinion on these two reasons. First, we find no example of a hemistich in any of his *Pastorals* or *Georgics*; for he had given the last finishing strokes to both these poems: but his *Æneis* he left so uncorrect, at least so short of that perfection at which he aim'd, that we know how hard a sentence he pass'd upon it. And, in the second place, I reasonably presume that he intended to have fill'd up all those hemistichs, because in one of them we find the sense imperfect:

Quem tibi jam Troja —

which some foolish grammarian has ended for him with a half line of nonsense:

— peperit fumante Creusa:

for Ascanius must have been born some years before the burning of that city; which I need not prove. On the other side, we find also that he himself fill'd up one line in the *Sixth Æneid*, the enthusiasm seizing him while he was reading to Augustus:

*Misenum Æolidem, quo non præstantior alter
Ære ciere viros —*

to which he added, in that transport, *Martemque accendere cantu*: and never was any line more nobly finish'd; for the reasons which I have given in the *Book of Painting*. On these considerations I have shunn'd hemistichs; not being willing to imitate Virgil to a fault, like Alexander's courtiers, who affected to hold their necks awry, because he could not help it. I am confident your Lordship is by this time of my opinion, and that you will look on those half lines hereafter as the imperfect products of a

hasty Muse; like the frogs and serpents in the Nile; part of them kindled into life, and part a lump of unform'd unanimated mud.

I am sensible that many of my whole verses are as imperfect as those halves, for want of time to digest them better; but give me leave to make the excuse of Boccace, who, when he was upbraided that some of his novels had not the spirit of the rest, return'd this answer, that Charlemagne, who made the paladins, was never able to raise an army of them. The leaders may be heroes, but the multitude must consist of common men.

I am also bound to tell your Lordship, in my own defense, that, from the beginning of the *First Georgic* to the end of the last *Æneid*, I found the difficulty of translation growing on me in every succeeding book: for Virgil, above all poets, had a stock, which I may call almost inexhaustible, of figurative, elegant, and sounding words. I, who inherit but a small portion of his genius, and write in a language so much inferior to the Latin, have found it very painful to vary phrases, when the same sense returns upon me. Even he himself, whether out of necessity or choice, has often express'd the same thing in the same words, and often repeated two or three whole verses which he had us'd before. Words are not so easily coin'd as money; and yet we see that the credit not only of banks, but of exchequers, cracks, when little comes in and much goes out. Virgil call'd upon me in every line for some new word, and I paid so long, that I was almost bankrupt; so that the latter end must needs be more burdensome than the beginning or the middle; and, consequently, the *Twelfth Æneid* cost me double the time of the *First* and *Second*. What had become of me, if Virgil had tax'd me with another book? I had certainly been reduc'd to pay the public in hammer'd money, for want of mill'd; that is, in the same old words which I had us'd before; and the receivers must have been forc'd to have taken anything, where there was so little to be had.

Besides this difficulty (with which I have struggled, and made a shift to pass it over) there is one remaining, which is insuperable to all translators. We are bound to our author's sense, tho' with the latitudes already mention'd; for I think it not so

sacred, as that one *iota* must not be add'd or diminish'd, on pain of an *anathema*. Bune slaves we are, and labor on another man's plantation; we dress the vineyard, but the wine is the owner's: if the soil be sometimes barren, then we are sure of being scourg'd; if it be fruitful, and our care succeeds, we are not thank'd; for the proud reader will only say the poor drudge has done his duty. But this is nothing to what follows; for, being oblig'd to make his sense intelligible, we are forc'd to untune our own verses, that we may give his meaning to the reader. He who invents is master of his thoughts and words: he can turn and vary them as he pleases, till he renders them harmonious. But the wretched translator has no such privilege: for, being tied to the thoughts, he must make what music he can in the expression; and for this reason it cannot always be so sweet as that of the original. There is a beauty of sound, as Segrais has observ'd, in some Latin words, which is wholly lost in any modern language. He instances in that *mollis amaracus*, on which Venus lays Cupid, in the *First Æneid*. If I should translate it *sweet marjoram*, as the word signifies, the reader would think I had mistaken Virgil: for those village words, as I may call them, give us a mean idea of the thing; but the sound of the Latin is so much more pleasing, by the just mixture of the vowels with the consonants, that it raises our fancies to conceive somewhat more noble than a common herb, and to spread roses under him, and strew lilies over him; a bed not unworthy the grandson of the goddess.

If I cannot copy his harmonious numbers, how shall I imitate his noble flights, where his thoughts and words are equally sublime?

*Quem quisvis studet æmulari,
..... ceratis ope Dædalea
Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus
Nomina ponto.*

What modern language, or what poet, can express the majestic beauty of this one verse, amongst a thousand others!

*Aude, hospes, contemnere opes, et te quoque dignum
Finge deo.* —

Formy part, I am lost in the admiration of it: I condemn the world when I think on it, and myself when I translate it.

Lay by Virgil, I beseech your Lordship, and all my better sort of judges, when you take up my version; and it will appear a passable beauty when the original Muse is absent. But, like Spenser's false Florimel made of snow, it melts and vanishes when the true one comes in sight. I will not excuse, but justify myself for one pretended crime, with which I am liable to be charg'd by false critics, not only in this translation, but in many of my original poems — that I Latinize too much. 'Tis true that, when I find an English word significant and sounding, I neither borrow from the Latin or any other language; but, when I want at home, I must seek abroad.

If sounding words are not of our growth and manufacture, who shall hinder me to import them from a foreign country? I carry not out the treasure of the nation, which is never to return; but what I bring from Italy, I spend in England: here it remains, and here it circulates; for, if the coin be good, it will pass from one hand to another. I trade both with the living and the dead, for the enrichment of our native language. We have enough in England to supply our necessity; but, if we will have things of magnificence and splendor, we must get them by commerce. Poetry requires ornament; and that is not to be had from our old Teuton monosyllables: therefore, if I find any elegant word in a classic author, I propose it to be naturaliz'd, by using it myself; and, if the public approves of it, the bill passes. But every man cannot distinguish betwixt pedantry and poetry: every man, therefore, is not fit to innovate. Upon the whole matter, a poet must first be certain that the word he would introduce is beautiful in the Latin; and is to consider, in the next place, whether it will agree with the English idiom. After this, he ought to take the opinion of judicious friends, such as are learned in both languages; and, lastly, since no man is infallible, let him use this license very sparingly; for, if too many foreign words are pour'd in upon us, it looks as if they were design'd not to assist the natives, but to conquer them.

I am now drawing towards a conclusion, and suspect your Lordship is very glad of it. But permit me first to own what helps I have had in this undertaking. The late Earl of Lauderdale sent me over his new trans-

lation of the *Æneis*, which he had ended before I ingag'd in the same design. Neither did I then intend it; but, some proposals being afterwards made me by my bookseller, I desir'd his Lordship's leave that I might accept them, which he freely granted; and I have his letter yet to shew for that permission. He resolv'd to have printed his work; which he might have done two years before I could publish mine; and had perform'd it, if death had not prevented him. But having his manuscript in my hands, I consulted it as often as I doubted of my author's sense; for no man understood Virgil better than that learned nobleman. His friends, I hear, have yet another and more correct copy of that translation by them, which had they pleas'd to have given the public, the judges must have been convinc'd that I have not flatter'd him. Besides this help, which was not inconsiderable, Mr. Congreve has done me the favor to review the *Æneis*, and compare my version with the original. I shall never be asham'd to own that this excellent young man has shew'd me many faults, which I have endeavour'd to correct. 'Tis true, he might have easily found more, and then my translation had been more perfect.

Two other worthy friends of mine, who desire to have their names conceal'd, seeing me straiten'd in my time, took pity on me, and gave me the *Life of Virgil*, the two *Prefaces* to the *Pastorals* and the *Georgics*, and all the arguments in prose to the whole translation; which, perhaps, has caus'd a report that the two first poems are not mine. If it had been true that I had taken their verses for my own, I might have gloried in their aid; and, like Terence, have farther'd the opinion that Scipio and Lælius join'd with me. But the same style being continued thro' the whole, and the same laws of versification observ'd, are proofs sufficient that this is one man's work; and your Lordship is too well acquainted with my manner to doubt that any part of it is another's.

That your Lordship may see I was in earnest when I promis'd to hasten to an end, I will not give the reasons why I writ not always in the proper terms of navigation, land service, or in the cant of any profession. I will only say that Virgil has avoided those proprieties, because he writ not to

mariners, soldiers, astronomers, gardeners, peasants, &c., but to all in general, and in particular to men and ladies of the first quality, who have been better bred than to be too nicely knowing in the terms. In such cases, 'tis enough for a poet to write so plainly, that he may be understood by his readers; to avoid impropriety, and not affect to be thought learn'd in all things.

I have omitted the four preliminary lines of the *First Æneid*, because I think them inferior to any four others in the whole poem, and consequently believe they are not Virgil's. There is too great a gap betwixt the adjective *vicina* in the second line, and the substantive *arva* in the latter end of the third, which keeps his meaning in obscurity too long, and is contrary to the clearness of his style.

Ut quamvis avidis

is too ambitious an ornament to be his; and

Gratum opus agricolis

are all words unnecessary, and independent of what he had said before.

Horrentia Martis arma

is worse than any of the rest. *Horrentia* is such a flat epithet as Tully would have given us in his verses. 'Tis a mere filler, to stop a vacancy in the hexameter, and connect the preface to the work of Virgil. Our author seems to sound a charge, and begins like the clangor of a trumpet:

Arma virumque cano, Troje qui primus ab oris —

scarce a word without an *r*, and the vowels for the greater part sonorous. The prefacer began with *Ille ego*, which he was constrain'd to patch up in the fourth line with *at nunc*, to make the sense cohere; and if both those words are not notorious botches, I am much deceiv'd, tho' the French translator thinks otherwise. For my own part, I am rather of the opinion that they were added by Tucca and Varius, than retrench'd.

I know it may be answer'd by such as think Virgil the author of the four lines, that he asserts his title to the *Æneis* in the beginning of this work, as he did to the two former in the last lines of the *Fourth Georgic*. I will not reply otherwise to this than by desiring them to compare these four lines with the four others, which we know are his, because no poet but he alone could

write them. If they cannot distinguish creeping from flying, let them lay down Virgil, and take up Ovid *de Pontio* in his stead. My master needed not the assistance of that preliminary poet to prove his claim. His own majestic mien discovers him to be the king, amidst a thousand courtiers. It was a superfluous office; and therefore I would not set those verses in the front of Virgil, but have rejected them to my own preface.

I, who before, with shepherds in the groves,
Sung to my oaten pipe their rural loves,
And, issuing thence, compell'd the neighb'ring
field

A plenteous crop of rising corn to yield,
Manur'd the glebe, and stock'd the fruitful
plain,

(A poem grateful to the greedy swain) &c.

If there be not a tolerable line in all these six, the prefacer gave me no occasion to write better. This is a just apology in this place, but I have done great wrong to Virgil in the whole translation. Want of time, the inferiority of our language, the inconvenience of rhyme, and all the other excuses I have made, may alleviate my fault, but cannot justify the boldness of my undertaking. What avails it me to acknowledge freely that I have not been able to do him right in any line? For even my own confession makes against me; and it will always be return'd upon me: "Why then did you attempt it?" To which no other answer can be made, than that I have done him less injury than any of his former libelers.

What they call'd his picture had been drawn at length, so many times, by the daubers of almost all nations, and still so unlike him, that I snatch'd up the pencil with disdain; being satisfied beforehand that I could make some small resemblance of him, tho' I must be content with a worse likeness. A *Sixth Pastoral*, a *Pharmaceutria*, a single *Orpheus*, and some other features, have been exactly taken; but those holiday authors writ for pleasure, and only shew'd us what they could have done, if they would have taken pains to perform the whole.

Be pleas'd, my Lord, to accept with your wonted goodness this unworthy present which I make you. I have taken off one trouble from you, of defending it, by acknowledging its imperfections; and, tho' some part of them are cover'd in the verse,

(as Erichthonius rode always in a chariot, to hide his lameness,) such of them as cannot be conceal'd, you will please to connive at, tho', in the strictness of your judgment, you cannot pardon. If Homer was allow'd to nod sometimes in so long a work, it will be no wonder if I often fall asleep. You took my *Aweng-Zebe* into your protection, with all his faults; and I hope here cannot be so many, because I translate an author who gives me such examples of correctness. What my jury may be, I know not; but 't is good for a criminal to plead before a favorable judge. If I had said partial, would your Lordship have forgiven me? Or will you give me leave to acquaint the world that I have many times been oblig'd to your bounty since the Revolution? Tho' I never was reduc'd to beg a charity, nor ever had the impudence to ask one, either of your Lordship, or your noble kinsman the Earl of Dorset, much less of any other; yet, when I least expected it, you have both remember'd me. So inherent it is in your family not to forget an old servant. It looks rather like ingratitude on my part, that, where I have been so often oblig'd, I have appear'd so seldom to return my thanks, and where I was also so sure of being well receiv'd. Somewhat of laziness was in the case, and somewhat too of modesty, but nothing of disrespect or of unthankfulness. I will not say that your Lordship has encourag'd me to this presumption, lest, if my labors meet with no success in public, I may expose your judgment to be censur'd. As for my own enemies, I shall never think them worth an answer; and, if your Lordship has any, they will not dare to arraign you for want of knowledge in this art, till they can produce somewhat better of their own than your *Essay on Poetry*. 'T was on this consideration that I have drawn out my preface to so great a length. Had I not address'd to a poet, and a critic of the first magnitude, I had myself been tax'd for want of judgment, and sham'd my patron for want of understanding. But neither will you, my Lord, so soon be tir'd as any other, because the discourse is on your art; neither will the learned reader think it tedious, because it is *ad clerum*. At least, when he begins to be weary, the church doors are open. That I may pursue the allegory with a short prayer after a long sermon:

May you live happily and long, for the service of your country, the encouragement of good letters, and the ornament of poetry; which cannot be wish'd more earnestly by any man, than by

Your Lordship's most humble,
Most oblig'd, and most obedient Servant,
JOHN DRYDEN.

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS

THE ARGUMENT

The Trojans, after a seven years' voyage, set sail for Italy, but are overtaken by a dreadful storm, which Æolus raises at Juno's request. The tempest sinks one, and scatters the rest. Neptune drives off the Winds, and calms the sea. Æneas, with his own ship, and six more, arrives safe at an African port. Venus complains to Jupiter of her son's misfortunes. Jupiter comforts her, and sends Mercury to procure him a kind reception among the Carthaginians. Æneas, going out to discover the country, meets his mother in the shape of an huntress, who conveys him in a cloud to Carthage, where he sees his friends whom he thought lost, and receives a kind entertainment from the queen. Dido, by a device of Venus, begins to have a passion for him, and, after some discourse with him, desires the history of his adventures since the siege of Troy, which is the subject of the two following books.

Arms, and the man I sing, who, forc'd by fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,
Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan shore.
Long labors, both by sea and land, he bore,
And in the doubtful war, before he won
The Latian realm, and built the destin'd town;
His banish'd gods restor'd to rites divine,
And settled sure succession in his line,
From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majestic Rome. 10
O Muse! the causes and the crimes relate;
What goddess was provok'd, and whence
her hate;
For what offense the Queen of Heav'n began
To persecute so brave, so just a man;
Involv'd his anxious life in endless cares,

Expos'd to wants, and hurried into wars !
Can heav'nly minds such high resentment
show,

Or exercise their spite in human woe ?

Against the Tiber's mouth, but far away,
An ancient town was seated on the sea; 20
A Tyrian colony; the people made
Stout for the war, and studious of their
trade:

Carthage the name; belov'd by Juno more
Than her own Argos, or the Samian shore.
Here stood her chariot; here, if Heav'n
were kind,

The seat of awful empire she design'd.

Yet she had heard an ancient rumor fly,
(Long cited by the people of the sky,)
That times to come should see the Trojan
race

Her Carthage ruin, and her tow'rs deface;
Nor thus confin'd, the yoke of sov'reign
sway 31

Should on the necks of all the nations lay.
She ponder'd this, and fear'd it was in
fate;

Nor could forget the war she wag'd of
late

For conqu'ring Greece against the Trojan
state.

Besides, long causes working in her mind,
And secret seeds of envy, lay behind:
Deep graven in her heart the doom re-
main'd

Of partial Paris, and her form disdain'd;
The grace bestow'd on ravish'd Ganymed,
Electra's glories, and her injur'd bed. 41
Each was a cause alone; and all combin'd
To kindle vengeance in her haughty mind.
For this, far distant from the Latian coast
She drove the remnants of the Trojan host;
And sev'n long years th' unhappy wand'ring
train

Were toss'd by storms, and scatter'd thro'
the main.

Such time, such toil, requir'd the Roman
name,

Such length of labor for so vast a frame.

Now scarce the Trojan fleet, with sails
and oars, 50

Had left behind the fair Sicilian shores,
Ent'ring with cheerful shouts the wat'ry
reign,

And plowing frothy furrows in the main;
When, lab'ring still with endless discon-
tent,

The Queen of Heav'n did thus her fury vent:

"Then am I vanquish'd? must I yield?"
said she,

"And must the Trojans reign in Italy?
So Fate will have it, and Jove adds his
force;

Nor can my pow'r divert their happy course.
Could angry Pallas, with revengeful
spleen, 60

The Grecian navy burn, and drown the men?
She, for the fault of one offending foe,
The bolts of Jove himself presum'd to
throw:

With whirlwinds from beneath she toss'd
the ship,

And bare expos'd the bosom of the deep;
Then, as an eagle gripes the trembling game,
The wretch, yet hissing with her father's
flame,

She strongly seiz'd, and with a burning
wound

Transfix'd, and naked, on a rock she bound.
But I, who walk in awful state above, 70

The majesty of heav'n, the sister wife of
Jove,

For length of years my fruitless force em-
ploy

Against the thin remains of ruin'd Troy!
What nations now to Juno's pow'r will
pray,

Or off'ings on my slighted altars lay?"

Thus rag'd the goddess; and, with fury
fraught,

The restless regions of the storms she
sought,

Where, in a spacious cave of living stone,
The tyrant Æolus, from his airy throne,

With pow'r imperial curbs the struggling
winds, 80

And sounding tempests in dark prisons
binds.

This way and that th' impatient captives
tend,

And, pressing for release, the mountains
rend.

High in his hall th' undaunted monarch
stands,

And shakes his scepter, and their rage com-
mands;

Which did he not, their unresisted sway
Would sweep the world before them in
their way;

Earth, air, and seas thro' empty space would
roll,

And heav'n would fly before the driving
soul.

In fear of this, the Father of the Gods ⁹⁰
 Confin'd their fury to those dark abodes,
 And lock'd 'em safe within, oppress'd
 with mountain loads;

Impos'd a king, with arbitrary sway,
 To loose their fetters, or their force allay.
 To whom the suppliant queen her pray'rs
 address'd,

And thus the tenor of her suit express'd:
 "O Æolus! for to thee the King of Heav'n
 The pow'r of tempests and of winds has
 giv'n;

Thy force alone their fury can restrain,
 And smooth the waves, or swell the troubled
 main — ¹⁰⁰

A race of wand'ring slaves, abhorr'd by me,
 With prosperous passage cut the Tuscan sea;
 To fruitful Italy their course they steer,
 And for their vanquish'd gods design new
 temples there.

Raise all thy winds; with night involve the
 skies;

Sink or disperse my fatal enemies.

Twice sev'n, the charming daughters of the
 main,

Around my person wait, and bear my train:
 Succeed my wish, and second my design;
 The fairest, Deiopeia, shall be thine, ¹¹⁰
 And make thee father of a happy line."

To this the god: "Tis yours, O queen,
 to will

The work which duty binds me to fulfil.

These airy kingdoms, and this wide com-
 mand,

Are all the presents of your bounteous
 hand:

Yours is my sov'reign's grace; and, as
 your guest,

I sit with gods at their celestial feast;
 Raise tempests at your pleasure, or subdue;
 Dispose of empire, which I hold from you."

He said, and hurl'd against the mountain
 side ¹²⁰

His quiv'ring spear, and all the god ap-
 plied.

The raging winds rush thro' the hollow
 wound,

And dance aloft in air, and skim along the
 ground;

Then, settling on the sea, the surges sweep,
 Raise liquid mountains, and disclose the
 deep.

South, East, and West with mix'd confu-
 sion roar,

And roll the foaming billows to the shore.

The cables crack; the sailors' fearful
 cries

Ascend; and sable night involves the
 skies;

And heav'n itself is ravish'd from their
 eyes. ¹³⁰

Loud peals of thunder from the poles en-
 sue;

Then flashing fires the transient light re-
 new;

The face of things a frightful image bears,
 And present death in various forms ap-
 pears.

Struck with unusual fright, the Trojan
 chief,

With lifted hands and eyes, invokes relief;
 And, "Thrice and four times happy those,"

he cried,
 "That under Ilian walls before their parents
 died!

Tydidēs, bravest of the Grecian train!

Why could not I by that strong arm be
 slain, ¹⁴⁰

And lie by noble Hector on the plain,
 Or great Sarpedon, in those bloody fields

Where Simōis rolls the bodies and the
 shields

Of heroes, whose dismember'd hands yet
 bear

The dart aloft, and clench the pointed
 spear!"

Thus while the pious prince his fate be-
 wails,

Fierce Boreas drove against his flying sails,
 And rent the sheets; the raging billows
 rise,

And mount the tossing vessel to the skies:
 Nor can the shiv'ring oars sustain the
 blow; ¹⁵⁰

The galley gives her side, and turns her
 prow;

While those astern, descending down the
 steep,

Thro' gaping waves behold the boiling deep.
 Three ships were hurried by the southern
 blast,

And on the secret shelves with fury cast.
 Those hidden rocks th' Ausonian sailors
 knew:

They call'd them Altars, when they rose in
 view,

And show'd their spacious backs above the
 flood.

Three more fierce Eurys, in his angry
 mood,

Dash'd on the shallows of the moving
sand,¹⁶⁰
And in mid ocean left them moor'd aland.
Orontes' bark, that bore the Lycian crew,
(A horrid sight!) ev'n in the hero's view,
From stem to stern by waves was over-
borne:

The trembling pilot, from his rudder torn,
Was headlong hurl'd; thrice round the
ship was toss'd,
Then bulg'd at once, and in the deep was
lost;

And here and there above the waves were
seen

Arms, pictures, precious goods, and floating
men.

The stoutest vessel to the storm gave way,
And suck'd thro' loosen'd planks the rush-
ing sea.¹⁷¹

Ilioneus was her chief: Alethes old,
Achates faithful, Abas young and bold,
Endur'd not less; their ships, with gaping
seams,

Admit the deluge of the briny streams.

Meantime imperial Neptune heard the
sound

Of raging billows breaking on the ground.
Displeas'd, and fearing for his wat'ry reign,
He rear'd his awful head above the main,
Serene in majesty; then roll'd his eyes¹⁸⁰
Around the space of earth, and seas, and
skies.

He saw the Trojan fleet dispers'd, dis-
tress'd,

By stormy winds and wintry heav'n op-
press'd.

Full well the god his sister's envy knew,
And what her aims and what her arts pur-
sue.

He summon'd Eurus and the western blast,
And first an angry glance on both he cast;
Then thus rebuk'd: "Audacious winds!
from whence

This bold attempt, this rebel insolence?
Is it for you to ravage seas and land,¹⁹⁰
Unauthoriz'd by my supreme command?
To raise such mountains on the troubled
main?

Whom I—but first 't is fit the billows
to restrain;

And then you shall be taught obedience
to my reign.

Hence! to your lord my royal mandate
bear—

The realms of ocean and the fields of air

Are mine, not his. By fatal lot to me
The liquid empire fell, and trident of the
sea.

His pow'r to hollow caverns is confin'd:
There let him reign, the jailer of the wind,
With hoarse commands his breathing sub-
jects call,²⁰¹

And boast and bluster in his empty hall."
He spoke; and, while he spoke, he smooth'd
the sea,

Dispell'd the darkness, and restor'd the day.
Cymothoe, Triton, and the sea-green train
Of beauteous nymphs, the daughters of the
main,

Clear from the rocks the vessels with
their hands:

The god himself with ready trident
stands,

And opes the deep, and spreads the mov-
ing sands;

Then heaves them off the shoals. Where-
e'er he guides²¹⁰

His finny coursers and in triumph rides,
The waves unruffle and the sea subsides.

As, when in tumults rise th' ignoble crowd,
Mad are their motions, and their tongues
are loud;

And stones and brands in rattling volleys
fly,

And all the rustic arms that fury can sup-
ply:

If then some grave and pious man appear,
They hush their noise, and lend a list'ning
ear;

He soothes with sober words their angry
mood,

And quenches their innate desire of blood:
So, when the Father of the Flood appears,²²¹

And o'er the seas his sov'reign trident
rears,

Their fury falls: he skims the liquid
plains,

High on his chariot, and, with loosen'd
reins,

Majestic moves along, and awful peace
maintains.

The weary Trojans ply their shatter'd oars
To nearest land, and make the Libyan
shores.

Within a long recess there lies a bay:
An island shades it from the rolling sea,
And forms a port secure for ships to

ride;²³⁰

Broke by the jutting land, on either side,
In double streams the briny waters glide.]

Betwixt two rows of rocks a sylvan scene
Appears above, and groves for ever green:
A grot is form'd beneath, with mossy seats,
To rest the Nereids, and exclude the heats.
Down thro' the crannies of the living walls
The crystal streams descend in murn'ring
falls:

No haulsers need to bind the vessels here,
Nor bearded anchors; for no storms they
fear. ²⁴⁰

Sev'n ships within this happy harbor meet,
The thin remainders of the scatter'd fleet.
The Trojans, worn with toils, and spent
with woes,

Leap on the welcome land, and seek their
wish'd repose.

First, good Achates, with repeated
strokes

Of clashing flints, their hidden fire provokes:
Short flame succeeds; a bed of wither'd
leaves

The dying sparkles in their fall receives:
Caught into life, in fiery fumes they rise,
And, fed with stronger food, invade the
skies. ²⁵⁰

The Trojans, dropping wet, or stand around
The cheerful blaze, or lie along the ground:
Some dry their corn, infected with the
brine,

Then grind with marbles, and prepare to
dine.

Æneas climbs the mountain's airy brow,
And takes a prospect of the seas below,
If Capys thence, or Antheus he could spy,
Or see the streamers of Caius fly.

No vessels were in view; but, on the plain,
Three beamy stags command a lordly train
Of branching heads: the more ignoble
through ²⁶¹

Attend their stately steps, and slowly graze
along.

He stood; and, while secure they fed below,
He took the quiver and the trusty bow
Achates us'd to bear: the leaders first
He laid along, and then the vulgar pierc'd;
Nor ceas'd his arrows, till the shady plain
Sev'n mighty bodies with their blood
distan.

For the sev'n ships he made an equal share,
And to the port return'd, triumphant from
the war. ²⁷⁰

The jars of gen'rous wine (Acestes' gift,
When his Trinacrian shores the navy left)
He set abroad, and for the feast prepar'd,
In equal portions with the ven'son shar'd.

Thus while he dealt it round, the pious
chief

With cheerful words allay'd the common
grief:

"Endure, and conquer! Jove will soon
dispose

To future good our past and present woes.
With me, the rocks of Scylla you have
tried;

Th' inhuman Cyclops and his den defied. ²⁸⁰
What greater ills hereafter can you bear?
Resume your courage and dismiss your
care.

An hour will come, with pleasure to relate
Your sorrows past, as benefits of Fate.

Thro' various hazards and events, we
move

To Latium and the realms foredoom'd by
Jove.

Call'd to the seat (the promise of the skies)
Where Trojan kingdoms once again may
rise,

Endure the hardships of your present state;
Live, and reserve yourselves for better
fate." ²⁹⁰

These words he spoke, but spoke not
from his heart;

His outward smiles conceal'd his inward
smart.

The jolly crew, unmindful of the past,
The quarry share, their plenteous dinner
haste.

Some strip the skin; some portion out
the spoil;

The limbs, yet trembling, in the cal-
drons boil;

Some on the fire the reeking entrails
broil.

Stretch'd on the grassy turf, at ease they
dine,

Restore their strength with meat, and cheer
their souls with wine.

Their hunger thus appeas'd, their care
attends ³⁰⁰

The doubtful fortune of their absent
friends:

Alternate hopes and fears their minds pos-
sess,

Whether to deem 'em dead, or in distress.
Above the rest, Æneas mourns the fate
Of brave Orontes, and th' uncertain state
Of Gyas, Lycus, and of Amycus.

The day, but not their sorrows, ended thus.

When, from aloft, almighty Jove sur-
veys

Earth, air, and shores, and navigable seas,
At length on Libyan realms he fix'd his
eyes — ³¹⁰

Whom, pond'ring thus on human miseries,
When Venus saw, she with a lowly look,
Not free from tears, her heav'nly sire be-
spoke:

"O King of Gods and Men! whose
awful hand
Disperses thunder on the seas and land,
Disposing all with absolute command;
How could my pious son thy pow'r incense?
Or what, alas! is vanish'd Troy's offense?
Our hope of Italy not only lost,
On various seas by various tempests
toss'd, ³²⁰
But shut from ev'ry shore, and barr'd
from ev'ry coast."

You promis'd once, a progeny divine
Of Romans, rising from the Trojan line,
In after times should hold the world in awe,
And to the land and ocean give the law.
How is your doom revers'd, which eas'd
my care

When Troy was ruin'd in that cruel war?
Then fates to fates I could oppose; but
now,

When Fortune still pursues her former
blow,

What can I hope? What worse can still
succeed? ³³⁰

What end of labors has your will decreed?
Antenor, from the midst of Grecian hosts,
Could pass secure, and pierce th' Illyrian
coasts,

Where, rolling down the steep, Timavus
raves

And thro' nine channels disembognes his
waves.

At length he founded Padua's happy seat,
And gave his Trojans a secure retreat;
There fix'd their arms, and there renew'd
their name,

And there in quiet rules, and crown'd with
fame.

But we, descended from your sacred line,
Entitled to your heav'n and rites divine, ³⁴¹
Are banish'd earth; and, for the wrath of
one,

Remov'd from Latium and the promis'd
throne.

Are these our scepters? these our due
rewards?

And is it thus that Jove his plighted faith
regards?"

To whom the Father of th' immortal
race,

Smiling with that serene indulgent face,
With which he drives the clouds and clears
the skies,

First gave a holy kiss; then thus replies:

"Daughter, dismiss thy fears: to thy
desire ³⁵⁰

The fates of thine are fix'd, and stand
entire.

Thou shalt behold thy wish'd Lavinian
walls;

And, ripe for heav'n, when fate Æneas calls,
Then shalt thou bear him up, sublime, to
me:

No counsels have revers'd my firm decree.
And, lest new fears disturb thy happy
state,

Know, I have search'd the mystic rolls of
Fate:

Thy son (nor is th' appointed season far)

In Italy shall wage successful war,
Shall tame fierce nations in the bloody
field, ³⁶⁰

And sov'reign laws impose, and cities build,
Till, after ev'ry foe subdued, the sun
Thrice thro' the signs his annual race shall
run:

This is his time prefix'd. Ascanius then,
Now call'd Iulus, shall begin his reign.

He thirty rolling years the crown shall
wear,

Then from Lavinium shall the seat transfer,
And, with hard labor, Alba Longa build.

The throne with his succession shall be
fill'd

Three hundred circuits more: then shall be
seen ³⁷⁰

Ilia the fair, a priestess and a queen,
Who, full of Mars, in time, with kindly
throes,

Shall at a birth two goodly boys disclose.

The royal babes a tawny wolf shall drain:
Then Romulus his grandsire's throne shall
gain,

Of martial tow'rs the founder shall become,
The people Romans call, the city Rome.

To them no bounds of empire I assign,
Nor term of years to their immortal line.

Ev'n haughty Juno, who, with endless
broils, ³⁸⁰

Earth, seas, and heav'n, and Jove himself
turmoils;

At length aton'd, her friendly pow'r shall
join,

To cherish and advance the Trojan line.
 The subject world shall Rome's dominion
 own,
 And, prostrate, shall adore the nation of
 the gown.
 An age is ripening in revolving fate
 When Troy shall overturn the Grecian
 state,
 And sweet revenge her conqu'ring sons
 shall call,
 To crush the people that conspir'd her fall.
 Then Caesar from the Julian stock shall
 rise,
 Whose empire ocean, and whose fame the
 skies
 Alone shall bound; whom, fraught with
 eastern spoils,
 Our heav'n, the just reward of human toils,
 Securely shall repay with rites divine;
 And incense shall ascend before his sacred
 shrine.
 Then dire debate and impious war shall
 cease,
 And the stern age be soften'd into peace:
 Then banish'd Faith shall once again re-
 turn,
 And Vestal fires in hallow'd temples burn;
 And Remus with Quirinus shall sustain
 The righteous laws, and fraud and force
 restrain.
 Janus himself before his fane shall wait,
 And keep the dreadful issues of his gate,
 With bolts and iron bars: within remains
 Imprison'd Fury, bound in brazen chains;
 High on a trophy rais'd, of useless arms,
 He sits, and threatens the world with vain
 alarms."
 He said, and sent Cyllenius with command
 To free the ports, and ope the Punic land
 To Trojan guests; lest, ignorant of fate,
 The queen might force them from her town
 and state.
 Down from the steep of heav'n Cyllenius
 flies,
 And cleaves with all his wings the yielding
 skies.
 Soon on the Libyan shore descends the god,
 Performs his message, and displays his rod:
 The surly murmurs of the people cease;
 And, as the fates requir'd, they give the
 peace:
 The queen herself suspends the rigid laws,
 The Trojans pities, and protects their cause.
 Meantime, in shades of night Æneas
 lies:

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Care seiz'd his soul, and sleep forsook his
 eyes.
 But, when the sun restor'd the cheerful
 day,
 He rose, the coast and country to survey,
 Anxious and eager to discover more.
 It look'd a wild uncultivated shore;
 But, whether humankind, or beasts alone
 Possess'd the new-found region, was un-
 known.
 Beneath a ledge of rocks his fleet he
 hides:
 Tall trees surround the mountain's shady
 sides;
 The bending brow above a safe retreat
 provides.
 Arm'd with two pointed darts, he leaves
 his friends,
 And true Achates on his steps attends.
 Lo! in the deep recesses of the wood,
 Before his eyes his goddess mother stood:
 A hutress in her habit and her mien;
 Her dress a maid, her air confess'd a queen.
 Bare were her knees, and knots her gar-
 ments bind;
 Loose was her hair, and wanton'd in the
 wind;
 Her hand sustain'd a bow; her quiver
 hung behind.
 She seem'd a virgin of the Spartan
 blood:
 With such array Harpalyce bestrode
 Her Thracian courser and outstripp'd the
 rapid flood.
 "Ho, strangers! have you lately seen,"
 she said,
 "One of my sisters, like myself array'd,
 Who cross'd the lawn, or in the forest
 stray'd?
 A painted quiver at her back she bore;
 Varied with spots, a lynx's hide she wore;
 And at full cry pursued the tusky boar."
 Thus Venus: thus her son replied again:
 "None of your sisters have we heard or
 seen,
 O virgin! or what other name you bear
 Above that style — O more than mortal
 fair!
 Your voice and mien celestial birth betray!
 If, as you seem, the sister of the day,
 Or one at least of chaste Diana's train,
 Let not an humble suppliant sue in vain;
 But tell a stranger, long in tempests toss'd,
 What earth we tread, and who commands
 the coast?

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Then on your name shall wretched mortals
call,

And offer'd victims at your altars fall." ⁴⁶⁰
"I dare not," she replied, "assume the
name

Of goddess, or celestial honors claim:
For Tyrian virgins bows and quivers bear,
And purple buskins o'er their ankles wear.
Know, gentle youth, in Libyan lands you
are —

A people rude in peace, and rough in war.
The rising city, which from far you see,
Is Carthage, and a Tyrian colony.

Phœnician Dido rules the growing state,
Who fled from Tyre, to shun her brother's
hate. ⁴⁷⁰

Great were her wrongs, her story full of
fate;

Which I will sum in short. Sichæus,
known

For wealth, and brother to the Punic throne,
Possess'd fair Dido's bed; and either heart
At once was wounded with an equal dart.
Her father gave her, yet a spotless maid;
Pygmalion then the Tyrian scepter sway'd:
One who condemn'd divine and human laws.
Then strife ensued, and cursed gold the
cause.

The monarch, blinded with desire of wealth,
With steel invades his brother's life by
stealth; ⁴⁸¹

Before the sacred altar made him bleed,
And long from her conceal'd the cruel deed.
Some tale, some new pretense, he daily
coin'd,

To soothe his sister, and delude her mind.
At length, in dead of night, the ghost
appears

Of her unhappy lord: the specter stares,
And, with erected eyes, his bloody bosom
bares.

The cruel altars and his fate he tells,
And the dire secret of his house reveals, ⁴⁹⁰
Then warns the widow, with her household
gods,

To seek a refuge in remote abodes.
Last, to support her in so long a way,
He shows her where his hidden treasure lay.
Admonish'd thus, and seiz'd with mortal
fright,

The queen provides companions of her
flight:

They meet, and all combine to leave the
state,

Who hate the tyrant, or who fear his hate.

They seize a fleet, which ready rigg'd they
find;

Nor is Pygmalion's treasure left behind. ⁵⁰⁰
The vessels, heavy laden, put to sea
With prosperous winds; a woman leads the
way.

I know not, if by stress of weather driv'n,
Or was their fatal course dispos'd by
Heav'n;

At last they landed, where from far your
eyes

May view the turrets of new Carthage rise;
There bought a space of ground, which
(Byrsa call'd,

From the bull's hide) they first inclos'd,
and wall'd.

But whence are you? what country claims
your birth?

What seek you, strangers, on our Libyan
earth? ⁵¹⁰

To whom, with sorrow streaming from
his eyes,

And deeply sighing, thus her son replies:
"Could you with patience hear, or I re-
late,

O nymph, the tedious annals of our fate!
Thro' such a train of woes if I should run,
The day would sooner than the tale be done!
From ancient Troy, by force expell'd, we
came —

If you by chance have heard the Trojan
name.

On various seas by various tempests toss'd,
At length we landed on your Libyan coast.
The good Æneas am I call'd — a name, ⁵²¹
While Fortune favor'd, not unknown to
fame.

My household gods, companions of my
woes,

With pious care I rescued from our foes.
To fruitful Italy my course was bent;
And from the King of Heav'n is my de-
scent.

With twice ten sail I cross'd the Phrygian
sea;

Fate and my mother goddess led my way.
Scarcely sev'n, the thin remainders of my
fleet,

From storms preserv'd, within your harbor
meet.

Myself distress'd, an exile, and unknown, ⁵³⁰
Debar'd from Europe, and from Asia
thrown,

In Libyan deserts wander thus alone." ⁵³⁰
His tender parent could no longer bear;

But, interposing, sought to soothe his care.
 "Whoe'er you are — not unbelov'd by
 Heav'n,

Since on our friendly shore your ships are
 driv'n —

Have courage: to the gods permit the rest,
 And to the queen expose your just request.
 Now take this earnest of success, for more:
 Your scatter'd fleet is join'd upon the shore;
 The winds are chang'd, your friends from
 danger free;

Or I renounce my skill in augury.
 Twelve swans behold in beauteous order
 move,

And stoop with closing pinions from above;
 Whom late the bird of Jove had driv'n
 along,

And thro' the clouds pursued the scatt'ring
 throng;

Now, all united in a goodly team,
 They skim the ground, and seek the quiet
 stream.

As they, with joy returning, clap their
 wings,

And ride the circuit of the skies in rings;
 Not otherwise your ships, and ev'ry friend,
 Already hold the port, or with swift sails
 descend.

No more advice is needful; but pursue
 The path before you, and the town in view."

Thus having said, she turn'd, and made
 appear

Her neck refulgent, and dishevel'd hair,
 Which, flowing from her shoulders, reach'd
 the ground,

And widely spread ambrosial scents around:
 In length of train descends her sweeping
 gown;

And, by her graceful walk, the Queen of
 Love is known.

The prince pursued the parting deity
 With words like these: "Ah! whither do
 you fly?

Unkind and cruel! to deceive your son
 In borrow'd shapes, and' his embrace to
 shun;

Never to bless my sight, but thus unknown;
 And still to speak in accents not your
 own."

Against the goddess these complaints he
 made,

But took the path, and her commands
 obey'd.

They march obscure; for Venus kindly
 shrouds

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With mists their persons, and involves in
 clouds,

That, thus unseen, their passage none might
 stay,

Or force to tell the causes of their way.
 This part perform'd, the goddess flies sub-
 lime

To visit Paphos and her native clime;
 Where garlands, ever green and ever fair,
 With vows are offer'd, and with solemn
 pray'r:

A hundred altars in her temple smoke;
 A thousand bleeding hearts her pow'r in-
 voke.

They climb the next ascent, and, looking
 down,

Now at a nearer distance view the town.

The prince with wonder sees the stately
 tow'rs,

Which late were huts and shepherds'
 homely bow'rs,

The gates and streets; and hears, from
 ev'ry part,

The noise and busy concourse of the mart.
 The toiling Tyrians on each other call
 To ply their labor: some extend the wall;
 Some build the citadel; the brawny throng
 Or dig, or push unwieldy stones along.
 Some for their dwellings choose a spot of
 ground,

Which, first design'd, with ditches they
 surround.

Some laws ordain; and some attend the
 choice

Of holy senates, and elect by voice.
 Here some design a mole, while others
 there

Lay deep foundations for a theater;
 From marble quarries mighty columns
 hew,

For ornaments of scenes, and future view.
 Such is their toil, and such their busy
 pains,

As exercise the bees in flow'ry plains,
 When winter past, and summer scarce
 begun,

Invites them forth to labor in the sun;
 Some lead their youth abroad, while some
 condense

Their liquid store, and some in cells dis-
 pense;

Some at the gate stand ready to receive
 The golden burthen, and their friends
 relieve;

All, with united force, combine to drive

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The lazy drones from the laborious hive:
With envy stung, they view each other's
deeds;

The fragrant work with diligence proceeds.
"Thrice happy you, whose walls already
rise!"⁶¹⁰

Æneas said, and view'd, with lifted eyes,
Their lofty tow'rs; then, entering at the
gate,

Conceal'd in clouds (prodigious to relate)
He mix'd, unmark'd, among the busy
throng,

Borne by the tide, and pass'd unseen along.
Full in the center of the town there
stood,

Thick set with trees, a venerable wood.
The Tyrians, landing near this holy ground,
And digging here, a prosperous omen
found:

From under earth a courser's head they
drew,⁶²⁰

Their growth and future fortune to fore-
show.

This fated sign their foundress Juno gave,
Of a soil fruitful, and a people brave.
Sidonian Dido here with solemn state
Did Juno's temple build, and consecrate,
Enrich'd with gifts, and with a golden
shrine;

But more the goddess made the place
divine.

On brazen steps the marble threshold rose,
And brazen plates the cedar beams inclose:
The rafters are with brazen coverings
crown'd;⁶³⁰

The lofty doors on brazen hinges sound.
What first Æneas in this place beheld,
Reviv'd his courage, and his fear expell'd.
For while, expecting there the queen, he
rais'd

His wond'ring eyes, and round the temple
gaz'd,

Admir'd the fortune of the rising town,
The striving artists, and their arts' renown;
He saw, in order painted on the wall,
Whatever did unhappy Troy befall:

The wars that fame around the world had
blown,⁶⁴⁰

All to the life, and ev'ry leader known.
There Agamemnon, Priam here, he spies,
And fierce Achilles, who both kings defies.
He stopp'd, and weeping said: "O friend!
ev'n here

The monuments of Trojan woes appear!
Our known disasters fill ev'n foreign lands:

See there, where old unhappy Priam stands!
Ev'n the mute walls relate the warrior's
fame,⁶⁴⁸

And Trojan grieves the Tyrians' pity claim."
He said (his tears a ready passage find),
Devouring what he saw so well design'd,
And with an empty picture fed his mind:
For there he saw the fainting Grecians
yield,

And here the trembling Trojans quit the
field,

Pursued by fierce Achilles thro' the plain,
On his high chariot driving o'er the slain.
The tents of Rhesus next his grief renew,
By their white sails betray'd to nightly
view;

And wakeful Diomed, whose cruel sword
The sentries slew, nor spar'd their slum-
bering lord,⁶⁵⁰

Then took the fiery steeds, ere yet the food
Of Troy they taste, or drink the Xanthian
flood.

Elsewhere he saw where Troilus defied
Achilles, and unequal combat tried;
Then, where the boy disarm'd, with loosen'd
reins,

Was by his horses hurried o'er the plains,
Hung by the neck and hair, and dragg'd
around:

The hostile spear, yet sticking in his
wound,

With tracks of blood inscrib'd the dusty
ground.

Meantime the Trojan dames, oppress'd
with woe,⁶⁷⁰

To Pallas' fane in long procession go,
In hopes to reconcile their heav'nly foe.
They weep, they beat their breasts, they
rend their hair,

And rich embroider'd vests for presents
bear;

But the stern goddess stands unmov'd
with pray'r.

Thrice round the Trojan walls Achilles
drew

The corpse of Hector, whom in fight he
slew.

Here Priam sues; and there, for sums of
gold,

The lifeless body of his son is sold.
So sad an object, and so well express'd,⁶⁸⁰
Drew sighs and groans from the griev'd
hero's breast,

To see the figure of his lifeless friend,
And his old sire his helpless hand extend.

Himself he saw amidst the Grecian train,
Mix'd in the bloody battle on the plain;
And swarthy Memnon in his arms he knew,
His pompous ensigns, and his Indian crew.
Penthisilea there, with haughty grace,
Leads to the wars an Amazonian race:

In their right hands a pointed dart they
wield;

The left, for ward, sustains the lunar shield.
Athwart her breast a golden belt she
throws,

Amidst the press alone provokes a thou-
sand foes,

And dares her maiden arms to manly
force oppose.

Thus while the Trojan prince employs
his eyes,

Fix'd on the walls with wonder and surprise,
The beauteous Dido, with a num'rous train
And pomp of guards, ascends the sacred
fane.

Such on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' height,
Diana seems; and so she charms the sight,
When in the dance the graceful goddess
leads

The choir of nymphs, and overtops their
heads:

Known by her quiver, and her lofty mien,
She walks majestic, and she looks their
queen;

Latona sees her shine above the rest,
And feeds with secret joy her silent breast.
Such Dido was; with such becoming state,
Amidst the crowd, she walks serenely
great.

Their labor to her future sway she speeds,
And passing with a gracious glance pro-
ceeds;

Then mounts the throne, high plac'd before
the shrine:

In crowds around, the swarming people
join.

She takes petitions, and dispenses laws,
Hears and determines ev'ry private cause;
Their tasks in equal portions she divides,
And, where unequal, there by lots decides.
Another way by chance Æneas bends
His eyes, and unexpected sees his friends,
Antheus, Sergestus grave, Cloanthus strong,
And at their backs a mighty Trojan throng,
Whom late the tempest on the billows
toss'd,

And widely scatter'd on another coast.

The prince, unseen, surpris'd with wonder
stands,

And longs, with joyful haste, to join their
hands;

But, doubtful of the wish'd event, he stays,
And from the hollow cloud his friends sur-
veys,

Impatient till they told their present state,
And where they left their ships, and what
their fate,

And why they came, and what was their
request;

For these were sent, commission'd by the
rest,

To sue for leave to land their sickly men,
And gain admission to the gracious queen.
Ent'ring, with cries they fill'd the holy
fane;

Then thus, with lowly voice, Ilioneus be-
gan:

"O queen! indulg'd by favor of the
gods

To found an empire in these new abodes,
To build a town, with statutes to restrain
The wild inhabitants beneath thy reign,
We wretched Trojans, toss'd on ev'ry shore,
From sea to sea, thy clemency implore.
Forbid the fires our shipping to deface!
Receive th' unhappy fugitives to grace,
And spare the remnant of a pious race!

We come not with design of wasteful prey,
To drive the country, force the swains
away:

Nor such our strength, nor such is our desire;
The vanquish'd dare not to such thoughts
aspire.

A land there is, Hesperia nam'd of old;
The soil is fruitful, and the men are bold —
Th' Ænотrians held it once — by common
fame

Now call'd Italia, from the leader's name.
To that sweet region was our voyage bent,
When winds and ev'ry warring element
Disturb'd our course, and, far from sight of
land,

Cast our torn vessels on the moving sand:
The sea came on; the South, with mighty
roar,

Dispers'd and dash'd the rest upon the
rocky shore.

Those few you see escap'd the storm, and
fear,

Unless you interpose, a shipwreck here.
What men, what monsters, what inhuman
race,

What laws, what barb'rous customs of the
place,

Shut up a desert shore to drowning men,
And drive us to the cruel seas again ?
If our hard fortune no compassion draws,
Nor hospitable rights, nor human laws,
The gods are just, and will revenge our
cause.

Aeneas was our prince: a juster lord,
Or nobler warrior, never drew a sword;
Observant of the right, religious of his
word.

If yet he lives, and draws this vital air, ⁷⁷⁰
Nor we, his friends, of safety shall despair;
Nor you, great queen, these offices repent,
Which he will equal, and perhaps augment.

We want not cities, nor Sicilian coasts,
Where King Acestes Trojan lineage boasts.
Permit our ships a shelter on your shores,
Refitted from your woods with planks and
oars,

That, if our prince be safe, we may renew
Our destin'd course, and Italy pursue.
But if, O best of men, the Fates ordain ⁷⁸⁰
That thou art swallow'd in the Libyan
main,

And if our young Iulus be no more,
Dismiss our navy from your friendly shore,
That we to good Acestes may return,
And with our friends our common losses
mourn."

Thus spoke Ilioneus: the Trojan crew
With cries and clamors his request renew.

The modest queen a while, with downcast
eyes,

Ponder'd the speech; then briefly thus re-
plies:

"Trojans, dismiss your fears; my cruel
fate, ⁷⁹⁰

And doubts attending an unsettled state,
Force me to guard my coast from foreign
foes.

Who has not heard the story of your woes,
The name and fortune of your native place,
The fame and valor of the Phrygian race ?
We Tyrians are not so devoid of sense,
Nor so remote from Phebus' influence.

Whether to Latian shores your course
is bent,

Or, driv'n by tempests from your first
intent,

You seek the good Acestes' government,
Your men shall be receiv'd, your fleet re-

pair'd, ⁸⁰¹
And sail, with ships of convoy for your
guard:

Or, would you stay, and join your
friendly pow'rs
To raise and to defend the Tyrian
tow'rs,
My wealth, my city, and myself are
yours.
And would to Heav'n, the storm, you felt,
would bring
On Carthaginian coasts your wand'ring
king.

My people shall, by my command, explore
The ports and creeks of ev'ry winding
shore,

And towns, and wilds, and shady woods, in
quest ⁸¹⁰

Of so renown'd and so desir'd a guest."
Rais'd in his mind the Trojan hero
stood,

And long'd to break from out his ambient
cloud:

Achates found it, and thus urg'd his way:
"From whence, O goddess-born, this long
delay ?

What more can you desire, your welcome
sure,

Your fleet in safety, and your friends se-
cure ?

One only wants; and him we saw in vain
Oppose the storm, and swallow'd in the
main.

Orontes in his fate our forfeit paid; ⁸²⁰
The rest agrees with what your mother
said."

Scarcely had he spoken, when the cloud
gave way,

The mists flew upward and dissolv'd in day.

The Trojan chief appear'd in open sight,
August in visage, and serenely bright.

His mother goddess, with her hands divine,
Had form'd his curling locks, and made
his temples shine,

And giv'n his rolling eyes a sparkling
grace,

And breath'd a youthful vigor on his face;
Like polish'd iv'ry, beauteous to behold, ⁸³⁰

Or Parian marble, when enchas'd in gold:
Thus radiant from the circling cloud he
broke,

And thus with manly modesty he spoke:
"He whom you seek am I; by tempests
toss'd,

And sav'd from shipwreck on your Libyan
coast;

Presenting, gracious queen, before your
throne,

A prince that owes his life to you alone.
Fair majesty, the refuge and redress
Of those whom fate pursues, and wants
oppress,

You, who your pious offices employ 840
To save the relics of abandon'd Troy;
Receive the shipwreck'd on your friendly
shore,

With hospitable rites relieve the poor;
Associate in your town a wand'ring train,
And strangers in your palace entertain:
What thanks can wretched fugitives return,
Who, scatter'd thro' the world, in exile
mourn?

The gods, if gods to goodness are inclin'd;
If acts of mercy touch their heav'nly mind,
And, more than all the gods, your gen'rous
heart, 850

Conscious of worth, requite its own desert!
In you this age is happy, and this earth,
And parents more than mortal gave you
birth.

While rolling rivers into seas shall run,
And round the space of heav'n the radiant
sun;

While trees the mountain tops with shades
supply,
Your honor, name, and praise shall never
die.

Whate'er abode my fortune has assign'd,
Your image shall be present in my mind."
Thus having said, he turn'd with pious
haste, 860
And joyful his expecting friends em-
brace'd:

With his right hand Ilioneus was grac'd,
Serestus with his left; then to his breast
Cloanthus and the noble Gyas press'd;
And so by turns descended to the rest.

The Tyrian queen stood fix'd upon his
face,

Pleas'd with his motions, ravish'd with his
grace;

Admir'd his fortunes, more admir'd the
man;

Then recollected stood, and thus began:

"What fate, O goddess-born! what angry
pow'rs 870

Have cast you shipwreck'd on our barren
shores?

Are you the great Æneas, known to fame,
Who from celestial seed your lineage
claim?

The same Æneas whom fair Venus bore
To fam'd Anchises on th' Idæan shore?

It calls into my mind, tho' then a child,
When Teucer came, from Salamis exil'd,
And sought my father's aid, to be restor'd:
My father Belus then with fire and sword
Invaded Cyprus, made the region bare, 880
And, conquer'ing, finish'd the successful
war.

From him the Trojan siege I understood,
The Grecian chiefs, and your illustrious
blood.

Your foe himself the Dardan valor prais'd,
And his own ancestry from Trojans rais'd.
Enter, my noble guest, and you shall find,
If not a costly welcome, yet a kind:
For I myself, like you, have been dis-
tress'd,

Till Heav'n afforded me this place of rest;
Like you, an alien in a land unknown, 890
I learn to pity woes so like my own."

She said, and to the palace led her guest;
Then offer'd incense, and proclaim'd a feast.
Nor yet less careful for her absent friends,
Twice ten fat oxen to the ships she sends;
Besides a hundred boars, a hundred lambs,
With bleating cries, attend their milky
dams;

And jars of gen'rous wine and spacious
bowls

She gives, to cheer the sailors' drooping
souls.

Now purple hangings clothe the palace
walls, 900

And sumptuous feasts are made in splendid
halls:

On Tyrian carpets, richly wrought, they
dine;

With loads of massy plate the sideboards
shine,

And antique vases, all of gold emboss'd
(The gold itself inferior to the cost),

Of curious work, where on the sides were
seen

The fights and figures of illustrious men,
From their first founder to the present
queen. 910

The good Æneas, whose paternal care
Ilus' absence could no longer bear,

Dispatch'd Achates to the ships in haste,
To give a glad relation of the past,

And, fraught with precious gifts, to bring
the boy,

Snatch'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy:
A robe of tissue, stiff with golden wire;

An upper vest, once Helen's rich attire,
From Argos by the fam'd adulteress brought,

Shut up a desert shore to drowning men,
And drive us to the cruel seas again?
If our hard fortune no compassion draws,
Nor hospitable rights, nor human laws,
The gods are just, and will revenge our
cause.

Æneas was our prince: a juster lord,
Or nobler warrior, never drew a sword;
Observant of the right, religious of his
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Nor we, his friends, of safety shall despair;
Nor you, great queen, these offices repent,
Which he will equal, and perhaps augment.

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Where King Acæstes Trojan lineage boasts.
Permit our ships a shelter on your shores,
Refitted from your woods with planks and
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That, if our prince be safe, we may renew
Our destin'd course, and Italy pursue.
But if, O best of men, the Fates ordain ⁷⁸⁰
That thou art swallow'd in the Libyan
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And if our young Ælulus be no more,
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Ponder'd the speech; then briefly thus re-
plies:

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Force me to guard my coast from foreign
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Who has not heard the story of your woes,
The name and fortune of your native place,
The fame and valor of the Phrygian race?
We Tyrians are not so devoid of sense,
Nor so remote from Phæbus' influence.
Whether to Latian shores your course
is bent,

Or, driv'n by tempests from your first
intent,

You seek the good Acæstes' government,
Your men shall be receiv'd, your fleet re-
pair'd, ⁸⁰¹

And sail, with ships of convoy for your
guard:

Or, would you stay, and join your
friendly pow'rs
To raise and to defend the Tyrian
tow'rs,
My wealth, my city, and myself are
yours.
And would to Heav'n, the storm, you felt,
would bring
On Carthaginian coasts your wand'ring
king.

My people shall, by my command, explore
The ports and creeks of ev'ry winding
shore,
And towns, and wilds, and shady woods, in
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Of so renew'd and so desir'd a guest."
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And long'd to break from out his ambient
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Your fleet in safety, and your friends se-
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August in visage, and serenely bright.

His mother goddess, with her hands divine,
Had form'd his curling locks, and made
his temples shine,

And giv'n his rolling eyes a sparkling
grace,

And breath'd a youthful vigor on his face;
Like polish'd iv'ry, beauteous to behold, ⁸³⁰
Or Parian marble, when enchas'd in gold:
Thus radiant from the circling cloud he
broke,

And thus with manly modesty he spoke:

"He whom you seek am I; by tempests
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And sav'd from shipwreck on your Libyan
coast;

Presenting, gracious queen, before your
throne,

A prince that owes his life to you alone.
Fair majesty, the refuge and redress
Of those whom fate pursues, and wants
oppress,

You, who your pious offices employ ⁸⁴⁰
To save the relics of abandon'd Troy;
Receive the shipwreck'd on your friendly
shore,

With hospitable rites relieve the poor;
Associate in your town a wand'ring train,
And strangers in your palace entertain:
What thanks can wretched fugitives return,
Who, scatter'd thro' the world, in exile
mourn?

The gods, if gods to goodness are inclin'd;
If acts of mercy touch their heav'nly mind,
And, more than all the gods, your gen'rous
heart, ⁸⁵⁰

Conscious of worth, requite its own desert!
In you this age is happy, and this earth,
And parents more than mortal gave you
birth.

While rolling rivers into seas shall run,
And round the space of heav'n the radiant
sun;

While trees the mountain tops with shades
supply,

Your honor, name, and praise shall never
die.

Whate'er abode my fortune has assign'd,
Your image shall be present in my mind."
Thus having said, he turn'd with pious
haste, ⁸⁶⁰

And joyful his expecting friends em-
brace'd:

With his right hand Ilioneus was grac'd,
Serestus with his left; then to his breast
Cloanthus and the noble Gyas press'd;
And so by turns descended to the rest.

The Tyrian queen stood fix'd upon his
face,

Pleas'd with his motions, ravish'd with his
grace;

Admir'd his fortunes, more admir'd the
man;

Then recollected stood, and thus began:
"What fate, O goddess-born! what angry
pow'rs ⁸⁷⁰

Have cast you shipwreck'd on our barren
shores?

Are you the great Æneas, known to fame,
Who from celestial seed your lineage
claim?

The same Æneas whom fair Venus bore
To fam'd Anchises on th' Idæan shore?

It calls into my mind, tho' then a child,
When Teucer came, from Salamis exil'd,
And sought my father's aid, to be restor'd:
My father Belus then with fire and sword
Invaded Cyprus, made the region bare, ⁸⁸⁰
And, conqu'ring, finish'd the successful
war.

From him the Trojan siege I understood,
The Grecian chiefs, and your illustrious
blood.

Your foe himself the Dardan valor prais'd,
And his own ancestry from Trojans rais'd.
Enter, my noble guest, and you shall find,
If not a costly welcome, yet a kind:
For I myself, like you, have been dis-
tress'd,

Till Heav'n afforded me this place of rest;
Like you, an alien in a land unknown, ⁸⁹⁰
I learn to pity woes so like my own."

She said, and to the palace led her guest;
Then offer'd incense, and proclaim'd a feast.
Nor yet less careful for her absent friends,
Twice ten fat oxen to the ships she sends;
Besides a hundred boars, a hundred lambs,
With bleating cries, attend their milky
dams;

And jars of gen'rous wine and spacious
bowls

She gives, to cheer the sailors' drooping
souls.

Now purple hangings clothe the palace
walls, ⁹⁰⁰

And sumptuous feasts are made in splendid
halls:

On Tyrian carpets, richly wrought, they
dine;

With loads of massy plate the sideboards
shine,

And antique vases, all of gold emboss'd
(The gold itself inferior to the cost),
Of curious work, where on the sides were
seen

The fights and figures of illustrious men,
From their first founder to the present
queen.

The good Æneas, whose paternal care
Iulus' absence could no longer bear, ⁹¹⁰
Dispatch'd Æchates to the ships in haste,
To give a glad relation of the past,
And, fraught with precious gifts, to bring
the boy,

Snatch'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy:
A robe of tissue, stiff with golden wire;
An upper vest, once Helen's rich attire,
From Argos by the fam'd adulteress brought,

With golden flow'rs and winding foliage wrought,
 Her mother Leda's present, when she came
 To ruin Troy and set the world on flame;
 The scepter Priam's eldest daughter bore,
 Her orient necklace, and the crown she wore;

922

Of double texture, glorious to behold,
 One order set with genus, and one with gold.

Instructed thus, the wise Achates goes,
 And in his diligence his duty shows.

But Venus, anxious for her son's affairs,
 New counsels tries, and new designs prepares:

That Cupid should assume the shape and face

Of sweet Ascanius, and the sprightly grace;
 Should bring the presents, in her nephew's stead,

931

And in Eliza's veins the gentle poison shed:
 For much she fear'd the Tyrians, double-tongued,

And knew the town to Juno's care be-long'd.

These thoughts by night her golden slumbers broke,

And thus alarm'd, to winged Love she spoke:

"My son, my strength, whose mighty pow'r alone

Controls the Thund'rer on his awful throne,

To thee thy much-afflicted mother flies,
 And on thy succor and thy faith relies.

940

Thou know'st, my son, how Jove's revengeful wife,

By force and fraud, attempts thy brother's life;

And often hast thou mourn'd with me his pains.

Him Dido now with blandishment detains;

But I suspect the town where Juno reigns.

For this 't is needful to prevent her art,
 And fire with love the proud Phœnician's heart:

A love so violent, so strong, so sure,
 As neither age can change, nor art can cure.

How this may be perform'd, now take my mind:

950

Ascanius by his father is design'd
 To come, with presents laden, from the port,

To gratify the queen, and gain the court.
 I mean to plunge the boy in pleasing sleep,
 And, ravish'd, in Idalian bow'rs to keep,
 Or high Cythera, that the sweet deceit
 May pass unseen, and none prevent the cheat.

Take thou his form and shape. I beg the grace

But only for a night's revolving space:
 Thyself a boy, assume a boy's dissembled

face;

960

That when, amidst the fervor of the feast,
 The Tyrian hugs and fonds thee on her breast,

And with sweet kisses in her arms constrains,

Thou may'st infuse thy venom in her veins."

The God of Love obeys, and sets aside
 His bow and quiver, and his plummy pride;

He walks Iulus in his mother's sight,
 And in the sweet resemblance takes delight.

The goddess then to young Ascanius flies,

And in a pleasing slumber seals his eyes: 970

Lull'd in her lap, amidst a train of Loves,
 She gently bears him to her blissful

groves,

Then with a wreath of myrtle crowns his head,

And softly lays him on a flow'ry bed.

Cupid meantime assum'd his form and face,

Foll'wing Achates with a shorter pace,
 And brought the gifts. The queen already

sate

Amidst the Trojan lords, in shining state,
 High on a golden bed: her princely guest

Was next her side; in order sate the

rest.

980

Then canisters with bread are heap'd

on high;

Th' attendants water for their hands sup-

ply,

And, having wash'd, with silken towels

dry.

Next fifty handmaids in long order bore
 The censers, and with fumes the gods adore:

Then youths, and virgins twice as many,

join

To place the dishes, and to serve the wine.
 The Tyrian train, admitted to the feast,

Approach, and on the painted couches rest.
 All on the Trojan gifts with wonder

gaze,

990

But view the beauteous boy with more
 amaze,
 His rosy-color'd cheeks, his radiant eyes,
 His motions, voice, and shape, and all the
 god's disguise;
 Nor pass unprais'd the vest and veil divine,
 Which wand'ring foliage and rich flow'rs
 entwine.
 But, far above the rest, the royal dame,
 (Already doom'd to love's disastrous flame,)
 With eyes insatiate, and tumultuous joy,
 Beholds the presents, and admires the boy.
 The guileful god about the hero long, ¹⁰⁰⁰
 With children's play, and false embraces,
 hung;
 Then sought the queen: she took him to
 her arms
 With greedy pleasure, and devour'd his
 charms.
 Unhappy Dido little thought what guest,
 How dire a god, she drew so near her
 breast;
 But he, not mindless of his mother's
 pray'r,
 Works in the pliant bosom of the fair,
 And molds her heart anew, and blots
 her former care. }
 The dead is to the living love resign'd;
 And all Æneas enters in her mind. ¹⁰¹⁰
 Now, when the rage of hunger was ap-
 peas'd,
 The meat remov'd, and ev'ry guest was
 pleas'd,
 The golden bowls with sparkling wine are
 crown'd,
 And thro' the palace cheerful cries resound.
 From gilded roofs depending lamps display
 Nocturnal beams, that emulate the day.
 A golden bowl, that shone with gems
 divine, }
 The queen commanded to be crown'd with
 wine: }
 The bowl that Belus us'd, and all the
 Tyrian line. }
 Then, silence thro' the hall proclaim'd, she
 spoke: ¹⁰²⁰
 "O hospitable Jove! we thus invoke,
 With solemn rites, thy sacred name and
 pow'r;
 Bless to both nations this auspicious hour!
 So may the Trojan and the Tyrian line
 In lasting concord from this day combine.
 Thou, Bacchus, god of joys and friendly
 cheer,
 And gracious Juno, both be present here!

And you, my lords of Tyre, your vows
 address
 To Heav'n with mine, to ratify the peace."
 The goblet then she took, with nectar
 crown'd, ¹⁰³⁰
 (Sprinkling the first libations on the ground,)
 And rais'd it to her mouth with sober grace;
 Then, sipping, offer'd to the next in place.
 'Twas Bittas whom she call'd, a thirsty
 soul;
 He took the challenge, and embrac'd the
 bowl,
 With pleasure swill'd the gold, nor ceas'd
 to draw,
 Till he the bottom of the brimmer saw.
 The goblet goes around: Iopas brought
 His golden lyre, and sung what ancient
 Atlas taught: ¹⁰³⁹
 The various labors of the wand'ring moon,
 And whence proceed th' eclipses of the sun;
 Th' original of men and beasts; and
 whence }
 The rains arise, and fires their warmth
 dispense, }
 And fix'd and erring stars dispose their
 influence; }
 What shakes the solid earth; what cause
 delays
 The summer nights and shortens winter
 days.
 With peals of shouts the Tyrians praise the
 song;
 Those peals are echo'd by the Trojan throng.
 Th' unhappy queen with talk prolong'd the
 night,
 And drank large draughts of love with vast
 delight; ¹⁰⁵⁰
 Of Priam much enquir'd, of Hector more;
 Then ask'd what arms the swartly Mem-
 non wore, }
 What troops he landed on the Trojan
 shore; }
 The steeds of Diomed varied the discourse,
 And fierce Achilles, with his matchless
 force;
 At length, as fate and her ill stars requir'd,
 To hear the series of the war desir'd.
 "Relate at large, my godlike guest," she
 said,
 "The Grecian stratagems, the town be-
 tray'd:
 The fatal issue of so long a war, ¹⁰⁶⁰
 Your flight, your wand'rings, and your
 woes, declare;
 For, since on ev'ry sea, on ev'ry coast,

Your men have been distress'd, your navy
toss'd,
Sev'n times the sun has either tropic view'd,
The winter banish'd, and the spring re-
new'd."

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS

THE ARGUMENT

Æneas relates how the city of Troy was taken, after a ten years' siege, by the treachery of Sinon, and the stratagem of a wooden horse. He declares the fix'd resolution he had taken not to survive the ruins of his country, and the various adventures he met with in the defense of it. At last, having been before advis'd by Hector's ghost, and now by the appearance of his mother Venus, he is prevail'd upon to leave the town, and settle his household gods in another country. In order to this, he carries off his father on his shoulders, and leads his little son by the hand, his wife following him behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but misses his wife, whose ghost afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was design'd for him.

ALL were attentive to the godlike man,
When from his lofty couch he thus began:
"Great queen, what you command me to
relate

Renews the sad remembrance of our fate:
An empire from its old foundations rent,
And ev'ry woe the Trojans underwent;
A peopled city made a desert place;
All that I saw, and part of which I was:
Not ev'n the hardest of our foes could
hear,

Nor stern Ulysses tell without a tear. ¹⁰
And now the latter watch of wasting night,
And setting stars, to kindly rest invite;
But, since you take such int'rest in our
woe,

And Troy's disastrous end desire to know,
I will restrain my tears, and briefly tell
What in our last and fatal night befell.

"By destiny compell'd, and in despair,
The Greeks grew weary of the tedious
war,

And by Minerva's aid a fabric rear'd,
Which like a steed of monstrous height
appear'd: ²⁰

The sides were plank'd with pine; they
feign'd it made

For their return, and this the vow they paid.
Thus they pretend, but in the hollow side
Selected numbers of their soldiers hide:

With inward arms the dire machine they
load,

And iron bowels stuff the dark abode.

In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an isle
(While Fortune did on Priam's empire
smile)

Renown'd for wealth; but, since, a faith-
less bay,

Where ships expos'd to wind and weather
lay.

There was their fleet conceal'd. ³⁰
thought, for Greece

Their sails were hoisted, and our fears re-
lease.

The Trojans, coop'd within their walls so
long,

Unbar their gates, and issue in a throng,
Like swarming bees, and with delight sur-
vey

The camp deserted, where the Grecians
lay:

The quarters of the sev'ral chiefs they
show'd;

Here Phoenix, here Achilles, made abode; }
Here join'd the battles; there the navy }
rode.

Part on the pile their wond'ring eyes em-
ploy: ⁴⁰

The pile by Pallas rais'd to ruin Troy.
Thymætus first ('tis doubtful whether
hir'd,

Or so the Trojan destiny requir'd)
Mov'd that the ramparts might be broken
down,

To lodge the monster fabric in the town.
But Capys, and the rest of sounder mind,

The fatal present to the flames design'd,
Or to the wat'ry deep; at least to bore
The hollow sides, and hidden frauds ex-
plore.

The giddy vulgar, as their fancies guide, ⁵⁰
With noise say nothing, and in parts divide.

Laocon, follow'd by a num'rous crowd,
Ran from the fort, and cried, from far,
aloud:

"O wretched countrymen! what fury reigns?
What more than madness has possess'd
your brains?

Think you the Grecians from your coasts
are gone?

And are Ulysses' arts no better known?
This hollow fabric either must inclose,
Within its blind recess, our secret foes;
Or 'tis an engine rais'd above the town, 60
T' o'erlook the walls, and then to batter
down.

Somewhat is sure design'd, by fraud or
force:

Trust not their presents, nor admit the
horse.

Thus having said, against the steed he
threw

His forceful spear, which, hissing as it flew,
Pierc'd thro' the yielding planks of jointed
wood,

And trembling in the hollow belly stood.

The sides, transpierc'd, return a rattling
sound,

And groans of Greeks inclos'd come issuing
thro' the wound.

And, had not Heav'n the fall of Troy de-
sign'd, 70

Or had not men been fated to be blind,
Enough was said and done t' inspire a
better mind. }

Then had our lances pierc'd the treach'rous
wood,

And Ilian tow'rs and Priam's empire stood.

Meantime, with shouts, the Trojan shep-
herds bring

A captive Greek, in bands, before the king;
Taken, to take; who made himself their
prey,

T' impose on their belief, and Troy betray;
Fix'd on his aim, and obstinately bent

To die undaunted, or to circumvent. 80

About the captive, tides of Trojans flow;

All press to see, and some insult the foe.

Now hear how well the Greeks their wiles
disguis'd;

Behold a nation in a man compris'd.

Trembling the miscreant stood, unarm'd
and bound;

He star'd, and roll'd his haggard eyes
around,

Then said: 'Alas! what earth remains, what
sea

Is open to receive unhappy me?

What fate a wretched fugitive attends,
Scorn'd by my foes, abandon'd by my

friends?' 90

He said, and sigh'd, and cast a rueful eye:

Our pity kindles, and our passions die.

We cheer the youth to make his own de-
fense,

And freely tell us what he was, and whence:
What news he could impart, we long to
know,

And what to credit from a captive foe.

"His fear at length dismiss'd, he said:
'What'er

My fate ordains, my words shall be sincere:

I neither can nor dare my birth disclaim;

Greece is my country, Sinon is my name. 100

Tho' plung'd by Fortune's pow'r in misery,

'Tis not in Fortune's pow'r to make me lie.

If any chance has hither brought the name

Of Palamedes, not unknown to fame,

Who suffer'd from the malice of the times,

Accus'd and sentenc'd for pretended crimes,

Because these fatal wars he would prevent;

Whose death the wretched Greeks too late
lament —

Me, then a boy, my father, poor and bare }
Of other means, committed to his care, 110 }

His kinsman and companion in the war.

While Fortune favor'd, while his arms sup-
port

The cause, and rul'd the counsels, of the
court,

I made some figure there; nor was my
name

Obscure, nor I without my share of fame.

But when Ulysses, with fallacious arts,

Had made impression in the people's hearts,

And forg'd a treason in my patron's name

(I speak of things too far divulg'd by fame),

My kinsman fell. Then I, without sup-
port, 120

In private mourn'd his loss, and left the
court.

Mad as I was, I could not bear his fate

With silent grief, but loudly blam'd the
state,

And curs'd the direful author of my woes.

'T was told again; and hence my ruin rose.

I threaten'd, if indulgent Heav'n once
more

Would land me safely on my native shore,
His death with double vengeance to re-
store. }

This mov'd the murderer's hate; and soon
ensued

Th' effects of malice from a man so proud. 130

Ambiguous rumors thro' the camp he
spread,

And sought, by treason, my devoted head;

New crimes invented; left unturn'd no
stone,

To make my guilt appear, and hide his own;

Till Calchas was by force and threat'ning
wrought—
But why—why dwell I on that anxious
thought?

If on my nation just revenge you seek,
And 't is t' appear a foe, t' appear a Greek;
Already you my name and country know;
Assuage your thirst of blood, and strike the
blow:

My death will both the kingly brothers
please,

And set insatiate Ithacus at ease.

This fair unfinish'd tale, these broken
starts,

Rais'd expectations in our longing
hearts;

Unknown as we were in Grecian arts.
His former trembling once again renew'd,
With acted fear, the villain thus pursu'd:

“Long had the Grecians (tir'd with fruit-
less care,

And wearied with an unsuccessful war)
Resolv'd to raise the siege, and leave the
town;

And, had the gods permitted, they had
gone;

But off the wintry seas and southern winds
Withstood their passage home, and chang'd
their minds.

Portents and prodigies their souls amaz'd;
But most, when this stupendous pile was
rais'd:

Then flaming meteors, hung in air, were
seen,

And thunders rattled thro' a sky serene.
Dismay'd, and fearful of some dire event,
Eurypylus t' enquire their fate was sent.
He from the gods this dreadful answer
brought:

“O Grecians, when the Trojan shores
you sought,

Your passage with a virgin's blood was
bought:

So must your safe return be bought again,
And Grecian blood once more atone the
main.”

The spreading rumor round the people ran;
All fear'd, and each believ'd himself the
man.

Ulysses took th' advantage of their fright;
Call'd Calchas, and produc'd in open sight:
Then bade him name the wretch, ordain'd
by fate

The public victim, to redeem the state. 170
Already some presag'd the dire event,

And saw what sacrifice Ulysses meant.
For twice five days the good old seer with-
stood

Th' intended treason, and was dumb to
blood,

Till, tir'd with endless clamors and pursuit
Of Ithacus, he stood no longer mute;

But, as it was agreed, pronounc'd that I
Was destin'd by the wrathful gods to die.

All prais'd the sentence, pleas'd the storm
should fall

On one alone, whose fury threaten'd all. 180
The dismal day was come; the priests
prepare

Their leaven'd cakes, and fillets for my
hair.

I follow'd nature's laws, and must avow
I broke my bonds and fled the fatal blow.

Hid in a weedy lake all night I lay,
Secure of safety when they sail'd away.

But now what further hopes for me re-
main,

To see my friends, or native soil, again;
My tender infants, or my careful sire, 189

Whom they returning will to death require;
Will perpetrate on them their first design,

And take the forfeit of their heads for
mine?

Which, O! if pity mortal minds can move,
If there be faith below, or gods above,

If innocence and truth can claim desert,
Ye Trojans, from an injur'd wretch avert.

“False tears true pity move; the king
commands

To loose his fetters, and unbind his hands:
Then adds these friendly words: ‘Dismiss
thy fears;

Forget the Greeks; be mine as thou wert
theirs. 200

But truly tell, was it for force or guile,
Or some religious end, you rais'd the pile?’

Thus said the king. He, full of fraudulent
arts,

This well-invented tale for truth imparts:
‘Ye lamps of heav'n!’ he said, and lifted
high

His hands now free, ‘thou venerable sky!
Inviolable pow'rs, ador'd with dread!

Ye fatal fillets, that once bound this
head!

Ye sacred altars, from whose flames I
fled!

Be all of you adjur'd; and grant I may, 210
Without a crime, th' ungrateful Greeks
betray,

Reveal the secrets of the guilty state,
And justly punish whom I justly hate!
But you, O king, preserve the faith you

gave,
If I, to save myself, your empire save.
The Grecian hopes, and all th' attempts they

made,
Were only founded on Minerva's aid.
But from the time when impious Diomede,
And false Ulysses, that inventive head,
Her fatal image from the temple drew, ²³⁰
The sleeping guardians of the castle slew,
Her virgin statue with their bloody hands
Polluted, and profan'd her holy bands;
From thence the tide of fortune left their

shore,
And ebb'd much faster than it flow'd be-
fore:

Their courage languish'd, as their hopes
decay'd;

And Pallas, now averse, refus'd her aid.
Nor did the goddess doubtfully declare
Her alter'd mind and alienated care.

When first her fatal image touch'd the
ground, ²³⁰

She sternly cast her glaring eyes around,
That sparkled as they roll'd, and seem'd to
threat:

Her heav'nly limbs distill'd a briny sweat.
Thrice from the ground she leap'd, was
seen to wield

Her brandish'd lance, and shake her horrid
shield.

Then Calchas bade our host for flight pre-
pare,

And hope no conquest from the tedious
war,

Till first they sail'd for Greece; with
pray'rs besought

Her injur'd pow'r, and better omens
brought.

And now their navy plows the wat'ry
main, ²⁴⁰

Yet soon expect it on your shores again,
With Pallas pleas'd; as Calchas did or-
dain.

But first, to reconcile the blue-ey'd maid
For her stol'n statue and her tow'r betray'd,
Warn'd by the seer, to her offended name
We rais'd and dedicate this wondrous frame,
So lofty, lest thro' your forbidden gates
It pass, and intercept our better fates:
For, once admitted there, our hopes are lost;
And Troy may then a new Palladium boast;
For so religion and the gods ordain, ²⁵¹

That, if you violate with hands profane
Minerva's gift, your town in flames shall
burn,

(Which omen, O ye gods, on Grecia turn!)
But if it climb, with your assisting hands,
The Trojan walls, and in the city stands;
Then Troy shall Argos and Mycenæ burn,
And the reverse of fate on us return.

"With such deceits he gain'd their easy
hearts,

Too prone to credit his perfidious arts. ²⁵⁰
What Diomede, nor Thetis' greater son,
A thousand ships, nor ten years' siege,
had done—

False tears and fawning words the city
won.

"A greater omen, and of worse por-
tent,

Did our unwary minds with fear torment,
Concurring to produce the dire event.

Laocoon, Neptune's priest by lot that year,
With solemn pomp then sacrific'd a steer;
When, dreadful to behold, from sea we
spied

Two serpents, rank'd abreast, the seas
divide, ²⁷⁰

And smoothly sweep along the swelling
tide.

Their flaming crests above the waves they
show;

Their bellies seem to burn the seas below;
Their speckled tails advance to steer their
course,

And on the sounding shore the flying billows
force.

And now the strand, and now the plain they
held;

Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were
fill'd;

Their nimble tongues they brandish'd as
they came,

And lick'd their hissing jaws, that sputter'd
flame.

We fled amaz'd; their destin'd way they
take, ²⁸⁰

And to Laocoon and his children make;
And first around the tender boys they
wind,

Then with their sharpen'd fangs their limbs
and bodies grind.

The wretched father, running to their aid
With pious haste, but vain, they next in-
vade;

Twice round his waist their winding vol-
umes roll'd;

And twice about his gasping throat they fold.
 The priest thus doubly chok'd, their crests divide,
 And tow'ring o'er his head in triumph ride.
 With both his hands he labors at the knots; ²⁹⁰
 His holy fillets the blue venom blots;
 His roaring fills the flitting air around.
 Thus, when an ox receives a glancing wound,
 He breaks his bands, the fatal altar flies,
 And with loud bellows breaks the yielding skies.
 Their tasks perform'd, the serpents quit their prey,
 And to the tow'r of Pallas make their way:
 Couch'd at her feet, they lie protected there
 By her large buckler and protended spear.
 Amazement seizes all; the gen'ral cry ³⁰⁰
 Proclaims Laocoon justly doom'd to die,
 Whose hand the will of Pallas had withstood,
 And dar'd to violate the sacred wood.
 All vote t' admit the steed, that vows be paid
 And incense offer'd to th' offended maid.
 A spacious breach is made; the town lies bare;
 Some hoisting-levers, some the wheels prepare
 And fasten to the horse's feet; the rest
 With cables haul along th' unwieldy beast.
 Each on his fellow for assistance calls; ³¹⁰
 At length the fatal fabric mounts the walls,
 Big with destruction. Boys with chaplets crown'd,
 And choirs of virgins, sing and dance around.
 Thus rais'd aloft, and then descending down,
 It enters o'er our heads, and threatens the town.
 O sacred city, built by hands divine!
 O valiant heroes of the Trojan line!
 Four times he struck: as oft the clashing sound
 Of arms was heard, and inward groans rebound.
 Yet, mad with zeal, and blinded with our fate, ³²⁰
 We haul along the horse in solemn state;
 Then place the dire portent within the tow'r.

Cassandra cried, and curs'd th' unhappy hour;
 Foretold our fate; but, by the god's decree,
 All heard, and none believ'd the prophecy.
 With branches we the fanes adorn, and waste,
 In jollity, the day ordain'd to be the last.
 Meantime the rapid heav'ns roll'd down the light,
 And on the shaded ocean rush'd the night;
 Our men, secure, nor guards nor sentries held, ³³⁰
 But easy sleep their weary limbs compell'd.
 The Grecians had embark'd their naval pow'rs
 From Tenedos, and sought our well-known shores,
 Safe under covert of the silent night,
 And guided by th' imperial galley's light;
 When Sinon, favor'd by the partial gods,
 Unlock'd the horse, and op'd his dark abodes;
 Restor'd to vital air our hidden foes,
 Who joyful from their long confinement rose.
 Tysander bold, and Sthenelus their guide,
 And dire Ulysses down the cable slide: ³⁴⁰
 Then Thoas, Athamas, and Pyrrhus haste;
 Nor was the Podalirian hero last,
 Nor injur'd Menelaüs, nor the fam'd
 Epeüs, who the fatal engine fram'd.
 A nameless crowd succeed; their forces join
 T' invade the town, oppress'd with sleep and wine.
 Those few they find awake first meet their fate;
 Then to their fellows they unbar the gate.
 "T was in the dead of night, when sleep repairs ³⁵⁰
 Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with cares,
 When Hector's ghost before my sight appears:
 A bloody shroud he seem'd, and bath'd in tears;
 Such as he was, when, by Pelides slain,
 Thessalian coursers dragg'd him o'er the plain.
 Sworn were his feet, as when the thongs were thrust
 Thro' the bor'd holes; his body black with dust;
 Unlike that Hector who return'd from toils
 Of war, triumphant, in Æacian spoils,

Or him who made the fainting Greeks retire,
And launch'd against their navy Phrygian fire.

His hair and beard stood stiffen'd with his gore;

And all the wounds he for his country bore
Now stream'd afresh, and with new purple ran.

I wept to see the visionary man,
And, while my trance continued, thus began:

'O light of Trojans, and support of Troy,
Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy!

O, long expected by thy friends! from whence

Art thou so late return'd for our defense?
Do we behold thee, wearied as we are
With length of labors, and with toils of war?

After so many fun'rals of thy own
Art thou restor'd to thy declining town?
But say, what wounds are these? What new disgrace

Deforms the manly features of thy face?

"To this the specter no reply did frame,
But answer'd to the cause for which he came,

And, groaning from the bottom of his breast,
This warning in these mournful words express'd:

'O goddess-born! escape, by timely flight,
The flames and horrors of this fatal night.
The foes already have possess'd the wall;
Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.

Enough is paid to Priam's royal name,
More than enough to duty and to fame.

If by a mortal hand my father's throne
Could be defended, 'twas by mine alone.

Now Troy to thee commends her future state,

And gives her gods companions of thy fate:
From their assistance happier walls expect,
Which, wand'ring long, at last thou shalt erect.

He said, and brought me, from their blest abodes,

The venerable statues of the gods,
With ancient Vesta from the sacred choir,
The wreaths and relics of th' immortal fire.

"Now peals of shouts come thund'ring from afar,

Cries, threats, and loud laments, and mingled war:

The noise approaches, tho' our palace stood
Aloof from streets, encompass'd with a wood.

Louder, and yet more loud, I hear th' alarms
Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms.
Fear broke my slumbers; I no longer

stay,
But mount the terrace, thence the town

survey,
And hearken what the frightful sounds

convey.
Thus, when a flood of fire by wind is borne,

Crackling it rolls, and mows the standing corn;

Or deluges, descending on the plains,
Sweep o'er the yellow year, destroy the

pains
Of lab'ring oxen and the peasant's

gains;
Unroot the forest oaks, and bear away

Flocks, folds, and trees, an undistinguish'd prey:

The shepherd climbs the cliff, and sees from far

The wasteful ravage of the wat'ry war.
Then Hector's faith was manifestly

clear'd,
And Grecian frauds in open light appear'd.

The palace of Deiphobus ascends
In smoky flames, and catches on his friends.

Ucalegon burns next: the seas are bright
With splendor not their own, and shine with

Trojan light.
New clamors and new clangors now arise,

The sound of trumpets mix'd with fighting cries.

With frenzy seiz'd, I run to meet th' alarms,
Resolv'd on death, resolv'd to die in arms,

But first to gather friends, with them t' oppose

(If fortune favor'd) and repel the foes;
Spurr'd by my courage, by my country

fir'd,
With sense of honor and revenge inspir'd.

"Pantheus, Apollo's priest, a sacred name,
Had scap'd the Grecian swords, and pass'd

the flame:
With relics loaden, to my doors he fled,

And by the hand his tender grandson led.
'What hope, O Pantheus? whither can we

run?
Where make a stand? and what may yet

be done?"
Scarce had I said, when Pantheus, with a

groan:

'Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town !
The fatal day, th' appointed hour, is come,
When wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom
Transfers the Trojan state to Grecian hands.
The fire consumes the town, the foe com-
mands;

And armed hosts, an unexpected force,
Break from the bowels of the fatal horse.
Within the gates, proud Sinon throws about
The flames; and foes for entrance press
without,

With thousand others, whom I fear to name,
More than from Argos or Mycenæ came.
To sev'ral posts their parties they divide;
Some block the narrow streets, some scour
the wide:

The bold they kill, th' unwary they sur-
prise;

Who fights finds death, and death finds him
who flies.

The warders of the gate but scarce maintain
Th' unequal combat, and resist in vain.

"I heard; and Heav'n, that well-born
souls inspires,

Prompts me thro' lifted swords and rising
fires

To run where clashing arms and clamor
calls,

And rush undaunted to defend the walls.
Ripheus and Iph'itus by my side engage,
For valor one renown'd, and one for age.
Dymas and Hypanis by moonlight knew
My motions and my mien, and to my party
drew;

With young Coræbus, who by love was led
To win renown and fair Cassandra's bed,
And lately brought his troops to Priam's
aid,

Forewarn'd in vain by the prophetic maid.
Whom when I saw resolv'd in arms to fall,
And that one spirit animated all:

'Brave souls !' said I, — 'but brave, alas !
in vain —

Come, finish what our cruel fates ordain.
You see the desp'rate state of our affairs,
And heav'n's protecting pow'rs are deaf to
pray'rs.

The passive gods behold the Greeks defile
Their temples, and abandon to the spoil
Their own abodes: we, feeble few, conspire
To save a sinking town, involv'd in fire.
Then let us fall, but fall amidst our foes:
Despair of life the means of living shows.'
So bold a speech encourag'd their desire
Of death, and added fuel to their fire.

"As hungry wolves, with raging appetite,
Scour thro' the fields, nor fear the stormy
night —

Their whelps at home expect the promis'd
food,

And long to temper their dry chaps in
blood —

So rush'd we forth at once; resolv'd to die,
Resolv'd, in death, the last extremes to try.
We leave the narrow lanes behind, and
dare

Th' unequal combat in the public square:
Night was our friend; our leader was
despair.

What tongue can tell the slaughter of that
night ?

What eyes can weep the sorrows and
afright ?

An ancient and imperial city falls;

The streets are fill'd with frequent funerals;
Houses and holy temples float in blood,
And hostile nations make a common flood.
Not only Trojans fall; but, in their turn,
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors
mourn.

Ours take new courage from despair and
night:

Confus'd the fortune is, confus'd the fight.
All parts resound with tumults, plaints, and
fears;

And grisly Death in sundry shapes appears.
Androgeos fell among us, with his band,
Who thought us Grecians newly come to
land.

'From whence,' said he, 'my friends, this
long delay ?

You loiter, while the spoils are borne away:
Our ships are laden with the Trojan store;
And you, like truants, come too late
ashore.'

He said, but soon corrected his mistake,
Found, by the doubtful answers which we
make:

Amaz'd, he would have shunn'd th' unequal
fight;

But we, more num'rous, intercept his
flight.

As when some peasant, in a bushy brake,
Has with unwary footing press'd a snake;
He starts aside, astonish'd, when he
spies

His rising crest, blue neck, and rolling
eyes;

So from our arms surpris'd Androgeos
flies.

In vain; for him and his we compass'd }
 round,
 Possess'd with fear, unknowing of the }
 ground,
 And of their lives an easy conquest found.
 Thus Fortune on our first endeavor smil'd.
 Corcebus then, with youthful hopes beguil'd,
 Swoln with success, and of a daring mind,
 This new invention fatally design'd. ⁵²¹
 'My friends,' said he, 'since Fortune shows
 the way,
 'T is fit we should th' auspicious guide
 obey.
 For what has she these Grecian arms
 bestow'd,
 But their destruction, and the Trojans'
 good?
 Then change we shields, and their devices
 bear:
 Let fraud supply the want of force in war.
 They find us arms.' This said, himself he }
 dress'd
 In dead Androgeos' spoils, his upper vest,
 His painted buckler, and his plummy }
 crest. ⁵³⁰
 Thus Ripheus, Dymas, all the Trojan train,
 Lay down their own attire, and strip the
 skin.
 Mix'd with the Greeks, we go with ill
 presage,
 Flatter'd with hopes to glut our greedy
 rage;
 Unknown, assaulting whom we blindly
 meet,
 And strew with Grecian carcasses the
 street.
 Thus while their straggling parties we
 defeat,
 Some to the shore and safer ships retreat;
 And some, oppress'd with more ignoble
 fear,
 Remount the hollow horse, and pant in
 secret there. ⁵⁴⁰
 "But, ah! what use of valor can be
 made,
 When heav'n's propitious pow'rs refuse
 their aid!
 Behold the royal prophetess, the fair
 Cassandra, dragg'd by her dishevel'd hair,
 Whom not Minerva's shrine, nor sacred
 ids,
 In safety could protect from sacrilegious
 hands:
 On heav'n she cast her eyes, she sigh'd,
 she cried—

'T was all she could—her tender arms
 were tied.
 So sad a sight Corcebus could not bear;
 But, fir'd with rage, distracted with de-
 spair, ⁵⁵⁰
 Amid the barb'rous ravishers he flew:
 Our leader's rash example we pursue.
 But storms of stones, from the proud tem-
 ple's height,
 Pour down, and on our batter'd helms
 alight:
 We from our friends receiv'd this fatal
 blow,
 Who thought us Grecians, as we seem'd
 in show.
 They aim at the mistaken crests, from
 high;
 And ours beneath the pond'rous ruin lie.
 Then, mov'd with anger and disdain, to
 see
 Their troops dispers'd, the royal virgin
 free, ⁵⁶⁰
 The Grecians rally, and their pow'rs unite,
 With fury charge us, and renew the fight.
 The brother kings with Ajax join their
 force,
 And the whole squadron of Thessalian
 horse.
 "Thus, when the rival winds their quar-
 rel try,
 Contending for the kingdom of the sky,
 South, east, and west, on airy coursers
 borne;
 The whirlwind gathers, and the woods are
 torn:
 Then Nereus strikes the deep; the billows
 rise,
 And, mix'd with ooze and sand, pollute the
 skies. ⁵⁷⁰
 The troops we squander'd first again ap-
 pear
 From sever'al quarters, and enclose the
 rear.
 They first observe, and to the rest betray,
 Our different speech; our borrow'd arms
 survey.
 Oppress'd with odds, we fall; Corcebus
 first,
 At Pallas' altar, by Peneleus pierc'd.
 Then Ripheus follow'd, in th' unequal
 fight;
 Just of his word, observant of the right:
 Heav'n thought not so. Dymas their fate
 attends,
 With Hypanis, mistaken by their friends.

Nor, Pantheus, thee, thy miter, nor the
bands ⁵⁸¹
Of awful Phœbus, sav'd from impious
hands.
Ye Trojan flames, your testimony bear,
What I perform'd, and what I suffer'd there;
No sword avoiding in the fatal strife,
Expos'd to death, and prodigal of life!
Witness, ye heav'ns! I live not by my
fault:
I strove to have deserv'd the death I
sought.
But, when I could not fight, and would
have died,
Borne off to distance by the growing tide,
Old Iphitus and I were hurried thence, ⁵⁹¹
With Pelias wounded, and without de-
fense.
New clamors from th' invested palace ring:
We run to die, or disengage the king.
So hot th' assault, so high the tumult rose,
While ours defend, and while the Greeks
oppose,
As all the Dardan and Argolic race
Had been contracted in that narrow space;
Or as all Ilium else were void of fear,
And tumult, war, and slaughter, only
there. ⁶⁰⁰
Their targets in a tortoise cast, the foes,
Secure advancing, to the turrets rose:
Some mount the scaling ladders; some,
more bold,
Swerve upwards, and by posts and pillars
hold;
Their left hand gripes their bucklers in th'
ascent,
While with the right they seize the battle-
ment.
From their demolish'd tow'rs the Trojans
throw
Huge heaps of stones, that, falling, crush
the foe;
And heavy beams and rafters from the
sides ⁶⁰⁹
(Such arms their last necessity provides)
And gilded roofs, come tumbling from on
high,
The marks of state & ancient royalty.
The guards below, fix'd in the pass, attend
The charge undaunted, and the gate defend.
Renew'd in courage with recover'd breath,
A second time we ran to tempt our death,
To clear the palace from the foe, succeed
The weary living, and revenge the dead.

"A postern door, yet unobserv'd and free,

Join'd by the length of a blind gallery, ⁶²⁰
To the king's closet led: a way well known
To Hector's wife, while Priam held the
throne,
Thro' which she brought Astyanax, unseen,
To cheer his grandsire and his grandsire's
queen.
Thro' this we pass, and mount the tow'r,
from whence
With unavailing arms the Trojans make
defense.
From this the trembling king had oft de-
seried
The Grecian camp, and saw their navy ride.
Beams from its lofty height with swords
we hew,
Then, wrenching with our hands, th' assault
renew; ⁶³⁰
And, where the rafters on the columns meet,
We push them headlong with our arms and
feet.
The lightning flies not swifter than the fall,
Nor thunder louder than the ruin'd wall:
Down goes the top at once; the Greeks be-
neath
Are piecemeal torn, or pounded into death.
Yet more succeed, and more to death are
sent;
We cease not from above, nor they below
relent.
Before the gate stood Pyrrhus, threat'ning
loud,
With glittering arms conspicuous in the
crowd. ⁶⁴⁰
So shines, renew'd in youth, the crested
snake,
Who slept the winter in a thorny brake,
And, casting off his slough when spring
returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns;
Restor'd with pois'nous herbs, his ardent
sides
Reflect the sun; and rais'd on spires he rides;
High o'er the grass, hissing he rolls along,
And brandishes by fits his forked tongue.
Proud Periphas, and fierce Automedon,
His father's charioteer, together run ⁶⁵⁰
To force the gate; the Seyrian infantry
Rush on in crowds, and the barr'd passage
free.
Ent'ring the court, with shouts the skies
they rend;
And flaming firebrands to the roofs ascend.
Himself, among the foremost, deals his
blows,

And with his ax repeated strokes bestows
On the strong doors; then all their shoulders
ply,

Till from the posts the brazen hinges fly.
He hews apace; the double bars at length
Yield to his ax and unresisted strength. 660
A mighty breach is made: the rooms conceal'd

Appear, and all the palace is reveal'd;
The halls of audience, and of public state,
And where the lonely queen in secret sate.
Arm'd soldiers now by trembling maids
are seen,

With not a door, and scarce a space, between.

The house is fill'd with loud laments and
cries,
And shrieks of women rend the vaulted
skies;

The fearful matrons run from place to place,
And kiss the thresholds, and the posts embrace. 670

The fatal work inhuman Pyrrhus plies,
And all his father sparkles in his eyes;
Nor bars, nor fighting guards, his force sustain:

The bars are broken, and the guards are
slain.

In rush the Greeks, and all the apartments
fill;

Those few defendants whom they find, they
kill.

Not with so fierce a rage the foaming flood
Roars, when he finds his rapid course withstood;

Bears down the dams with unresisted sway,
And sweeps the cattle and the cots away. 680
These eyes beheld him when he march'd
between

The brother kings: I saw th' unhappy queen,
The hundred wives, and where old Priam
stood,

To stain his hallow'd altar with his blood.
The fifty nuptial beds (such hopes had he,
So large a promise, of a progeny),
The posts, of plated gold, and hung with
spoils,

Fell the reward of the proud victor's toils.
Where'er the raging fire had left a space,
The Grecians enter and possess the place.

"Perhaps you may of Priam's fate en-
quire. 691

He, when he saw his regal town on fire,
His ruin'd palace, and his entering foes,
On ev'ry side inevitable woes,

In arms, disus'd, invests his limbs, decay'd,
Like them, with age; a late and useless
aid.

His feeble shoulders scarce the weight
sustain;

Loaded, not arm'd, he creeps along with
pain,

Despairing of success, ambitious to be
slain!

Uncover'd but by heav'n, there stood in
view 700

An altar; near the hearth a laurel grew,
Dodder'd with age, whose boughs encompass
round

The household gods, and shade the holy
ground.

Here Hecuba, with all her helpless train
Of dames, for shelter sought, but sought in
vain.

Driv'n like a flock of doves along the sky,
Their images they hug, and to their altars
fly.

The queen, when she beheld her trembling
lord,

And hanging by his side a heavy sword,
'What rage,' she cried, 'has seiz'd my hus-
band's mind? 710

What arms are these, and to what use de-
sign'd?

These times want other aids! Were Hec-
tor here,

Ev'n Hector now in vain, like Priam, would
appear.

With us, one common shelter thou shalt
find,

Or in one common fate with us be join'd.
She said, and with a last salute embrac'd.

The poor old man, and by the laurel plac'd.
Behold! Polites, one of Priam's sons,

Pursued by Pyrrhus, there for safety runs.
Thro' swords and foes, amaz'd and hurt, he
flies 720

Thro' empty courts and open galleries.
Him Pyrrhus, urging with his lance, pursues,

And often reaches, and his thrusts renews.
The youth, transfix'd, with lamentable
cries,

Expires before his wretched parent's eyes:
Whom gasping at his feet when Priam saw,

The fear of death gave place to nature's
law;

And, shaking more with anger than with
age,

'The gods,' said he, 'requite thy brutal
rage!

As sure they will, barbarian, sure they
must,
If there be gods in heav'n, and gods be⁷³⁰
just —
Who tak'st in wrongs an insolent delight;
With a son's death t' infect a father's
sight.
Not he, whom thou and lying fame con-
spire
To call thee his — not he, thy vaunted sire,
Thus us'd my wretched age: the gods he
fear'd,
The laws of nature and of nations heard.
He cheer'd my sorrows, and, for sums of
gold,
The bloodless carcass of my Hector sold;
Pitied the woes a parent underwent,⁷⁴⁰
And sent me back in safety from his tent.
"This said, his feeble hand a javelin
threw,
Which, fluttering, seem'd to loiter as it
flew:
Just, and but barely, to the mark it held,
And faintly tinkled on the brazen shield.
"Then Pyrrhus thus: 'Go thou from me
to fate,
And to my father my foul deeds relate.
Now die!' With that he dragg'd the
trembling sire,
Slidd'ring thro' clott'rd blood and holy
mire,
(The mingled paste his murder'd son had
made,)⁷⁵⁰
Haul'd from beneath the violated shade,
And on the sacred pile the royal victim
laid.
His right hand held his bloody fauchion
bare,
His left he twisted in his hoary hair;
Then, with a speeding thrust, his heart he
found:
The lukewarm blood came rushing thro'
the wound,
And sanguine streams distain'd the sacred
ground.
Thus Priam fell, and shar'd one common
fate
With Troy in ashes, and his ruin'd state:
He, who the scepter of all Asia sway'd,⁷⁶⁰
Whom monarchs like domestic slaves
obey'd.
On the bleak shore now lies th' abandon'd
king,
A headless carcass, and a nameless thing.*

* This whole line is taken from Sir John Denham.

"Then, not before, I felt my cruddled
blood
Congeal with fear, my hair with horror
stood:
My father's image fill'd my pious mind,
Lest equal years might equal fortune find.
Again I thought on my forsaken wife,
And trembled for my son's abandon'd life.
I look'd about, but found myself alone,⁷⁷⁰
Deserted at my need! My friends were
gone.
Some spent with toil, some with despair
oppress'd,
Leap'd headlong from the heights; the
flames consum'd the rest.
Thus, wand'ring in my way, without a
guide,
The graceless Helen in the porch I spied
Of Vesta's temple; there she lurk'd alone;
Muffled she sate, and, what she could,
unknown:
But, by the flames that cast their blaze
around,
That common bane of Greece and Troy I
found.
For Ilium burnt, she dreads the Trojan
sword;
More dreads the vengeance of her injur'd⁷⁸⁰
lord;
Ev'n by those gods who refug'd her
abhor'd.
Trembling with rage, the strumpet I regard,
Resolv'd to give her guilt the due reward:
'Shall she triumphant sail before the wind,
And leave in flames unhappy Troy behind?
Shall she her kingdom and her friends
review,
In state attended with a captive crew,
While unreveng'd the good old Priam
falls,
And Grecian fires consume the Trojan
walls?⁷⁹⁰
For this the Phrygian fields and Xanthian
flood
Were swell'd with bodies, and were drunk
with blood?
'T is true, a soldier can small honor gain,
And boast no conquest, from a woman
slain:
Yet shall the fact not pass without applause,
Of vengeance taken in so just a cause;
The punish'd crime shall set my soul at
ease,
And murmur'ing manes of my friends
appease.'

Thus while I rave, a gleam of pleasing
light
Spread o'er the place; and, shining
heav'nly bright,
My mother stood reveal'd before my
sight.

Never so radiant did her eyes appear;
Not her own star confess'd a light so clear:
Great in her charms, as when on gods
above

She looks, and breathes herself into their
love.

She held my hand, the destin'd blow to
break;

Then from her rosy lips began to speak:
'My son, from whence this madness, this
neglect

Of my commands, and those whom I pro-
tect?

Why this unmanly rage? Recall to mind
Whom you forsake, what pledges leave
behind.

Look if your helpless father yet survive,
Or if Ascanius or Creüsa live.

Around your house the greedy Grecians
err;

And these had perish'd in the nightly
war,

But for my presence and protecting care.
Not Helen's face, nor Paris, was in fault;
But by the gods was this destruction
brought.

Now cast your eyes around, while I dissolve
The mists and films that mortal eyes in-
volve,

Purge from your sight the dross, and make
you see

The shape of each avenging deity.
Enlighten'd thus, my just commands fulfil,
Nor fear obedience to your mother's will.
Where yon disorder'd heap of ruin lies,
Stones rent from stones; where clouds of
dust arise —

Amid that smother Neptune holds his
place,

Below the wall's foundation drives his
mace,

And heaves the building from the solid
base.

Look where, in arms, imperial Juno
stands

Full in the Scæan gate, with loud com-
mands,

Urging on shore the tardy Grecian
bands.

See! Pallas, of her snaky buckler proud,
Bestrides the tow'r, refulgent thro' the
cloud:

See! Jove new courage to the foe supplies,
And arms against the town the partial
deities.

Haste hence, my son; this fruitless labor
end:

Haste, where your trembling spouse and
sire attend:

Haste; and a mother's care your passage
shall befriend.

She said, and swiftly vanish'd from my
sight,

Obscure in clouds and gloomy shades of
night.

I look'd, I listen'd; dreadful sounds I
hear;

And the dire forms of hostile gods appear.
Troy sunk in flames I saw (nor could
prevent),

And Ilium from its old foundations rent;
Rent like a mountain ash, which dar'd the
winds,

And stood the sturdy strokes of lab'ring
hinds.

About the roots the cruel ax resounds;
The stumps are pierc'd with oft-repeated
wounds:

The war is felt on high; the nodding
crown

Now threatens a fall, and throws the leafy
honors down.

To their united force it yields, tho' late,
And mourns with mortal groans th' ap-
proaching fate:

The roots no more their upper load sus-
tain;

But down she falls, and spreads a ruin thro'
the plain.

"Descending thence, I scape thro' foes
and fire:

Before the goddess, foes and flames retire.
Arriv'd at home, he, for whose only sake,
Or most for his, such toils I undertake,

The good Anchises, whom, by timely flight,
I purpos'd to secure on Ida's height,

Refus'd the journey, resolute to die
And add his fun'rals to the fate of Troy,

Rather than exile and old age sustain.
'Go you, whose blood runs warm in ev'ry
vein.

Had Heav'n decreed that I should life en-
joy,

Heav'n had decreed to save unhappy Troy.

'T is, sure, enough, if not too much, for
one,

Twice to have seen our Ilium overthrown.
Make haste to save the poor remaining
crew,

And give this useless corpse a long adieu.
These weak old hands suffice to stop my
breath;

At least the pitying foes will aid my
death,

To take my spoils, and leave my body
bare:

As for my sepulcher, let Heav'n take care.

'T is long since I, for my celestial wife
Loath'd by the gods, have dragg'd a
ling'ring life;

Since ev'ry hour and moment I expire,
Blasted from heav'n by Jove's avenging
fire.

This oft repeated, he stood fix'd to
die:

Myself, my wife, my son, my family,
Intreat, pray, beg, and raise a doleful
cry —

'What, will he still persist, on death re-
solve,

And in his ruin all his house involve !'

He still persists his reasons to maintain;

Our pray'rs, our tears, our loud laments,
are vain.

"Urg'd by despair, again I go to try
The fate of arms, resolv'd in fight to die:
'What hope remains, but what my death
must give ?

Can I, without so dear a father, live ?

You term it prudence, what I baseness call:
Could such a word from such a parent
fall ?

If Fortune please, and so the gods or-
dain,

That nothing should of ruin'd Troy re-
main,

And you conspire with Fortune to be
slain,

The way to death is wide, th' approaches
near:

For soon relentless Pyrrhus will appear,
Reeking with Priam's blood — the wretch
who slew

The son (inhuman) in the father's view,
And then the sire himself to the dire
altar drew.

O goddess mother, give me back to Fate;
Your gift was undesir'd, and came too
late !

Did you, for this, unhappy me convey
Thro' foes and fires, to see my house a
prey ?

Shall I my father, wife, and son behold,
Welt'ring in blood, each other's arms in-
fold ?

Haste ! gird my sword, tho' spent and
overcome:

'T is the last summons to receive our doom.
I hear thee, Fate; and I obey thy call !

Not unreveng'd the foe shall see my fall.

Restore me to the yet unfinish'd fight:

My death is wanting to conclude the night.

Arm'd once again, my glitt'ring sword I
wield,

While th' other hand sustains my weighty
shield,

And forth I rush to seek th' abandon'd
field.

I went; but sad Creüsa stopp'd my way,
And cross the threshold in my passage lay,

Embrace'd my knees, and, when I would
have gone,

Shew'd me my feeble sire and tender son:
'If death be your design, at least,' said

she,

'Take us along to share your destiny.
If any farther hopes in arms remain,

This place, these pledges of your love,
maintain.

To whom do you expose your father's life,
Your son's, and mine, your now forgotten
wife !'

While thus she fills the house with clam'rous
cries,

Our hearing is diverted by our eyes:
For, while I held my son, in the short
space

Betwixt our kisses and our last embrace;
Strange to relate, from young Ilius'

head

A lambent flame arose, which gently
spread

Around his brows, and on his temples
fed.

Amaz'd, with running water we prepare
To quench the sacred fire, and slake his
hair;

But old Anchises, vers'd in omens, rear'd
His hands to heav'n, and this request pre-
ferr'd:

'If any vows, almighty Jove, can bend
Thy will; if piety can pray'rs commend,

Confirm the glad presage which thou art
pleas'd to send.'

Scarce had he said, when, on our left, we
hear 940

A peal of rattling thunder roll in air:
There shot a streaming lamp along the
sky,

Which on the winged lightning seem'd to
fly;

From o'er the roof the blaze began to
move,

And, trailing, vanish'd in th' Idæan grove.
It swept a path in heav'n, and shone a
guide,

Then in a steaming stench of sulphur died.
"The good old man with suppliant
hands implor'd

The gods' protection, and their star ador'd.
'Now, now,' said he, 'my son, no more de-
lay! 950

I yield, I follow where Heav'n shews the
way.

Keep, O my country gods, our dwelling
place,

And guard this relic of the Trojan race,
This tender child! These omens are your
own,

And you can yet restore the ruin'd town.
At least accomplish what your signs fore-
show:

I stand resign'd, and am prepar'd to go.'
"He said. The crackling flames appear
on high,

And driving sparkles dance along the sky.
With Vulcan's rage the rising winds con-
spire, 960

And near our palace roll the flood of fire.
'Haste, my dear father, ('t is no time to
wait,)

And load my shoulders with a willing
freight.

Whate'er befalls, your life shall be my
care;

One death, or one deliv'rance, we will
share.

My hand shall lead our little son; and
you,

My faithful consort, shall our steps pur-
sue.

Next, you, my servants, heed my strict
commands:

Without the walls a ruin'd temple stands,
To Ceres hallow'd once; a cypress nigh 970
Shoots up her venerable head on high,
By long religion kept; there bend your
feet,

And in divided parties let us meet.

Our country gods, the relics, and the
bands,

Hold you, my father, in your guiltless
hands:

In me 't is impious holy things to bear,
Red as I am with slaughter, new from
war,

Till in some living stream I cleanse the
guilt

Of dire debate, and blood in battle spilt.'
Thus, ord'ring all that prudence could pro-
vide, 980

I clothe my shoulders with a lion's hide
And yellow spoils; then, on my bending
back,

The welcome load of my dear father take;
While on my better hand Ascanius hung,
And with unequal paces tripp'd along.

Crēusa kept behind; by choice we stray
Thro' ev'ry dark and ev'ry devious way.

I, who so bold and dauntless, just before,
The Grecian darts and shock of lances
bore, 989

At ev'ry shadow now am seiz'd with fear,
Not for myself, but for the charge I bear;
Till, near the ruin'd gate arriv'd at last,
Secure, and deeming all the danger past,
A frightful noise of trampling feet we
hear.

My father, looking thro' the shades, with
fear,

Cried out: 'Haste, haste, my son, the foes
are nigh;

Their swords and shining armor I desery.'
Some hostile god, for some unknown of-
fense,

Had sure bereft my mind of better sense;
For, while thro' winding ways I took my
flight, 1000

And sought the shelter of the gloomy
night,

Alas! I lost Crēusa: hard to tell
If by her fatal destiny she fell,

Or weary sate, or wander'd with affright;
But she was lost for ever to my sight.

I knew not, or reflected, till I meet
My friends, at Ceres' now deserted seat.

We met: not one was wanting; only she
Deceiv'd her friends, her son, and wretched
me.

"What mad expressions did my tongue
refuse! 1010

Whom did I not, of gods or men, accuse!
This was the fatal blow, that pain'd me
more

Than all I felt from ruin'd Troy before.
Stung with my loss, and raving with despair,

Abandoning my now forgotten care,
Of counsel, comfort, and of hope bereft,
My sire, my son, my country gods I left.
In shining armor once again I sheathe
My limbs, not feeling wounds, nor fearing death.

Then headlong to the burning walls I run,
And seek the danger I was fore'd to shun.
I tread my former tracks; thro' night explore

Each passage, ev'ry street I cross'd before.
All things were full of horror and affright,
And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night.
Then to my father's house I make repair,
With some small glimpse of hope to find her there.

Instead of her, the cruel Greeks I met;
The house was fill'd with foes, with flames beset.

Driv'n on the wings of winds, whole sheets of fire,

Thro' air transported, to the roofs aspire.
From thence to Priam's palace I resort,
And search the citadel and desert court.
Then, unobserv'd, I pass by Juno's church:
A guard of Grecians had possess'd the porch;
There Phoenix and Ulysses watch the prey,
And thither all the wealth of Troy convey:
The spoils which they from ransack'd houses brought,

And golden bowls from burning altars caught,

The tables of the gods, the purple vests, the people's treasure, and the pomp of priests.

A rank of wretched youths, with pinion'd hands,

And captive matrons, in long order stands.
Then, with ungovern'd madness, I proclaim,
Thro' all the silent street, Creïsa's name:
Creïsa still I call; at length she hears,
And sudden thro' the shades of night appears —

Appears, no more Creïsa, nor my wife,
But a pale specter, larger than the life.
Aghast, astonish'd, and struck dumb with fear,

I stood; like bristles rose my stiffen'd hair.
Then thus the ghost began to soothe my grief:

'Nor tears, nor cries, can give the dead relief.

Desist, my much-lov'd lord, t' indulge your pain;

You bear no more than what the gods ordain.

My fates permit me not from hence to fly;
Nor he, the great controller of the sky.

Long wand'ring ways for you the pow'rs decree;

On land hard labors, and a length of sea.
Then, after many painful years are past,

On Latium's happy shore you shall be east,
Where gentle Tiber from his bed beholds

The flow'ry meadows, and the feeding folds.
There end your toils; and there your fates provide

A quiet kingdom, and a royal bride:
There fortune shall the Trojan line restore,

And you for lost Creïsa weep no more.
Fear not that I shall watch, with servile shame,

Th' imperious looks of some proud Grecian dame;

Or, stooping to the victor's lust, disgrace
My goddess mother, or my royal race.

And now, farewell! The parent of the gods
Restraints my fleeting soul in her abodes:

I trust our common issue to your care.
She said, and gliding pass'd unseen in air.

I strove to speak: but horror tied my tongue;

And thrice about her neck my arms I flung,

And, thrice deceiv'd, on vain embraces hung.

Light as an empty dream at break of day,
Or as a blast of wind, she rush'd away.

"Thus having pass'd the night in fruitless pain,

I to my longing friends return again,
Amaz'd th' augmented number to behold,

Of men and matrons mix'd, of young and old;

A wretched exil'd crew together brought,
With arms appointed, and with treasure fraught,

Resolv'd, and willing, under my command,
To run all hazards both of sea and land.

The Morn began, from Ida, to display
Her rosy cheeks; and Phosphor led the day:

Before the gates the Grecians took their post,

And all pretense of late relief was lost.
I yield to Fate, unwillingly retire,

And, loaded, up the hill convey my sire."

THE THIRD BOOK OF THE
ÆNEIS

THE ARGUMENT

Æneas proceeds in his relation: he gives an account of the fleet with which he sail'd, and the success of his first voyage to Thrace. From thence he directs his course to Delos, and asks the oracle what place the gods had appointed for his habitation. By a mistake of the oracle's answer, he settles in Crete; his household gods give him the true sense of the oracle, in a dream. He follows their advice, and makes the best of his way for Italy. He is cast on several shores, and meets with very surprising adventures, till at length he lands on Sicily, where his father Anchises dies. This is the place which he was sailing from, when the tempest rose, and threw him upon the Carthaginian coast.

"WHEN Heav'n had overturn'd the Trojan
state

And Priam's throne, by too severe a fate;
When ruin'd Troy became the Grecians'
prey,

And Ilium's lofty tow'rs in ashes lay;
Warn'd by celestial omens, we retreat,
To seek in foreign lands a happier seat.
Near old Antandros, and at Ida's foot,
The timber of the sacred groves we cut,
And build our fleet; uncertain yet to find
What place the gods for our repose as-
sign'd.

Friends daily flock; and scarce the kindly
spring

Began to clothe the ground, and birds to
sing,

When old Anchises summon'd all to sea:
The crew my father and the Fates obey.
With sighs and tears I leave my native
shore,

And empty fields, where Ilium stood
before.

My sire, my son, our less and greater gods,
All sail at once, and cleave the briny
floods.

"Against our coast appears a spacious
land,

Which once the fierce Lyeurgus did
command,

(Thracia the name—the people bold in
war;

Vast are their fields, and tillage is their
care,)

A hospitable realm while Fate was kind,
With Troy in friendship and religion
join'd.

I land; with luckless omens then adore
Their gods, and draw a line along the
shore;

I lay the deep foundations of a wall,
And Ænos, nam'd from me, the city call.
To Diomean Venus vows are paid,
And all the pow'rs that rising labors
aid;

A bull on Jove's imperial altar laid.
Not far, a rising hillock stood in view;
Sharp myrtles on the sides, and cornels
grew.

There, while I went to crop the sylvan
scenes,

And shade our altar with their leafy
greens,

I pull'd a plant — with horror I relate
A prodigy so strange and full of fate.

The rooted fibers rose, and from the wound
Black bloody drops distill'd upon the
ground.

Mute and amaz'd, my hair with terror
stood;

Fear shrunk my sinews, and congeal'd my
blood.

Mann'd once again, another plant I try:
That other gush'd with the same sanguine
dye.

Then, fearing guilt for some offense un-
known,

With pray'rs and vows the Dryads I atone,
With all the sisters of the woods, and most
The God of Arms, who rules the Thracian
coast,

That they, or he, these omens would avert,
Release our fears, and better signs impart.
Clear'd, as I thought, and fully fix'd at
length

To learn the cause, I tagg'd with all my
strength:

I bent my knees against the ground; once
more

The violated myrtle ran with gore.
Scarce dare I tell the sequel: from the
womb

Of wounded earth, and caverns of the
tomb,

A groan, as of a troubled ghost, renew'd
My fright, and then these dreadful words
ensued:

'Why dost thou thus my buried body
rend?

O spare the corpse of thy unhappy friend !
Spare to pollute thy pious hands with blood:

The tears distil not from the wounded wood;

But ev'ry drop this living tree contains
Is kindred blood, and ran in Trojan veins.
O fly from this inhospitable shore,
Warn'd by my fate; for I am Polydore !
Here loads of lances, in my blood embued,
Again shoot upward, by my blood renew'd.

"My falt'ring tongue and shiv'ring limbs
declare

My horror, and in bristles rose my hair.
When Troy with Grecian arms was
closely pent,

Old Priam, fearful of the war's event,
This hapless Polydore to Thracia sent:
Loaded with gold, he sent his darling,
far

From noise and tumults, and destructive
war,

Committed to the faithless tyrant's care;
Who, when he saw the pow'r of Troy de-
cline,

Forsook the weaker, with the strong to
join;

Broke ev'ry bond of nature and of truth,
And murder'd, for his wealth, the royal
youth.

O sacred hunger of pernicious gold !
What bands of faith can impious lucre
hold ?

Now, when my soul had shaken off her
fears,

I call my father and the Trojan peers;
Relate the prodigies of Heav'n, require
What he commands, and their advice de-
sire.

All vote to leave that execrable shore,
Polluted with the blood of Polydore;
But, ere we sail, his fun'ral rites prepare,
Then, to his ghost, a tomb and altars rear.
In mournful pomp the matrons walk the
round,

With baleful cypress and blue fillets
crown'd,

With eyes dejected, and with hair un-
bound.

Then bowls of tepid milk and blood we
pour,

And thrice invoke the soul of Polydore.

"Now, when the raging storms no longer
reign,

But southern gales invite us to the main,

We launch our vessels, with a prosp'rous
wind,

And leave the cities and the shores behind.

"An island in th' Ægean main appears;
Neptune and wat'ry Doris claim it theirs.
It floated once, till Phœbus fix'd the
sides

To rooted earth, and now it braves the
tides.

Here, borne by friendly winds, we come
ashore,

With needful ease our weary limbs re-
store,

And the Sun's temple and his town
adore.

"Anius, the priest and king, with laurel
crown'd,

His hoary locks with purple fillets bound,
Who saw my sire the Delian shore ascend,
Came forth with eager haste to meet his
friend;

Invites him to his palace; and, in sign
Of ancient love, their plighted hands they
join.

Then to the temple of the god I went,
And thus, before the shrine, my vows pre-
sent:

"Give, O Thymbræus, give a restingee.
To the sad relics of the Trojan race in air.

A sea-gale to s' region of their own'd my
A las' tongue; and a happier
Where secure, whom? where shady arms I

Whom 'all we fix
te ?

Let not 'ty dream at break of day,
find we follow, she rush'd away.

But in clear
Scarcè had ray's a doubt again,

The laurels, anes unveil thix'd, of young and
And from the tale shoo!
sound.

Prostrate we fell y together brought,
god, h'kl, and with treasure

Who gave this ans
Undaunted youth, s'g, under my command,

earth s'g, both of sea and land.
From which your, from Ida, to display
birth.

The soil that sent
race s; and Phosphor led the

In her old bosom s
Thro' the wide v of late relief was lost.

shall reign, unwillingly retire,
the hill convey my sire."

And children's children shall the crown
sustain.'

Thus Phœbus did our future fates disclose:
A mighty tumult, mix'd with joy, arose.

"All are concern'd to know what place
the god

Assign'd, and where determin'd our abode.
My father, long revolving in his mind
The race and lineage of the Trojan kind,
Thus answer'd their demands: 'Ye princes,
hear

Your pleasing fortune, and dispel your fear.
The fruitful isle of Crete, well known to
fame,

Sacred of old to Jove's imperial name,
In the mid ocean lies, with large command,
And on its plains a hundred cities stand.
Another Ida rises there, and we
From thence derive our Trojan ancestry.
From thence, as 't is divulg'd by certain
fame,

To the Rhœtean shores old Teneus came;
There fix'd, and there the seat of empire
chose,

Ere Ilium and the Trojan tow'rs arose. ¹⁵⁰
In humble vales they built their soft
abodes,

Till Cybele, the mother of the gods,
With tinkling cymbals charm'd th' Idæan
woods.

She secret rites and ceremonies taught,
And to the yoke the salvage lions brought.
Let us the land which Heav'n appoints, ex-
plore;

Appease the winds, and seek the Gnossian
shore.

If Jove assists the passage of our fleet,
The third propitious dawn discovers Crete.'
Thus having said, the sacrifices, laid ¹⁶⁰
On smoking altars, to the gods he paid:
A bull, to Neptune an oblation due,
Another bull to bright Apollo slew;
A milk-white ewe, the western winds to
please,

And one coal-black, to calm the stormy seas.
Ere this, a flying rumor had been spread
That fierce Idomeneus from Crete was fled,
Expell'd and exil'd; that the coast was free
From foreign or domestic enemy.

"We leave the Delian ports, and put to
sea;

(By Naxos, fam'd for vintage, make our
way;

Then green Donysa pass; and sail in sight
Of Paros' isle, with marble quarries white.

We pass the scatter'd isles of Cyclades,
That, scarce distinguish'd, seem to stud the
seas.

The shouts of sailors double near the shores;
They stretch their canvas, and they ply
their oars.

'All hands aloft! for Crete! for Crete!'
they cry,

And swiftly thro' the foamy billows fly.
Full on the promis'd land at length we bore,
With joy descending on the Cretan shore. ¹⁸⁰
With eager haste a rising town I frame,
Which from the Trojan Pergamus I name:
The name itself was grateful; I exhort
To found their houses, and erect a fort.
Our ships are haul'd upon the yellow
strand;

The youth begin to till the labor'd land;
And I myself new marriages promote,
Give laws, and dwellings I divide by lot;
When rising vapors choke the wholesome
air,

And blasts of noisome winds corrupt the
year;

The trees devouring caterpillars burn;
Parch'd was the grass, and blighted was the
corn:

Nor scape the beasts; for Sirius, from on
high,
With pestilential heat infects the sky:
My men — some fall, the rest in fevers
fry.

Again my father bids me seek the shore
Of sacred Delos, and the god implore,
To learn what end of woes we might ex-
pect,

And to what clime our weary course direct.
"T was night, when ev'ry creature, void
of cares,

The common gift of balmy slumber shares:
The statues of my gods (for such they
seem'd),

Those gods whom I from flaming Troy re-
deem'd,

Before me stood, majestically bright,
Full in the beams of Phebe's entr'ing light.
Then thus they spoke, and eas'd my
troubled mind:

'What from the Delian god thou go'st to
find,

He tells thee here, and sends us to relate.
Those pow'rs are we, companions of thy
fate,

Who from the burning town by thee were
brought,

Thy fortune follow'd, and thy safety wrought.

Thro' seas and lands as we thy steps attend,
So shall our care thy glorious race befriend.
An ample realm for thee thy fates ordain,
A town that o'er the conquer'd world shall reign.

Thou, mighty walls for mighty nations build;

Nor let thy weary mind to labors yield:
But change thy seat; for not the Delian god,

Nor we, have giv'n thee Crete for our abode. ²²⁰

A land there is, Hesperia call'd of old,
(The soil is fruitful, and the natives bold —
Th' Enotrians held it once,) by later fame
Now call'd Italia, from the leader's name.
Iasius there and Dardanus were born;
From thence we came, and thither must return.

Rise, and thy sire with these glad tidings greet.

Search Italy; for Jove denies thee Crete.

"Astonish'd at their voices and their sight,

(Nor were they dreams, but visions of the night; ²³⁰

I saw, I knew their faces, and desier'd,
In perfect view, their hair with fillets tied;) I started from my couch; a clammy sweat
On all my limbs and shiv'ring body sate.

To heav'n I lift my hands with pious haste,
And sacred incense in the flames I cast.

Thus to the gods their perfect honors done,
More cheerful, to my good old sire I run,
And tell the pleasing news. In little space
He found his error of the double race; ²⁴⁰
Not, as before he deem'd, deriv'd from Crete;

No more deluded by the doubtful seat:
Then said: 'O son, turmoil'd in Trojan fate!

Such things as these Cassandra did relate.
This day revives within my mind what she
Foretold of Troy renew'd in Italy,
And Latian lands; but who could then
have thought

That Phrygian gods to Latium should be brought,

Or who believ'd what mad Cassandra taught?

Now let us go where Phœbus leads the way. ²⁵⁰

"He said; and we with glad consent obey,

Forsake the seat, and, leaving few behind,
We spread our sails before the willing wind.
Now from the sight of land our galleys move,

With only seas around and skies above;
When o'er our heads descends a burst of rain,

And night with sable clouds involves the main;

The ruffling winds the foamy billows raise;
The scatter'd fleet is forc'd to sev'ral ways;
The face of heav'n is ravish'd from our eyes, ²⁶⁰

And in redoubled peals the roaring thunder flies.

Cast from our course, we wander in the dark;

No stars to guide, no point of land to mark.
Ev'n Palinurus no distinction found

Betwix the night and day; such darkness reign'd around.

Three starless nights the doubtful navy strays,

Without distinction, and three sunless days;
The fourth renews the light, and, from our shrouds,

We view a rising land, like distant clouds;
The mountain-tops confirm the pleasing sight, ²⁷⁰

And curling smoke ascending from their height.

The canvas falls; their oars the sailors ply;
From the rude strokes the whirling waters fly.

At length I land upon the Strophades,
Safe from the danger of the stormy seas.

Those isles are compass'd by th' Ionian main,

The dire abode where the fowl Harpies reign,
Forc'd by the winged warriors to repair

To their old homes, and leave their costly fare.

Monsters more fierce offended Heav'n ne'er sent

From hell's abyss, for human punishment: ²⁸⁰

With virgin faces, but with wombs ob-

scene,

Foul paunches, and with ordure still unclean;

With claws for hands, and looks for ever lean.

"We landed at the port, and soon beheld
Fat herds of oxen graze the flow'ry field,

And wanton goats without a keeper stray'd.
With weapons we the welcome prey invade,

Then call the gods for partners of our
feast,
And Jove himself, the chief invited guest.
We spread the tables on the greensward
ground; ²⁹¹
We feed with hunger, and the bowls go
round;
When from the mountain-tops, with hideous
cry,
And clatt'ring wings, the hungry Harpies
fly:
They snatch the meat, defiling all they find,
And, parting, leave a loathsome stench
behind.
Close by a hollow rock, again we sit,
New dress the dinner, and the beds refit,
Secure from sight, beneath a pleasing shade,
Where tufted trees a native arbor made.
Again the holy fires on altars burn; ³⁰¹
And once again the rav'nous birds return,
Or from the dark recesses where they lie,
Or from another quarter of the sky;
With filthy claws their odious meal repeat,
And mix their loathsome ordures with their
meat.
I bid my friends for vengeance then
prepare,
And with the hellish nation wage the war.
They, as commanded, for the fight pro-
vide,
And in the grass their glitt'ring weapons
hide; ³¹⁰
Then, when along the crooked shore we
hear
Their clatt'ring wings, and saw the foes
appear,
Misenus sounds a charge: we take th'
alarm,
And our strong hands with swords and
bucklers arm.
In this new kind of combat all employ
Their utmost force, the monsters to de-
stroy.
In vain—the fated skin is proof to
wounds;
And from their plumes the shining sword
rebounds.
At length rebuff'd, they leave their mangled
prey,
And their stretch'd pinions to the skies
display. ³²⁰
Yet one remain'd—the messenger of
Fate:
High on a craggy cliff Celæno sate,
And thus her dismal errand did relate:

‘What! not contented with our oxen slain,
Dare you with Heav’n an impious war
maintain,
And drive the Harpies from their native
reign?
Heed therefore what I say; and keep in
mind
What Jove decrees, what Phœbus has de-
sign’d,
And I, the Furies’ queen, from both re-
late—
You seek th’ Italian shores, foredoom’d by
fate: ³³⁰
Th’ Italian shores are granted you to find,
And a safe passage to the port assign’d.
But know, that ere your promis’d walls you
build,
My curses shall severely be fulfill’d.
Fierce famine is your lot for this misdeed,
Reduc’d to grind the plates on which you
feed.’
She said, and to the neighb’ring forest flew.
Our courage fails us, and our fears renew.
Hopeless to win by war, to pray’rs we fall,
And on th’ offended Harpies humbly
call, ³⁴⁰
And whether gods or birds obscene they
were,
Our vows for pardon and for peace prefer.
But old Anchises, off’ring sacrifice,
And lifting up to heav’n his hands and
eyes,
Ador’d the greater gods: ‘Avert,’ said he,
‘These omens; render vain this prophecy,
And from th’ impending curse a pious
people free!’
“Thus having said, he bids us put to sea;
We loose from shore our haulers, and
obey,
And soon with swelling sails pursue the
wat’ry way. ³⁵⁰
Amidst our course, Zacynthian woods
appear;
And next by rocky Neritos we steer:
We fly from Ithaca’s detested shore,
And curse the land which dire Ulysses
bore.
At length Leucate’s cloudy top appears,
And the Sun’s temple, which the sailor
fears.
Resolv’d to breathe a while from labor
past,
Our crooked anchors from the prow we
cast,
And joyful to the little city haste.”

Here, safe beyond our hopes, our vows we
 pay³⁶⁰
 To Jove, the guide and patron of our way.
 The customs of our country we pursue,
 And Trojan games on Actian shores renew.
 Our youth their naked limbs besmear with
 oil,
 And exercise the wrastlers' noble toil;
 Pleas'd to have sail'd so long before the
 wind,
 And left so many Greecian towns behind.
 The sun had now fulfill'd his annual course,
 And Boreas on the seas display'd his
 force:
 I fix'd upon the temple's lofty door³⁷⁰
 The brazen shield which vanquish'd Abas
 bore;
 The verse beneath my name and action
 speaks:
 'These arms Æneas took from conqu'ring
 Greeks.'
 Then I command to weigh; the seamen ply
 Their sweeping oars; the smoking billows
 fly.
 The sight of high Phœacia soon we lost,
 And skimm'd along Epirus' rocky coast.
 "Then to Chaonia's port our course we
 bend,
 And, landed, to Buthrotus' heights ascend.
 Here wondrous things were loudly blaz'd
 by fame:³⁸⁰
 How Helenus reviv'd the Trojan name,
 And reign'd in Greece; that Priam's cap-
 tive son
 Succeeded Pyrrhus in his bed and throne;
 And fair Andromache, restor'd by fate,
 Once more was happy in a Trojan mate.
 I leave my galleys riding in the port,
 And long to see the new Dardanian court.
 By chance, the mournful queen, before the
 gate,
 Then solemniz'd her former husband's fate.
 Green altars, rais'd of turf, with gifts
 she crown'd,³⁹⁰
 And sacred priests in order stand around,
 And thrice the name of hapless Hector
 sound.
 The grove itself resembles Ida's wood;
 And Simois seem'd the well-dissembled
 flood.
 But when at nearer distance she beheld
 My shining armor and my Trojan shield,
 Astonish'd at the sight, the vital heat
 Forsakes her limbs; her veins no longer
 beat:

She faints, she falls, and scarce recov'ring
 strength,
 Thus, with a falt'ring tongue, she speaks at
 length:
 "'Are you alive, O goddess-born?' she
 said,
 'Or if a ghost, then where is Hector's
 shade?'
 At this, she cast a loud and frightful cry.
 With broken words I made this brief reply:
 'All of me that remains appears in sight;
 I live, if living be to loathe the light.
 No phantom; but I drag a wretched life,
 My fate resembling that of Hector's wife.
 What have you suffer'd since you lost your
 lord?
 By what strange blessing are you now
 restor'd?⁴¹⁰
 Still are you Hector's? or is Hector fled,
 And his remembrance lost in Pyrrhus'
 bed?'
 With eyes dejected, in a lowly tone,
 After a modest pause she thus begun:
 "'O only happy maid of Priam's race,
 Whom death deliver'd from the foes'
 embrace!
 Commanded on Achilles' tomb to die,
 Not forc'd, like us, to hard captivity,
 Or in a haughty master's arms to lie.'
 In Grecian ships unhappy we were borne,
 Endur'd the victor's lust, sustain'd the
 scorn:⁴²¹
 Thus I submitted to the lawless pride
 Of Pyrrhus, more a handmaid than a bride.
 Cloy'd with possession, he forsook my bed,
 And Helen's lovely daughter sought to
 wed;
 Then me to Trojan Helenus resign'd,
 And his two slaves in equal marriage join'd;
 Till young Orestes, pierc'd with deep
 despair,
 And longing to redeem the promis'd fair,
 Before Apollo's altar slew the ravisher.
 By Pyrrhus' death the kingdom we re-
 gain'd:⁴³¹
 At least one half with Helenus remain'd.
 Our part, from Chaon, he Chaonia calls,
 And names from Pergamus his rising
 walls.
 But you, what fates have landed on our
 coast?
 What gods have sent you, or what storms
 have toss'd?
 Does young Ascanius life and health enjoy,
 Sav'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy?

O tell me how his mother's loss he bears,
 What hopes are promis'd from his bloom-
 ing years, ⁴⁴⁰
 How much of Hector in his face ap-
 pears ?

She spoke; and mix'd her speech with
 mournful cries,
 And fruitless tears came trickling from her
 eyes.

"At length her lord descends upon the
 plain,

In pomp, attended with a num'rous train;
 Receives his friends, and to the city leads,
 And tears of joy amidst his welcome sheds.
 Proceeding on, another Troy I see,
 Or, in less compass, Troy's epitome.

A riv'let by the name of Xanthus ran, ⁴⁵⁰
 And I embrace the Scean gate again.
 My friends in porticoes were entertain'd,
 And feasts and pleasures thro' the city
 reign'd.

The tables fill'd the spacious hall around,
 And golden bowls with sparkling wine were
 crown'd.

Two days we pass'd in mirth, till friendly
 gales,
 Blown from the south, supplied our swell-
 ing sails.

Then to the royal seer I thus began:
 'O thou, who know'st, beyond the reach of
 man,

The laws of heav'n, and what the stars
 decree; ⁴⁶⁰

Whom Phœbus taught unerring pro-
 phecy,

From his own tripod, and his holy tree;
 Skill'd in the wing'd inhabitants of air,
 What auspices their notes and flights de-
 clare:

O say — for all religious rites portend
 A happy voyage, and a prosperous end;
 And ev'ry pow'r and omen of the sky
 Direct my course for destin'd Italy;
 But only dire Celeno, from the gods,
 A dismal famine fatally forebodes — ⁴⁷⁰
 O say what dangers I am first to shun,
 What toils to vanquish, and what course to
 run.

"The prophet first with sacrifice adores
 The greater gods; their pardon then im-
 plores;

Unbinds the fillet from his holy head;
 To Phœbus, next, my trembling steps he
 led,
 Full of religious doubts and awful dread.

Then, with his god possess'd, before the
 shrine,

These words proceeded from his mouth
 divine:

'O goddess-born, (for Heav'n's appointed
 will, ⁴⁸⁰

With greater auspices of good than ill,
 Foreshows thy voyage, and thy course di-
 rects;

Thy fates conspire, and Jove himself pro-
 tects,)

Of many things some few I shall explain,
 Teach thee to shun the dangers of the
 main,

And how at length the promis'd shore to
 gain.

The rest the fates from Helenus conceal,
 And Juno's angry pow'r forbids to tell.

First, then, that happy shore, that seems
 so high,

Will far from your deluded wishes fly; ⁴⁹⁰
 Long tracts of seas divide your hopes
 from Italy:

For you must cruise along Sicilian shores,
 And stem the currents with your struggling
 oars;

Then round th' Italian coast your navy
 steer;

And, after this, to Circe's island veer;
 And, last, before your new foundations
 rise,

Must pass the Stygian lake, and view the
 nether skies.

Now mark the signs of future ease and
 rest,

And bear them safely treasur'd in thy
 breast.

When, in the shady shelter of a wood, ⁵⁰⁰
 And near the margin of a gentle flood,
 Thou shalt behold a sow upon the ground,
 With thirty sucking young encompass'd
 round;

The dam and offspring white as falling
 snow —

These on thy city shall their name be-
 stow,

And there shall end thy labors and thy
 woe.

Nor let the threaten'd famine fright thy
 mind,

For Phœbus will assist, and Fate the way
 will find.

Let not thy course to that ill coast be bent,
 Which fronts from far th' Epirian con-
 tinent:

Those parts are all by Grecian foes possess'd;

The salvage Locrians here the shores infest;
There fierce Idomeneus his city builds,
And guards with arms the Salentinian fields;

And on the mountain's brow Petilia stands,
Which Philoctetes with his troops commands.

Ev'n when thy fleet is landed on the shore,
And priests with holy vows the gods adore,
Then with a purple veil involve your eyes,
Lest hostile faces blast the sacrifice. ⁵²⁰
These rites and customs to the rest commend,

That to your pious race they may descend.
"When, parted hence, the wind, that
ready waits

For Sicily, shall bear you to the straits
Where proud Pelorus opes a wider way,
Tack to the larboard, and stand off to sea:
Veer starboard sea and land. Th' Italian shore

And fair Sicilia's coast were one, before
An earthquake caus'd the flaw: the roaring tides

The passage broke that land from land divides;

And where the lands retir'd, the rushing ocean rides. ⁵³⁰

Distinguish'd by the straits, on either hand,
Now rising cities in long order stand,
And fruitful fields: so much can time invade

The mold'ring work that beauteous Nature made.

Far on the right, her dogs foul Scylla hides:

Charybdis roaring on the left presides,
And in her greedy whirlpool sucks the tides;

Then spouts them from below: with fury driv'n,

The waves mount up and wash the face of heav'n. ⁵⁴⁰

But Scylla from her den, with open jaws,
The sinking vessel in her eddy draws,
Then dashes on the rocks. A human face,
And virgin bosom, hides her tail's disgrace:
Her parts obscene below the waves descend,
With dogs inclos'd, and in a dolphin end.

'Tis safer, then, to bear aloof to sea,
And coast Pachynus, tho' with more delay,
Than once to view misshapen Scylla near,
And the loud yell of wat'ry wolves to hear.

"Besides, if faith to Helenus be due,
And if prophetic Phœbus tell me true, ⁵⁵⁰
Do not this precept of your friend forget,
Which therefore more than once I must repeat:

Above the rest, great Juno's name adore;
Pay vows to Juno; Juno's aid implore.

Let gifts be to the mighty queen design'd,
And mollify with pray'rs her haughty mind.
Thus, at the length, your passage shall be free,

And you shall safe descend on Italy. ⁵⁶⁰

Arriv'd at Cumæ, when you view the flood
Of black Avernus, and the sounding wood,
The mad prophetic Sibyl you shall find,
Dark in a cave, and on a rock reclin'd.

She sings the fates, and, in her frantic fits,
The notes and names, inscrib'd, to leaves commits.

What she commits to leaves, in order laid,
Before the cavern's entrance are display'd:
Unmov'd they lie; but, if a blast of wind
Without, or vapors issue from behind, ⁵⁷⁰

The leaves are borne aloft in liquid air,
And she resumes no more her museful care,
Nor gathers from the rocks her scatter'd verse,

Nor sets in order what the winds disperse.

Thus, many not succeeding, most upbraid
The madness of the visionary maid,
And with loud curses leave the mystic shade.

"Think it not loss of time a while to stay,

Tho' thy companions chide thy long delay;
Tho' summon'd to the seas, tho' pleasing

gales ⁵⁸⁰
Invite thy course, and stretch thy swelling sails:

But beg the sacred priestess to relate
With willing words, and not to write thy fate.

The fierce Italian people she will show,
And all thy wars, and all thy future woe,

And what thou may'st avoid, and what must undergo.

She shall direct thy course, instruct thy mind,

And teach thee how the happy shores to find.
This is what Heav'n allows me to relate:

Now part in peace; pursue thy better fate, ⁵⁹⁰

And raise, by strength of arms, the Trojan state.'

"This when the priest with friendly voice
declar'd,
He gave me license, and rich gifts pre-
par'd:

Bounteous of treasure, he supplied my
want

With heavy gold, and polish'd elephant;
Then Dodomean caldrons put on board,
And ev'ry ship with suns of silver stor'd.
A trusty coat of mail to me he sent,
Thrice chain'd with gold, for use and orna-
ment;

The helm of Pyrrhus added to the rest, ⁶⁰⁰
That flourish'd with a plume and waving
crest.

Nor was my sire forgotten, nor my
friends;

And large recruits he to my navy sends:
Men, horses, captains, arms, and warlike
stores;

Supplies new pilots, and new sweeping
oars.

Meantime, my sire commands to hoist our
sails,

Lest we should lose the first auspicious
gales.

"The prophet bless'd the parting crew,
and last,

With words like these, his ancient friend
embrac'd: ⁶⁰⁹

'Old happy man, the care of gods above,
Whom heav'nly Venus honor'd with her
love,

And twice preserv'd thy life, when Troy
was lost,

Behold from far the wish'd Ausonian
coast:

There land; but take a larger compass
round,

For that before is all forbidden ground.
The shore that Phœbus has design'd for
you,

At farther distance lies, conceal'd from
view.

Go happy hence, and seek your new
abodes,

Blest in a son, and favor'd by the gods:
For I with useless words prolong your
stay, ⁶²⁰

When southern gales have summon'd you
away.'

"Nor less the queen our parting thence
deplor'd,

Nor was less bounteous than her Trojan
lord.

A noble present to my son she brought,
A robe with flow'rs on golden tissue
wrought,

A Phrygian vest; and loads with gifts
beside

Of precious texture, and of Asian pride.

'Accept,' she said, 'these monuments of
love,

Which in my youth with happier hands I
wove:

Regard these trifles for the giver's sake; ⁶³⁰
'Tis the last present Hector's wife can
make.

Thou call'st my lost Astyanax to mind;

In thee his features and his form I find:

His eyes so sparkled with a lively flame;

Such were his motions; such was all his
frame;

And ah! had Heav'n so pleas'd, his years
had been the same.'

"With tears I took my last adieu, and
said:

'Your fortune, happy pair, already made,
Leaves you no farther wish. My differ't
state,

Avoiding one, incurs another fate. ⁶⁴⁰

To you a quiet seat the gods allow:

You have no shores to search, no seas to
plow,

Nor fields of flying Italy to chase:

(Deluding visions, and a vain embrace!)

You see another Simois, and enjoy

The labor of your hands, another Troy,

With better auspice than her ancient
tow'rs,

And less obnoxious to the Grecian pow'rs.

If e'er the gods, whom I with vows adore,

Conduct my steps to Tiber's happy shore;

If ever I ascend the Latian throne, ⁶⁵¹

And build a city I may call my own;

As both of us our birth from Troy de-
rive,

So let our kindred lines in concord live,
And both in acts of equal friendship
strive.

Our fortunes, good or bad, shall be the
same:

The double Troy shall differ but in name;

That what we now begin may never end,

But long to late posterity descend.'

"Near the Ceraunian rocks our course
we bore; ⁶⁶⁰

The shortest passage to th' Italian shore.

Now had the sun withdrawn his radiant
light,

And hills were hid in dusky shades of night:

We land, and, on the bosom of the ground,
A safe retreat and a bare lodging found.
Close by the shore we lay; the sailors keep
Their watches, and the rest securely sleep.
The night, proceeding on with silent

pace,
Stood in her noon, and view'd with
equal face

Her steepy rise and her declining race.
Then wakeful Palinurus rose, to spy ⁶⁷¹
The face of heav'n, and the nocturnal
sky;

And listen'd ev'ry breath of air to try;
Observes the stars, and notes their sliding
course,

The Pleiads, Hyads, and their wat'ry force;
And both the Bears is careful to behold,
And bright Orion, arm'd with burnish'd
gold.

Then, when he saw no threat'ning tempest
nigh,

But a sure promise of a settled sky,
He gave the sign to weigh; we break our
sleep, ⁶⁸⁰

Forsake the pleasing shore, and plow the
deep.

"And now the rising morn with rosy
light

Adorns the skies, and puts the stars to
flight;

When we from far, like bluish mists, de-
scry

The hills, and then the plains, of Italy.
Achates first pronounc'd the joyful sound;
Then, 'Italy!' the cheerful crew rebound.
My sire Anchises crown'd a cup with wine,
And, off'ring, thus implor'd the pow'rs
divine:

'Ye gods, presiding over lands and seas,
And you who raging winds and waves ap-
pease, ⁶⁹¹

Breathe on our swelling sails a prosp'rous
wind,

And smooth our passage to the port as-
sign'd!'

The gentle gales their flagging force re-
new,

And now the happy harbor is in view.
Minerva's temple then salutes our sight,
Plac'd, as a landmark, on the mountain's
height.

We furl our sails, and turn the prows to
shore;

The curling waters round the galleys roar.
The land lies open to the raging east, ⁷⁰⁰
Then, bending like a bow, with rocks com-
press'd,

Shuts out the storms; the winds and waves
complain,

And vent their malice on the cliffs in vain.
The port lies hid within; on either side
Two tow'ring rocks the narrow mouth
divide.

The temple, which aloft we view'd before,
To distance flies, and seems to shun the
shore.

Scarce landed, the first omens I beheld
Were four white steeds that cropp'd the
flow'ry field.

'War, war is threaten'd from this foreign
ground,' ⁷¹⁰

My father cried, 'where warlike steeds
are found.

Yet, since reclaim'd to chariots they sub-
mit,

And bend to stubborn yokes, and champ
the bit,

Peace may succeed to war.' Our way we
bend

To Pallas, and the sacred hill ascend;
There prostrate to the fierce *virago* pray,
Whose temple was the landmark of our
way.

Each with a Phrygian mantle veil'd his
head,

And all commands of Helenus obey'd,
And pious rites to Grecian Juno paid. ⁷²⁰

These dues perform'd, we stretch our sails,
and stand

To sea, forsaking that suspected land.

"From hence Tarentum's bay appears in
view,

For Hercules renown'd, if fame be true.
Just opposite, Lacinian Juno stands;

Caulonian tow'rs, and Scylacæan strands,
For shipwrecks fear'd. Mount Ætna thence

we spy,
Known by the smoky flames which cloud
the sky.

Far off we hear the waves with surly
sound

Invade the rocks, the rocks their groans
rebound. ⁷³⁰

The billows break upon the sounding strand,
And roll the rising tide, impure with sand.

Then thus Anchises, in experience old:

'Tis that Charybdis which the seer fore-
told,

And those the promis'd rocks ! Bear off to sea !

With haste the frighted mariners obey.
First Palinurus to the larboard veer'd;
Then all the fleet by his example steer'd.
To heav'n aloft on ridgy waves we ride,
Then down to hell descend, when they divide;

And thrice our galleys knock'd the stony ground,

And thrice the hollow rocks return'd the sound,

And thrice we saw the stars, that stood with dews around.

The flagging winds forsook us, with the sun;
And, wearied, on Cyclopiàn shores we run.
The port capacious, and secure from wind,
Is to the foot of thund'ring Ætna join'd.
By turns a pitchy cloud she rolls on high;
By turns hot embers from her entrails fly,

And flakes of mounting flames, that lick the sky.

Oft from her bowels massy rocks are thrown,

And, shiver'd by the force, come piecemeal down.

Oft liquid lakes of burning sulphur flow,
Fed from the fiery springs that boil below.
Enceladus, they say, transfix'd by Jove,
With blasted limbs came tumbling from above;

And, where he fell, th' avenging father drew

This flaming hill, and on his body threw.
As often as he turns his weary sides,

He shakes the solid isle, and smoke the heavens hides.

In shady woods we pass the tedious night,

Where bellowing sounds and groans our souls afflict,

Of which no cause is offer'd to the sight;
For not one star was kindled in the sky,

Nor could the moon her borrow'd light supply;

For misty clouds involv'd the firmament,
The stars were muffled, and the moon was pent.

"Scarce had the rising sun the day reveal'd,

Scarce had his heat the pearly dews dispell'd,

When from the woods there bolts, before our sight,

Somewhat betwixt a mortal and a sprite,
So thin, so ghastly meager, and so wan,
So bare of flesh, he scarce resembled man.
This thing, all tatter'd, seem'd from far t' implore

Our pious aid, and pointed to the shore.
We look behind, then view his shaggy beard;

His clothes were tagg'd with thorns, and filth his limbs besmear'd;

The rest, in mien, in habit, and in face,
Appear'd a Greek, and such indeed he was.

He cast on us, from far, a frightful view,
Whom soon for Trojans and for foes he knew;

Stood still, and paus'd; then all at once began

To stretch his limbs, and trembled as he ran.

Soon as approach'd, upon his knees he falls,
And thus with tears and sighs for pity calls:

'Now, by the pow'rs above, and what we share

From Nature's common gift, this vital air,
O Trojans, take me hence ! I beg no more;

But bear me far from this unhappy shore.
'Tis true, I am a Greek, and farther own, 790

Among your foes besieg'd th' imperial town.
For such demerits if my death be due,

No more for this abandon'd life I sue;
This only favor let my tears obtain,

To throw me headlong in the rapid main:
Since nothing more than death my crime demands,

I die content, to die by human hands.'

He said, and on his knees my knees embrac'd:

I bade him boldly tell his fortune past,
His present state, his lineage, and his name,

Th' occasion of his fears, and whence he came.

The good Anchises rais'd him with his hand;

Who, thus encourag'd, answer'd our demand:

'From Ithaca, my native soil, I came
To Troy; and Achæmenides my name.

Me my poor father with Ulysses sent;
(O had I stay'd, with poverty content !)

But, fearful for themselves, my countrymen

Left me forsaken in the Cyclops' den.
The cave, tho' large, was dark; the dismal floor

Was pav'd with mangled limbs and putrid
gore.

Our monstrous host, of more than human
size,

Erects his head, and stares within the skies;
Bellowing his voice, and horrid is his hue.

Ye gods, remove this plague from mortal
view!

The joints of slaughter'd wretches are his
food;

And for his wine he quaffs the streaming
blood.

These eyes beheld, when with his spacious
hand

He seiz'd two captives of our Grecian band;
Stretch'd on his back, he dash'd against the
stones 820

Their broken bodies, and their crackling
bones:

With spouting blood the purple pavement
swims,

While the dire glutton grinds the trem-
bling limbs.

"Not unreveng'd Ulysses bore their fate,
Nor thoughtless of his own unhappy state;

For, gorg'd with flesh, and drunk with human
wine,

While fast asleep the giant lay supine,
Snoring aloud, and belching from his maw

His indigested foam, and morsels raw;
We pray; we cast the lots, and then sur-
round 830

The monstrous body, stretch'd along the
ground:

Each, as he could approach him, lends a
hand

To bore his eyeball with a flaming brand.
Beneath his frowning forehead lay his eye;

For only one did the vast frame supply —
But that a globe so large, his front it fill'd,

Like the sun's disk or like a Grecian shield.
The stroke succeeds; and down the pupil
bends:

This vengeance follow'd for our slaugh-
ter'd friends.

But haste, unhappy wretches, haste to fly! 840
Your cables cut, and on your oars rely!

Such, and so vast as Polypheme appears,
A hundred more this hated island bears:

Like him, in caves they shut their woolly
sheep;

Like him, their herds on tops of moun-
tains keep;

Like him, with mighty strides, they stalk
from steep to steep.

And now three moons their sharpen'd horns
renew,

Since thus, in woods and wilds, obscure
from view,

I drag my loathsome days with mortal
fright,

And in deserted caverns lodge by night; 850
Oft from the rocks a dreadful prospect
see

Of the huge Cyclops, like a walking tree:
From far I hear his thund'ring voice re-
sound,

And trampling feet that shake the solid
ground.

Cornels and salvage berries of the wood,
And roots and herbs, have been my meager
food.

While all around my longing eyes I cast,
I saw your happy ships appear at last.

On those I fix'd my hopes, to these I run;
'T is all I ask, this cruel race to shun; 860

What other death you please, yourselves
bestow.'

"Scarce had he said, when on the moun-
tain's brow

We saw the giant shepherd stalk before
His following flock, and leading to the
shore:

A monstrous bulk, deform'd, depriv'd of
sight;

His staff a trunk of pine, to guide his steps
aright.

His pond'rous whistle from his neck de-
scends;

His woolly care their pensive lord attends:
This only solace his hard fortune sends.

Soon as he reach'd the shore and touch'd
the waves, 870

From his bor'd eye the gutt'ring blood he
laves:

He gnash'd his teeth, and groan'd; thro'
seas he strides,

And scarce the topmost billows touch'd his
sides.

"Seiz'd with a sudden fear, we run to
sea,

The cables cut, and silent haste away;
The well-deserving stranger entertain;

Then, buckling to the work, our oars divide
the main.

The giant harken'd to the dashing sound:
But, when our vessels out of reach he found,

He strided onward, and in vain essay'd 880
Th' Ionian deep, and durst no farther
wade.

With that he roar'd aloud: the dreadful
cry
Shakes earth, and air, and seas; the bil-
lows fly

Before the bellowing noise to distant Italy.
The neighb'ring Ætna trembling all around,
The winding caverns echo to the sound.
His brother Cyclops hear the yelling roar,
And, rushing down the mountains, crowd
the shore.

We saw their stern distorted looks, from
far,
And one-eye'd glance, that vainly threaten'd
war: 890

A dreadful council, with their heads on
high;
(The misty clouds about their foreheads
fly;)

Not yielding to the tow'ring tree of Jove,
Or tallest cypress of Diana's grove.

New pangs of mortal fear our minds
assail;

We tug at ev'ry oar, and hoist up ev'ry
sail,
And take th' advantage of the friendly
gale.

Forewarn'd by Helenus, we strive to shun
Charybdis' gulf, nor dare to Seylla run.

An equal fate on either side appears: 900
We, tacking to the left, are free from
fears;

For, from Pelorus' point, the North arose,
And drove us back where swift Pantagias
flows.

His rocky mouth we pass, and make our
way

By Thapsus and Megara's winding bay.
This passage Achæmenides had shown,
Tracing the course which he before had
run.

"Right o'er against Plemmyrium's
wat'ry strand,
There lies an isle, once call'd th' Ortygian
land.

Alpheis, as old fame reports, has found
From Greece a secret passage under
ground, 911

By love to beauteous Arethusa led;
And, mingling here, they roll in the same
sacred bed.

As Helenus enjoin'd, we next adore
Diana's name, protectress of the shore.
With prosp'rous gales we pass the quiet
sounds

Of still Ælorus, and his fruitful bounds.

Then, doubling Cape Pachynus, we survey
The rocky shore extended to the sea.
The town of Camarine from far we see,
And fenny lake, undrain'd by fate's de-
cree. 921

In sight of the Geloan fields we pass,
And the large walls, where mighty Gela
was;

Then Agragas, with lofty summets crown'd,
Long for the race of warlike steeds re-
nown'd.

We pass'd Selinus, and the palmy land,
And widely shun the Lilybæan strand,
Unsafe, for secret rocks and moving
sand.

At length on shore the weary fleet ar-
riv'd, 929

Which Drepanum's unhappy port receiv'd.
Here, after endless labors, often toss'd
By raging storms, and driv'n on ev'ry
coast,

My dear, dear father, spent with age, I
lost:

Ease of my cares, and solace of my pain,
Sav'd thro' a thousand toils, but sav'd in
vain.

The prophet, who my future woes re-
veal'd,

Yet this, the greatest and the worst, con-
ceal'd;

And dire Celeno, whose foreboding skill
Denounc'd all else, was silent of this ill.

This my last labor was. Some friendly
god 940

From thence convey'd us to your blest
abode."

Thus, to the list'ning queen, the royal
guest

His wand'ring course and all his toils ex-
press'd;

And here concluding, he retir'd to rest.

THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS

THE ARGUMENT

Dido discovers to her sister her passion for
Æneas, and her thoughts of marrying him.
She prepares a hunting match for his enter-
tainment. Juno, by Venus's consent, raises
a storm, which separates the hunters, and
drives Æneas and Dido into the same cave,
where their marriage is suppos'd to be
completed. Jupiter dispatches Mercury to

Aeneas, to warn him from Carthage. Aeneas secretly prepares for his voyage. Dido finds out his design, and, to put a stop to it, makes use of her own and her sister's entreaties, and discovers all the variety of passions that are incident to a neglected lover. When nothing would prevail upon him, she contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.

BUT anxious cares already seiz'd the queen:

She fed within her veins a flame unseen;
The hero's valor, acts, and birth inspire
Her soul with love, and fan the secret fire.
His words, his looks, imprinted in her heart,

Improve the passion, and increase the smart.

Now, when the purple morn had chas'd away

The dewy shadows, and restor'd the day,
Her sister first with early care she sought,
And thus in mournful accents eas'd her thought:

"My dearest Anna, what new dreams affright

My lab'ring soul! what visions of the night
Disturb my quiet, and distract my breast
With strange ideas of our Trojan guest!
His worth, his actions, and majestic air,
A man descended from the gods declare.
Fear ever argues a degenerate kind;
His birth is well asserted by his mind.
Then, what he suffer'd, when by Fate be-
tray'd!

What brave attempts for falling Troy he made!

Such were his looks, so gracefully he spoke,
That, were I not resolv'd against the yoke
Of hapless marriage, never to be curst
With second love, so fatal was my first,
To this one error I might yield again;
For, since Sichæus was untimely slain,
This only man is able to subvert
The fix'd foundations of my stubborn heart.
And, to confess my frailty, to my shame,
Somewhat I find within, if not the same,
Too like the sparkles of my former flame.
But first let yawning earth a passage rend,
And let me thro' the dark abyss descend;
First let avenging Jove, with flames
from high,
Drive down this body to the nether sky,
Condemn'd with ghosts in endless night
to lie,

Before I break the plighted faith I gave!
No! he who had my vows shall ever
have;

For, whom I lov'd on earth, I worship in
the grave."

She said: the tears ran gushing from
her eyes,

And stopp'd her speech. Her sister thus
replies:

"O dearer than the vital air I breathe,
Will you to grief your blooming years
bequeath,

Condemn'd to waste in woes your lonely
life,

Without the joys of mother or of wife?
Think you these tears, this pompous train
of woe,

Are known or valued by the ghosts below?
I grant that, while your sorrows yet were
green,

It well became a woman, and a queen,
The vows of Tyrian princes to neglect,
To scorn Hyarbas, and his love reject,
With all the Libyan lords of mighty name;
But will you fight against a pleasing flame!
This little spot of land, which Heav'n
bestows,

On ev'ry side is hemm'd with warlike foes;
Gætulian cities here are spread around,
And fierce Numidians there your frontiers
bound;

Here lies a barren waste of thirsty land,
And there the Syrtes raise the moving
sand;

Barcean troops besiege the narrow shore,
And from the sea Pygmalion threatens
more.

Propitious Heav'n, and gracious Juno, lead
This wand'ring navy to your needful aid:
How will your empire spread, your city rise,
From such a union, and with such allies!
Implore the favor of the pow'rs above,
And leave the conduct of the rest to love.
Continue still your hospitable way,
And still invent occasions of their stay,
Till storms and winter winds shall cease to
threat,
And planks and oars repair their shatter'd
fleet."

These words, which from a friend and
sister came,
With ease resolv'd the scruples of her
fame,
And added fury to the kindled flame.
Inspir'd with hope, the project they pursue;

On ev'ry altar sacrifice renew:
 A chosen ewe of two years old they pay
 To Ceres, Bacchus, and the God of Day;
 Preferring Juno's pow'r, for Juno ties
 The nuptial knot and makes the marriage
 joys.⁸⁰
 The beauteous queen before her altar
 stands,
 And holds the golden goblet in her hands.
 A milk-white heifer she with flow'rs
 adorns,
 And pours the ruddy wine betwixt her
 horns;
 And, while the priests with pray'r the gods
 invoke,
 She feeds their altars with Sabæan smoke,
 With hourly care the sacrifice renews,
 And anxiously the panting entrails views.
 What priestly rites, alas! what pious art,
 What vows avail to cure a bleeding
 heart!⁹⁰
 A gentle fire she feeds within her veins,
 Where the soft god secure in silence
 reigns.
 Sick with desire, and seeking him she
 loves,
 From street to street the raving Dido
 roves.
 So when the watchful shepherd, from the
 blind,
 Wounds with a random shaft the careless
 hind,
 Distracted with her pain she flies the woods,
 Bounds o'er the lawn, and seeks the silent
 floods,
 With fruitless care; for still the fatal dart
 Sticks in her side, and rankles in her
 heart.¹⁰⁰
 And now she leads the Trojan chief along
 The lofty walls, amidst the busy throng;
 Displays her Tyrian wealth, and rising
 town,
 Which love, without his labor, makes his
 own.
 This pomp she shows, to tempt her
 wand'ring guest;
 Her falt'ring tongue forbids to speak the
 rest.
 When day declines, and feasts renew the
 night,
 Still on his face she feeds her famish'd
 sight;
 She longs again to hear the prince relate
 His own adventures and the Trojan
 fate.¹¹⁰

He tells it o'er and o'er; but still in vain,
 For still she begs to hear it once again.
 The hearer on the speaker's mouth de-
 pends,
 And thus the tragic story never ends.
 Then, when they part, when Phœbe's
 paler light
 Withdraws, and falling stars to sleep in-
 vite,
 She last remains, when ev'ry guest is gone,
 Sits on the bed he press'd, and sighs alone;
 Absent, her absent hero sees and hears;
 Or in her bosom young Ascanius bears,¹²⁰
 And seeks the father's image in the child,
 If love by likeness might be so beguill'd.
 Meantime the rising tow'rs are at a
 stand;
 No labors exercise the youthful band,
 Nor use of arts, nor toils of arms they
 know;
 The mole is left unfinish'd to the foe;
 The mounds, the works, the walls, neg-
 lected lie,
 Short of their promis'd heighth, that seem'd
 to threaten the sky.
 But when imperial Juno, from above,
 Saw Dido fetter'd in the chains of love,¹³⁰
 Hot with the venom which her veins in-
 flam'd,
 And by no sense of shame to be reclaim'd,
 With soothing words to Venus she begun:
 "High praises, endless honors, you have
 won,
 And mighty trophies, with your worthy
 son!
 Two gods a silly woman have undone!
 Nor am I ignorant, you both suspect
 This rising city, which my hands erect:
 But shall celestial discord never cease?
 'T is better ended in a lasting peace.¹⁴⁰
 You stand possess'd of all your soul
 desir'd:
 Poor Dido with consuming love is fir'd.
 Your Trojan with my Tyrian let us join;
 So Dido shall be yours, Æneas mine:
 One common kingdom, one united line.
 Eliza shall a Dardan lord obey,
 And lofty Carthage for a dow'r convey."
 Then Venus, who her hidden fraud de-
 scried,
 Which would the scepter of the world
 misguide
 To Libyan shores, thus artfully replied:
 "Who, but a fool, would wars with Juno
 choose,¹⁵¹

And such alliance and such gifts refuse,
If Fortune with our joint desires comply?
The doubt is all from Jove and destiny;
Lest he forbid, with absolute command,
To mix the people in one common land—
Or will the Trojan and the Tyrian line
In lasting leagues and sure succession
join?

But you, the partner of his bed and throne,
May move his mind; my wishes are your
own.”

“Mine,” said imperial Juno, “be the
care;”

Time urges, now, to perfect this affair:
Attend my counsel, and the secret share.
When next the Sun his rising light displays,

And gilds the world below with purple
rays,

The queen, Æneas, and the Tyrian court
Shall to the shady woods, for sylvan game,
resort.

There, while the huntsmen pitch their toils
around,

And cheerful horns from side to side re-
sound,

A pitchy cloud shall cover all the plain ¹⁷⁰
With hail, and thunder, and tempestuous
rain;

The fearful train shall take their speedy
flight,

Dispers'd, and all involv'd in gloomy night;
One cave a grateful shelter shall afford

To the fair princess and the Trojan lord.

I will myself the bridal bed prepare,

If you, to bless the nuptials, will be there:
So shall their loves be crown'd with due
delights,

And Hymen shall be present at the rites.”

The Queen of Love consents, and closely
smiles ¹⁸⁰

At her vain project, and discover'd wiles.

The rosy morn was risen from the main,
And horns and hounds awake the princely
train:

They issue early thro' the city gate,
Where the more wakeful huntsmen ready
wait,

With nets, and toils, and darts, beside the
force

Of Spartan dogs, and swift Massylian
horse.

The Tyrian peers and officers of state
For the slow queen in antechambers wait;

Her lofty courser, in the court below, ¹⁹⁰

Who his majestic rider seems to know,
Proud of his purple trappings, paws the
ground,

And champs the golden bit, and spreads
the foam around.

The queen at length appears; on either
hand

The brawny guards in martial order stand.
A flow'r'd snar with golden fringe she
wore,

And at her back a golden quiver bore;
Her flowing hair a golden caul restrains,
A golden clasp the Tyrian robe sustains.

Then young Æscanius, with a sprightly
grace, ²⁰⁰

Leads on the Trojan youth to view the chase.
But far above the rest in beauty shines;

The great Æneas, when the troop he joins;
Like fair Apollo, when he leaves the frost

Of wintry Xanthus, and the Lycian coast,
When to his native Delos he resorts,

Ordain the dances, and renews the sports;
Where painted Scythians, mix'd with Cretan
bands,

Before the joyful altars join their hands:
Himself, on Cynthus walking, sees below ²¹⁰

The merry madness of the sacred show.
Green wreaths of bays his length of hair
inclose;

A golden fillet binds his awful brows;
His quiver sounds: not less the prince is
seen

In manly presence, or in lofty mien.

Now had they reach'd the hills, and
storm'd the seat

Of salvage beasts, in dens, their last
retreat.

The cry pursues the mountain goats: they
bound

From rock to rock, and keep the craggy
ground;

Quite otherwise the stags, a trembling
train, ²²⁰

In herds unsingled, scour the dusty plain,
And a long chase in open view maintain.

The glad Æscanius, as his courser guides,
Spurs thro' the vale, and these and those
outrides.

His horse's flanks and sides are fore'd to
feel

The clanking lash, and goading of the steel.
Impatiently he views the feeble prey,

Wishing some nobler beast to cross his way,
And rather would the tusky boar attend,

Or see the tawny lion downward bend. ²³⁰

Meantime, the gath'ring clouds obscure
the skies:

From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;
The rattling thunders roll; and Juno pours
A wintry deluge down, and sounding
show'rs.

The company, dispers'd, to coverts ride,
And seek the homely cots, or mountain's
hollow side.

The rapid rains, descending from the hills,
To rolling torrents raise the creeping rills.
The queen and prince, as love or fortune
guides,

One common cavern in her bosom hides. ²⁴⁰
Then first the trembling earth, the signal
gave,

And flashing fires enlighten all the cave;
Hell from below, and Juno from above,
And howling nymphs, were conscious to
their love.

From this ill-omen'd hour in time arose
Debate and death, and all succeeding woes.

The queen, whom sense of honor could
not move,

No longer made a secret of her love,
But call'd it marriage, by that specious
name

To veil the crime and sanctify the shame. ²⁵⁰
The loud report thro' Libyan cities goes.

Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings
grows:

Swift from the first; and ev'ry moment
brings

New vigor to her flights, new pinions to her
wings.

Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size;
Her feet on earth, her forehead in the
skies.

Inrag'd against the gods, revengeful Earth
Produc'd her last of the Titanian birth.

Swift is her walk, more swift her winged
haste:

A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast. ²⁶⁰
As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,

So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight;
Millions of opening mouths to Fame be-
long,

And ev'ry mouth is furnish'd with a
tongue,

And round with list'ning ears the flying
plague is hung.

She fills the peaceful universe with cries;
No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes;

By day, from lofty tow'rs her head she
shews,

And spreads thro' trembling crowds disas-
trous news;

With court informers haunts, and royal
spies; ²⁷⁰

Things done relates, not done she feigns,
and mingles truth with lies.

Talk is her business, and her chief delight
To tell of prodigies and cause affright.

She fills the people's ears with Dido's name,
Who, lost to honor and the sense of shame,

Admits into her throne and nuptial bed
A wand'ring guest, who from his country
fled:

Whole days with him she passes in delights,
And wastes in luxury long winter nights,

Forgetful of her fame and royal trust, ²⁸⁰
Dissolv'd in ease, abandon'd to her lust.

The goddess widely spreads the loud
report,

And flies at length to King Hyarba's court.
When first possess'd with this unwelcome
news,

Whom did he not of men and gods accuse?
This prince, from ravish'd Garamantis born,

A hundred temples did with spoils adorn,
In Ammon's honor, his celestial sire;

A hundred altars fed with wakeful fire;
And, thro' his vast dominions, priests or-
dain'd, ²⁹⁰

Whose watchful care these holy rites main-
tain'd.

The gates and columns were with garlands
crown'd,

And blood of victim beasts enrich'd the
ground.

He, when he heard a fugitive could move
The Tyrian princess, who disdain'd his love,

His breast with fury burn'd, his eyes with
fire,

Mad with despair, impatient with desire;
Then on the sacred altars pouring wine,

He thus with pray'rs implor'd his sire
divine:

"Great Jove! propitious to the Moorish
race, ³⁰⁰

Who feast on painted beds, with off'ings
grace

Thy temples, and adore thy pow'r divine
With blood of victims, and with sparkling
wine,

Seest thou not this? or do we fear in vain
Thy boasted thunder, and thy thoughtless
reign?

Do thy broad hands the forky lightnings
lance?

Thine are the bolts, or the blind work of chance ?

A wand'ring woman builds, within our state,
A little town, bought at an easy rate;
She pays me homage, and my grants allow
A narrow space of Libyan lands to plow; ³¹¹
Yet, scorning me, by passion blindly led,
Admits a banish'd Trojan to her bed !

And now this other Paris, with his train
Of conquer'd cowards, must in Afric reign !
(Whom, what they are, their looks and
garb confess,

Their locks with oil perfum'd, their Lydian
dress.)

He takes the spoil, enjoys the princely
dame;

And I, rejected I, adore an empty name."

His vows, in haughty terms, he thus pre-
ferr'd, ³²⁰

And held his altar's horns. The mighty
Thund'r'er heard;

Then cast his eyes on Carthage, where he
found

The lustful pair in lawless pleasure
drown'd,

Lost in their loves, insensible of shame,

And both forgetful of their better fame.

He calls Cyllenius, and the god attends,

By whom his menacing command he sends:

"Go, mount the western winds, and cleave
the sky;

Then, with a swift descent, to Carthage
fly:

There find the Trojan chief, who wastes his
days ³³⁰

In slothful riot and inglorious ease,

Nor minds the future city, giv'n by fate.

To him this message from my mouth
relate:

'Not so fair Venus hop'd, when twice she
won

Thy life with pray'rs, nor promis'd such a
son.

Hers was a hero, destin'd to command

A martial race, and rule the Latian land,

Who draw his ancient line from Teucer

And on the conquer'd world impose the
law.'

If glory cannot move a mind so mean, ³⁴⁰

Nor future praise from fading pleasure
wean,

Yet why should he defraud his son of fame,

And grudge the Romans their immortal
name!

What are his vain designs ! what hopes he
more

From his long ling'ring on a hostile shore,
Regardless to redeem his honor lost,
And for his race to gain th' Ausonian coast !
Bid him with speed the Tyrian court for-
sake;

With this command the slumb'ring warrior
wake."

Hermes obeys; with golden pinions binds
His flying feet, and mounts the western
winds: ³⁵¹

And, whether o'er the seas or earth he
flies,

With rapid force they bear him down the
skies.

But first he grasps within his awful hand

The mark of sov'reign pow'r, his magic wand;

With this he draws the ghosts from hollow
graves;

With this he drives them down the Stygian
waves;

With this he seals in sleep the wakeful
sight,

And eyes, tho' clos'd in death, restores to
light.

Thus arm'd, the god begins his airy race, ³⁶⁰
And drives the racking clouds along the
liquid space;

Now sees the tops of Atlas, as he flies,

Whose brawny back supports the starry
skies;

Atlas, whose head, with piny forests crown'd,
Is beaten by the winds, with foggy vapors

bound.

Snows hide his shoulders; from beneath his
chin

The founts of rolling streams their race
begin;

A beard of ice on his large breast depends.

Here, pois'd upon his wings, the god de-
scends:

Then, rested thus, he from the tow'ring
height ³⁷⁰

Plung'd downward, with precipitated flight,
Lights on the seas, and skims along the
flood.

As waterfowl, who seek their fishy food,
Less, and yet less, to distant prospect show;

By turns they dance aloft, and dive below:

Like these, the steerage of his wings he
plies,

And near the surface of the water flies,

Till, having pass'd the seas, and cross'd the
sands,

He clos'd his wings, and stoop'd on Libyan
lands:

Where shepherds once were hous'd in
homely sheds,

Now tow'rs within the clouds advance their
heads.

Arriving there, he found the Trojan prince
New ramparts raising for the town's de-
fense.

A purple scarf, with gold embroider'd o'er,
(Queen Dido's gift,) about his waist he
wore;

A sword, with glitt'ring gems diversified,
For ornament, not use, hung idly by his
side.

Then thus, with winged words, the god
began,

Resuming his own shape: "Degenerate man,
Thou woman's property, what mak'st thou
here,

These foreign walls and Tyrian tow'rs to
rear,

Forgetful of thy own? All-pow'rful Jove,
Who sways the world below and heav'n
above,

Has sent me down with this severe command:
What means thy ling'ring in the Libyan
land?

If glory cannot move a mind so mean,
Nor future praise from flitting pleasure
wear,

Regard the fortunes of thy rising heir:
The promis'd crown let young Ascanius
wear,

To whom th' Ausonian scepter, and the
state

Of Rome's imperial name is ow'd by fate."⁴⁰⁰
So spoke the god; and, speaking, took his
flight,

Involv'd in clouds, and vanish'd out of sight.
The pious prince was seiz'd with sudden
fear;

Mute was his tongue, and upright stood his
hair.

Revolving in his mind the stern command,
He longs to fly, and loathes the charming
land.

What should he say? or how should he
begin?

What course, alas! remains to steer be-
tween

Th' offended lover and the pow'rful
queen?

This way and that he turns his anxious
mind,

And all expedients tries, and none can find.
Fix'd on the deed, but doubtful of the
means,

After long thought, to this advice he leans:
Three chiefs he calls, commands them to
repair

The fleet, and ship their men with silent
care;

Some plausible pretense he bids them find,
To color what in secret he design'd.

Himself, meantime, the softest hours would
choose,

Before the love-sick lady heard the news;
And move her tender mind, by slow de-
grees,

To suffer what the sov'reign pow'r decrees:
Jove will inspire him, when, and what to
say.

They hear with pleasure, and with haste
obey.

But soon the queen perceives the thin
disguise:

(What arts can blind a jealous woman's
eyes!)

She was the first to find the secret fraud,
Before the fatal news was blaz'd abroad.

Love the first motions of the lover hears,
Quick to presage, and ev'n in safety fears.

Nor impious Fame was wanting to report
The ships repair'd, the Trojans' thick re-
sort,

And purpose to forsake the Tyrian court.⁴³²
Frantic with fear, impatient of the wound,
And impotent of mind, she roves the city
round.

Less wild the Bacchanalian dames ap-
pear,

When, from afar, their nightly god they
hear,

And howl about the hills, and shake the
wreathy spear.

At length she finds the dear perfidious man;
Prevents his form'd excuse, and thus began:

"Base and ungrateful! could you hope to
fly,

And undiscover'd scape a lover's eye?⁴⁴¹
Nor could my kindness your compassion
move,

Nor plighted vows, nor dearer bands of
love?

Or is the death of a despairing queen
Not worth preventing, tho' too well fore-
seen?

Ev'n when the wintry winds command your
stay,

You dare the tempests, and defy the sea.
 False as you are, suppose you were not
 bound
 To lands unknown, and foreign coasts to
 sound; ⁴⁵⁰
 Were Troy restor'd, and Priam's happy
 reign,
 Now durst you tempt, for Troy, the raging
 main?
 See whom you fly! am I the foe you shun?
 Now, by those holy vows, so late begun,
 By this right hand, (since I have nothing
 more
 To challenge, but the faith you gave be-
 fore;)
 I beg you by these tears too truly shed,
 By the new pleasures of our nuptial bed;
 If ever Dido, when you most were kind,
 Were pleasing in your eyes, or touch'd your
 mind; ⁴⁶⁰
 By these my pray'rs, if pray'rs may yet
 have place,
 Pity the fortunes of a falling race.
 For you I have provok'd a tyrant's hate,
 Incens'd the Libyan and the Tyrian state;
 For you alone I suffer in my fame,
 Bereft of honor, and expos'd to shame.
 Whom have I now to trust, ungrateful
 guest?
 (That only name remains of all the rest!)
 What have I left? or whither can I fly?
 Must I attend Pygmalion's cruelty, ⁴⁷⁰
 Or till Hyarba shall in triumph lead
 A queen that proudly scorn'd his proffer'd
 bed?
 Had you deferr'd, at least, your hasty
 flight,
 And left behind some pledge of our de-
 light,
 Some babe to bless the mother's mourn-
 ful sight,
 Some young Æneas, to supply your place,
 Whose features might express his father's
 face;
 I should not then complain to live bereft
 Of all my husband, or be wholly left."
 Here paus'd the queen. Unmov'd he
 holds his eyes, ⁴⁸⁰
 By Jove's command; nor suffer'd love to
 rise,
 Tho' heaving in his heart; and thus at
 length replies:
 "Fair queen, you never can enough repeat
 Your boundless favors, or I own my debt;
 Nor can my mind forget Eliza's name,

While vital breath inspires this mortal
 frame.

This only let me speak in my defense:
 I never hop'd a secret flight from hence,
 Much less pretended to the lawful claim
 Of sacred nuptials, or a husband's name. ⁴⁹⁰
 For, if indulgent Heav'n would leave me
 free,

And not submit my life to fate's decree,
 My choice would lead me to the Trojan
 shore,

Those relics to review, their dust adore,
 And Priam's ruin'd palace to restore.
 But now the Delphian oracle commands,
 And fate invites me to the Latian lands.
 That is the promis'd place to which I steer,
 And all my vows are terminated there.

If you, a Tyrian, and a stranger born, ⁵⁰⁰
 With walls and tow'rs a Libyan town
 adorn,

Why may not we—like you, a foreign
 race—

Like you, seek shelter in a foreign place?
 As often as the night obscures the skies
 With humid shades, or twinkling stars
 arise,

Anchises' angry ghost in dreams appears,
 Chides my delay, and fills my soul with
 fears;

And young Ascanius justly may complain
 Of his defrauded fate and destin'd reign.
 Ev'n now the herald of the gods ap-
 pear'd: ⁵¹⁰

Waking I saw him, and his message heard.
 From Jove he came commission'd, heav'nly
 bright

With radiant beams, and manifest to sight:
 (The sender and the sent I both attest):
 These walls he enter'd, and those words
 express'd.

Fair queen, oppose not what the gods
 command;

Forc'd by my fate, I leave your happy
 land."

Thus while he spoke, already she began,
 With sparkling eyes, to view the guilty
 man;

From head to foot survey'd his person
 o'er, ⁵²⁰

Nor longer these outrageous threats fore-
 bore:

"False as thou art, and, more than false,
 forsworn!

Not sprung from noble blood, nor goddess-
 born,

But hewn from harden'd entrails of a rock !
And rough Hyrcanian tigers gave thee
suck !

Why should I fawn ? what have I worse
to fear ?

Did he once look, or lent a list'ning ear,
Sigh'd when I sobb'd, or shed one kindly
tear ? —

All symptoms of a base ungrateful mind,
So foul, that, which is worse, 'tis hard to
find.

Of man's injustice why should I complain ?
The gods, and Jove himself, behold in
vain

Triumphant treason; yet no thunder
flies,

Nor Juno views my wrongs with equal
eyes;

Faithless is earth, and faithless are the
skies !

Justice is fled, and Truth is now no more !
I sav'd the shipwreck'd exile on my shore;
With needful food his hungry Trojans
fed;

I took the traitor to my throne and bed:
Fool that I was — 'tis little to repeat ⁵⁴⁰
The rest — I stor'd and rigg'd his ruin'd
fleet.

I rave, I rave ! A god's command he pleads,
And makes Heav'n accessory to his deeds.
Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god,
Now Hermes is employ'd from Jove's abode,
To warn him hence; as if the peaceful
state

Of heav'nly pow'rs were touch'd with human
fate !

But go ! thy flight no longer I detain —
Go seek thy promis'd kingdom thro' the
main !

Yet, if the heav'ns will hear my pious
vow, ⁵⁵⁰

The faithless waves, not half so false as
thou,

Or secret sands, shall sepulchers afford
To thy proud vessels, and their perjurd
lord.

Then shalt thou call on injur'd Dido's
name:

Dido shall come in a black sulph'ry flame,
When death has once dissolv'd her mortal
frame;

Shall smile to see the traitor vainly weep:
Her angry ghost, arising from the deep,
Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy
sleep.

At least my shade thy punishment shall
know, ⁵⁶⁰
And Fame shall spread the pleasing news
below."

Abruptly here she stops; then turns away
Her loathing eyes, and shuns the sight of
day.

Amaz'd he stood, revolving in his mind
What speech to frame, and what excuse to
find.

Her fearful maids their fainting mistress
led,

And softly laid her on her iv'ry bed.

But good Æneas, tho' he much desir'd
To give that pity which her grief requir'd;
Tho' much he mourn'd, and labor'd with his
love, ⁵⁷⁰

Resolv'd at length, obeys the will of Jove;
Reviews his forces: they with early care
Unmoor their vessels, and for sea prepare.

The fleet is soon afloat, in all its pride,
And well-calk'd galleys in the harbor ride.
Then oaks for oars they fell'd; or, as they
stood,

Of its green arms despoil'd the growing
wood,

Studios of flight. The beach is cover'd
o'er

With Trojan bands, that blacken all the
shore:

On ev'ry side are seen, descending down, ⁵⁸⁰
Thick swarms of soldiers, loaden from the
town.

Thus, in battalia, march embodied ants,
Fearful of winter, and of future wants,
T' invade the corn, and to their cells con-
vey

The plunder'd forage of their yellow prey.
The sable troops, along the narrow tracks,
Scarcely bear the weighty burthen on their
backs:

Some set their shoulders to the pond'rous
grain;

Some guard the spoil; some lash the
lagging train;

All ply their sev'ral tasks, and equal toil
sustain. ⁵⁹⁰

What pangs the tender breast of Dido
tore,

When, from the tow'r, she saw the cov-
er'd shore,

And heard the shouts of sailors from afar,
Mix'd with the murmurs of the wat'ry war !
All-pow'rful Love ! what changes canst thou
cause

In human hearts, subjected to thy laws !
Once more her haughty soul the tyrant
bends:

To pray'rs and mean submissions she de-
scends.

No female arts or aids she left untried,
Nor counsels unexplor'd, before she died. 600
"Look, Anna ! look ! the Trojans crowd to
sea;

They spread their canvas, and their anchors
weigh.

The shouting crew their ships with garlands
bind,

Invoke the sea gods, and invite the wind.
Could I have thought this threat'ning bow
so near,

My tender soul had been forewarn'd to
bear.

But do not you my last request deny;
With you perfidious man your int'rest
try,

And bring me news, if I must live or
die.

You are his fav'rite; you alone can find 610
The dark recesses of his inmost mind:

In all his trusted secrets you have part,
And know the soft approaches to his heart.
Haste then, and humbly seek my haughty
foe;

Tell him, I did not with the Grecians go,
Nor did my fleet against his friends em-
ploy,

Nor swore the ruin of unhappy Troy,
Nor mov'd with hands profane his father's
dust:

Why should he then reject a suit so just !
Whom does he shun, and whither would
he fly ! 620

Can he this last, this only pray'r deny !
Let him at least his dang'rous flight delay,
Wait better winds, and hope a calmer sea.
The nuptials he disclaims I urge no more:
Let him pursue the promis'd Latian shore.
A short delay is all I ask him now;

A pause of grief, an interval from woe,
Till my soft soul be temper'd to sustain
Accustom'd sorrows, and inur'd to pain.
If you in pity grant this one request, 630
My death shall glut the hatred of his
breast."

This mournful message pious Anna bears,
And seconds with her own her sister's
tears:

But all her arts are still employ'd in vain;
Again she comes, and is refus'd again.

His harden'd heart nor pray'rs nor threat'n-
ings move;

Fate, and the god, had stopp'd his ears to
love.

As, when the winds their airy quarrel
try,

Justling from ev'ry quarter of the sky,
This way and that the mountain oak they
bend, 640

His boughs they shatter, and his branches
rend;

With leaves and falling mast they spread
the ground;

The hollow valleys echo to the sound:
Unmov'd, the royal plant their fury
mocks,

Or, shaken, clings more closely to the
rocks;

Far as he shoots his tow'ring head on high,
So deep in earth his fix'd foundations lie.

No less a storm the Trojan hero bears;
Thick messages and loud complaints he
hears,

And bandied words, still beating on his
ears. 650

Sighs, groans, and tears proclaim his in-
ward pains;

But the firm purpose of his heart remains.
The wretched queen, pursued by cruel
fate,

Begins at length the light of heav'n to
hate,

And loathes to live. Then dire portents
she sees,

To hasten on the death her soul decrees:
Strange to relate ! for when, before the
shrine,

She pours in sacrifice the purple wine,
The purple wine is turn'd to putrid blood,
And the white offer'd milk converts to
mud. 660

This dire presage, to her alone reveal'd,
From all, and ev'n her sister, she con-
ceal'd.

A marble temple stood within the grove,
Sacred to death, and to her murder'd
love;

That honor'd chapel she had hung around
With snowy fleeces, and with garlands
crown'd:

Of, when she visited this lonely dome,
Strange voices issued from her husband's
tomb;

She thought she heard him summon her
away,

Invite her to his grave, and chide her stay.
Hourly 'tis heard, when with a boding
note

The solitary screech owl strains her throat,
And, on a chimney's top, or turret's height,
With songs obscene disturbs the silence of
the night.

Besides, old prophecies augment her fears;
And stern Æneas in her dreams appears,
Disdainful as by day: she seems, alone,
To wander in her sleep, thro' ways un-
known,

Guideless and dark; or, in a desert plain,
To seek her subjects, and to seek in vain:
Like Pentheus, when, distracted with his
fear,

He saw two suns, and double Thebes, ap-
pear;

Or mad Orestes, when his mother's ghost
Full in his face infernal torches toss'd,
And shook her snaky locks: he shuns the
sight,

Flies o'er the stage, surpris'd with mor-
tal fright;

The Furies guard the door and intercept
his flight.

Now, sinking underneath a load of grief,
From death alone she seeks her last relief;
The time and means resolv'd within her
breast,

She to her mournful sister thus address'd
(Dissembling hope, her cloudy front she
clears,

And a false vigor in her eyes appears):
"Rejoice!" she said. "Instructed from
above,

My lover I shall gain, or lose my love.
Nigh rising Atlas, next the falling sun,
Long tracts of Ethiopian climates run:
There a Massylian priestess I have found,
Honor'd for age, for magic arts renown'd:
Th' Hesperian temple was her trusted care;
'Twas she supplied the wakeful dragon's
fare.

She poppy seeds in honey taught to steep,
Reclaim'd his rage, and sooth'd him into
sleep.

She watch'd the golden fruit; her charms
unbind

The chains of love, or fix them on the
mind:

She stops the torrents, leaves the channel
dry,

Repels the stars, and backward bears the
sky.

The yawning earth rebellows to her call,
Pale ghosts ascend, and mountain ashes
fall.

Witness, ye gods, and thou my better part,
How loth I am to try this impious art!
Within the secret court, with silent care,
Erect a lofty pile, expos'd in air:

Hang on the topmost part the Trojan vest,
Spoils, arms, and presents, of my faithless
guest.

Next, under these, the bridal bed be plac'd,
Where I my ruin in his arms embrac'd:
All relics of the wretch are doom'd to fire;
For so the priestess and her charms re-
quire."

Thus far she said, and farther speech for-
bears;

A mortal paleness in her face appears:
Yet the mistrustless Anna could not find
The secret fun'ral in these rites de-
sign'd;

Nor thought so dire a rage possess'd her
mind.

Unknowing of a train conceal'd so well,
She fear'd no worse than when Sicheus fell;
Therefore obeys. The fatal pile they rear,
Within the secret court, expos'd in air.
The cloven holms and pines are heap'd on
high,

And garlands on the hollow spaces lie.
Sad cypress, vervain, yew, compose the
wreath,

And ev'ry baleful green denoting death.
The queen, determin'd to the fatal deed,
The spoils and sword he left, in order
spread,

And the man's image on the nuptial bed.
And now (the sacred altars plac'd
around)

The priestess enters, with her hair un-
bound,
And thrice invokes the pow'rs below the
ground.

Night, Erebus, and Chaos she proclaims,
And threefold Hecate, with her hundred
names,

And three Dianas: next, she sprinkles
round

With feign'd Avernian drops the hallow'd
ground;

Culls hoary simples, found by Phoebe's
light,

With brazen sickles reap'd at noon of night;
Then mixes baleful juices in the bowl,
And cuts the forehead of a newborn foal,

Robbing the mother's love. The destin'd
queen

Observes, assisting at the rites obscene;
A leaven'd cake in her devoted hands ⁷⁴⁰
She holds, and next the highest altar stands:
One tender foot was shod, her other bare;
Girt was her gather'd gown, and loose her
hair.

Thus dress'd, she summon'd, with her dying
breath,

The heav'ns and planets conscious of her
death,

And ev'ry pow'r, if any rules above,
Who minds, or who revenges, injur'd love.

'T was dead of night, when weary bodies
close

Their eyes in balmy sleep and soft repose:
The winds no longer whisper thro' the
woods,

Nor murmur'ing tides disturb the gentle
floods. ⁷⁵⁰

The stars in silent order mov'd around;
And Peace, with downy wings, was brood-
ing on the ground.

The flocks and herds, and party-color'd
fowl,

Which haunt the woods, or swim the weedy
pool,

Stretch'd on the quiet earth, securely lay,
Forgetting the past labors of the day.

All else of nature's common gift partake:
Unhappy Dido was alone awake.

Nor sleep nor ease the furious queen can
find;

Sleep fled her eyes, as quiet fled her mind.
Despair, and rage, and love divide her
heart; ⁷⁷¹

Despair and rage had some, but love the
greater part.

Then thus she said within her secret
mind:

"What shall I do? what succor can I
find?

Become a suppliant to Hyarba's pride,
And take my turn, to court and be denied?

Shall I with this ungrateful Trojan go,
Forsake an empire, and attend a foe?

Himself I refug'd, and his train reliev'd —
'T is true — but am I sure to be receiv'd?

Can gratitude in Trojan souls have place!
Laomedon still lives in all his race! ⁷⁸²

Then, shall I seek alone the churlish crew,
Or with my fleet their flying sails pursue?

What force have I but those whom scarce
before

I drew reluctant from their native shore?
Will they again embark at my desire,
Once more sustain the seas, and quit their
second Tyre?

Rather with steel thy guilty breast invade,
And take the fortune thou thyself hast
made. ⁷⁹⁰

Your pity, sister, first seduc'd my mind,
Or seconded too well what I design'd.
These dear-bought pleasures had I never
known,

Had I continued free, and still my own;
Avoiding love, I had not found despair,
But shar'd with salvage beasts the common
air.

Like them, a lonely life I might have led,
Not mourn'd the living, nor disturb'd the
dead."

These thoughts she brooded in her anxious
breast.

On board, the Trojan found more easy
rest. ⁸⁰⁰

Resolv'd to sail, in sleep he pass'd the
night;

And order'd all things for his early flight.
To whom once more the winged god
appears;

His former youthful mien and shape
he wears,

And with this new alarm invades his ears:
"Sleep'st thou, O goddess-born! and canst
thou drown

Thy needful cares, so near a hostile town,
Beset with foes; nor hear'st the western
gales

Invite thy passage, and inspire thy sails?
She harbors in her heart a furious hate, ⁸¹⁰
And thou shalt find the dire effects too
late;

Fix'd on revenge, and obstinate to die.
Haste swiftly hence, while thou hast pow'r
to fly.

The sea with ships will soon be cover'd o'er,
And blazing firebrands kindle all the shore.
Prevent her rage, while night obscures the
skies,

And sail before the purple morn arise.
Who knows what hazards thy delay may
bring?

Woman's a various and a changeful thing."
Thus Hermes in the dream; then took his
flight ⁸²⁰

Aloft in air unseen, and mix'd with night.
Twice warn'd by the celestial messenger,
The pious prince arose with hasty fear;

Then rous'd his drowsy train without delay:

"Haste to your banks; your crooked
anchors weigh,
And spread your flying sails, and stand to
sea.

A god commands: he stood before my
sight,

And urg'd us once again to speedy flight.
O sacred pow'r, what pow'r soe'er thou art,
To thy blest orders I resign my heart. ⁸³⁰
Lead thou the way; protect thy Trojan
bands,

And prosper the design thy will commands."
He said; and, drawing forth his flaming
sword,

His thund'ring arm divides the many-
twisted cord.

An emulating zeal inspires his train:
They run; they snatch; they rush into the
main.

With headlong haste they leave the desert
shores,

And brush the liquid seas with lab'ring
oars.

Aurora now had left her saffron bed,
And beams of early light the heav'ns o'er-
spread, ⁸⁴⁰

When, from a tow'r, the queen, with wake-
ful eyes,

Saw day point upward from the rosy skies.
She look'd to seaward; but the sea was
void,

And scarce in ken the sailing ships de-
seried.

Stung with despite, and furious with de-
spair,

She struck her trembling breast, and tore
her hair.

"And shall th' ungrateful traitor go," she
said,

"My land forsaken, and my love be-
tray'd ?

Shall we not arm ? not rush from ev'ry
street, ⁸⁴⁹

To follow, sink, and burn his perjurd fleet ?
Haste, haul my galleys out ! pursue the
foe !

Bring flaming brands ! set sail, and swiftly
row !

What have I said ? where am I ? Fury
turns

My brain; and my distemper'd bosom burns.
Then, when I gave my person and my
throne,

This hate, this rage, had been more timely
shown.

See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted
name,

The pious man, who, rushing thro' the
flame,

Preserv'd his gods, and to the Phrygian
shore

The burthen of his feeble father bore ! ⁸⁵⁰
I should have torn him piecemeal; strow'd
in floods

His scatter'd limbs, or left expos'd in woods;
Destroy'd his friends and son; and, from
the fire,

Have set the reeking boy before the sire.
Events are doubtful, which on battles wait:
Yet where 's the doubt, to souls secure of
fate ?

My Tyrians, at their injur'd queen's com-
mand,

Had toss'd their fires amid the Trojan band;
At once extinguish'd all the faithless
name;

And I myself, in vengeance of my shame,
Had fall'n upon the pile, to mend the
fun'ral flame. ⁸⁷¹

Thou Sun, who view'st at once the world
below;

Thou Juno, guardian of the nuptial vow;
Thou Hecate, hearken from thy dark
abodes !

Ye Furies, fiends, and violated gods,
All pow'rs invok'd with Dido's dying breath,
Attend her curses and avenge her death !

If so the Fates ordain, and Jove commands,
Th' ungrateful wretch should find the
Latian lands,

Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes,
His peaceful entrance with dire arms
oppose: ⁸⁸¹

Oppress'd with numbers in th' unequal
field,

His men discourag'd, and himself expell'd,
Let him for succor sue from place to place,
Torn from his subjects, and his son's
embrace.

First, let him see his friends in battle slain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain;
And when, at length, the cruel war shall
cease,

On hard conditions may he buy his peace:
Nor let him then enjoy supreme com-
mand; ⁸⁹⁰

But fall, untimely, by some hostile hand,
And lie unburied on the barren sand !

These are my pray'rs, and this my dying
will;

And you, my Tyrians, ev'ry curse fulfil.
Perpetual hate and mortal wars proclaim,
Against the prince, the people, and the
name.

These grateful off'rings on my grave
bestow;

Nor league, nor love, the hostile nations
know !

Now, and from hence, in ev'ry future age,
When rage excites your arms, and strength
supplies the rage,

Rise some avenger of our Libyan blood,
With fire and sword pursue the perjurd
brood;

Our arms, our seas, our shores, oppos'd to
theirs;

And the same hate descend on all our
heirs ! "

This said, within her anxious mind she
weighs

The means of cutting short her odious days.
Then to Sichæus' nurse she briefly said
(For, when she left her country, hers was
dead):

"Go, Barce, call my sister. Let her care
The solemn rites of sacrifice prepare; ⁹¹⁰
The sheep, and all th' atoning off'rings,
bring,

Sprinkling her body from the crystal spring
With living drops; then let her come, and
thou

With sacred fillets bind thy hoary brow.
Thus will I pay my vows to Stygian Jove,
And end the cares of my disastrous love;
Then cast the Trojan image on the fire,
And, as that burns, my passion shall expire."

The nurse moves onward, with officious
care,

And all the speed her aged limbs can bear.
But furious Dido, with dark thoughts in-
volv'd,

Shook at the mighty mischief she resolv'd.
With livid spots distinguish'd was her face;
Red were her rolling eyes, and compos'd
her pace;

Ghastly she gaz'd, with pain she drew her
breath,

And nature shiver'd at approaching death.
Then swiftly to the fatal place she pass'd,

And mounts the fun'ral pile with furious
baste;

Unsheathes the sword the Trojan left be-
hind

(Not for so dire an enterprise design'd). ⁹³⁰
But when she view'd the garments loosely
spread,

Which once he wore, and saw the conscious
bed,

She paus'd, and with a sigh the robes }
embrac'd;

Then on the couch her trembling body }
cast,

Repress'd the ready tears, and spoke her
last:

"Dear pledges of my love, while Heav'n so
pleas'd,

Receive a soul, of mortal anguish eas'd:
My fatal course is finish'd; and I go,

A glorious name, among the ghosts below.
A lofty city by my hands is rais'd,

Pygmalion punish'd, and my lord appeas'd. ⁹⁴⁰
What could my fortune have afforded more,
Had the false Trojan never touch'd my

shore ! "

Then kiss'd the couch; and, "Must I die,"
she said,

"And unreveng'd? 'Tis doubly to be
dead !

Yet ev'n this death with pleasure I receive:
On any terms, 't is better than to live.

These flames, from far, may the false
Trojan view;

These boding omens his base flight
pursue ! "

She said, and struck; deep enter'd in
her side

The piercing steel, with reeking purple
dyed:

Clogg'd in the wound the cruel weapon
stands;

The spouting blood came streaming on her
hands.

Her sad attendants saw the deadly stroke,
And with loud cries the sounding palace
shook.

Distracted, from the fatal sight they fled,
And thro' the town the dismal rumor

spread.
First from the frighted court the yell

began;

Redoubled, thence from house to house it
ran:

The groans of men, with shrieks, laments,
and cries

Of mixing women, mount the vaulted skies. ⁹⁶⁰
Not less the clamor, than if — ancient

Tyre,
Or the new Carthage, set by foes on fire —

The rolling ruin, with their lov'd abodes,
Involv'd the blazing temples of their gods.

Her sister hears; and, furious with despair,

She beats her breast, and rends her yellow hair,

And, calling on Eliza's name aloud,
Runs breathless to the place, and breaks the crowd.

"Was all that pomp of woe for this prepar'd;

These fires, this fun'ral pile, these altars rear'd?

Was all this train of plots contriv'd," said she,

"All only to deceive unhappy me?
Which is the worst? Didst thou in death pretend

To scorn thy sister, or delude thy friend?
Thy summon'd sister, and thy friend, had come;

One sword had serv'd us both, one common tomb:

Was I to raise the pile, the pow'rs invoke,
Not to be present at the fatal stroke?

At once thou hast destroy'd thyself and me,

Thy town, thy senate, and thy colony!
Bring water; bathe the wound; while I in death

Lay close my lips to hers, and catch the flying breath."

This said, she mounts the pile with eager haste,

And in her arms the gasping queen embrac'd;

Her temples chaf'd; and her own garments tore,

To stanch the streaming blood, and cleanse the gore.

Thrice Dido tried to raise her drooping head,
And, fainting thrice, fell grov'ling on the bed;

Thrice op'd her heavy eyes, and sought the light,

But, having found it, sicken'd at the sight,
And clos'd her lids at last in endless night.

Then Juno, grieving that she should sustain

A death so ling'ring, and so full of pain,
Sent Iris down, to free her from the strife
Of lab'ring nature, and dissolve her life.
For since she died, not doom'd by Heav'n's decree,

Or her own crime, but human casualty,
And rage of love, that plung'd her in despair,

The Sisters had not cut the topmost hair,

Which Proserpine and they can only know;
Nor made her sacred to the shades below.

Downward the various goddess took her flight,

And drew a thousand colors from the light;

Then stood above the dying lover's head,
And said: "I thus devote thee to the dead.

This offering to th' infernal gods I bear."

Thus while she spoke, she cut the fatal hair:

The struggling soul was loos'd, and life

dissolv'd in air.

THE FIFTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS

THE ARGUMENT

Æneas, setting sail from Afric, is driven by a storm on the coasts of Sicily, where he is hospitably receiv'd by his friend Æcestes, king of part of the island, and born of Trojan parentage. He applies himself to celebrate the memory of his father with divine honors, and accordingly institutes funeral games, and appoints prizes for those who should conquer in them. While the ceremonies were performing, Juno sends Iris to persuade the Trojan women to burn the ships, who, upon her instigation, set fire to them; which burnt four, and would have consum'd the rest, had not Jupiter, by a miraculous shower, extinguish'd it. Upon this, Æneas, by the advice of one of his generals, and a vision of his father, builds a city for the women, old men, and others, who were either unfit for war, or weary of the voyage, and sails for Italy. Venus procures of Neptune a safe voyage for him and all his men, excepting only his pilot Palinurus, who is unfortunately lost.

MEANTIME the Trojan cuts his wat'ry way,
Fix'd on his voyage, thro' the curling sea;

Then, casting back his eyes, with dire amaze,

Sees on the Punic shore the mounting blaze.
The cause unknown; yet his presaging

mind
The fate of Dido from the fire divin'd;

He knew the stormy souls of womankind,

What secret springs their eager passions
 move,
 How capable of death for injur'd love.
 Dire auguries from hence the Trojans
 draw;
 Till neither fires nor shining shores they
 saw.
 Now seas and skies their prospect only
 bound;
 An empty space above, a floating field
 around.
 But soon the heav'n's with shadows were
 o'erspread;
 A swelling cloud hung hov'ring o'er their
 head:
 Livid it look'd, the threat'ning of a storm;
 Then night and horror ocean's face deform.
 The pilot, Palinurus, cried aloud:
 "What gusts of weather from that
 gath'ring cloud
 My thoughts presage! Ere yet the tempest
 roars,
 Stand to your tackle, mates, and stretch
 your oars;
 Contract your swelling sails, and luff to
 wind."
 The frightened crew perform the task assign'd.
 Then, to his fearless chief: "Not Heav'n,"
 said he,
 "Tho' Jove himself should promise Italy,
 Can stem the torrent of this raging sea."
 Mark how the shifting winds from west
 arise,
 And what collected night involves the skies!
 Nor can our shaken vessels live at sea,
 Much less against the tempest force their
 way.
 'T is fate diverts our course, and fate we
 must obey.
 Not far from hence, if I observ'd aright
 The southing of the stars, and polar light,
 Scyllia lies, whose hospitable shores
 In safety we may reach with struggling
 oars."
 Æneas then replied: "Too sure I find
 We strive in vain against the seas and wind:
 Now shift your sails; what place can please
 me more
 Than what you promise, the Sicilian shore,
 Whose hallow'd earth Anchises' bones con-
 tains,
 And where a prince of Trojan lineage
 reigns?"
 The course resolv'd, before the western
 wind

They send amain, and make the port as-
 sign'd.

Meantime Acestes, from a lofty stand,
 Beheld the fleet descending on the land;
 And, not unmindful of his ancient race,
 Down from the cliff he ran with eager
 pace,
 And held the hero in a strict embrace.
 Of a rough Libyan bear the spoils he wore,
 And either hand a pointed jav'lin bore.
 His mother was a dame of Dardan blood;
 His sire Criniseus, a Sicilian flood.
 He welcomes his returning friends ashore
 With plenteous country eates and homely
 store.

Now, when the following morn had chas'd
 away

The flying stars, and light restor'd the day,
 Æneas call'd the Trojan troops around,
 And thus bespoke them from a rising
 ground:

"Offspring of heav'n, divine Dardanian race!
 The sun, revolving thro' th' ethereal space,
 The shining circle of the year has fill'd,
 Since first this isle my father's ashes held:
 And now the rising day renews the year;
 A day for ever sad, for ever dear.
 This would I celebrate with annual games,
 With gifts on altars pil'd, and holy flames,
 Tho' banish'd to Gætulia's barren sands,
 Caught on the Grecian seas, or hostile lands:
 But since this happy storm our fleet has
 driv'n

(Not, as I deem, without the will of Heav'n)
 Upon these friendly shores and flow'ry
 plains,

Which hide Anchises and his blest remains,
 Let us with joy perform his honors due,
 And pray for prosp'rous winds, our voyage
 to renew;

Pray, that in towns and temples of our
 own,

The name of great Anchises may be
 known,

And yearly games may spread the gods'
 renown.

Our sports Acestes, of the Trojan race,
 With royal gifts ordain'd, is pleas'd to grace:
 Two steers on ev'ry ship the king bestows;
 His gods and ours shall share your equal
 vows.

Besides, if, nine days hence, the rosy morn
 Shall with unclouded light the skies adorn,
 That day with solemn sports I mean to
 grace:

Light galleys on the seas shall run a wat'ry
race;

Some shall in swiftness for the goal con-
tend,

And others try the twanging bow to bend;
The strong, with iron gauntlets arm'd, shall
stand

Oppos'd in combat on the yellow sand.
Let all be present at the games prepar'd,⁹⁰
And joyful victors wait the just reward.
But now assist the rites, with garlands
crown'd."

He said, and first his brows with myrtle
bound.

Then Helymus, by his example led,
And old Acestes, each adorn'd his head;
Thus young Ascanius, with a sprightly
grace,

His temples tied, and all the Trojan race.
Æneas then advanc'd amidst the train,
By thousands follow'd thro' the flow'ry
plain,

To great Anchises' tomb; which when he
found,

He pour'd to Bacchus, on the hallow'd
ground,

Two bowls of sparkling wine, of milk two
more,

And two (from offer'd bulls) of purple gore.
With roses then the sepulcher he strow'd,
And thus his father's ghost bespoke aloud:

"Hail, O ye holy manes! hail again,
Paternal ashes, now review'd in vain!

The gods permitted not, that you, with
me,

Should reach the promis'd shores of
Italy,

Or Tiber's flood, what flood soe'er it
be."

Scarce had he finish'd, when, with speckled
pride,

A serpent from the tomb began to glide;
His huge bulk on sev'n high volumes roll'd;
Blue was his breadth of back, but streak'd
with scaly gold:

Thus riding on his curls, he seem'd to pass
A rolling fire along, and singe the grass.

More various colors thro' his body run,
Than Iris when her bow imbibes the sun.

Betwixt the rising altars, and around,
The sacred monster shot along the ground;

With harmless play amidst the bowls he
pass'd,

And with his lolling tongue assay'd the
taste:

Thus fed with holy food, the wondrous
guest

Within the hollow tomb retir'd to rest.
The pious prince, surpris'd at what he

view'd,
The fun'ral honors with more zeal re-
new'd,

Doubtful if this the place's genius were,
Or guardian of his father's sepulcher.

Five sheep, according to the rites, he
slew;

As many swine, and steers of sable hue;¹³⁰
New gen'rous wine he from the goblets
pour'd,

And call'd his father's ghost, from hell
restor'd.

The glad attendants in long order come,
Offering their gifts at great Anchises'

tomb:

Some add more oxen; some divide the
spoil;

Some place the chargers on the grassy
soil;

Some blow the fires, and offer'd entrails
broil.

Now came the day desir'd. The skies
were bright

With rosy luster of the rising light:
The bord'ring people, rous'd by sounding

fame

Of Trojan feasts and great Acestes' name,¹⁴⁰
The crowded shore with acclamations fill,

Part to behold, and part to prove their
skill.

And first the gifts in public view they
place,

Green laurel wreaths, and palm, the victors'
grace:

Within the circle, arms and tripods lie,
Ingots of gold and silver, heap'd on

high,

And vests embroider'd, of the Tyrian
dye.

The trumpet's clangor then the feast pro-
claims,

And all prepare for their appointed games.
Four galleys first, which equal rowers

bear,¹⁵¹

Advancing, in the wat'ry lists appear.
The speedy Dolphin, that outstrips the

wind,
Bore Mnestheus, author of the Memmian
kind:

Gyas the vast Chimæra's bulk commands,
Which rising, like a tow'ring city stands;

Three Trojans tug at ev'ry lab'ring oar;
 Three banks in three degrees the sailors
 bore;
 Beneath their sturdy strokes the billows
 roar.

Sergesthus, who began the Sergian race,
 In the great Centaur took the leading
 place;

Cloanthus on the sea-green Scylla stood,
 From whom Cluentius draws his Trojan
 blood.

Far in the sea, against the foaming
 shore,

There stands a rock: the raging billows
 roar

Above his head in storms; but, when 't is
 clear,

Uncurl their ridgy backs, and at his foot
 appear.

In peace below the gentle waters run;
 The cormorants above lie basking in the
 sun.

On this the hero fix'd an oak in sight, ¹⁷⁰
 The mark to guide the mariners aright.

To bear with this, the seamen stretch their
 oars;

Then round the rock they steer, and seek
 the former shores.

The lots decide their place. Above the rest,
 Each leader shining in his Tyrian vest;

The common crew with wreaths of poplar
 boughs

Their temples crown, and shade their
 sweaty brows:

Besmeas'd with oil, their naked shoulders
 shine.

All take their seats, and wait the sounding
 sign:

They gripe their oars; and ev'ry panting
 breast ¹⁸⁰

Is rais'd by turns with hope, by turns with
 fear depress'd.

The clangor of the trumpet gives the sign;
 At once they start, advancing in a line:

With shouts the sailors rend the starry
 skies;

Lash'd with their oars, the smoky billows
 rise;

Sparkles the briny main, and the vex'd
 ocean fries.

Exact in time, with equal strokes they row:
 At once the brushing oars and brazen
 prow

Dash up the sandy waves, and ope the
 depths below.

Not fiery coursers, in a chariot race, ¹⁹⁰
 Invade the field with half so swift a pace;
 Not the fierce driver with more fury
 lends

The sounding lash, and, ere the stroke
 descends,

Low to the wheels his pliant body bends.
 The partial crowd their hopes and fears

divide,
 And aid with eager shouts the favor'd side.

Cries, murmurs, clamors, with a mixing
 sound,

From woods to woods, from hills to hills
 rebound.

Amidst the loud applauses of the shore,
 Gyas outstripp'd the rest, and sprung
 before:

Cloanthus, better mann'd, pursued him
 fast, ²⁰⁰

But his o'er-masted galley check'd his
 haste.

The Centaur and the Dolphin brush the
 brine

With equal oars, advancing in a line;
 And now the mighty Centaur seems to

lead,
 And now the speedy Dolphin gets ahead;

Now board to board the rival vessels row,
 The billows lave the skies, and ocean

groans below.
 They reach'd the mark. Proud Gyas and

his train

In triumph rode, the victors of the main; ²¹⁰
 But, steering round, he charg'd his pilot

stand
 More close to shore, and skim along the

sand —
 "Let others bear to sea!" Menætes

heard;
 But secret shelves too cautiously he

fear'd,
 And, fearing, sought the deep; and still

aloof he steer'd.
 With louder cries the captain call'd again:

"Bear to the rocky shore, and shun the
 main."

He spoke, and, speaking, at his stern he
 saw

The bold Cloanthus near the shelvings
 draw.

Betwixt the mark and him the Scylla
 stood, ²²⁰

And in a closer compass plow'd the flood.
 He pass'd the mark; and, wheeling, got

before:

Gyas blasphem'd the gods, devoutly swore,
Cried out for anger, and his hair he tore.
Mindless of others' lives (so high was grown
His rising rage) and careless of his own,
The trembling dotard to the deck he drew;
Then hoisted up, and overboard he threw:
This done, he seiz'd the helm; his fellows
cheer'd,

Turn'd short upon the shelves, and madly
steer'd. ²³⁰

Hardly his head the plunging pilot rears,
Clogg'd with his clothes, and cumber'd with
his years:

Now dropping wet, he climbs the cliff with
pain.

The crowd, that saw him fall and float again,
Shout from the distant shore; and loudly
laugh'd,

To see his heaving breast disgorge the
briny draught.

The following Centaur, and the Dolphin's
crew,

Their vanish'd hopes of victory renew;
While Gyas lags, they kindle in the race,
To reach the mark. Sergesthus takes the
place; ²⁴⁰

Mnestheus pursues; and, while around they
wind,

Comes up, not half his galley's length be-
hind;

Then, on the deck, amidst his mates ap-
pear'd,

And thus their drooping courages he
cheer'd:

"My friends, and Hector's followers here-
tofore,

Exert your vigor; tug the lab'ring oar;
Stretch to your strokes, my still unconquer'd
crew,

Whom from the flaming walls of Troy I
drew. ²⁵⁰

In this, our common int'rest, let me find
That strength of hand, that courage of the
mind,

As when you stemm'd the strong Malean
flood,

And o'er the Syrtes' broken billows row'd.
I seek not now the foremost palm to gain;
Tho' yet — but, ah ! that haughty wish is
vain !

Let those enjoy it whom the gods ordain.
But to be last, the lags of all the race ! —
Redeem yourselves and me from that dis-
grace."

Now, one and all, they tug amain; they row

At the full stretch, and shake the brazen
prow.

The sea beneath 'em sinks; their lab'ring
sides ²⁶⁰

Are swell'd, and sweat runs gutt'ring down
in tides.

Chance aids their daring with unhop'd suc-
cess:

Sergesthus, eager with his beak to press
Betwixt the rival galley and the rock,
Shuts up th' unwieldy Centaur in the lock.
The vessel struck; and, with the dreadful
shock,

Her oars she shiver'd, and her head she
broke.

The trembling rowers from their banks
arise,

And, anxious for themselves, renounce the
prize.

With iron poles they heave her off the
shores, ²⁷⁰

And gather from the sea their floating oars.
The crew of Mnestheus, with elated minds,

Urge their success, and call the willing
winds;

Then ply their oars, and cut their liquid way
In larger compass on the roomy sea.

As, when the dove her rocky hold forsakes,
Rous'd in a fright, her sounding wings she
shakes;

The cavern rings with clatt'ring; out she
flies,

And leaves her callow care, and cleaves
the skies:

At first she flutters; but at length she
springs ²⁸⁰

To smoother flight, and shoots upon her
wings:

So Mnestheus in the Dolphin cuts the sea;
And, flying with a force, that force assists
his way.

Sergesthus in the Centaur soon he pass'd,
Wedg'd in the rocky shoals, and sticking
fast.

In vain the victor he with cries implores,
And practices to row with shatter'd oars.

Then Mnestheus bears with Gyas, and out-
flies: ²⁸⁸

The ship, without a pilot, yields the prize.
Unvanquish'd Scylla now alone remains;

Her he pursues, and all his vigor strains.
Shouts from the fav'ring multitude arise;

Applauding Echo to the shouts replies;
Shouts, wishes, and applause run rattling
thro' the skies. }

These clamors with disdain the Scylla
 heard,
 Much grudd'g the praise, but more the
 robb'd reward:
 Resolv'd to hold their own, they mend their
 pace,
 All obstinate to die, or gain the race.
 Rais'd with success, the Dolphin swiftly
 ran;
 For they can conquer, who believe they
 can. ³⁰⁰
 Both urge their oars, and fortune both
 supplies,
 And both perhaps had shar'd an equal
 prize;
 When to the seas Cloanthus holds his
 hands,
 And succor from the wat'ry pow'rs de-
 mands:
 "Gods of the liquid realms, on which I
 row!
 If, giv'n by you, the laurel bind my
 brow,
 Assist to make me guilty of my vow!
 A snow-white bull shall on your shore be
 slain;
 His offer'd entrails cast into the main,
 And ruddy wine, from golden goblets
 thrown, ³¹⁰
 Your grateful gift and my return shall
 own."
 The choir of nymphs, and Phoreus, from
 below,
 With virgin Panopea, heard his vow;
 And old Portunus, with his breadth of hand,
 Push'd on, and sped the galley to the land.
 Swift as a shaft, or winged wind, she flies,
 And, darting to the port, obtains the prize.
 The herald summons all, and then
 proclaims
 Cloanthus conqu'ror of the naval games.
 The prince with laurel crowns the victor's
 head, ³²⁰
 And three fat steers are to his vessel led,
 The ship's reward; with gen'rous wine
 beside,
 And sums of silver, which the crew divide.
 The leaders are distinguish'd from the
 rest;
 The victor honor'd with a nobler vest,
 Where gold and purple strive in equal
 rows,
 And needlework its happy cost bestows.
 There Ganymede is wrought with living
 art,

Chasing thro' Ida's groves the trembling
 hart: ³²⁹
 Breathless he seems, yet eager to pursue;
 When from aloft descends, in open view,
 The bird of Jove, and, sousing on his prey,
 With crooked talons bears the boy away.
 In vain, with lifted hands and gazing
 eyes,
 His guards behold him soaring thro' the
 skies,
 And dogs pursue his flight with imitated
 cries.
 Mnestheus the second victor was de-
 clar'd;
 And, summon'd there, the second prize he
 shar'd.
 A coat of mail, which brave Demoleüs
 bore,
 More brave Æneas from his shoulders
 tore, ³⁴⁰
 In single combat on the Trojan shore:
 This was ordain'd for Mnestheus to possess;
 In war for his defense, for ornament in
 peace.
 Rich was the gift, and glorious to behold,
 But yet so pond'rous with its plates of gold,
 That scarce two servants could the weight
 sustain;
 Yet, loaded thus, Demoleüs o'er the
 plain
 Pursued and lightly seiz'd the Trojan
 traitor
 The third, according to the last reward,
 Two goodly bowls of massy silver shar'd, ³⁵⁰
 With figures prominent, and richly wrought,
 And two brass caldrons from Dodona
 brought.
 Thus all, rewarded by the hero's hands,
 Their conqu'ring temples bound with purple
 bands;
 And now Sergesthus, clearing from the
 rock,
 Brought back his galley shatter'd with the
 shock.
 Forlorn she look'd, without an aiding oar,
 And, houted by the vulgar, made to shore.
 As when a snake, surpris'd upon the road,
 Is crush'd athwart her body by the load ³⁶⁰
 Of heavy wheels; or with a mortal wound
 Her belly bruis'd, and trodden to the
 ground:
 In vain, with loosen'd curls, she crawls
 along;
 Yet, fierce above, she brandishes her
 tongue;

Glares with her eyes, and bristles with her scales;

But, groveling in the dust, her parts unsound she trails:

So slowly to the port the Centaur tends,
But, what she wants in oars, with sails amends.

Yet, for his galley sav'd, the grateful prince
Is pleas'd th' unhappy chief to recompense. ³⁷⁰

Pholoe, the Cretan slave, rewards his care,
Beauteous herself, with lovely twins as fair.

From thence his way the Trojan hero bent
Into the neighb'ring plain, with mountains pent,

Whose sides were shaded with surrounding wood.

Full in the midst of this fair valley stood
A native theater, which, rising slow
By just degrees, o'erlook'd the ground below. ³⁷⁸

High on a sylvan throne the leader sate;
A num'rous train attend in solemn state.

Here those that in the rapid course delight,
Desire of honor and the prize invite.

The rival runners without order stand;
The Trojans mix'd with the Sicilian band.

First Nisus, with Euryalus, appears;
Euryalus a boy of blooming years,

With sprightly grace and equal beauty crown'd;

Nisus, for friendship to the youth renown'd.
Diores next, of Priam's royal race,

Then Salius, join'd with Patron, took their place; ³⁹⁰

(But Patron in Arcadia had his birth,
And Salius his from Acarnanian earth;)

Then two Sicilian youths—the names of these,

Swift Helymus, and lovely Panopes:
Both jolly huntsmen, both in forests bred,

And owning old Acestes for their head;
With sev'ral others of ignobler name,

Whom time has not deliver'd o'er to fame.

To these the hero thus his thoughts explain'd,

In words which gen'ral approbation gain'd:
"One common largess is for all design'd, ⁴⁰¹

(The vanquish'd and the victor shall be join'd.)

Two darts of polish'd steel and Gnosian wood,

A silver-studded ax, alike bestow'd.
The foremost three have olive wreaths decreed:

The first of these obtains a stately steed,
Adorn'd with trappings; and the next in fame,

The quiver of an Amazonian dame,
With feather'd Thracian arrows well supplied:

A golden belt shall gird his manly side, ⁴¹⁰
Which with a sparkling diamond shall be tied.

The third this Grecian helmet shall content."

He said. To their appointed base they went;
With beating hearts th' expected sign receive,

And, starting all at once, the barrier leave.
Spread out, as on the winged winds, they flew,

And seiz'd the distant goal with greedy view.
Shot from the crowd, swift Nisus all o'erpass'd;

Nor storms, nor thunder, equal half his haste.

The next, but, tho' the next, yet far disjoint'd, ⁴²⁰

Came Salius, and Euryalus behind;
Then Helymus, whom young Diores plied,

Step after step, and almost side by side,
His shoulders pressing; and, in longer space,

Had won, or left at least a dubious race.

Now, spent, the goal they almost reach at last,

When eager Nisus, hapless in his haste,
Slipp'd first, and, slipping, fell upon the plain,

Soak'd with the blood of oxen newly slain.
The careless victor had not mark'd his way; ⁴³⁰

But, treading where the treach'rous puddle lay,

His heels flew up; and on the grassy floor
He fell, besmear'd with filth and holy gore.

Not mindless then, Euryalus, of thee,
Nor of the sacred bonds of amity,

He strove th' immediate rival's hope to cross,

And caught the foot of Salius as he rose.
So Salius lay extended on the plain;

Euryalus springs out, the prize to gain,
And leaves the crowd: applauding peals attend ⁴⁴⁰

The victor to the goal, who vanquish'd by his friend.

Next Helymus; and then Diores came,
By two misfortunes made the third in fame.

But Salius enters, and, exclaiming loud
For justice, deafens and disturbs the crowd;
Urges his cause may in the court be heard;
And pleads the prize is wrongfully conferr'd.

But favor for Euryalus appears;
His blooming beauty, with his tender tears,
Had brib'd the judges for the promis'd
prize. ⁴⁵⁰

Besides, Dioreas fills the court with cries,
Who vainly reaches at the last reward,
If the first palm on Salius be conferr'd.
Then thus the prince: "Let no disputes
arise:

Where fortune plac'd it, I award the prize.
But fortune's errors give me leave to mend,
At least to pity my deserving friend."
He said, and, from among the spoils, he
draws

(Pond'rous with shaggy mane and golden
paws)

A lion's hide: to Salius this he gives. ⁴⁶⁰
Nisus with envy sees the gift, and grieves.
"If such rewards to vanquish'd men are
due,"

He said, "and falling is to rise by you,
What prize may Nisus from your bounty
claim,

Who merited the first rewards and fame?
In falling, both an equal fortune tried;
Would fortune for my fall so well provide!"
With this he pointed to his face, and show'd
His hands and all his habit smear'd with
blood.

Th' indulgent father of the people smil'd, ⁴⁷⁰
And caus'd to be produc'd an ample shield,
Of wondrous art, by Didymaon wrought,
Long since from Neptune's bars in triumph
brought.

This giv'n to Nisus, he divides the rest,
And equal justice in his gifts express'd.

The race thus ended, and rewards be-
stow'd,

Once more the prince bespeaks th' attentive
crowd:

"If there be here whose dauntless courage
dare

In gauntlet-fight, with limbs and body
bare,

His opposite sustain in open view, ⁴⁸⁰
Stand forth the champion, and the games
renew.

Two prizes I propose, and thus divide:
A bull with gilded horns, and fillets tied,
Shall be the portion of the conquer'ing chief;

A sword and helm shall cheer the loser's
grief."

Then haughty Dares in the lists appears;
Stalking he strides, his head erected bears:
His nervous arms the weighty gauntlet
wield,

And loud applauses echo thro' the field.
Dares alone in combat us'd to stand ⁴⁹⁰
The match of mighty Paris, hand to hand;
The same, at Hector's fun'rals, undertook
Gigantic Butes, of th' Amycian stock,
And, by the stroke of his resistless hand,
Stretch'd the vast bulk upon the yellow
sand.

Such Dares was; and such he strode along,
And drew the wonder of the gazing
throng.

His brawny back and ample breast he
shows;

His lifted arms around his head he
throws,

And deals in whistling air his empty
blows. ⁵⁰⁰

His match is sought; but, thro' the trem-
bling band,

Not one dares answer to the proud demand.
Presuming of his force, with sparkling eyes
Already he devours the promis'd prize.

He claims the bull with awless insolence,
And having seiz'd his horns, accosts the
prince:

"If none my matchless valor dares op-
pose,

How long shall Dares wait his dastard
foes?

Permit me, chief, permit without delay,
To lead this uncontented gift away." ⁵¹⁰

The crowd assents, and with redoubled
cries

For the proud challenger demands the prize.

Acestes, fir'd with just disdain, to see

The palm usurp'd without a victory,

Reproach'd Entellus thus, who sate beside,

And heard and saw, unmov'd, the Trojan's
pride:

"Once, but in vain, a champion of renown,
So tamely can you bear the ravish'd crown,

A prize in triumph borne before your sight,
And shun, for fear, the danger of the
fight? ⁵²⁰

Where is our Eryx now, the boasted name,
The god who taught your thund'ring arm
the game?

Where now your baffled honor? Where
the spoil

That fill'd your house, and fame that fill'd
our isle?"

Entellus, thus: "My soul is still the same,
Unmov'd with fear, and mov'd with martial
fame;

But my chill blood is curdled in my veins,
And scarce the shadow of a man remains.
O could I turn to that fair prime again,
That prime of which this boaster is so
vain,

The brave, who this decrepid age defies,
Should feel my force, without the promis'd
prize."

He said; and, rising at the word, he threw
Two pond'rous gauntlets down in open
view;

Gauntlets which Eryx wont in fight to
wield,
And sheathe his hands with in the listed
field.

With fear and wonder seiz'd, the crowd
beholds

The gloves of death, with sev'n distin-
guish'd folds

Of tough bull hides; the space within is
spread

With iron, or with loads of heavy lead: 540
Dares himself was daunted at the sight,
Renounc'd his challenge, and refus'd to
fight.

Astonish'd at their weight, the hero stands,
And pois'd the pond'rous engines in his
hands.

"What had your wonder," said Entel-
lus, "been,
Had you the gauntlets of Alcides seen,
Or view'd the stern debate on this un-
happy green!"

These which I bear your brother Eryx
bore,

Still mark'd with batter'd brains and
mingled gore.

With these he long sustain'd th' Herculean
arm;

And these I wielded while my blood was
warm,

This languish'd frame while better spirits
fed,

Ere age unstrung my nerves, or time o'er-
snow'd my head.

But if the challenger these arms refuse,
And cannot wield their weight, or dare not
use;

If great Æneas and Acestes join
In his request, these gauntlets I resign;

Let us with equal arms perform the fight,
And let him leave to fear, since I resign
my right."

This said, Entellus for the strife pre-
pares;

Stripp'd of his quilted coat, his body
bares;

Compos'd of mighty bones and brawn he
stands,

A goodly tow'ring object on the sands.
Then just Æneas equal arms supplied,
Which round their shoulders to their wrists
they tied.

Both on the tiptoe stand, at full extent,
Their arms aloft, their bodies inly bent;
Their heads from aiming blows they bear
afar;

With clashing gauntlets then provoke the
war.

One on his youth and pliant limbs re-
lies;

One on his sinews and his giant size.

The last is stiff with age, his motion
slow;

He heaves for breath, he staggers to
and fro,

And clouds of issuing smoke his nostrils
loudly blow.

Yet equal in success, they ward, they
strike;

Their ways are diff'rent, but their art
alike.

Before, behind, the blows are dealt;
around

Their hollow sides the rattling thumps
resound.

A storm of strokes, well meant, with fury
flies,

And errs about their temples, ears, and
eyes.

Nor always errs; for oft the gauntlet
draws

A sweeping stroke along the crackling
jaws.

Heavy with age, Entellus stands his
ground,

But with his warping body wards the
wound.

His hand and watchful eye keep even
pace;

While Dares traverses and shifts his
place,

And, like a captain who beleaguers round
Some strong-built castle on a rising
ground,

Views all th' approaches with observing
 eyes:
 This and that other part in vain he
 tries, ⁵⁹⁰
 And more on industry than force relies.
 With hands on high, Entellus threatens
 the foe;
 But Dares watch'd the motion from below,
 And slipp'd aside, and shunn'd the long
 descending blow.
 Entellus wastes his forces on the wind,
 And, thus deluded of the stroke design'd,
 Headlong and heavy fell; his ample breast
 And weighty limbs his ancient mother
 press'd.
 So falls a hollow pine, that long had stood
 On Ida's height, or Erymanthus' wood, ⁶⁰⁰
 Torn from the roots. The diff'ring nations
 rise,
 And shouts and mingled murmurs rend
 the skies.
 Acestes runs with eager haste, to raise
 The fall'n companion of his youthful days.
 Dauntless he rose, and to the fight re-
 turn'd;
 With shame his glowing cheeks, his eyes
 with fury burn'd.
 Disdain and conscious virtue fir'd his breast,
 And with redoubled force his foe he
 press'd.
 He lays on load with either hand, amain,
 And headlong drives the Trojan o'er the
 plain; ⁶¹⁰
 Nor stops, nor stays; nor rest nor breath
 allows;
 But storms of strokes descend about his
 brows,
 A rattling tempest, and a hail of blows.
 But now the prince, who saw the wild
 increase
 Of wounds, commands the combatants
 to cease,
 And bounds Entellus' wrath, and bids
 the peace.
 First to the Trojan, spent with toil, he
 came,
 And sooth'd his sorrow for the suffer'd
 shame.
 "What fury seiz'd my friend? The gods,"
 said he,
 "To him propitious, and averse to thee, ⁶²⁰
 Have giv'n his arm superior force to thine.
 'Tis madness to contend with strength
 divine."

The gauntlet fight thus ended, from the
 shore
 His faithful friends unhappy Dares bore:
 His mouth and nostrils pour'd a purple
 flood,
 And pounded teeth came rushing with his
 blood.
 Faintly he stagger'd thro' the hissing
 throng,
 And hung his head, and trail'd his legs
 along.
 The sword and casque are carried by his
 train; ⁶²⁹
 But with his foe the palm and ox remain.
 The champion, then, before Æneas came,
 Proud of his prize, but prouder of his
 fame:
 "O goddess-born, and you, Dardanian
 host,
 Mark with attention, and forgive my
 boast;
 Learn what I was, by what remains; and
 know
 From what impending fate you sav'd my
 foe."
 Sternly he spoke, and then confronts the
 bull;
 And, on his ample forehead aiming full,
 The deadly stroke, descending, pierc'd
 the skull.
 Down drops the beast, nor needs a second
 wound, ⁶⁴⁰
 But sprawls in pangs of death, and spurns
 the ground.
 Then, thus: "In Dares' stead I offer this.
 Eryx, accept a nobler sacrifice;
 Take the last gift my wither'd arms can
 yield:
 Thy gauntlets I resign, and here renounce
 the field."
 This done, Æneas orders, for the close,
 The strife of archers with contending bows.
 The mast Sergesthus' shatter'd galley bore
 With his own hands he raises on the shore.
 A flutt'ring dove upon the top they tie, ⁶⁵⁰
 The living mark at which their arrows fly.
 The rival archers in a line advance,
 Their turn of shooting to receive from
 chance.
 A helmet holds their names; the lots are
 drawn:
 On the first scroll was read Hippocoön.
 The people shout. Upon the next was found
 Young Mnesteus, late with naval honors
 crown'd.

The third contain'd Eurytion's noble name,
Thy brother, Pandarus, and next in fame,
Whom Pallas urg'd the treaty to con-
found,

And send among the Greeks a feather'd
wound.

Acestes in the bottom last remain'd,
Whom not his age from youthful sports
restrain'd.

Soon all with vigor bend their trusty bows,
And from the quiver each his arrow chose.
Hippocoön was the first: with forceful
sway

It flew, and, whizzing, cut the liquid way.
Fix'd in the mast the feather'd weapon
stands:

The fearful pigeon flutters in her bands,
And the tree trembled, and the shouting
cries

Of the pleas'd people rend the vaulted skies.
Then Mnestheus to the head his arrow
drove,

With lifted eyes, and took his aim above,
But made a glancing shot, and miss'd the
dove;

Yet miss'd so narrow, that he cut the cord
Which fasten'd by the foot the flitting bird.
The captive thus releas'd, away she flies,
And beats with clapping wings the yielding
skies.

His bow already bent, Eurytion stood; ⁶⁷⁰
And, having first invok'd his brother god,
His winged shaft with eager haste he sped.
The fatal message reach'd her as she fled:
She leaves her life aloft; she strikes the
ground,

And renders back the weapon in the wound.
Acestes, grudging at his lot, remains,
Without a prize to gratify his pains.
Yet, shooting upward, sends his shaft, to
show

An archer's art, and boast his twanging bow.
The feather'd arrow gave a dire portent,
And latter augurs judge from this event. ⁶⁹⁰
Chaf'd by the speed, it fir'd; and, as it flew,
A trail of following flames ascending drew:
Kindling they mount, and mark the shiny
way;

Across the skies as falling meteors play,
And vanish into wind, or in a blaze decay.
The Trojans and Sicilians wildly stare,
And, trembling, turn their wonder into
pray'r.

The Dardan prince put on a smiling face,
And strain'd Acestes with a close embrace;

Then, hon'ring him with gifts above the
rest, ⁷⁰⁰
Turn'd the bad omen, nor his fears con-
fess'd.

"The gods," said he, "this miracle have
wrought,

And order'd you the prize without the lot.
Accept this goblet, rough with figur'd gold,
Which Thracian Cisseus gave my sire of
old:

This pledge of ancient amity receive,
Which to my second sire I justly give."
He said, and, with the trumpets' cheerful
sound,

Proclaim'd him victor, and with laurel
crown'd.

Nor good Eurytion envied him the prize, ⁷¹⁰
Tho' he transfix'd the pigeon in the skies.
Who cut the line, with second gifts was
grac'd;

The third was his whose arrow pierc'd the
mast.

The chief, before the games were wholly
done,

Call'd Periphantes, tutor to his son,
And whisper'd thus: "With speed Ascanius
find;

And, if his childish troop be ready join'd,
On horseback let him grace his grandsire's
day,

And lead his equals arm'd in just array."
He said; and, calling out, the' cirque he
clears. ⁷²⁰

The crowd withdrawn, an open plain ap-
pears.

And now the noble youths, of form divine, }
Advance before their fathers, in a line: }
The riders grace the steeds; the steeds }
with glory shine.

Thus marching on in military pride,
Shouts of applause resound from side to
side.

Their casques adorn'd with laurel wreaths
they wear,

Each brandishing aloft a cornel spear.
Some at their backs their gilded quivers
bore;

Their chains of burnish'd gold hung down
before. ⁷³⁰

Three graceful troops they form'd upon
the green;

Three graceful leaders at their head were
seen;

Twelve follow'd ev'ry chief, and left a
space between.

The first young Priam led; a lovely boy,
Whose grandsire was th' unhappy king of
Troy;

His race in after times was known to
fame,
New honors adding to the Latian name;
And well the royal boy his Thracian steed
became.

White were the fetlocks of his feet before,
And on his front a snowy star he bore. 740
Then beauteous Atys, with Iulus bred,
Of equal age, the second squadron led.
The last in order, but the first in place,
First in the lovely features of his face,
Rode fair Ascanius on a fiery steed,
Queen Dido's gift, and of the Tyrian breed.
Sure coursers for the rest the king ordains,
With golden bits adorn'd, and purple reins.

The pleas'd spectators peals of shouts
renew,
And all the parents in the children view; 750
Their make, their motions, and their
sprightly grace,

And hopes and fears alternate in their face.
Th' unfledg'd commanders and their mar-
tial train

First make the circuit of the sandy plain
Around their sires, and, at th' appointed
sign,

Drawn up in beauteous order, form a line.
The second signal sounds, the troop divides
In three distinguish'd parts, with three dis-
tinguish'd guides.

Again they close, and once again disjoin;
In troop to troop oppos'd, and line to line.
They meet; they wheel; they throw their
darts afar 761

With harmless rage and well-dissembled
war.

Then in a round the mingled bodies run:
Flying they follow, and pursuing shun;
Broken, they break; and, rallying, they
renew

In other forms the military shew.
At last, in order, undiscern'd they join,
And march together in a friendly line.
And, as the Cretan labyrinth of old,
With wand'ring ways and many a winding
fold, 770

Involv'd the weary feet, without redress,
In a round error, which denied recess;
So fought the Trojan boys in warlike play,
Turn'd and return'd, and still a different
way.

Thus dolphins in the deep each other chase

In circles, when they swim around the
wat'ry race.

This game, these carousels, Ascanius taught;
And, building Alba, to the Latins brought;
Shew'd what he learn'd: the Latin sires im-
part

To their succeeding sons the graceful art;
From these imperial Rome receiv'd the
game, 781

Which Troy, the youths the Trojan troop,
they name.

Thus far the sacred sports they cele-
brate:

But Fortune soon resum'd her ancient hate;
For, while they pay the dead his annual
dues,

Those envied rites Saturnian Juno views;
And sends the goddess of the various
bow,

To try new methods of revenge below;
Supplies the winds to wing her airy way,
Where in the port secure the navy lay. 790
Swiftly fair Iris down her arch descends,
And, undiscern'd, her fatal voyage ends.

She saw the gath'ring crowd; and, gliding
thence,

The desert shore, and fleet without de-
fense.

The Trojan matrons, on the sands alone,
With sighs and tears Anchises' death be-
moan:

Then, turning to the sea their weeping
eyes,

Their pity to themselves renews their cries.
"Alas!" said one, "what oceans yet re-
main

For us to sail! what labors to sustain!"
All take the word, and, with a gen'ral
groan, 801

Implore the gods for peace, and places of
their own.

The goddess, great in mischief, views
their pains,

And in a woman's form her heav'nly limbs
restrains.

In face and shape old Beroe she became, }
Doryclus' wife, a venerable dame,
Once blest with riches, and a mother's }
name.

Thus chang'd, amidst the crying crowd she
ran,

Mix'd with the matrons, and these words
began:

"O wretched we, whom not the Grecian
pow'r, 810

Nor flames, destroy'd, in Troy's unhappy hour!

O wretched we, reserv'd by cruel fate,
Beyond the ruins of the sinking state!
Now sev'n revolving years are wholly run,
Since this improsp'rous voyage we begun;
Since, toss'd from shores to shores, from

lands to lands,
Inhospitable rocks and barren sands,
Wand'ring in exile thro' the stormy sea,
We search in vain for flying Italy.

Now cast by fortune on this kindred
land, ^{S20}
What should our rest and rising walls
withstand,

Or hinder here to fix our banish'd band?
O country lost, and gods redeem'd in vain,
If still in endless exile we remain!
Shall we no more the Trojan walls renew,
Or streams of some dissembled Simois
view!

Haste, join with me, th' unhappy fleet con-
sume!

Cassandra bids; and I declare her doom.
In sleep I saw her; she supplied my hands
(For this I more than dreamt) with flaming
brands: ^{S30}

'With these,' said she, 'these wand'ring
ships destroy:

These are your fatal seats, and this your
Troy.'

Time calls you now; the precious hour
employ:

Slack not the good presage, while Heav'n
inspires

Our minds to dare, and gives the ready
fires.

See! Neptune's altars minister their brands:
The god is pleas'd; the god supplies our
hands."

Then from the pile a flaming fire she drew,
And, toss'd in air, amidst the galleys threw.

Wrapp'd in amaze, the matrons wildly
stare: ^{S40}

Then Pyrgo, reverenc'd for her hoary hair,
Pyrgo, the nurse of Priam's num'rous race:

"No Beroe this, tho' she belies her face!
What terrors from her frowning front arise!

Behold a goddess in her ardent eyes!
What rays around her heav'nly face are
seen!

Mark her majestic voice, and more than
mortal mien!

Beroe but now I left, whom, pin'd with
pain,

Her age and anguish from these rites de-
tain."

She said. The matrons, seiz'd with new
amaze, ^{S50}

Roll their malignant eyes, and on the navy
gaze.

They fear, and hope, and neither part
obey:

They hope the fated land, but fear the
fatal way.

The goddess, having done her task below,
Mounts up on equal wings, and bends her
painted bow.

Struck with the sight, and seiz'd with rage
divine,

The matrons prosecute their mad design:
They shriek aloud; they snatch, with im-
pious hands,

The food of altars; fires and flaming brands.
Green boughs and saplings, mingled in their
haste, ^{S60}

And smoking torches, on the ships they
cast.

The flame, unstop'd at first, more fury
gains,

And Vulcan rides at large with loosen'd
reins:

Triumphant to the painted sterns he soars,
And seizes, in his way, the banks and crack-
ling oars.

Eumelus was the first the news to bear,
While yet they crowd the rural theater.

Then, what they hear, is witness'd by their
eyes:

A storm of sparkles and of flames arise.
Ascennius took th' alarm, while yet he led ^{S70}

His early warriors on his prancing steed,
And, spurring on, his equals soon o'erpass'd;

Nor could his frightened friends reclaim his
haste.

Soon as the royal youth appear'd in view,
He sent his voice before him as he flew:

"What madness moves you, matrons, to de-
stroy

The last remainders of unhappy Troy!
Not hostile fleets, but your own hopes, you
burn,

And on your friends your fatal fury turn.
Behold your own Ascennius!" While he
said, ^{S80}

He drew his glitt'ring helmet from his
head,

In which the youths to sportful arms he
led.

By this, Æneas and his train appear;

And now the women, seiz'd with shame and fear,
 Dispers'd, to woods and caverns take their flight,
 Abhor their actions, and avoid the light;
 Their friends acknowledge, and their error find,
 And shake the goddess from their alter'd mind.

Not so the raging fires their fury cease,
 But, lurking in the seams, with seeming peace,

Work on their way amid the smold'ring tow,
 Sure in destruction, but in motion slow.
 The silent plague thro' the green timber eats,

And vomits out a tardy flame by fits.
 Down to the keels, and upward to the sails,
 The fire descends, or mounts, but still prevails;

Nor buckets pour'd, nor strength of human hand,
 Can the victorious element withstand.

The pious hero rends his robe, and throws
 To heav'n his hands, and with his hands his vows.

"O Jove," he cried, "if pray'rs can yet have place;

If thou abhor'r'st not all the Dardan race;
 If any spark of pity still remain;
 If gods are gods, and not invok'd in vain;
 Yet spare the relics of the Trojan train!
 Yet from the flames our burning vessels free,

Or let thy fury fall alone on me!
 At this devoted head thy thunder throw,
 And send the willing sacrifice below!"

Scarcely had he said, when southern storms arise:

From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;
 Loud rattling shakes the mountains and the plain;

Heav'n bellies downward, and descends in rain.

Whole sheets of water from the clouds are sent,

Which, hissing thro' the planks, the flames prevent,

And stop the fiery pest. Four ships alone
 Burn to the waist, and for the fleet atone.

But doubtful thoughts the hero's heart divide;

If he should still in Sicily reside,
 Forgetful of his fates, or tempt the main,
 In hope the promis'd Italy to gain.

Then Nautes, old and wise, to whom alone
 The will of Heav'n by Pallas was fore-shown;

Vers'd in portents, experienc'd, and inspir'd
 To tell events, and what the fates requir'd;
 Thus while he stood, to neither part inclin'd,
 With cheerful words reliev'd his lab'ring mind:

"O goddess-born, resign'd in ev'ry state,
 With patience bear, with prudence push your fate.

By suffering well, our Fortune we subdue;
 Fly when she frowns, and, when she calls, pursue.

Your friend Aecetes is of Trojan kind;
 To him disclose the secrets of your mind:
 Trust in his hands your old and useless train;

Too numerous for the ships which yet remain:

The feeble, old, indulgent of their ease,
 The dames who dread the dangers of the seas,

With all the dastard crew, who dare not stand

The shock of battle with your foes by land.
 Here you may build a common town for all,
 And, from Aecetes' name, Aecesta call."

The reasons, with his friend's experience join'd,

Encourag'd much, but more disturb'd his mind.

'T was dead of night; when to his slum-b'ring eyes

His father's shade descended from the skies,

And thus he spoke: "O more than vital breath,

Lov'd while I liv'd, and dear ev'n after death;

O son, in various toils and troubles toss'd,
 The King of Heav'n employs my careful ghost

On his commands: the god, who sav'd from fire

Your flaming fleet, and heard your just desire.

The wholesome counsel of your friend receive,

And here the coward train and women leave:

The chosen youth, and those who nobly dare,

Transport, to tempt the dangers of the war.

The stern Italians will their courage try;

Rough are their manners, and their minds
are high.

But first to Pluto's palace you shall go,
And seek my shade among the blest below:
For not with impious ghosts my soul
remains, 960

Nor suffers with the damn'd perpetual
pains,

But breathes the living air of soft Elysian
plains.

The chaste Sibylla shall your steps convey,
And blood of offer'd victims free the way.
There shall you know what realms the
gods assign,

And learn the fates and fortunes of your
line.

But now, farewell! I vanish with the
night,

And feel the blast of heav'n's approach-
ing light."

He said, and mix'd with shades, and took
his airy flight.

"Whither so fast?" the filial duty cried;
"And why, ah why, the wish'd embrace
denied?" 971

He said, and rose: as holy zeal inspires,
He rakes hot embers, and renews the fires;
His country gods and Vesta then adores
With cakes and incense, and their aid im-
plores.

Next, for his friends and royal host he sent,
Reveal'd his vision, and the gods' intent,
With his own purpose. All, without delay,
The will of Jove, and his desires obey.

They list with women each degenerate
name, 980

Who dares not hazard life for future fame.
These they cashier: the brave remaining
few,

Oars, banks, and cables, half consum'd,
renew.

The prince designs a city with the plow;
The lots their sev'ral tenements allow.

This part is nam'd from Ilium, that from
Troy,

And the new king ascends the throne with
joy;

A chosen senate from the people draws;
Appoints the judges, and ordains the laws.

Then, on the top of Eryx, they begin 990
A rising temple to the Paphian queen.

Anchises, last, is honor'd as a god;
A priest is added, annual gifts bestow'd,

And groves are planted round his blest
abode.

Nine days they pass in feasts, their temples
crown'd;

And fumes of incense in the fanes abound.
Then from the south arose a gentle breeze
That curl'd the smoothness of the glassy
seas;

The rising winds a ruffling gale afford,
And call the merry mariners aboard. 1000

Now loud laments along the shores re-
sound,

Of parting friends in close embraces bound.
The trembling women, the degenerate train,
Who shunn'd the frightful dangers of the
main,

Ev'n those desire to sail, and take their
share

Of the rough passage and the promis'd
war:

Whom good Æneas cheers, and recom-
mends

To their new master's care his fearful
friends.

On Eryx' altars three fat calves he lays;
A lamb new-fallen to the stormy seas; 1010
Then slips his haulsers, and his anchors
weighs.

High on the deck the godlike hero stands,
With olive crown'd, a charger in his hands;
Then cast the reeking entrails in the brine,
And pour'd the sacrifice of purple wine.

Fresh gales arise; with equal strokes they
vie,

And brush the buxom seas, and o'er the
billows fly.

Meantime the mother goddess, full of
fears,

To Neptune thus address'd, with tender
tears:

"The pride of Jove's imperious queen, the
rage, 1020

The malice which no sufferings can as-
suage,

Compel me to these pray'rs; since neither
fate,

Nor time, nor pity, can remove her hate:
Ev'n Jove is thwarted by his haughty
wife;

Still vanquish'd, yet she still renews the
strife.

As if 't were little to consume the town
Which aw'd the world, and wore th' im-
perial crown,

She prosecutes the ghost of Troy with pains,
And gnaws, ev'n to the bones, the last re-
mains.

Let her the causes of her hatred tell; ¹⁰³⁰
But you can witness its effects too well.
You saw the storm she rais'd on Libyan

floods,
That mix'd the mounting billows with the

clouds;
When, bribing Æolus, she shook the main,
And mov'd rebellion in your wat'ry reign.
With fury she possess'd the Dardan dames,
To burn their fleet with execrable flames,
And forc'd Æneas, when his ships were

lost,
To leave his foll'wers on a foreign coast.

For what remains, your godhead I im-
plore, ¹⁰⁴⁰

And trust my son to your protecting pow'r.
If neither Jove's nor Fate's decree with-
stand,

Secure his passage to the Latian land."

Then thus the mighty Ruler of the Main:
"What may not Venus hope from Nep-
tune's reign?"

My kingdom claims your birth; my late
defense

Of your indanger'd fleet may claim your
confidence.

Nor less by land than sea my deeds de-
clare

How much your lov'd Æneas is my care.
Thee, Xanthus, and thee, Simois, I at-
test: ¹⁰⁵⁰

Your Trojan troops when proud Achilles
press'd,

And drove before him headlong on the
plain,

And dash'd against the walls the trem-
bling train;

When floods were fill'd with bodies of
the slain;

When crimson Xanthus, doubtful of his
way,

Stood up on ridges to behold the sea;
(New heaps came tumbling in, and chok'd
his way;)

When your Æneas fought, but fought with
odds

Of force unequal, and unequal gods;
I spread a cloud before the victor's sight,
Sustain'd the vanquish'd, and secur'd his
flight; ¹⁰⁶¹

Ev'n then secur'd him, when I sought with
joy

The rov'd destruction of ungrateful Troy.
My will's the same: fair goddess, fear no
more,

Your fleet shall safely gain the Latian shore;
Their lives are giv'n; one destin'd head
alone

Shall perish, and for multitudes atone."
Thus having arm'd with hopes her anxious
mind,

His finny team Saturnian Neptune join'd,
Then adds the foamy bridle to their jaws, ¹⁰⁷⁰
And to the loosen'd reins permits the laws.
High on the waves his azure car he guides;
Its axles thunder, and the sea subsides,
And the smooth ocean rolls her silent
tides.

The tempests fly before their father's face,
Trains of inferior gods his triumph grace,
And monster whales before their master
play,

And choirs of Tritons crowd the wat'ry way.
The marshal'd pow'rs in equal troops di-
vide

To right and left; the gods his better
side ¹⁰⁸⁰

Inclose, and on the worse the Nymphs
and Nereids ride.

Now smiling hope, with sweet vicissitude,
Within the hero's mind his joys renew'd.

He calls to raise the masts, the sheets dis-
play;

The cheerful crew with diligence obey;
They scud before the wind, and sail in
open sea.

Ahead of all the master pilot steers;
And, as he leads, the following navy veers.
The steeds of Night had travel'd half the
sky,

The drowsy rowers on their benches lie,
When the soft God of Sleep, with easy
flight, ¹⁰⁹¹

Descends, and draws behind a trail of light.
Thou, Palinurus, art his destin'd prey;
To thee alone he takes his fatal way.

Dire dreams to thee, and iron sleep, he
bears;

And, lighting on thy prow, the form of
Phorbas wears.

Then thus the traitor god began his tale:
"The winds, my friend, inspire a pleasing
gale;

The ships, without thy care, securely sail.
Now steal an hour of sweet repose; and I
Will take the rudder and thy room sup-
ply." ¹¹⁰¹

To whom the yawning pilot, half asleep:
"Me dost thou bid to trust the treach'rous
deep,

The harlot smiles of her dissembling face,
And to her faith commit the Trojan race ?
Shall I believe the Siren South again,
And, oft betray'd, not know the monster
main ? ”

He said: his fasten'd hands the rudder
keep,

And, fix'd on heav'n, his eyes repel in-
vading sleep.

The god was wroth, and at his temples
threw 1170

A branch in Lethe dipp'd, and drunk with
Stygian dew:

The pilot, vanquish'd by the pow'r divine,
Soon clos'd his swimming eyes, and lay su-
pine.

Scarcely were his limbs extended at their
length,

The god, insulting with superior strength,
Fell heavy on him, plung'd him in the sea,
And, with the stern, the rudder tore away.
Headlong he fell, and, struggling in the
main,

Cried out for helping hands, but cried in
vain.

The victor demon mounts obscure in air, 1120
While the ship sails without the pilot's
care.

On Neptune's faith the floating fleet re-
lies;

But what the man forsook, the god sup-
plies,

And o'er the dang'rous deep secure the
navy flies;

Glides by the Sirens' cliffs, a shelfy coast,
Long infamous for ships and sailors lost,

And white with bones. Th' impetuous ocean
roars,

And rocks rebellow from the sounding
shores.

The watchful hero felt the knocks, and
found

The tossing vessel sail'd on shoaly ground.
Sure of his pilot's loss, he takes him-
self 1131

The helm, and steers aloof, and shuns the
shelf.

Inly he griev'd, and, groaning from the
breast,

Deplor'd his death; and thus his pain ex-
press'd:

“ For faith repos'd on seas, and on the flat-
t'ring sky,

Thy naked corpse is doom'd on shores un-
known to lie.”

THE SIXTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS

THE ARGUMENT

The Sibyl foretells Æneas the adventures he
should meet with in Italy. She attends him
to hell; describing to him the various scenes
of that place, and conducting him to his
father Anchises, who instructs him in those
sublime mysteries of the soul of the world,
and the transmigration; and shews him that
glorious race of heroes which was to descend
from him, and his posterity.

He said, and wept; then spread his sails
before

The winds, and reach'd at length the
Cuman shore:

Their anchors dropp'd, his crew the ves-
sels moor.

They turn their heads to sea, their sterns
to land,

And greet with greedy joy th' Italian
strand.

Some strike from clashing flints their fiery
seed;

Some gather sticks, the kindled flames to
feed,

Or search for hollow trees, and fell the
woods,

Or trace thro' valleys the discover'd floods.
Thus, while their sev'ral charges they ful-
fil,

The pious prince ascends the sacred hill 10
Where Phœbus is ador'd; and seeks the
shade

Which hides from sight his venerable maid.
Deep in a cave the Sibyl makes abode;

Thence full of fate returns, and of the god.
Thro' Trivia's grove they walk; and now
behold,

And enter now, the temple roof'd with gold.
When Dædalus, to fly the Cretan shore,

His heavy limbs on jointed pinions bore,
(The first who sail'd in air,) 't is sung by

Fame, 20

To the Cuman coast at length he came,
And, here alighting, built this costly

frame.

Inscrib'd to Phœbus, here he hung on high
The steerage of his wings, that cut the sky:

Then o'er the lofty gate his art emboss'd
Androgeos' death, and off'rings to his ghost;

Sev'n youths from Athens yearly sent, to
meet

The fate appointed by revengeful Crete.
And next to those the dreadful urn was
place'd,

In which the destin'd names by lots were
cast:

The mournful parents stand around in tears,
And rising Crete against their shore ap-
pears.

There too, in living sculpture, might be seen
The mad affection of the Cretan queen;
Then how she cheats her bellowing lover's
eye;

The rushing leap, the doubtful progeny,
The lower part a beast, a man above,
The monument of their polluted love.

Nor far from thence he grav'd the won-
drous maze,

A thousand doors, a thousand winding
ways:

Here dwells the monster, hid from human
view,

Not to be found, but by the faithful clew;
Till the kind artist, mov'd with pious grief,
Lent to the loving maid this last relief,
And all those erring paths describ'd so well
That Theseus conquer'd and the monster
fell.

Here hapless Icarus had found his part,
Had not the father's grief restrain'd his
art.

He twice assay'd to cast his son in gold;
Twice from his hands he dropp'd the form-
ing mold.

All this with wond'ring eyes Æneas
view'd;

Each varying object his delight renew'd:
Eager to read the rest—Achates came,
And by his side the mad divining dame,
The priestess of the god, Deiphobe her
name.

"Time suffers not," she said, "to feed your
eyes

With empty pleasures; haste the sacrifice.
Sev'n bullocks, yet unyok'd, for Phæbus
choose,

And for Diana sev'n unspotted ewes."

This said, the servants urge the sacred
rites,

While to the temple she the prince invites.
A spacious cave, within its farthest part,
Was hew'd and fashion'd by laborious art
Thro' the hill's hollow sides: before the
place,

A hundred doors a hundred entries grace;
As many voices issue, and the sound

Of Sibyl's words as many times rebound.
Now to the mouth they come. Aloud she
cries:

"This is the time; enquire your destinies.
He comes; behold the god!" Thus while
she said,

(And shiv'ring at the sacred entry stay'd,) ⁷⁰
Her color chang'd; her face was not the
same,

And hollow groans from her deep spirit
came.

Her hair stood up; convulsive rage pos-
sess'd

Her trembling limbs, and heav'd her la-
b'ring breast.

Greater than humankind she seem'd to
look,

And with an accent more than mortal
spoke.

Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll;
When all the god came rushing on her
soul.

Swiftly she turn'd, and, foaming as she
spoke:

"Why this delay?" she cried—"the
pow'rs invoke!" ⁸⁰

Thy pray'rs alone can open this abode;
Else vain are my demands, and dumb the
god."

She said no more. The trembling Tro-
jans hear,

O'erspread with a damp sweat and holy
fear.

The prince himself, with awful dread pos-
sess'd,

His vows to great Apollo thus address'd:
"Indulgent god, propitious pow'r to Troy,
Swift to relieve, unwilling to destroy,
Directed by whose hand the Dardan dart ⁹⁰
Pierc'd the proud Grecian's only mortal
part:

Thus far, by fate's decrees and thy com-
mands,

Thro' ambient seas and thro' devouring
sands,

Our exil'd crew has sought th' Ansonian
ground;

And now, at length, the flying coast is
found.

Thus far the fate of Troy, from place to
place,

With fury has pursued her wand'ring race.
Here cease, ye pow'rs, and let your ven-
geance end:

Troy is no more, and can no more offend.

And thou, O sacred maid, inspir'd to see 100
Th' event of things in dark futurity;
Give me what Heav'n has promis'd to my
fate,

To conquer and command the Latian state;
To fix my wand'ring gods, and find a place
For the long exiles of the Trojan race.

Then shall my grateful hands a temple
rear

To the twin gods, with vows and solemn
pray'r;

And annual rites, and festivals, and games,
Shall be perform'd to their auspicious
names.

Nor shalt thou want thy honors in my
land; 110

For there thy faithful oracles shall stand,
Preserv'd in shrines; and ev'ry sacred lay,
Which, by thy mouth, Apollo shall convey:
All shall be treasur'd by a chosen train
Of holy priests, and ever shall remain.

But O! commit not thy prophetic mind
To flitting leaves, the sport of ev'ry wind,
Lest they disperse in air our empty fate;
Write not, but, what the pow'rs ordain,
relate."

Struggling in vain, impatient of her
load, 120

And lab'ring underneath the pond'rous god,
The more she strove to shake him from her
breast,

With more and far superior force he press'd;
Commands his entrance, and, without con-
trol,

Usurps her organs and inspires her soul.
Now, with a furious blast, the hundred
doors

Ope of themselves; a rushing whirlwind
roars
Within the cave, and Sibyl's voice re-
stores:

"Escap'd the dangers of the wat'ry reign,
Yet more and greater ills by land re-
main. 130

The coast, so long desir'd (nor doubt th'
event),

Thy troops shall reach, but, having reach'd,
repent.

Wars, horrid wars, I view — a field of blood,
And Tiber rolling with a purple flood.

Simois nor Xanthus shall be wanting there:
A new Achilles shall in arms appear,

And he, too, goddess-born. Fierce Juno's
hate,

Added to hostile force, shall urge thy fate.

To what strange nations shalt not thou re-
sort,

Driv'n to solicit aid at ev'ry court! 140

The cause the same which Ilium once op-
press'd;

A foreign mistress, and a foreign guest.

But thou, secure of soul, unbent with woes,
The more thy fortune frowns, the more

oppose.

The dawnings of thy safety shall be shown
From whence thou least shalt hope, a Gre-
cian town."

Thus, from the dark recess, the Sibyl
spoke,

And the resisting air the thunder broke;
The cave rebellow'd, and the temple
shook.

Th' ambiguous god, who rul'd her lab'r-
ing breast, 150

In these mysterious words his mind ex-
press'd;

Some truths reveal'd, in terms involv'd the
rest.

At length her fury fell, her foaming ceas'd,
And, ebbing in her soul, the god decreas'd.

Then thus the chief: "No terror to my
view,

No frightful face of danger can be new.

Inur'd to suffer, and resolv'd to dare,

The Fates, without my pow'r, shall be with-
out my care.

This let me crave, since near your grove
the road

To hell lies open, and the dark abode 160
Which Acheron surrounds, th' innavi-
gable flood;

Conduct me thro' the regions void of light,
And lead me longing to my father's sight.

For him, a thousand dangers I have
sought,

And, rushing where the thickest Grecians
fought,

Safe on my back the sacred burthen
brought.

He, for my sake, the raging ocean tried,
And wrath of Heav'n, my still auspicious

guide,

And bore beyond the strength decrepid
age supplied.

Oft, since he breath'd his last, in dead of
night 170

His reverend image stood before my sight;
Enjoin'd to seek, below, his holy shade;

Conducted there by your unerring aid.

But you, if pious minds by pray'rs are won,

Oblige the father, and protect the son.
Yours is the pow'r; nor Proserpine in vain
Has made you priestess of her nightly reign.
If Orpheus, arm'd with his enchanting lyre,
The ruthless king with pity could inspire,
And from the shades below redeem his
wife; 180

If Pollux, off'ring his alternate life,
Could free his brother, and can daily go
By turns aloft, by turns descend below —
Why name I Theseus, or his greater friend,
Who trod the downward path, and upward
could ascend?

Not less than theirs, from Jove my lineage
came;

My mother greater, my descent the same."
So pray'd the Trojan prince, and, while he
pray'd,

His hand upon the holy altar laid. 189

Then thus replied the prophetess divine:
"O goddess-born, of great Anchises' line,
The gates of hell are open night and day;
Smooth the descent, and easy is the way:
But to return, and view the cheerful skies,
In this the task and mighty labor lies.
To few great Jupiter imparts this grace,
And those of shining worth and heav'nly
race.

Betwixt those regions and our upper light,
Deep forests and impenetrable night
Possess the middle space: th' infernal
bounds 200

Cocytus, with his sable waves, surrounds.
But if so dire a love your soul invades,
As twice below to view the 'trembling
shades;

If you so hard a toil will undertake,
As twice to pass th' innavigable lake;
Receive my counsel. In the neigh'ring
grove

There stands a tree; the queen of Stygian
Jove

Claims it her own; thick woods and gloomy
night

Conceal the happy plant from human sight.
One bough it bears; but (wondrous to be-
hold!) 210

The ductile rind and leaves of radiant gold:
This from the vulgar branches must be torn,
And to fair Proserpine the present borne,
Ere leave be giv'n to tempt the nether
skies.

The first thus rent, a second will arise,
And the same metal the same room
supplies.

Look round the wood, with lifted eyes, to
see

The lurking gold upon the fatal tree:
Then rend it off, as holy rites command;
The willing metal will obey thy hand, 220
Following with ease, if, favor'd by thy fate,
Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian
state:

If not, no labor can the tree constrain;
And strength of stubborn arms and steel
are vain.

Besides, you know not, while you here
attend,

Th' unworthy fate of your unhappy friend:
Breathless he lies; and his unburied ghost,
Depriv'd of fun'ral rites, pollutes your host.
Pay first his pious dues; and, for the dead,
Two sable sheep around his hearse be
led; 230

Then, living turfs upon his body lay:
This done, securely take the destin'd
way,

To find the regions destitute of day."
She said, and held her peace. Æneas
went

Sad from the cave, and full of discontent,
Unknowing whom the sacred Sibyl meant.
Achates, the companion of his breast,
Goes grieving by his side, with equal cares
oppress'd.

Walking, they talk'd, and fruitlessly divin'd
What friend the priestess by those words
design'd. 240

But soon they found an object to deplore:
Misenus lay extended on the shore;
Son of the God of Winds: none so renown'd
The warrior trumpet in the field to sound;
With breathing brass to kindle fierce
alarms,

And rouse to dare their fate in honorable
arms.

He serv'd great Hector, and was ever near,
Not with his trumpet only, but his spear.
But by Pelides' arms when Hector fell,
He chose Æneas; and he chose as well. 250
Sworn with applause, and aiming still at
more,

He now provokes the sea gods from the
shore;

With envy Triton heard the martial sound,
And the bold champion, for his challenge,
drown'd;

Then cast his mangled carcass on the strand:
The gazing crowd around the body stand.
All weep; but most Æneas mourns his fate,

And hastens to perform the funeral state.
In altar-wise, a stately pile they rear;
The basis broad below, and top advanc'd
in air.

An ancient wood, fit for the work design'd,
(The shady covert of the salvage kind,)
The Trojans found: the sounding ax is
plied;

Firs, pines, and pitch trees, and the tow'ring
pride

Of forest ashes, feel the fatal stroke,
And piercing wedges cleave the stubborn
oak.

Huge trunks of trees, fell'd from the steepy
crown

Of the bare mountains, roll with ruin down.
Arm'd like the rest the Trojan prince
appears,

And by his pious labor urges theirs. ²⁷⁰
Thus while he wrought, revolving in his
mind

The ways to compass what his wish de-
sign'd,

He cast his eyes upon the gloomy grove,
And then with vows implor'd the Queen
of Love:

"O may thy pow'r, propitious still to me,
Conduct my steps to find the fatal tree,
In this deep forest; since the Sibyl's breath
Foretold, alas! too true, Misenus' death."

Scarce had he said, when, full before
his sight,
Two doves, descending from their airy
flight, ²⁸⁰

Secure upon the grassy plain alight.
He knew his mother's birds; and thus he
pray'd:

"Be you my guides, with your auspicious
aid,

And lead my footsteps, till the branch be
found,

Whose glitt'ring shadow gilds the sacred
ground.

And thou, great parent, with celestial care,
In this distress be present to my pray'r!"

Thus having said, he stopp'd, with watch-
ful sight,

Observing still the motions of their flight,
What course they took, what happy signs
they shew. ²⁹⁰

They fed, and, flutt'ring, by degrees
withdrew

Still farther from the place, but still
in view:

Hopping and flying, thus they led him on

To the slow lake, whose baleful stench to
shun

They wing'd their flight aloft; then, stoop-
ing low,

Perch'd on the double tree that bears the
golden bough.

Thro' the green leaves the glitt'ring shadows
glow;

As, on the sacred oak, the wintry mistletoe,
Where the proud mother views her pre-
cious brood,

And happier branches, which she never
sow'd. ³⁰⁰

Such was the glitt'ring; such the ruddy rind,
And dancing leaves, that wanton'd in the
wind.

He seiz'd the shining bough with griping
hold,

And rent away, with ease, the ling'ring
gold;

Then to the Sibyl's palace bore the prize.
Meantime the Trojan troops, with
weeping eyes,

To dead Misenus pay his obsequies.
First, from the ground a lofty pile they
rear,

Of pitch trees, oaks, and pines, and unc-
tuous fir:

The fabric's front with cypress twigs they
strew,

And stick the sides with boughs of baleful
yew. ³¹⁰

The topmost part his glitt'ring arms adorn;
Warm waters, then, in brazen caldrons
borne,

Are pour'd to wash his body, joint by joint,
And fragrant oils the stiffen'd limbs anoint.

With groans and cries Misenus they de-
plore:

Then on a bier, with purple cover'd o'er,
The breathless body, thus bewail'd, they
lay,

And fire the pile, their faces turn'd away—
Such reverend rites their fathers us'd to
pay. ³²⁰

Pure oil and incense on the fire they throw,
And fat of victims, which his friends bestow.

These gifts the greedy flames to dust de-
vour;

Then on the living coals red wine they
pour;

And, last, the relics by themselves dispose,
Which in a brazen urn the priests inclose.

Old Coryneus compass'd thrice the crew,
And dipp'd an olive branch in holy dew;

Which thrice he sprinkled round, and thrice
aloud
Invok'd the dead, and then dismiss'd the
crowd.

But good Æneas order'd on the shore
A stately tomb, whose top a trumpet
bore,

A soldier's fauchion, and a seaman's oar.
Thus was his friend interr'd; and deathless
fame

Still to the lofty cape consigns his name.

These rites perform'd, the prince, with-
out delay,

Hastes to the nether world his destin'd way.
Deep was the cave; and, downward as it
went

From the wide mouth, a rocky rough de-
scent;

And here th' access a gloomy grove de-
fends,

And there th' unnavigable lake extends,
O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,
No bird presumes to steer his airy flight;
Such deadly stench from the depth arise,
And steaming sulphur, that infects the
skies.

From hence the Grecian bards their legends
make,

And give the name Avernus to the lake.
Four sable bullocks, in the yoke untaught,
For sacrifice the pious hero brought.

The priestess pours the wine betwixt their
horns;

Then cuts the curling hair; that first obla-
tion burns,

Invoking Hecate hither to repair:

A pow'rful name in hell and upper air.

The sacred priests with ready knives be-
reave

The beasts of life, and in full bowls re-
ceive

The streaming blood: a lamb to Hell and
Night

(The sable wool without a streak of white)

Æneas offers; and, by fate's decree,

A barren heifer, Proserpine, to thee.

With holocausts he Pluto's altar fills;
Seven brawny bulls with his own hand he
kills:

Then on the broiling entrails oil he pours;
Which, ointed thus, the raging flame de-
vours.

Late the nocturnal sacrifice begun,

Nor ended till the next returning sun.

Then earth began to bellow, trees to dance,

And howling dogs in glimm'ring light ad-
vance,

Ere Hecate came. "Far hence be souls
profane!"

The Sibyl cried, "and from the grove ab-
stain!"

Now, Trojan, take the way thy fates
afford;

Assume thy courage, and unsheathe thy
sword."

She said, and pass'd along the gloomy space;
The prince pursued her steps with equal
pace.

Ye realms, yet unreveal'd to human
sight,

Ye gods who rule the regions of the night,
Ye gliding ghosts, permit me to relate

The mystic wonders of your silent state!

Obscure they went thro' dreary shades,
that led

Along the waste dominions of the dead.

Thus wander travelers in woods by night,
By the moon's doubtful and malignant

light,

When Jove in dusky clouds involves the
skies,

And the faint crescent shoots by fits before
their eyes.

Just in the gate and in the jaws of hell,
Revengeful Cares and sullen Sorrows dwell,
And pale Diseases, and repining Age,
Want, Fear, and Famine's unresisted rage;
Here Toils, and Death, and Death's half-
brother, Sleep,

Forms terrible to view, their sentry keep;
With anxious Pleasures of a guilty mind,

Deep Frauds before, and open Force be-
hind;

The Furies' iron beds; and Strife, that
shakes

Her hissing tresses and unfolds her snakes.

Full in the midst of this infernal road,

An elm displays her dusky arms abroad:

The God of Sleep there hides his heavy
head,

And empty dreams on ev'ry leaf are spread.
Of various forms unnumber'd specters more,

Centaurs, and double shapes, besiege the
door.

Before the passage, horrid Hydra stands,
And Briareus with all his hundred hands;

Gorgons, Geryon with his triple frame;
And vain Chimæra vomits empty flame.

The chief unsheath'd his shining steel, pre-
par'd,

Tho' seiz'd with sudden fear, to force the
 guard,
 Off'ring his brandish'd weapon at their
 face;
 Had not the Sibyl stopp'd his eager pace,
 And told him what those empty phantoms
 were:
 Forms without bodies, and impassive air.
 Hence to deep Acheron they take their
 way,
 Whose troubled eddies, thick with ooze and
 clay,
 Are whirl'd aloft, and in Cocytus lost.
 There Charon stands, who rules the dreary
 coast —
 A sordid god: down from his hoary chin
 A length of beard descends, uncomb'd,
 unclean;
 His eyes, like hollow furnaces on fire;
 A girdle, foul with grease, binds his ob-
 scene attire.
 He spreads his canvas; with his pole he
 steers;
 The freights of flitting ghosts in his thin
 bottom bears.
 He look'd in years; yet in his years were
 seen
 A youthful vigor and autumnal green. ⁴²⁰
 An airy crowd came rushing where he
 stood,
 Which fill'd the margin of the fatal flood:
 Husbands and wives, boys and unmarried
 maids,
 And mighty heroes' more majestic shades,
 And youths, intomb'd before their fathers'
 eyes,
 With hollow groans, and shrieks, and feeble
 cries.
 Thick as the leaves in autumn strow the
 woods,
 Or fowls, by winter fore'd, forsake the
 floods,
 And wing their hasty flight to happier
 lands;
 Such, and so thick, the shiv'ring army ⁴³⁰
 stands,
 And press for passage with extended
 hands.
 Now these, now those, the surly boat-
 man bore:
 The rest he drove to distance from the
 shore.
 The hero, who beheld with wond'ring eyes
 The tumult mix'd with shrieks, laments, and
 cries,

Ask'd of his guide, what the rude con-
 course meant;
 Why to the shore the thronging people
 bent;
 What forms of law among the ghosts were
 us'd;
 Why some were ferried o'er, and some re-
 fus'd.
 "Son of Anchises, offspring of the gods," ⁴⁴⁰
 The Sibyl said, "you see the Stygian floods,
 The sacred stream which heav'n's imperial
 state
 Attests in oaths, and fears to violate.
 The ghosts rejected are th' unhappy crew
 Depriv'd of sepulchers and fun'ral due:
 The boatman, Charon; those, the buried
 host,
 He ferries over to the farther coast;
 Nor dares his transport vessel cross the
 waves
 With such whose bones are not compos'd in
 graves. ⁴⁵⁰
 A hundred years they wander on the shore;
 At length, their penance done, are wafted
 o'er."
 The Trojan chief his forward pace repress'd,
 Revolving anxious thoughts within his
 breast.
 He saw his friends, who, whelm'd beneath
 the waves,
 Their fun'ral honors claim'd, and ask'd
 their quiet graves.
 The lost Leucaspis in the crowd he knew,
 And the brave leader of the Lycian crew,
 Whom, on the Tyrrhene seas, the tempests
 met;
 The sailors master'd, and the ship o'erset. ⁴⁵⁹
 Amidst the spirits, Palinurus press'd,
 Yet fresh from life, a new-admitted guest,
 Who, while he steering view'd the stars,
 and bore
 His course from Afrie to the Latian shore,
 Fell headlong down. The Trojan fix'd his
 view,
 And scarcely thro' the gloom the sullen
 shadow knew.
 Then thus the prince: "What envious
 pow'r, O friend,
 Brought your lov'd life to this disastrous
 end?
 For Phœbus, ever true in all he said, ⁴⁶⁹
 Has in your fate alone my faith betray'd.
 The god foretold you should not die, before
 You reach'd, secure from seas, th' Italian
 shore.

Is this th' unerring pow'r?" The ghost replied:
 "Nor Phœbus flatter'd, nor his answers lied;
 Nor envious gods have sent me to the deep:
 But, while the stars and course of heav'n I keep,
 My wearied eyes were seiz'd with fatal sleep.
 I fell; and, with my weight, the helm constrain'd
 Was drawn along, which yet my gripe retain'd.
 Now by the winds and raging waves I swear,
 Your safety, more than mine, was then my care;
 Lest, of the guide bereft, the rudder lost,
 Your ship should run against the rocky coast.
 Three blust'ring nights, borne by the southern blast,
 I floated, and discover'd land at last:
 High on a mounting wave my head I bore,
 Forcing my strength, and gath'ring to the shore.
 Panting, but past the danger, now I seiz'd
 The craggy cliffs, and my tir'd members eas'd.
 While, cumber'd with my dropping clothes, I lay,
 The cruel nation, covetous of prey,
 Stain'd with my blood th' inhospitable coast;
 And now, by winds and waves, my lifeless limbs are toss'd:
 Which O avert, by yon ethereal light,
 Which I have lost for this eternal night!
 Or, if by dearer ties you may be won,
 By your dead sire, and by your living son,
 Redeem from this reproach my wand'ring ghost;
 Or with your navy seek the Velin coast,
 And in a peaceful grave my corpse compose;
 Or, if a nearer way your mother shows,
 Without whose aid you durst not undertake
 This frightful passage o'er the Stygian lake,
 Lend to this wretch your hand, and waft him o'er
 To the sweet banks of yon forbidden shore."
 Scarcè had he said, the prophetess began:
 "What hopes delude thee, miserable man?"

Think'st thou, thus unintomb'd, to cross the floods,
 To view the Furies and infernal gods, 509
 And visit, without leave, the dark abodes?
 Attend the term of long revolving years;
 Fate, and the dooming gods, are deaf to tears.
 This comfort of thy dire misfortune take:
 The wrath of Heav'n, inflicted for thy sake,
 With vengeance shall pursue th' inhuman coast,
 Till they propitiate thy offended ghost,
 And raise a tomb, with vows and solemn pray'r;
 And Palinurus' name the place shall bear."
 This calm'd his cares; sooth'd with his future fame,
 And pleas'd to hear his propagated name.
 Now nearer to the Stygian lake they draw:
 Whom, from the shore, the surly boatman saw;
 Observ'd their passage thro' the shady wood,
 And mark'd their near approaches to the flood.
 Then thus he call'd aloud, inflam'd with wrath:
 "Mortal, whate'er, who this forbidden path
 In arms presum'st to tread, I charge thee, stand,
 And tell thy name, and bus'ness in the land.
 Know this, the realm of night — the Stygian shore:
 My boat conveys no living bodies o'er; 530
 Nor was I pleas'd great Theseus once to bear,
 Who forc'd a passage with his pointed spear,
 Nor strong Alcides — men of mighty fame,
 And from th' immortal gods their lineage came.
 In fetters one the barking porter tied,
 And took him trembling from his sov'reign's side:
 Two sought by force to seize his beautiful bride."
 To whom the Sibyl thus: "Compose thy mind;
 Nor frauds are here contriv'd, nor force design'd.
 Still may the dog the wand'ring troops constrain 540
 Of airy ghosts, and vex the guilty train,
 And with her grisly lord his lovely queen remain."

The Trojan chief, whose lineage is from }
 Jove,
 Much fam'd for arms, and more for filial }
 love,
 Is sent to seek his sire in your Elysian }
 grove.

If neither piety, nor Heav'n's command,
 Can gain his passage to the Stygian strand,
 This fatal present shall prevail, at least."
 Then shew'd the shining bough, conceal'd
 within her vest.

No more was needful: for the gloomy
 god

Stood mute with awe, to see the golden rod;
 Admir'd the destin'd offering to his queen —
 A venerable gift, so rarely seen.

His fury thus appear'd, he puts to land;
 The ghosts forsake their seats at his com-
 mand:

He clears the deck, receives the mighty
 freight;

The leaky vessel groans beneath the weight.
 Slowly she sails, and scarcely stems the
 tides;

The pressing water pours within her sides.
 His passengers at length are wafted o'er, 560
 Expos'd, in muddy weeds, upon the miry
 shore.

No sooner landed, in his den they found
 The triple porter of the Stygian sound,
 Grim Cerberus, who soon began to rear
 His crested snakes, and arm'd his bristling
 hair.

The prudent Sibyl had before prepar'd
 A sop, in honey steep'd, to charm the guard;
 Which, mix'd with pow'rful drugs, she cast
 before

His greedy grinning jaws, just op'd to roar.
 With three enormous mouths he gapes;
 and straight, 570

With hunger press'd, devours the pleasing
 bait.

Long draughts of sleep his monstrous limbs
 enslave;

He reels, and, falling, fills the spacious
 cave.

The keeper charm'd, the chief without
 delay

Pass'd on, and took th' irremovable way.
 Before the gates, the cries of babes new
 born,

Whom fate had from their tender mothers
 torn,

Assault his ears: then those, whom form
 of laws

Condemn'd to die, when traitors judg'd
 their cause. 579

Nor want they lots, nor judges to review
 The wrongful sentence, and award a new.
 Minos, the strict inquisitor, appears;
 And lives and crimes, with his assessors,
 hears.

Round in his urn the blended balls he rolls,
 Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty
 souls.

The next, in place and punishment, are
 they

Who prodigally throw their souls away;
 Fools, who, repining at their wretched state,
 And loathing anxious life, suborn'd their
 fate.

With late repentance now they would
 retrieve 590

The bodies they forsook, and wish to live;
 Their pains and poverty desire to bear,
 To view the light of heav'n, and breathe
 the vital air:

But fate forbids; the Stygian floods op-
 pose,

And with nine circling streams the captive
 souls inclose.

Not far from thence, the Mournful Fields
 appear,

So call'd from lovers that inhabit there.

The souls whom that unhappy flame
 invades,

In secret solitude and myrtle shades
 Make endless moans, and, pining with
 desire, 600

Lament too late their unextinguish'd fire.

Here Procris, Eriphyle here he found,
 Baring her breast, yet bleeding with the
 wound

Made by her son. He saw Pasiphae there,
 With Phædra's ghost, a foul incestuous
 pair.

There Laodamia, with Evadne, moves;
 Unhappy both, but loyal in their loves:

Cæneus, a woman once, and once a man,
 But ending in the sex she first began.

Not far from these Phœnician Dido stood,
 Fresh from her wound, her bosom bath'd
 in blood; 611

Whom when the Trojan hero hardly knew,
 Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful
 view,

(Doubtful as he who sees, thro' dusky
 night,

Or thinks he sees, the moon's uncertain
 light,)

With tears he first approach'd the sullen
shade;

And, as his love inspir'd him, thus he said:
"Unhappy queen! then is the common
breath

Of rumor true, in your reported death,
And I, alas! the cause? By Heav'n, I
vow,

And all the pow'rs that rule the realms
below,

Unwilling I forsook your friendly state,
Commanded by the gods, and forc'd by
fate —

Those gods, that fate, whose unresisted
might

Have sent me to these regions void of light,
Thro' the vast empire of eternal night.

Nor dar'd I to presume, that, press'd with
grief,

My flight should urge you to this dire re-
lief.

Stay, stay your steps, and listen to my vows:
'Tis the last interview that fate allows!" ⁶³⁰

In vain he thus attempts her mind to move
With tears, and pray'rs, and late-repenting
love.

Disdainfully she look'd; then turning round,
But fix'd her eyes unmov'd upon the ground,
And what he says and swears, regards no
more

Than the deaf rocks, when the loud billows
roar;

But whirl'd away, to shun his hateful sight,
Hid in the forest and the shades of night;
Then sought Sichæus thro' the shady grove,
Who answer'd all her cares, and equal'd all
her love. ⁶⁴⁰

Some pious tears the pitying hero paid,
And follow'd with his eyes the flitting
shade,

Then took the forward way, by fate or-
dain'd,

And, with his guide, the farther fields at-
tain'd,

Where, sever'd from the rest, the warrior
souls remain'd.

Tydeus he met, with Meleager's race,
The pride of armies, and the soldiers'
grace;

And pale Adrastus with his ghastly face.
Of Trojan chiefs he view'd a num'rous train,

All much lamented, all in battle slain; ⁶⁵⁰
Glauceus and Medon, high above the rest,

Antenor's sons, and Ceres' sacred priest.
And proud Idæus, Priam's charioteer,

Who shakes his empty reins, and aims his
airy spear.

The gladsome ghosts, in circling troops, at-
tend,

And with unwearied eyes behold their
friend;

Delight to hover near, and long to know
What bus'ness brought him to the realms
below.

But Argive chiefs, and Agamemnon's train,
When his refulgent arms flash'd thro' the
shady plain, ⁶⁶⁰

Fled from his well-known face, with
wonted fear,

As when his thund'ring sword and pointed
spear

Drove headlong to their ships, and glean'd
the routed rear.

They rais'd a feeble cry, with trembling
notes;

But the weak voice deceiv'd their gasping
throats.

Here Priam's son, Deiphobus, he found,
Whose face and limbs were one continued
wound:

Dishonest, with lopp'd arms, the youth ap-
pears,

Spoil'd of his nose, and shorten'd of his ears.
He scarcely knew him, striving to disown ⁶⁷⁰

His blotted form, and blushing to be known;
And therefore first began: "O Teucer's
race,

Who durst thy faultless figure thus de-
face?

What heart could wish, what hand inflist,
this dire disgrace?

'T was fam'd, that in our last and fatal night
Your single prowess long sustain'd the fight,

Till tir'd, not fore'd, a glorious fate you
chose,

And fell upon a heap of slaughter'd foes.
But, in remembrance of so brave a deed,

A tomb and fun'ral honors I decreed; ⁶⁸⁰
Thrice call'd your manes on the Trojan
plains:

The place your armor and your name re-
tains.

Your body too I sought, and, had I found,
Design'd for burial in your native ground."

The ghost replied: "Your piety has paid
All needful rites, to rest my wand'ring
shade;

But cruel fate, and my more cruel wife,
To Grecian swords betray'd my sleeping life.

These are the monuments of Helen's love:

The shame I bear below, the marks I bore
above.

You know in what deluding joys we pass'd
The night that was by Heav'n decreed our
last:

For, when the fatal horse, descending down,
Pregnant with arms, o'erwhelm'd th' un-
happy town,

She feign'd nocturnal orgies; left my bed,
And, mix'd with Trojan dames, the dances
led;

Then, waving high her torch, the signal
made,

Which rous'd the Grecians from their am-
buscade.

With watching overworn, with cares
oppress'd,

Unhappy I had laid me down to rest, ⁷⁰⁰
And heavy sleep my weary limbs pos-
sess'd.

Meantime my worthy wife our arms mis-
laid,

And from beneath my head my sword con-
vey'd;

The door unlatch'd, and, with repeated calls,
Invites her former lord within my walls.

Thus in her crime her confidence she plac'd,
And with new treasons would redeem the
past.

What need I more? Into the room they ran,
And meanly murder'd a defenseless man.

Ulysses, basely born, first led the way. ⁷¹⁰
Avenging pow'rs! with justice if I pray,

That fortune be their own another day!
But answer you; and in your turn relate,

What brought you, living, to the Stygian
state:

Driv'n by the winds and errors of the
sea,

Or did you Heav'n's superior doom obey?
Or tell what other chance conducts your
way,

To view with mortal eyes our dark re-
treats,

Tumults and torments of th' infernal seats."

While thus in talk the flying hours they
pass, ⁷²⁰

The sun had finish'd more than half his race:
And they, perhaps, in words and tears had
spent

The little time of stay which Heav'n had
lent;

But thus the Sibyl chides their long delay:
"Night rushes down, and headlong drives
the day:

'Tis here, in different paths, the way di-
vides;

The right to Pluto's golden palace guides;
The left to that unhappy region tends,
Which to the depth of Tartarus descends;
The seat of night profound, and punish'd
fiends."

Then thus Deiphobus: "O sacred maid,
Forbear to chide, and be your will obey'd!

Lo! to the secret shadows I retire,
To pay my penance till my years expire.

Proceed, auspicious prince, with glory
crown'd,

And born to better fates than I have found."

He said; and, while he said, his steps he
turn'd

To secret shadows, and in silence mourn'd.
The hero, looking on the left, espied

A lofty tow'r, and strong on ev'ry side ⁷⁴⁰
With treble walls, which Phlegethon sur-
rounds,

Whose fiery flood the burning empire
bounds;

And, press'd betwixt the rocks, the bel-
lowing noise resounds.

Wide is the fronting gate, and, rais'd on
high

With adamantine columns, threatens the sky.
Vain is the force of man, and Heav'n's as
vain,

To crush the pillars which the pile sustain.
Sublime on these a tow'r of steel is rear'd;

And dire Tisiphone there keeps the ward,
Girt in her sanguine gown, by night and
day, ⁷⁵⁰

Observant of the souls that pass the down-
ward way.

From hence are heard the groans of ghosts,
the pains

Of sounding lashes and of dragging chains.
The Trojan stood astonish'd at their cries,

And ask'd his guide from whence those
yells arise;

And what the crimes, and what the tortures
were,

And loud laments that rent the liquid air.

She thus replied: "The chaste and holy
race

Are all forbidden this polluted place.
But Hecate, when she gave to rule the
woods, ⁷⁶⁰

Then led me trembling thro' these dire
abodes,

And taught the tortures of th' aveng-
ing gods."

These are the realms of unrelenting fate;
And awful Rhadamanthus rules the state.
He hears and judges each committed crime;
Enquires into the manner, place, and time.
The conscious wretch must all his acts re-
veal,

(Loth to confess, unable to conceal.)
From the first moment of his vital breath,
To his last hour of unrepenting death. ⁷⁷⁰
Straight, o'er the guilty ghost, the Fury
shakes

The sounding whip and brandishes her
snakes,
And the pale sinner, with her sisters,
takes.

Then, of itself, unfolds th' eternal door;
With dreadful sounds the brazen hinges
roar.

You see, before the gate, what stalking ghost
Commands the guard, what sentries keep
the post.

More formidable Hydra stands within,
Whose jaws with iron teeth severely grin.
The gaping gulf low to the center lies, ⁷⁸⁰
And twice as deep as earth is distant from
the skies.

The rivals of the gods, the Titan race,
Here, sing'd with lightning, roll within th'
unfathom'd space.

Here lie th' Aëtan twins, (I saw them both,)
Enormous bodies, of gigantic growth,
Who dar'd in fight the Thund'rer to defy,
Affect his heav'n, and force him from the
sky.

Salmoneus, suff'ring cruel pains, I found,
For emulating Jove; the rattling sound
Of mimic thunder, and the glitt'ring blaze ⁷⁹⁰
Of pointed lightnings, and their fork'y rays.
Thro' Elis and the Grecian towns he flew;
Th' audacious wretch four fiery coursers
drew:

He wav'd a torch aloft, and, madly vain,
Sought godlike worship from a servile
train.

Ambitious fool! with horny hoofs to pass
O'er hollow arches of resounding brass,
To rival thunder in its rapid course,
And imitate inimitable force!

But he, the King of Heav'n, obscure on
high, ⁸⁰⁰

Bar'd his red arm, and, launching from the
sky

His writhen bolt, not shaking empty smoke,
Down to the deep abyss the flaming felon
strook.

There Tityus was to see, who took his birth
From heav'n, his nursing from the foodful
earth.

Here his gigantic limbs, with large em-
brace,

Infold nine acres of infernal space.
A rav'nous vulture, in his open'd side,
Her crooked beak and cruel talons tried;
Still for the growing liver digg'd his breast;
The growing liver still supplied the feast;
Still are his entrails fruitful to their pains:
Th' immortal hunger lasts, th' immortal
food remains. ⁸¹³

Ixion and Perithotis I could name,
And more Thessalian chiefs of mighty fame.
High o'er their heads a mold'ring rock is
plac'd,

That promises a fall, and shakes at ev'ry
blast.

They lie below, on golden beds display'd;
And genial feasts with regal pomp are
made.

The Queen of Furies by their sides is set,
And snatches from their mouths th' un-
tasted meat. ⁸²¹

Which if they touch, her hissing snakes she
rears,

Tossing her torch, and thund'ring in their
ears.

Then they, who brothers' better claim dis-
own,

Expel their parents, and usurp the throne;
Defraud their clients, and, to lucre sold,
Sit brooding on unprofitable gold;

Who dare not give, and ev'n refuse to
lend

To their poor kindred, or a wanting friend.
Vast is the throng of these; nor less the
train ⁸³⁰

Of lustful youths, for foul adul'try slain:
Hosts of deserters, who their honor sold,
And basely broke their faith for bribes of
gold.

All these within the dungeon's depth re-
main,

Despairing pardon, and expecting pain.
Ask not what pains; nor farther seek to
know

Their process, or the forms of law below.
Some roll a weighty stone; some, laid
along,

And bound with burning wires, on spokes
of wheels are hung.

Unhappy Theseus, doom'd for ever there,
Is fix'd by fate on his eternal chair; ⁸⁴¹

And wretched Phlegyas warns the world
with cries
(Could warning make the world more just
or wise):

'Learn righteousness, and dread th'
avenging deities.'

To tyrants others have their country sold,
Imposing foreign lords, for foreign gold;
Some have old laws repeal'd, new statutes
made,

Not as the people pleas'd, but as they paid;
With incest some their daughters' bed pro-
fan'd:

All dar'd the worst of ills, and, what they
dar'd, attain'd. 850

Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred
tongues,

And throats of brass, inspir'd with iron
lungs,

I could not half those horrid crimes repeat,
Nor half the punishments those crimes have
met.

But let us haste our voyage to pursue:
The walls of Pluto's palace are in view;
The gate, and iron arch above it, stands
On anvils labor'd by the Cyclops' hands.
Before our farther way the Fates allow,
Here must we fix on high the golden
bough." 860

She said: and thro' the gloomy shades
they pass'd,

And chose the middle path. Arriv'd at last,
The prince with living water sprinkled o'er
His limbs and body; then approach'd the
door,

Possess'd the porch, and on the front above
He fix'd the fatal bough requir'd by Pluto's
love.

These holy rites perform'd, they took their
way

Where long extended plains of pleasure lay:
The verdant fields with those of heav'n may
vie,

With ether vested, and a purple sky; 870
The blissful seats of happy souls below.
Stars of their own, and their own suns, they
know;

Their airy limbs in sports they exercise,
And on the green contend the wrestler's
prize.

Some in heroic verse divinely sing;
Others in artful measures lead the ring.
The Thracian bard, surrounded by the rest,
There stands conspicuous in his flowing
vest;

His flying fingers, and harmonious quill,
Strike sev'n distinguish'd notes, and sev'n
at once they fill. 880

Here found they Teucer's old heroic race,
Born better times and happier years to
grace.

Assaracus and Ilus here enjoy
Perpetual fame, with him who founded
Troy.

The chief beheld their chariots from afar,
Their shining arms, and coursers train'd
to war:

Their lances fix'd in earth, their steeds
around,

Free from their harness, graze the flow'ry
ground.

The love of horses which they had, alive,
And care of chariots, after death survive. 890
Some cheerful souls were feasting on the
plain;

Some did the song, and some the choir
maintain,

Beneath a laurel shade, where mighty Po
Mounts up to woods above, and hides his
head below.

Here patriots live, who, for their country's
good,

In fighting fields, were prodigal of blood:
Priests of unblemish'd lives here make
abode,

And poets worthy their inspiring god;
And searching wits, of more mechanic parts,
Who grac'd their age with new-invented
arts: 900

Those who to worth their bounty did ex-
tend,

And those who knew that bounty to com-
mend.

The heads of these with holy fillets bound,
And all their temples were with garlands
crown'd.

To these the Sibyl thus her speech
address'd,

And first to him surrounded by the rest
(Tow'ring his height, and ample was his
breast):

"Say, happy souls, divine Muses, say,
Where lies Anchises, and where lies our
way

To find the hero, for whose only sake 910
We sought the dark abodes, and cross'd the
bitter lake?"

To this the sacred poet thus replied:

"In no fix'd place the happy souls reside.
In groves we live, and lie on mossy beds,

By crystal streams, that murmur thro' the meads:

But pass you easy hill, and thence descend;
The path conducts you to your journey's end."

This said, he led them up the mountain's brow,
And shows them all the shining fields below.

They wind the hill, and thro' the blissful meadows go. ⁹³⁰

But old Anchises, in a flow'ry vale,
Review'd his muster'd race, and took the tale:

Those happy spirits, which, ordain'd by fate,

For future beings and new bodies wait —
With studious thought observ'd th' illustrious throng,

In nature's order as they pass'd along:
Their names, their fates, their conduct, and their care,

In peaceful senates and successful war.
He, when Æneas on the plain appears,
Meets him with open arms, and falling tears. ⁹³⁰

"Welcome," he said, "the gods' undoubted race!

O long expected to my dear embrace!
Once more 'tis giv'n me to behold your face!

The love and pious duty which you pay
Have pass'd the perils of so hard a way.
'Tis true, computing times, I now believ'd
The happy day approach'd; nor are my hopes deceiv'd.

What length of lands, what oceans have you pass'd;

What storms sustain'd, and on what shores been cast?

How have I fear'd your fate! but fear'd it most, ⁹⁴⁰

When love assail'd you, on the Libyan coast."

To this, the filial duty thus replies:

"Your sacred ghost before my sleeping eyes

Appear'd, and often urg'd this painful enterprise.

After long tossing on the Tyrrhene sea,
My navy rides at anchor in the bay.

But reach your hand, O parent shade, nor shun

The dear embraces of your longing son!"
He said; and falling tears his face bedew:

Then thrice around his neck his arms he threw;

And thrice the flitting shadow slipp'd away, ⁹⁵⁰
Like winds, or empty dreams that fly the day.

Now, in a secret vale, the Trojan sees }
A seprate grove, thro' which a gentle breeze

Plays with a passing breath, and whispers thro' the trees;

And, just before the confines of the wood,
The gliding Lethe leads her silent flood.

About the boughs an airy nation flew,
Thick as the humming bees, that hunt the golden dew;

In summer's heat on tops of lilies feed, ⁹⁶⁰
And creep within their bells, to suck the balmy seed:

The winged army roams the fields around;
The rivers and the rocks remurmur to the sound.

Æneas wond'ring stood, then ask'd the cause

Which to the stream the crowding people draws.

Then thus the sire: "The souls that throng the flood

Are those to whom, by fate, are other bodies ow'd:

In Lethe's lake they long oblivion taste,
Of future life secure, forgetful of the past.
Long has my soul desir'd this time and place, ⁹⁷⁰

To set before your sight your glorious race,
That this presaging joy may fire your mind
To seek the shores by destiny design'd."

"O father, can it be, that souls sublime
Return to visit our terrestrial clime,
And that the gen'rous mind, releas'd by death,

Can covet lazy limbs and mortal breath?"
Anchises then, in order, thus begun

To clear those wonders to his godlike son:
"Know, first, that heav'n, and earth's compacted frame, ⁹⁸⁰

And flowing waters, and the starry flame,
And both the radiant lights, one common soul

Inspires and feeds, and animates the whole.
This active mind, infus'd thro' all the space,

Unites and mingles with the mighty mass.
Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,

And birds of air, and monsters of the main.
Th' ethereal vigor is in all the same,

And every soul is fill'd with equal flame;
As much as earthy limbs, and gross alloy
Of mortal members, subject to decay, ⁹⁹¹
Blunt not the beams of heav'n and edge
of day.

From this coarse mixture of terrestrial
parts,

Desire and fear by turns possess their
hearts,

And grief, and joy; nor can the groveling
mind,

In the dark dungeon of the limbs confin'd,
Assert the native skies, or own its heav'nly
kind:

Nor death itself can wholly wash their
stains;

But long-contracted filth ev'n in the soul
remains.

The relics of inveterate vice they wear, ¹⁰⁰⁰
And spots of sin obscene in ev'ry face ap-
pear.

For this are various penances enjoind;
And some are hung to bleach upon the wind,
Some plung'd in waters, others purg'd in
fires,

Ti' all the dregs are drain'd, and all the
rust expires.

I've their *manes*, and those *manes*
bear:

The few, so cleans'd, to these abodes re-
pair,

And breathe, in ample fields, the soft
Elysian air.

Then are they happy, when by length of
time

The scurf is worn away of each committed
crime; ¹⁰¹⁰

No speck is left of their habitual stains,
But the pure ether of the soul remains.

But, when a thousand rolling years are past,
(So long their punishments and penance
last,)

Whole droves of minds are, by the driving
god,

Compell'd to drink the deep Lethæan flood,
In large forgetful draughts to steep the
cares

Of their past labors, and their irksome years,
That, unrememb'ring of its former pain,
The soul may suffer mortal flesh again." ¹⁰²⁰

Thus having said, the father spirit leads
The priestess and his son thro' swarms of
shades,

And takes a rising ground, from thence to
see

The long procession of his progeny.

"Survey," pursued the sire, "this airy
throng,

As, offer'd to thy view, they pass along.

These are th' Italian names, which fate will
join

With ours, and graff upon the Trojan line.

Observe the youth who first appears in
sight,

And holds the nearest station to the light,

Already seems to snuff the vital air, ¹⁰³¹

And leans just forward, on a shining spear:

Silvius is he, thy last-begotten race,

But first in order sent, to fill thy place;

An Alban name, but mix'd with Dardan
blood,

Born in the covert of a shady wood:

Him fair Lavinia, thy surviving wife,

Shall breed in groves, to lead a solitary life.

In Alba he shall fix his royal seat,

And, born a king, a race of kings beget. ¹⁰⁴⁰

Then Procas, honor of the Trojan name,

Capys, and Numitor, of endless fame.

A second Silvius after these appears;

Silvius Æneas, for thy name he bears;

For arms and justice equally renown'd,

Who, late restor'd, in Alba shall be crown'd.

How great they look! how vig'rously they
wield

Their weighty lances, and sustain the shield!

But they, who crown'd with oaken wreaths
appear,

Shall Gabian walls and strong Fidena rear;

Nomentum, Bola, with Pometia, found; ¹⁰⁵¹

And raise Collatian tow'rs on rocky ground.

All these shall then be towns of mighty
fame,

Tho' now they lie obscure, and lands with-
out a name.

See Romulus the great, born to restore

The crown that once his injur'd grandsire
wore.

This prince a priestess of your blood shall
bear,

And like his sire in arms he shall appear.

Two rising crests his royal head adorn;

Born from a god, himself to godhead born:

His sire already signs him for the skies, ¹⁰⁶¹

And marks the seat amidst the deities.

Auspicious chief! thy race, in times to come,

Shall spread the conquests of imperial
Rome —

Rome, whose ascending tow'rs shall heav'n
invade,

Involving earth and ocean in her shade;

High as the Mother of the Gods in place,
And proud, like her, of an immortal race.
Then, when in pomp she makes the Phrygian round,

With golden turrets on her temples crown'd; 1070

A hundred gods her sweeping train supply;
Her offspring all, and all command the sky.

"Now fix your sight, and stand intent, to see

Your Roman race, and Julian progeny.
The mighty Cæsar waits his vital hour,
Impatient for the world, and grasps his promis'd pow'r.

But next behold the youth of form divine,
Cæsar himself, exalted in his line;
Augustus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old; 1080

Born to restore a better age of gold.
Ærie and India shall his pow'r obey;
He shall extend his propagated sway
Beyond the solar year, without the starry way,

Where Atlas turns the rolling heav'n's around,

And his broad shoulders with their lights are crown'd.

At his foreseen approach, already quake
The Caspian kingdoms and Mæotian lake:
Their seers behold the tempest from afar,
And threat'ning oracles denounce the war.
Nile hears him knocking at his sev'nfold gates, 1091

And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephew's fates.

Nor Hercules more lands or labors knew,
Not tho' the brazen-footed hind he slew,
Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar,
And dipp'd his arrows in Lernæan gore;
Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,
By tigers drawn triumphant in his car,
From Nisus' top descending on the plains,
With curling vines around his purple reins.
And doubt we yet thro' dangers to pursue 1101
The paths of honor, and a crown in view?
But what's the man, who from afar appears?

His head with olive crown'd, his hand a censor bears.

His hoary beard and holy vestments bring
His lost idea back: I know the Roman king.
He shall to peaceful Rome new laws ordain,
Call'd from his mean abode a scepter to sustain.

Him Tullus next in dignity succeeds,
An active prince, and prone to martial deeds.
He shall his troops for fighting fields prepare, 1111

Disus'd to toils, and triumphs of the war.
By dint of sword his crown he shall increase,

And scour his armor from the rust of peace.
Whom Ancus follows, with a fawning air,
But vain within, and proudly popular.
Next view the Tarquin kings, th' avenging sword

Of Brutus, justly drawn, and Rome restor'd.
He first renews the rods and ax severe, 1119
And gives the consuls royal robes to wear.
His sons, who seek the tyrant to sustain,
And long for arbitrary lords again,
With ignominy scourg'd, in open sight,
He dooms to death deserv'd, asserting public right.

Unhappy man, to break the pious laws
Of nature, pleading in his children's cause!
Howe'er the doubtful fact is understood,
'Tis love of honor, and his country's good:
The consul, not the father, sheds the blood.

Behold Torquatus the same track pursue;
And, next, the two devoted Decii view: 1137
The Drusian line, Camillus loaded home
With standards well redeem'd, and foreign foes o'ercome.

The pair you see in equal armor shine,
Now, friends below, in close embraces join;
But, when they leave the shady realms of night,

And, cloth'd in bodies, breathe your upper light,

With mortal hate each other shall pursue:
What wars, what wounds, what slaughter shall ensue!

From Alpine heights the father first descends; 1140
His daughter's husband in the plain attends:

His daughter's husband arms his eastern friends.

Embrace again, my sons, be foes no more;
Nor stain your country with her children's gore!

And thou, the first, lay down thy lawless claim,

Thou, of my blood, who bear'st the Julian name!

Another comes, who shall in triumph ride,
And to the Capitol his chariot guide,

From conquer'd Corinth, rich with Grecian spoils.

And yet another, fam'd for warlike toils,
On Argos shall impose the Roman laws, ¹¹⁵¹
And on the Greeks revenge the Trojan cause;
Shall drag in chains their Achillean race;
Shall vindicate his ancestors' disgrace, }
And Pallas, for her violated place. }
Great Cato there, for gravity renown'd,
And conqu'ring Cossus goes with laurels crown'd.

Who can omit the Gracchi? who declare
The Scipios' worth, those thunderbolts of war,

The double bane of Carthage? Who can see
Without esteem for virtuous poverty, ¹¹⁶¹
Severe Fabricius, or can cease t' admire
The plowman consul in his coarse attire?
Tir'd as I am, my praise the Fabii claim;
And thou, great hero, greatest of thy name,
Ordain'd in war to save the sinking state,
And, by delays, to put a stop to fate!
Let others better mold the running mass
Of metals, and inform the breathing brass,
And soften into flesh a marble face; ¹¹⁷⁰
Plead better at the bar; describe the skies,
And when the stars descend, and when they rise.

But, Rome, 'tis thine alone, with awful sway,
To rule mankind, and make the world obey,
Disposing peace and war thy own majestic way;
To tame the proud, the fetter'd slave to free:

These are imperial arts, and worthy thee."
He paus'd; and, while with wond'ring eyes they view'd

The passing spirits, thus his speech renew'd:
"See great Marcellus! how, untir'd in toils,
He moves with manly grace, how rich with regal spoils!" ¹¹⁸¹

He, when his country, threaten'd with alarms,

Requires his courage and his conqu'ring arms,

Shall more than once the Punic bands affright;

Shall kill the Gaulish king in single fight;
Then to the Capitol in triumph move,
And the third spoils shall grace Feretrian Jove."

Æneas here beheld, of form divine,
A godlike youth in glitt'ring armor shine,

With great Marcellus keeping equal pace;
But gloomy were his eyes, dejected was his face. ¹¹⁹¹

He saw, and, wond'ring, ask'd his airy guide,
What and of whence was he, who press'd the hero's side:

"His son, or one of his illustrious name?
How like the former, and almost the same!
Observe the crowds that compass him around;

All gaze, and all admire, and raise a shouting sound:

But hov'ring mists around his brows are spread,

And night, with sable shades, involves his head."

"Seek not to know," the ghost replied with tears, ¹²⁰⁰

"The sorrows of thy sons in future years.
This youth (the blissful vision of a day)
Shall just be shown on earth, and snatch'd away.

The gods too high had rais'd the Roman state,

Were but their gifts as permanent as great.
What groans of men shall fill the Martian field!

How fierce a blaze his flaming pile shall yield!

What fun'ral pomp shall floating Tiber see,
When, rising from his bed, he views the sad solemnity! ¹²⁰⁹

No youth shall equal hopes of glory give,
No youth afford so great a cause to grieve;
The Trojan honor, and the Roman boast,
Admir'd when living, and ador'd when lost!
Mirror of ancient faith in early youth!
Undaunted worth, inviolable truth!
No foe, unpunish'd, in the fighting field
Shall dare thee, foot to foot, with sword and shield;

Much less in arms oppose thy matchless force,

When thy sharp spurs shall urge thy foaming horse.

Ah! couldst thou break thro' fate's severe decree, ¹²²⁰

A new Marcellus shall arise in thee!
Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
Mix'd with the purple roses of the spring;
Let me with fun'ral flow'rs his body strow;
This gift which parents to their children owe,
This unavailing gift, at least, I may bestow!"

Thus having said, he led the hero round
 The confines of the blest Elysian ground;
 Which when Anchises to his son had shown,
 And fir'd his mind to mount the promis'd
 throne, ¹²³⁰
 He tells the future wars, ordain'd by fate;
 The strength and customs of the Latian
 state;
 The prince, and people; and forearms his
 care
 With rules, to push his fortune, or to bear.
 Two gates the silent house of Sleep
 adorn;
 Of polish'd iv'ry this, that of transparent
 horn:

True visions thro' transparent horn arise;
 Thro' polish'd iv'ry pass deluding lies.
 Of various things discoursing as he pass'd,
 Anchises hither bends his steps at last. ¹²⁴⁰
 Then, thro' the gate of iv'ry, he dismiss'd
 His valiant offspring and divining guest.
 Straight to the ships Æneas took his way,
 Embark'd his men, and skimm'd along
 the sea,
 Still coasting, till he gain'd Cajeta's bay.
 At length on oozy ground his galleys moor;
 Their heads are turn'd to sea, their sterns
 to shore.

THE SEVENTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS

THE ARGUMENT

King Latinus entertains Æneas, and promises
 him his only daughter, Lavinia, the heiress
 of his crown. Turnus, being in love with
 her, favor'd by her mother, and stirr'd up
 by Juno and Alecto, breaks the treaty which
 was made, and engages in his quarrel Mezen-
 tius, Camilla, Messapus, and many others
 of the neighboring princes; whose forces, and
 the names of their commanders, are here
 particularly related.

AND thou, O matron of immortal fame,
 Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name;
 Cajeta still the place is call'd from thee,
 The nurse of great Æneas' infancy.
 Here rest thy bones in rich Hesperia's
 plains;
 Thy name ('tis all a ghost can have) re-
 mains.

Now, when the prince her fun'ral rites
 had paid,

He plow'd the Tyrrhene seas with sails dis-
 play'd.

From land a gentle breeze arose by night,
 Serenely shone the stars, the moon was
 bright, ¹⁰

And the sea trembled with her silver
 light.

Now near the shelves of Circe's shores they
 run,

(Circe the rich, the daughter of the Sun.)
 A dang'rous coast: the goddess wastes her
 days

In joyous songs; the rocks resound her lays:
 In spinning, or the loom, she spends the
 night,

And cedar brands supply her father's light.
 From hence were heard, rebelling to the
 main,

The roars of lions that refuse the chain,
 The grunts of bristled boars, and groans of
 bears, ²⁰

And herds of howling wolves that stun the
 sailors' ears.

These from their caverns, at the close of
 night,

Fill the sad isle with horror and affright.
 Darkling they mourn their fate, whom
 Circe's pow'r,

(That watch'd the moon and planetary hour,)
 With words and wicked herbs from human-
 kind

Had alter'd, and in brutal shapes confin'd.
 Which monsters lest the Trojans' pious host
 Should bear, or touch upon th' enchanted
 coast,

Propitious Neptune steer'd their course by
 night ³⁰

With rising gales that sped their happy
 flight.

Supplied with these, they skim the sound-
 ing shore,

And hear the swelling surges vainly roar.
 Now, when the rosy morn began to rise,
 And wav'd her saffron streamer thro' the
 skies;

When Thetis blush'd in purple not her own,
 And from her face the breathing winds
 were blown,

A sudden silence sate upon the sea,
 And sweeping oars, with struggling, urge
 their way.

The Trojan, from the main, beheld a
 wood, ⁴⁰

Which thick with shades and a brown hor-
 ror stood:

Betwixt the trees the Tiber took his course,
With whirlpools dimpled; and with downward force,

That drove the sand along, he took his way,
And roll'd his yellow billows to the sea.
About him, and above, and round the wood,
The birds that haunt the borders of his flood,

That bath'd within, or basked upon his side,
To tuneful songs their narrow throats applied.

The captain gives command; the joyful train⁵⁰
Glide thro' the gloomy shade, and leave the main.

Now, Erato, thy poet's mind inspire,
And fill his soul with thy celestial fire!
Relate what Latium was; her ancient kings;
Declare the past and present state of things;
When first the Trojan fleet Ausonia sought,
And how the rivals lov'd, and how they fought.

These are my theme, and how the war began,

And how concluded by the godlike man:
For I shall sing of battles, blood, and rage,
Which princes and their people did engage;
And haughty souls, that, mov'd with mutual hate,⁶²

In fighting fields pursued and found their fate;

That rous'd the Tyrrhene realm with loud alarms,

And peaceful Italy involv'd in arms.
A larger scene of action is display'd;
And, rising hence, a greater work is weigh'd.

Latinus, old and mild, had long possess'd
The Latian scepter, and his people blest:
His father Faunus; a Laurentian dame⁷⁰
His mother; fair Marica was her name.
But Faunus came from Picus: Picus drew
His birth from Saturn, if records be true.
Thus King Latinus, in the third degree,
Had Saturn author of his family.

But this old peaceful prince, as Heav'n decreed,

Was blest with no male issue to succeed:
His sons in blooming youth were snatch'd by fate;

One only daughter heir'd the royal state.
Fir'd with her love, and with ambition led,⁸⁰

The neighb'ring princes court her nuptial bed.

Among the crowd, but far above the rest,

Young Turnus to the beauteous maid address'd.

Turnus, for high descent and graceful mien,
Was first, and favor'd by the Latian queen;
With him she strove to join Lavinia's hand,
But dire portents the purpos'd match withstand.

Deep in the palace, of long growth, there stood

A laurel's trunk, a venerable wood;
Where rites divine were paid; whose holy hair⁹⁰

Was kept and cut with superstitious care.
This plant Latinus, when his town he wall'd,

Then found, and from the tree Laurentum call'd;

And last, in honor of his new abode,
He vow'd the laurel to the laurel's god.

It happen'd once (a boding prodigy!)
A swarm of bees, that cut the liquid sky,
(Unknown from whence they took their airy flight,)

Upon the topmost branch in clouds alight;
There with their claspings feet together clung,¹⁰⁰

And a long cluster from the laurel hung.
An ancient augur prophesied from hence:

"Behold on Latian shores a foreign prince!
From the same parts of heav'n his navy stands,

To the same parts on earth; his army lands;

The town he conquers, and the tow'r commands."

Yet more, when fair Lavinia fed the fire
Before the gods, and stood beside her sire,
(Strange to relate!) the flames, involv'd in smoke

Of incense, from the sacred altar broke,¹¹⁰
Caught her dishevel'd hair and rich attire;
Her crown and jewels crackled in the fire:
From thence the fuming trail began to spread,

And lambent glories danc'd about her head.
This new portent the seer with wonder views,

Then panning, thus his prophecy renews:
"The nymph, who scatters flaming fires

around,
Shall shine with honor, shall herself be crown'd;

But, caus'd by her irrevocable fate,
War shall the country waste, and change the state."¹²⁰

Latinus, frighted with this dire oment,
For counsel to his father Faunus went,
And sought the shades renown'd for prophecy
Which near Albunea's sulph'rous fountain lie.

To these the Latian and the Sabine land
Fly, when distress'd, and thence relief demand.

The priest on skins of off'rings takes his ease,
And nightly visions in his slumber sees;
A swarm of thin ærial shapes appears,
And, flutt'ring round his temples, deafs his ears: ¹³⁰

These he consults, the future fates to know,
From pow'rs above, and from the fiends below.

Here, for the gods' advice, Latinus flies,
Off'ring a hundred sheep for sacrifice:
Their woolly fleeces, as the rites requir'd,
He laid beneath him, and to rest retir'd.
No sooner were his eyes in slumber bound,
When, from above, a more than mortal sound

Invades his ears; and thus the vision spoke:
"Seek not, my seed, in Latian bands to yoke ¹⁴⁰

Our fair Lavinia, nor the gods provoke.
A foreign son upon thy shore descends,
Whose martial fame from pole to pole extends.

His race, in arms and arts of peace renown'd,
Not Latium shall contain, nor Europe bound:
'Tis theirs whate'er the sun surveys around."

These answers, in the silent night receiv'd,
The king himself divulg'd, the land believ'd:

The fame thro' all the neighb'ring nations flew,

When now the Trojan navy was in view. ¹⁵⁰

Beneath a shady tree, the hero spread
His table on the turf, with cakes of bread;
And, with his chiefs, on forest fruits he fed.

They sate; and, (not without the god's command,)

Their homely fare dispatch'd, the hungry band

Invade their trenchers next, and soon devour,

To mend the scanty meal, their cakes of flour.

Ascanius this observ'd, and smiling said:
"See, we devour the plates on which we fed."

The speech had omen, that the Trojan race
Should find repose, and this the time and place. ¹⁶¹

Æneas took the word, and thus replies,
Confessing fate with wonder in his eyes:
"All hail, O earth! all hail, my household gods!

Behold the destin'd place of your abodes!
For thus Anchises prophesied of old,
And this our fatal place of rest foretold:
'When, on a foreign shore, instead of meat,
By famine fore'd, your trenchers you shall eat,

Then ease your weary Trojans will attend,
And the long labors of your voyage end. ¹⁷¹
Remember on that happy coast to build,
And with a trench inclose the fruitful field.'
This was that famine, this the fatal place
Which ends the wand'ring of our exile's race.

Then, on to-morrow's dawn, your care employ,
To search the land, and where the cities lie,
And what the men; but give this day to joy.

Now pour to Jove; and, after Jove is blest,
Call great Anchises to the genial feast: ¹⁸⁰
Crown high the goblets with a cheerful draught;

Enjoy the present hour; adjourn the future thought."

Thus having said, the hero bound his brows

With leafy branches, then perform'd his vows;

Adoring first the genius of the place,
Then Earth, the mother of the heav'nly race,

The nymphs, and native godheads yet unknown,

And Night, and all the stars that gild her sable throne,

And ancient Cybel, and Idæan Jove,
And last his sire below, and mother queen above. ¹⁹⁰

Then heav'n's high monarch thunder'd thrice aloud,

And thrice he shook aloft a golden cloud.
Soon thro' the joyful camp a rumor flew,

The time was come their city to renew.
Then ev'ry brow with cheerful green is
crown'd,
The feasts are doubled, and the bowls go
round.

When next the rosy morn disclos'd the
day,
The scouts to sev'ral parts divide their way,
To learn the natives' names, their towns
explore,
The coasts and trendings of the crooked
shore:

Here Tiber flows, and here Numicus stands;
Here warlike Latins hold the happy lands.
The pious chief, who sought by peaceful
ways

To found his empire, and his town to raise,
A hundred youths from all his train selects,
And to the Latian court their course directs,
(The spacious palace where their prince
resides,)

And all their heads with wreaths of olive
hides.

They go commission'd to require a peace,
And carry presents to procure access. ²¹⁰
Thus while they speed their pace, the prince
designs

His new-elected seat, and draws the lines.
The Trojans round the place a rampire cast,
And palisades about the trenches plac'd.

Meantime the train, proceeding on their
way,

From far the town and lofty tow'rs survey;
At length approach the walls. Without the
gate,

They see the boys and Latian youth debate
The martial prizes on the dusty plain:
Some drive the cars, and some the coursers
rein; ²²⁰

Some bend the stubborn bow for victory,
And some with darts their active sinews
try.

A posting messenger, dispatch'd from
hence,

Of this fair troop advis'd their aged prince,
That foreign men of mighty stature came;
Uncouth their habit, and unknown their
name.

The king ordains their entrance, and ascends
His regal seat, surrounded by his friends.

The palace built by Picus, vast and
proud,

Supported by a hundred pillars stood, ²³⁰
And round incompass'd with a rising
wood.

The pile o'erlook'd the town, and drew the
sight;
Surpris'd at once with reverence and de-
light.

There kings receiv'd the marks of
sov'reign pow'r;
In state the monarchs march'd; the lic-
tors bore

Their awful axes and the rods before.
Here the tribunal stood, the house of pray'r,
And here the sacred senators repair;
All at large tables, in long order set,
A ram their off'ring, and a ram their meat.
Above the portal, carv'd in cedar wood, ²⁴¹
Plac'd in their ranks, their godlike grand-
sires stood;

Old Saturn, with his crooked scythe, on
high;

And Italus, that led the colony;
And ancient Janus, with his double face,
And bunch of keys, the porter of the place.
There good Sabinus, planter of the vines,
On a short pruning hook his head reclines,
And studiously surveys his gen'rous
wines;

Then warlike kings, who for their country
fought, ²⁵⁰

And honorable wounds from battle brought.
Around the posts hung helmets, darts,
and spears,

And captive chariots, axes, shields, and
bars,

And broken beaks of ships, the trophies
of their wars.

Above the rest, as chief of all the band,
Was Picus plac'd, a buckler in his hand;
His other wav'd a long divining wand.
Girt in his Gabin gown the hero sate,
Yet could not with his art avoid his fate:
For Circe long had lov'd the youth in
vain, ²⁶⁰

Till love, refus'd, converted to disdain:
Then, mixing pow'rful herbs, with magic
art,

She chang'd his form, who could not change
his heart;

Constrain'd him in a bird, and made him fly,
With party-color'd plumes, a chatt'ring
pie.

In this high temple, on a chair of state,
The seat of audience, old Latinus sate;
Then gave admission to the Trojan train;
And thus with pleasing accents he began:
"Tell me, ye Trojans, for that name you
own, ²⁷⁰

Nor is your course upon our coasts unknown—

Say what you seek, and whither were you bound:

Were you by stress of weather cast aground?

(Such dangers as on seas are often seen,
And oft befall to miserable men,)

Or come, your shipping in our ports to lay,
Spent and disabled in so long a way?

Say what you want: the Latians you shall find

Not forc'd to goodness, but by will inclin'd;
For, since the time of Saturn's holy reign,
His hospitable customs we retain.

²⁸¹ I call to mind (but time the tale has worn)
Th' Arunci told, that Dardanus, tho' born
On Latian plains, yet sought the Phrygian shore,

And Samothracia, Samos call'd before.

From Tuscan Coritum he claim'd his birth;
But after, when exempt from mortal earth,
From thence ascended to his kindred skies,
A god, and, as a god, augments their sacrifice."

He said. Ilioneus made this reply: ²⁹⁰
"O king, of Faunus' royal family!

Nor wintry winds to Latium forc'd our way,

Nor did the stars our wand'ring course betray.

Willing we sought your shores; and, hither bound,

The port, so long desir'd, at length we found;

From our sweet homes and ancient realms expell'd;

Great as the greatest that the sun beheld.

The god began our line, who rules above;

And, as our race, our king descends from Jove:

And hither are we come, by his command,
To crave admission in your happy land.

³⁰¹ How dire a tempest, from Mycenæ pour'd,
Our plains, our temples, and our town devour'd;

What was the waste of war, what fierce alarms

Shook Asia's crown with European arms;
Ev'n such have heard, if any such there be,

Whose earth is bounded by the frozen sea;
And such as, born beneath the burning sky

And sultry sun, betwixt the tropics lie.
From that dire deluge, thro' the wat'ry

waste,

³¹⁰

Such length of years, such various perils past,)

At last escap'd, to Latium we repair,

To beg what you without your want may spare:

The common water, and the common air;
Sheds which ourselves will build, and mean abodes,

Fit to receive and serve our banish'd gods.

Nor our admission shall your realm disgrace,

Nor length of time our gratitude efface.

Besides, what endless honor you shall gain,
To save and shelter Troy's unhappy train!

Now, by my sov'reign, and his fate, I swear,

³²¹

Renown'd for faith in peace, for force in war;

Oft our alliance other lands desir'd,

And, what we seek of you, of us requir'd.

Despise not then, that in our hands we bear
These holy boughs, and sue with words of pray'r.

Fate and the gods, by their supreme command,

Have doom'd our ships to seek the Latian land.

To these abodes our fleet Apollo sends; ³²⁹
Here Dardanus was born, and hither tends;

Where Tuscan Tiber rolls with rapid force,
And where Numicus opes his holy source.

Besides, our prince presents, with his request,

Some small remains of what his sire possess'd.

This golden charger, snatch'd from burning Troy,

Anchises did in sacrifice employ;

This royal robe and this tiara wore

Old Priam, and this golden scepter bore

In full assemblies, and in solemn games;

These purple vests were weav'd by Dardan dames."

³⁴⁰

Thus while he spoke, Latinus roll'd around

His eyes, and fix'd a while upon the ground.
Intent he seem'd, and anxious in his breast;

Not by the scepter mov'd, or kingly vest,
But pond'ring future things of wondrous

weight;

Succession, empire, and his daughter's fate.

On these he mus'd within his thoughtful mind,

And then revolv'd what Faunus had divin'd.

This was the foreign prince, by fate decreed

To share his scepter, and Lavinia's bed; ³⁵⁰
This was the race that sure portents fore-
shew

To sway the world, and land and sea subdue.
At length he rais'd his cheerful head, and
spoke:

"The pow'rs," said he, "the pow'rs we both
invoke,

To you, and yours, and mine, propitious be,
And firm our purpose with their angury!
Have what you ask; your presents I receive;
Land, where and when you please, with
ample leave;

Partake and use my kingdom as your own;
All shall be yours, while I command the
crown: ³⁶⁰

And, if my wish'd alliance please your king,
Tell him he should not send the peace, but
bring.

Then let him not a friend's embraces fear;
The peace is made when I behold him here.
Besides this answer, tell my royal guest,
I add to his commands my own request:

One only daughter heirs my crown and
state,

Whom not our oracles, nor Heav'n, nor fate,
Nor frequent prodigies, permit to join
With any native of th' Ansonian line. ³⁷⁰

A foreign son-in-law shall come from far
(Such is our doom), a chief renown'd in war,
Whose race shall bear aloft the Latian name,
And thro' the conquer'd world diffuse our
fame.

Himself to be the man the fates require,
I firmly judge, and, what I judge, desire."

He said, and then on each bestow'd a steed.
Three hundred horses, in high stables fed,
Stood ready, shining all, and smoothly
dress'd:

Of these he chose the fairest and the best, ³⁸⁰
To mount the Trojan troop. At his com-
mand

The steeds caparison'd with purple stand,
With golden trappings, glorious to behold,
And clasp betwixt their teeth the foaming
gold.

Then to his absent guest the king decreed
A pair of coursers born of heav'nly breed,
Who from their nostrils breath'd ethereal
fire;

Whom Circe stole from her celestial sire,
By substituting mares produc'd on earth,
Whose wombs conceiv'd a more than mortal
birth. ³⁹⁰

These draw the chariot which Latinus sends,

And the rich present to the prince com-
mends.

Sublime on stately steeds the Trojans borne,
To their expecting lord with peace return.

But jealous Juno, from Pachynus' height,
As she from Argos took her airy flight,
Beheld with envious eyes this hateful sight.
She saw the Trojan and his joyful train
Descend upon the shore, desert the main,
Design a town, and, with unhop'd suc-
cess, ⁴⁰⁰

Th' ambassadors return with promis'd peace.
Then, pierc'd with pain, she shook her
haughty head,

Sigh'd from her inward soul, and thus she
said:

"O hated offspring of my Phrygian foes!
O fates of Troy, which Juno's fates oppose!
Could they not fall unpitied on the plain,
But slain revive, and, taken, scape again?

When execrable Troy in ashes lay,
Thro' fires and swords and seas they fore'd
their way. ⁴¹⁰

Then vanquish'd Juno must in vain contend,
Her rage disarm'd, her empire at an end.
Breathless and tir'd, is all my fury spent?

Or does my glutted spleen at length relent?
As if 't were little from their town to chase,
I thro' the seas pursued their exil'd race;
Inrag'd the heav'n, oppos'd the stormy
main;

But billows roar'd, and tempests rag'd in
vain.

What have my Scyllas and my Syrtes done,
When these they overpass, and those they
shun? ⁴¹⁹

On Tiber's shores they land, secure of fate,
Triumphant o'er the storms and Juno's hate.
Mars comb'd in mutual blood the Centaurs
bathe,

And Jove himself gave way to Cynthia's
wrath,

Who sent the tusky boar to Calydon;
(What great offense had either people
done?)

But I, the consort of the Thunderer,
Have wag'd a long and unsuccessful war,
With various arts and arms in vain have
toil'd, ⁴²⁸

And by a mortal man at length am foil'd.
If native pow'r prevail not, shall I doubt
To seek for needful succor from without?
If Jove and Heav'n my just desires deny,
Hell shall the pow'r of Heav'n and Jove
supply.

Grant that the Fates have firm'd, by their decree,
 The Trojan race to reign in Italy;
 At least I can defer the nuptial day,
 And with protracted wars the peace delay:
 With blood the dear alliance shall be bought,
 And both the people near destruction brought;
 So shall the son-in-law and father join, ⁴⁴⁰
 With ruin, war, and waste of either line.
 O fatal maid, thy marriage is endow'd
 With Phrygian, Latian, and Rutulian blood!
 Bellona leads thee to thy lover's hand;
 Another queen brings forth another brand, }
 To burn with foreign fires another land!
 A second Paris, differing but in name,
 Shall fire his country with a second flame."
 Thus having said, she sinks beneath the ground,
 With furious haste, and shoots the Stygian sound, ⁴⁵⁰
 To rouse Alecto from th' infernal seat
 Of her dire sisters, and their dark retreat.
 This Fury, fit for her intent, she chose;
 One who delights in wars and human woes.
 Ev'n Pluto hates his own misshapen race;
 Her sister Furies fly her hideous face;
 So frightful are the forms the monster takes,
 So fierce the hissings of her speckled snakes.
 Her Juno finds, and thus inflames her spite:
 "O virgin daughter of eternal Night, ⁴⁶⁰
 Give me this once thy labor, to sustain
 My right, and execute my just disdain.
 Let not the Trojans, with a feign'd pretense
 Of proffer'd peace, delude the Latian prince.
 Expel from Italy that odious name,
 And let not Juno suffer in her fame.
 'Tis thine to ruin realms, o'erturn a state,
 Betwixt the dearest friends to raise debate,
 And kindle kindred blood to mutual hate. }
 Thy hand o'er towns the fun'ral torch displays, ⁴⁷⁰
 And forms a thousand ills ten thousand ways.
 Now shake, from out thy fruitful breast, the seeds
 Of envy, discord, and of cruel deeds:
 Confound the peace establish'd, and prepare
 Their souls to hatred, and their hands to war."
 Smear'd as she was with black Gorgonian blood,

The Fury sprang above the Stygian flood;
 And on her wicker wings, sublime thro' night,
 She to the Latian palace took her flight:
 There sought the queen's apartment, stood before ⁴⁸⁰
 The peaceful threshold, and besieg'd the door.
 Restless Amata lay, her swelling breast }
 Fir'd with disdain for Turnus disposess'd, }
 And the new nuptials of the Trojan guest. }
 From her black bloody locks the Fury shakes
 Her darling plague, the fav'rite of her snakes;
 With her full force she threw the pois'nous dart,
 And fix'd it deep within Amata's heart,
 That, thus envenom'd, she might kindle rage,
 And sacrifice to strife her house and husband's age. ⁴⁹⁰
 Unseen, unfelt, the fiery serpent skims
 Betwixt her linen and her naked limbs;
 His baleful breath inspiring, as he glides,
 Now like a chain around her neck he rides,
 Now like a fillet to her head repairs,
 And with his circling volumes folds her hairs.
 At first the silent venom slid with ease,
 And seiz'd her cooler senses by degrees;
 Then, ere th' infected mass was fir'd too far,
 In plaintive accents she began the war, ⁵⁰⁰
 And thus bespoke her husband: "Shall," she said,
 "A wand'ring prince enjoy Lavinia's bed?
 Nature plead not in a parent's heart,
 My tears, and pity her desert.
 I know, my dearest lord, the time will come,
 You would, in vain, reverse your cruel doom;
 The faithless pirate soon will set to sea,
 And bear the royal virgin far away!
 A guest like him, a Trojan guest before,
 In shew of friendship sought the Spartan shore, ⁵¹⁰
 And ravish'd Helen from her husband's bore. }
 Think on a king's inviolable word;
 And think on Turnus, her once plighted lord:
 To this false foreigner you give your throne,
 And wrong a friend, a kinsman, and a son.
 Resume your ancient care; and, if the god

Your sire, and you, resolve on foreign blood,
Know all are foreign, in a larger sense,
Not born your subjects, or deriv'd from
hence. ⁵¹⁹

Then, if the line of Turnus you retrace,
He springs from Inachus of Argive race."

But when she saw her reasons idly spent,
And could not move him from his fix'd in-
tent,

She flew to rage; for now the snake possess'd
Her vital parts, and poison'd all her breast;
She raves, she runs with a distracted pace,
And fills with horrid howls the public place.
And, as young striplings whip the top for
sport,

On the smooth pavement of an empty court;
The wooden engine flies and whirls about, ⁵³⁰
Admir'd, with clamors, of the beardless rout;
They lash aloud; each other they provoke,
And lend their little souls at ev'ry stroke:
Thus fares the queen; and thus her fury
blows

Amidst the crowd, and kindles as she goes.
Nor yet content, she strains her malice
more,

And adds new ills to those contriv'd before:
She flies the town, and, mixing with a throng
Of madding matrons, bears the bride along,
Wand'ring thro' woods and wilds, and devou-
ous ways, ⁵⁴⁰

And with these arts the Trojan match de-
lays.

She feign'd the rites of Bacchus; cried aloud,
And to the buxom god the virgin vow'd.

"Evoe! O Bacchus!" thus began the song;
And "Evoe!" answer'd all the female
throng.

"O virgin! worthy thee alone!" she cried;
"O worthy thee alone!" the crew replied.
"For thee she feeds her hair, she leads thy
dance,

And with thy winding ivy wreathes her
lance."

Like fury seiz'd the rest; the progress
known, ⁵⁵⁰

All seek the mountains, and forsake the
town:

All, clad in skins of beasts, the jav'lin
bear,

Give to the wanton winds their flowing
hair,

And shrieks and shoutings rend the suf-
fring air.

The queen herself, inspir'd with rage divine,
Shook high above her head a flaming pine;

Then roll'd her haggard eyes around the
throng,
And sung, in Turnus' name, the nuptial
song:

"Io, ye Latian dames! if any here
Hold your unhappy queen, Amata, dear; ⁵⁶⁰
If there be here," she said, "who dare main-
tain

My right, nor think the name of mother
vain;

Unbind your fillets, loose your flowing hair,
And orgies and nocturnal rites prepare."

Amata's breast the Fury thus invades,
And fires with rage, amid the sylvan shades;
Then, when she found her venom spread so
far,

The royal house embroil'd in civil war,
Rais'd on her dusky wings, she cleaves the
skies,

And seeks the palace where young Turnus
lies. ⁵⁷⁰

His town, as fame reports, was built of old
By Danae, pregnant with almighty gold,
Who fled her father's rage, and, with a
train

Of following Argives, thro' the stormy
main,

Driv'n by the southern blasts, was fated
here to reign.

'T was Ardnua once; now Arden's name it
bears;

Once a fair city, now consum'd with years.
Here, in his lofty palace, Turnus lay,

Betwixt the confines of the night and day,
Secure in sleep. The Fury laid aside ⁵⁸⁰

Her looks and limbs, and with new
methods tried

The foulness of th' infernal form to hide.
Propp'd on a staff, she takes a trembling
mien:

Her face is furrow'd, and her front obscene;
Deep-dinted wrinkles on her cheek she
draws;

Sunk are her eyes, and toothless are her
jaws;

Her hoary hair with holy fillets bound,
Her temples with an olive wreath are crown'd.

Old Chalybe, who kept the sacred fane
Of Juno, now she seem'd, and thus

began, ⁵⁹⁰

Appearing in a dream, to rouse the care-
less man:

"Shall Turnus then such endless toil sustain
In fighting fields, and conquer towns in
vain?

Win, for a Trojan head to wear the prize,
 Usurp thy crown, enjoy thy victories?
 The bride and scepter which thy blood has
 bought,
 The king transfers; and foreign heirs are
 sought.

Go now, deluded man, and seek again
 New toils, new dangers, on the dusty plain.
 Repel the Tuscan foes; their city seize; 600
 Protect the Latians in luxurious ease.
 This dream all-pow'rful Juno sends; I bear
 Her mighty mandates, and her words you
 hear.

Haste; arm your Ardeans; issue to the
 plain;

With fate to friend, assault the Trojan
 train:

Their thoughtless chiefs, their painted ships,
 that lie

In Tiber's mouth, with fire and sword de-
 stroy.

The Latian king, unless he shall submit,
 Own his old promise, and his new forget —
 Let him, in arms, the pow'r of Turnus
 prove, 610

And learn to fear whom he disdains to love.
 For such is Heav'n's command." The youth-
 ful prince

With scorn replied, and made this bold de-
 fense:

"You tell me, mother, what I knew before:
 The Phrygian fleet is landed on the shore.
 I neither fear nor will provoke the war;
 My fate is Juno's most peculiar care.
 But time has made you dote, and vainly tell
 Of arms imagin'd in your lonely cell.

Go; be the temple and the gods your
 care; 620

Permit to men the thought of peace and
 war."

These haughty words Alecto's rage pro-
 voke,

And frightened Turnus trembled as she spoke.
 Her eyes grow stiffen'd, and with sulphur
 burn;

Her hideous looks and hellish form return;
 Her curling snakes with hissings fill the
 place,

And open all the furies of her face:

Then, darting fire from her malignant
 eyes,

She cast him backward as he strove to
 rise,

And, ling'ring, sought to frame some new
 replies. 630

High on her head she rears two twisted
 snakes;

Her chains she rattles, and her whip she
 shakes;

And, churning bloody foam, thus loudly
 speaks:

"Behold whom time has made to dote, and
 tell

Of arms imagin'd in her lonely cell!

Behold the Fates' infernal minister!

War, death, destruction, in my hand I bear."

Thus having said, her smold'ring torch,
 impress'd

With her full force, she plung'd into his
 breast.

Aghast he wak'd; and, starting from his
 bed, 640

Cold sweat, in clammy drops, his limbs o'er-
 spread.

"Arms! arms!" he cries: "my sword and
 shield prepare!"

He breathes defiance, blood, and mortal war.
 So, when with crackling flames a caldron
 fries,

The bubbling waters from the bottom rise:
 Above the brims they force their fiery way;

Black vapors climb aloft, and cloud the day.
 The peace polluted thus, a chosen band

He first commissions to the Latian land,
 In threat'ning embassy; then rais'd the
 rest, 650

To meet in arms th' intruding Trojan guest,
 To force the foes from the Lavinian shore,

And Italy's indanger'd peace restore.
 Himself alone an equal match he boasts,

To fight the Phrygian and Ausonian hosts.
 The gods invok'd, the Rutuli prepare

Their arms, and warm each other to the
 war.

His beauty these, and those his blooming
 age,

The rest his house and his own fame ingage.
 While Turnus urges thus his enter-
 prise, 660

The Stygian Fury to the Trojans flies;
 New frauds invents, and takes a steepy
 stand,

Which overlooks the vale with wide com-
 mand;

Where fair Ascanius and his youthful
 train,

With horns and hounds, a hunting match
 ordain,

And pitch their toils around the shady
 plain.

The Fury fires the pack; they snuff, they vent,

And feed their hungry nostrils with the scent.
'T was of a well-grown stag, whose antlers rise

High o'er his front; his beams invade the skies. 670

From this light cause th' infernal maid prepares

The country churls to mischief, hate, and wars.

The stately beast the two Tyrrhidæ bred,
Snatch'd from his dam, and the tame youngling fed.

Their father Tyrrheus did his fodder bring,
Tyrrheus, chief ranger to the Latian king:
Their sister Silvia cherish'd with her care
The little wanton, and did wreaths prepare
To hang his budding horns, with ribbons tied

His tender neck, and comb'd his silken hide, 680

And bath'd his body. Patient of command
In time he grew, and, growing us'd to hand,
He waited at his master's board for food;
Then sought his salvage kindred in the wood,

Where grazing all the day, at night he came

To his known lodgings, and his country dame.

This household beast, that us'd the woodland grounds,

Was view'd at first by the young hero's hounds,

As down the stream he swam, to seek retreat

In the cool waters, and to quench his heat. 690

Ascanius, young, and eager of his game,
Soon bent his bow, uncertain in his aim;
But the dire fiend the fatal arrow guides,
Which pierc'd his bowels thro' his panting sides.

The bleeding creature issues from the floods,

Possess'd with fear, and seeks his known abodes,

His old familiar hearth and household gods.

He falls; he fills the house with heavy groans,

Implores their pity, and his pain bemoans.
Young Silvia beats her breast, and cries aloud 700

For succor from the clownish neighborhood:
The churls assemble; for the fiend, who lay

In the close woody covert, urg'd their way.
One with a brand yet burning from the flame,

Arm'd with a knotty club another came:
Whate'er they catch or find, without their care,

Their fury makes an instrument of war.
Tyrrheus, the foster father of the beast,
Then clench'd a hatchet in his horny fist,
But held his hand from the descending stroke, 710

And left his wedge within the cloven oak,
To whet their courage and their rage provoke.

And now the goddess, exercis'd in ill,
Who watch'd an hour to work her impious will,

Ascends the roof, and to her crooked horn,
Such as was then by Latian shepherds borne,

Adds all her breath: the rocks and woods around,

And mountains, tremble at th' infernal sound.

The sacred lake of Trivia from afar,
The Veline fountains, and sulphureous Nar, 720
Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of the war.

Young mothers wildly stare, with fear possess'd,

And strain their helpless infants to their breast.

The clowns, a boist'rous, rude, ungovern'd crew,

With furious haste to the loud summons flew.

The pow'rs of Troy, then issuing on the plain,

With fresh recruits their youthful chief sustain:

Not theirs a raw and unexperienc'd train,
But a firm body of embattled men.

At first, while fortune favor'd neither side, 730

The fight with clubs and burning brands was tried;

But now, both parties reforc'd, the fields
Are bright with flaming swords and brazen shields.

A shining harvest either host displays,
And shoots against the sun with equal rays.

Thus, when a black-brow'd gust begins to
 rise,
 White foam at first on the curl'd ocean
 fries;
 Then roars the main, the billows mount
 the skies;
 Till, by the fury of the storm full blown,
 The muddy bottom o'er the clouds is
 thrown. ⁷⁴⁰
 First Almon falls, old Tyrrheus' eldest care,
 Pierc'd with an arrow from the distant war:
 Fix'd in his throat the flying weapon stood,
 And stopp'd his breath, and drank his vital
 blood.
 Huge heaps of slain around the body rise:
 Among the rest, the rich Galesus lies;
 A good old man, while peace he preach'd in
 vain,
 Amidst the madness of th' unruly train:
 Five herds, five bleating flocks, his pastures
 fill'd;
 His lands a hundred yoke of oxen till'd. ⁷⁵⁰
 Thus, while in equal scales their fortune
 stood,
 The Fury bath'd them in each other's blood;
 Then, having fix'd the fight, exulting flies,
 And bears fulfill'd her promise to the skies.
 To Juno thus she speaks: "Behold! 't is
 done,
 The blood already drawn, the war begun;
 The discord is complete; nor can they cease
 The dire debate, nor you command the peace.
 Now, since the Latian and the Trojan brood
 Have tasted vengeance and the sweets of
 blood; ⁷⁶⁰
 Speak, and my pow'r shall add this office
 more:
 The neighb'ring nations of th' Ausonian
 shore
 Shall hear the dreadful rumor, from afar,
 Of arm'd invasion, and embrace the war."
 Then Juno thus: "The grateful work is
 done,
 The seeds of discord sow'd, the war begun;
 Frauds, fears, and fury have possess'd the
 state,
 And fix'd the causes of a lasting hate.
 A bloody Hymen shall th' alliance join
 Betwixt the Trojan and Ausonian line: ⁷⁷⁰
 But thou with speed to night and hell
 repair;
 For not the gods, nor angry Jove, will
 bear
 Thy lawless wand'ring walks in upper
 air."

Leave what remains to me." Saturnia
 said:
 The sullen fiend her sounding wings dis-
 play'd,
 Unwilling left the light, and sought the
 nether shade. ⁷⁸⁰
 In midst of Italy, well known to fame,
 There lies a lake (Amsanctus is the name)
 Below the lofty mounts: on either side
 Thick forests the forbidden entrance
 hide.
 Full in the center of the sacred wood
 An arm arises of the Stygian flood,
 Which, breaking from beneath with bellow-
 ing sound,
 Whirls the black waves and rattling stones
 around.
 Here Pluto pants for breath from out his
 cell,
 And opens wide the grinning jaws of hell.
 To this infernal lake the Fury flies;
 Here hides her hated head, and frees the
 lab'ring skies.
 Saturnian Juno now, with double care,
 Attends the fatal process of the war. ⁷⁹⁰
 The clowns, return'd, from battle bear the
 slain,
 Implore the gods, and to their king com-
 plain.
 The corps of Almon and the rest are
 shown;
 Shrieks, clamors, murmurs, fill the frightened
 town.
 Ambitious Turnus in the press appears,
 And, aggravating crimes, augments their
 fears;
 Proclaims his private injuries aloud,
 A solemn promise made, and disavow'd;
 A foreign son is sought, and a mix'd mun-
 gril brood.
 Then they, whose mothers, frantic with
 their fear, ⁸⁰⁰
 In woods and wilds the flags of Bacchus
 bear,
 And lead his dances with dishevel'd hair,
 Increase the clamor, and the war demand,
 (Such was Amata's interest in the land.)
 Against the public sanctions of the peace,
 Against all omens of their ill success.
 With fates averse, the rout in arms resort,
 To force their monarch, and insult the court.
 But, like a rock unmov'd, a rock that
 braves
 The raging tempest and the rising
 waves — ⁸¹⁰

Propp'd on himself he stands; his solid
sides

Wash off the seaweeds, and the sounding
tides —

So stood the pious prince, unmov'd, and long
Sustain'd the madness of the noisy throng.
But, when he found that Juno's pow'r pre-
vail'd,

And all the methods of cool counsel fail'd,
He calls the gods to witness their offense,
Disclaims the war, asserts his innocence.

"Hurried by fate," he cries, "and borne
before

A furious wind, we leave the faithful
shore. 820

O more than madmen ! you yourselves shall
bear

The guilt of blood and sacrilegious war:
Thou, Turnus, shalt atone it by thy fate,
And pray to Heav'n for peace, but pray too
late.

For me, my stormy voyage at an end,
I to the port of death securely tend.

The fun'ral pomp which to your kings you
pay,

Is all I want, and all you take away."
He said no more, but, in his walls confin'd,
Shut out the woes which he too well
divin'd; 830

Nor with the rising storm would vainly
strive,

But left the helm, and let the vessel drive.
A solemn custom was observ'd of old,
Which Latium held, and now the Romans
hold,

Their standard when in fighting fields they
rear

Against the fierce Hyrcanians, or declare
The Scythian, Indian, or Arabian war; }
Or from the boasting Parthians would re-
gain

Their eagles, lost in Carrhæ's bloody plain.
Two gates of steel (the name of Mars they
bear, 840

And still are worship'd with religious fear)
Before his temple stand: the dire abode,
And the fear'd issues of the furious god,
Are fenc'd with brazen bolts; without the
gates,

The wary guardian Janus doubly waits.
Then, when the sacred senate votes the
wars,

The Roman consul their decree declares, }
And in his robes the sounding gates un-
bars.

The youth in military shouts arise,
And the loud trumpets break the yielding
skies. 850

These rites, of old by sov'reign princes
us'd,

Were the king's office; but the king re-
fus'd,

Deaf to their cries, nor would the gates
unbar

Of sacred peace, or loose th' imprison'd
war;

But hid his head, and, safe from loud
alarms,

Abhorr'd the wicked ministry of arms.
Then heav'n's imperious queen shot down
from high:

At her approach the brazen hinges fly;
The gates are forc'd, and ev'ry falling bar;
And, like a tempest, issues out the war. 860

The peaceful cities of th' Ausonian shore,
Lull'd in their ease, and undisturb'd before,
Are all on fire; and some, with studious
care,

Their restiff steeds in sandy plains pre-
pare;

Some their soft limbs in painful marches
try,

And war is all their wish, and arms the
gen'ral cry.

Part scour the rusty shields with seam;
and part

New grind the blunted ax, and point the
dart:

With joy they view the waving ensigns fly,
And hear the trumpet's clangor pierce the
sky. 870

Five cities forge their arms: th' Atinian
pow'rs,

Antemnæ, Tibur with her lofty tow'rs,
Ardea the proud, the Crustumian town:

All these of old were places of renown.
Some hammer helmets for the fighting field;

Some twine young shallows to support the
shield;

The croslet some, and some the cuishes
mold,

With silver plated, and with ductile gold.
The rustic honors of the scythe and share

Give place to swords and plumes, the pride
of war. 880

Old fauchions are new temper'd in the
fires;

The sounding trumpet ev'ry soul inspires.
The word is giv'n; with eager speed they
lace

The shining headpiece, and the shield embrace.

The shining steeds are to the chariot tied;

The trusty weapon sits on ev'ry side.

And now the mighty labor is begun —
Ye Muses, open all your Helicon.
Sing you the chiefs that sway'd th' Ausonian land,

Their arms, and armies under their command;

What warriors in our ancient clime were bred;

What soldiers follow'd, and what heroes led.

For well you know, and can record alone,
What fame to future times conveys but darkly down.

Mezentius first appear'd upon the plain:
Scorn sate upon his brows, and sour disdain,

Defying earth and heav'n. Etruria lost,
He brings to Turnus' aid his baffled host.
The charming Lausus, full of youthful fire,
Rode in the rank, and next his sullen sire;

To Turnus only second in the grace
Of manly mien, and features of the face.
A skilful horseman, and a huntsman bred,
With fates averse a thousand men he led:
His sire unworthy of so brave a son;
Himself well worthy of a happier throne.

Next Aventinus drives his chariot round
The Latian plains, with palms and laurels crown'd.

Proud of his steeds, he smokes along the field;

His father's hydra fills his ample shield: ⁹¹⁰
A hundred serpents hiss about the brims;
The son of Hercules he justly seems
By his broad shoulders and gigantic limbs;

Of heav'nly part, and part of earthly blood,

A mortal woman mixing with a god.
For strong Alcides, after he had slain
The triple Geryon, drove from conquer'd Spain

His captive herds; and, thence in triumph led,

On Tuscan Tiber's flow'ry banks they fed.
Then on Mount Aventine the son of Jove

The priestess Rhea found, and forc'd to love.

For arms, his men long piles and jav'lines bore;

And poles with pointed steel their foes in battle gore.

Like Hercules himself his son appears,
In salvage pomp; a lion's hide he wears;
About his shoulders hangs the shaggy skin;
The teeth and gaping jaws severely grin.
Thus, like the god his father, homely dress'd,
He strides into the hall, a horrid guest.

Then two twin brothers from fair Tibur came, ⁹³⁰
(Which from their brother Tiburs took the name,)

Fierce Coras and Catillus, void of fear:
Arm'd Argive horse they led, and in the front appear.

Like cloud-born Centaurs, from the mountain's height

With rapid course descending to the fight;
They rush along; the rattling woods give way;

The branches bend before their sweepy sway.

Nor was Præneste's founder wanting there,

Whom fame reports the son of Mulciber:
Found in the fire, and foster'd in the plains, ⁹⁴⁰

A shepherd and a king at once he reigns,
And leads to Turnus' aid his country swains.

His own Præneste sends a chosen band,
With those who plow Saturnia's Gabine land;

Besides the succor which cold Anien yields,
The rocks of Hernicus, and dewy fields,
Anagnia fat, and Father Amasene —
A num'rous rout, but all of naked men:

Nor arms they wear, nor swords and bucklers wield,

Nor drive the chariot thro' the dusty field, ⁹⁵⁰

But whirl from leathern slings huge balls of lead,

And spoils of yellow wolves adorn their head;

The left foot naked, when they march to fight,

But in a bull's raw hide they sheathe the right.

Messapus next, (great Neptune was his sire,)

Secure of steel, and fated from the fire,
In pomp appears, and with his ardor warms

A heartless train, unexercis'd in arms:
The just Faliscans he to battle brings,
And those who live where Lake Ciminia
springs; ⁹⁶⁰

And where Feronia's grove and temple
stands,

Who till Fescennian or Flavinian lands.

All these in order march, and marching
sing

The warlike actions of their sea-born king;
Like a long team of snowy swans on high,
Which clap their wings, and cleave the
liquid sky,

When, homeward from their wat'ry pastures
borne,

They sing, and Asia's lakes their notes re-
turn.

Not one who heard their music from afar,
Would think these troops an army train'd
to war, ⁹⁷⁰

But flocks of fowl, that, when the tempests
roar,

With their hoarse gabbling seek the silent
shore.

Then Clausus came, who led a num'rous
band

Of troops embodied from the Sabine land,
And, in himself alone, an army brought.

'T was he the noble Claudian race begot,
The Claudian race, ordain'd, in times to
come,

To share the greatness of imperial Rome.
He led the Cures forth, of old renown, ⁹⁷⁹

Mutuscans from their olive-bearing town,
And all th' Eretian pow'rs; besides a band

That follow'd from Velinum's dewy land,
And Amiternian troops, of mighty fame,

And mountaineers, that from Severus came,
And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica,

And those where yellow Tiber takes his
way,

And where Himella's wanton waters play. }
Casperia sends her arms, with those that
lie

By Fabaris, and fruitful Foruli:
The warlike aids of Horta next appear, ⁹⁹⁰

And the cold Nursians come to close the
rear,

Mix'd with the natives born of Latine blood,
Whom Allia washes with her fatal flood.

Not thicker billows beat the Libyan main,
When pale Orion sets in wintry rain;

Nor thicker harvests on rich Hermus rise,
Or Lycian fields, when Phœbus burns the
skies,

Than stand these troops: their bucklers
ring around;

Their trampling turns the turf, and shakes
the solid ground.

High in his chariot then Halesus came, ¹⁰⁰⁰
A foe by birth to Troy's unhappy name:

From Agamemnon born — to Turnus' aid
A thousand men the youthful hero led,

Who till the Massic soil, for wine re-
nown'd,

And fierce Auruncans from their hilly
ground,

And those who live by Sidicinian shores,
And where with shoaly fords Vulturius

roars,
Cales' and Oscea's old inhabitants,

And rough Saticulans, inur'd to wants:
Light demi-lances from afar they throw,

Fasten'd with leathern thongs, to gall the
foe. ¹⁰¹¹

Short crooked swords in closer fight they
wear,

And on their warding arm light bucklers
bear.

Nor, Œbalus, shalt thou be left unsung,
From nymph Semethis and old Telon

sprung,
Who then in Teleboan Capri reign'd;

But that short isle th' ambitious youth dis-
dain'd,

And o'er Campania stretch'd his ample
sway,

Where swelling Sarnus seeks the Tyrrhene
sea;

O'er Batulum, and where Abella sees, ¹⁰²⁰
From her high tow'rs, the harvest of her

trees.
And these (as was the Teuton use of old)

Wield brazen swords, and brazen bucklers
hold;

Sling weighty stones, when from afar they
fight;

Their casques are cork, a covering thick
and light.

Next these in rank, the warlike Ufens
went,

And led the mountain troops that Nursia
sent.

The rude Equicolæ his rule obey'd;
Hunting their sport, and plund'ring was

their trade.
In arms they plow'd, to battle still pre-
par'd: ¹⁰³⁰

Their soil was barren, and their hearts were
hard.

Umbro the priest the proud Marrubians
led,
By King Archippus sent to Turnus' aid,
And peaceful olives crown'd his hoary
head.
His wand and holy words, the viper's rage,
And venom'd wounds of serpents could as-
suage.
He, when he pleas'd with powerful juice to
steep
Their temples, shut their eyes in pleasing
sleep.
But vain were Marsian herbs, and magic art,
To cure the wound giv'n by the Dardan
dart: ¹⁰⁴⁰
Yet his untimely fate th' Angitian woods
In sighs remurmur'd to the Fucine floods.
The son of fam'd Hippolytus was there,
Fam'd as his sire, and, as his mother, fair;
Whom in Egerian groves Aricia bore,
And nurs'd his youth along the marshy
shore,
Where great Diana's peaceful altars flame,
In fruitful fields; and Virbius was his name.
Hippolytus, as old records have said,
Was by his stepdam sought to share her
bed; ¹⁰⁵⁰
But, when no female arts his mind could
move,
She turn'd to furious hate her impious love.
Torn by wild horses on the sandy shore,
Another's crimes th' unhappy hunter bore,
Glutting his father's eyes with guiltless
gore.
But chaste Diana, who his death deplor'd,
With Æsculapian herbs his life restor'd.
Then Jove, who saw from high, with just
disdain,
The dead inspir'd with vital breath again,
Struck to the center, with his flaming
dart, ¹⁰⁶⁰
Th' unhappy founder of the godlike art.
But Trivia kept in secret shades alone
Her care, Hippolytus, to fate unknown;
And call'd him Virbius in th' Egerian grove,
Where then he liv'd obscure, but safe from
Jove.
For this, from Trivia's temple and her
wood
Are courters driv'n, who shed their mas-
ter's blood,
Affrighted by the monsters of the flood.
His son, the second Virbius, yet retain'd
His father's art, and warrior steeds he
rein'd. ¹⁰⁷⁰

Amid the troops, and like the leading
god,
High o'er the rest in arms the graceful
Turnus rode:
A triple pile of plumes his crest adorn'd,
On which with belching flames Chimæra
burn'd:
The more the kindled combat rises high'r,
The more with fury burns the blazing fire.
Fair Io grac'd his shield; but Io now
With horns exalted stands, and seems to
low —
A noble charge! Her keeper by her side,
To watch her walks, his hundred eyes ap-
plied; ¹⁰⁸⁰
And on the brims her sire, the wat'ry god,
Roll'd from a silver urn his crystal flood.
A cloud of foot succeeds, and fills the fields
With swords, and pointed spears, and
clatt'ring shields;
Of Argives, and of old Sicanian bands,
And those who plow the rich Rutulian lands;
Auruncean youth, and those Sacrana yields,
And the proud Labicans, with painted
shields,
And those who near Numician streams
reside,
And those whom Tiber's holy forests
hide, ¹⁰⁹⁰
Or Circe's hills from the main land di-
vide;
Where Ufens glides along the lowly lands,
Or the black water of Pomptina stands.
Last, from the Volscians fair Camilla
came,
And led her warlike troops, a warrior dame;
Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd,
She chose the nobler Pallas of the field.
Mix'd with the first, the fierce virago
fought,
Sustain'd the toils of arms, the danger
sought,
Outstripp'd the winds in speed upon the
plain, ¹¹⁰⁰
Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the bearded
grain:
She swept the seas, and, as she skimm'd
along,
Her flying feet unbath'd on billows hung.
Men, boys, and women, stupid with surprise,
Where'er she passes, fix their wond'ring
eyes:
Longing they look, and, gaping at the sight,
Devour her o'er and o'er with vast delight;
Her purple habit sits with such a grace

On her smooth shoulders, and so suits her
face;
Her head with ringlets of her hair is
crown'd,¹¹¹⁰
And in a golden caul the curls are bound.
She shakes her myrtle jav'lin; and, behind,
Her Lycian quiver dances in the wind.

THE EIGHTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS

THE ARGUMENT

The war being now begun, both the generals
make all possible preparations. Turnus
sends to Diomedes. Æneas goes in person to
beg succors from Evander and the Tuscans.
Evander receives him kindly, furnishes him
with men, and sends his son Pallas with him.
Vulcan, at the request of Venus, makes arms
for her son Æneas, and draws on his shield
the most memorable actions of his posterity.

WHEN Turnus had assembled all his pow'rs,
His standard planted on Laurentum's tow'rs;
When now the sprightly trumpet, from afar,
Had giv'n the signal of approaching war,
Had rous'd the neighing steeds to scour the
fields,

While the fierce riders clatter'd on their
shields;

Trembling with rage, the Latian youth pre-
pare

To join th' allies, and headlong rush to war.
Fierce Ufens, and Messapus, led the crowd,
With bold Mezentius, who blasphem'd
aloud.¹⁰

These thro' the country took their waste-
ful course,

The fields to forage, and to gather force.

Then Vennulus to Diomede they send,

To beg his aid Ausonia to defend,

Declare the common danger, and inform

The Grecian leader of the growing storm:

Æneas, landed on the Latian coast,

With banish'd gods, and with a baffled host,

Yet now aspir'd to conquest of the state,¹⁰

And claim'd a title from the gods and fate;

What num'rous nations in his quarrel came,

And how they spread his formidable name.

What he design'd, what mischief might

arise,

If fortune favor'd his first enterprise,

Was left for him to weigh, whose equal fears,

And common interest, was involv'd in theirs.

While Turnus and th' allies thus urge
the war,

The Trojan, floating in a flood of care,
Beholds the tempest which his foes prepare.

This way and that he turns his anxious
mind;

Thinks, and rejects the counsels he design'd;³⁰

Explores himself in vain, in ev'ry part,

And gives no rest to his distracted heart.

So, when the sun by day, or moon by night,

Strike on the polish'd brass their trembling

light,

The glitt'ring species here and there divide,

And cast their dubious beams from side to

side;

Now on the walls, now on the pavement

play,

And to the ceiling flash the glaring day.

'T was night; and weary nature lull'd

asleep⁴⁰

The birds of air, and fishes of the deep,

And beasts, and mortal men. The Trojan

chief

Was laid on Tiber's banks, oppress'd with

grief,

And found in silent slumber late relief.

Then, thro' the shadows of the poplar wood,

Arose the father of the Roman flood;

An azure robe was o'er his body spread,

A wreath of shady reeds adorn'd his head:

Thus, manifest to sight, the god appear'd,

And with these pleasing words his sorrow

cheer'd:⁵⁰

"Undoubted offspring of ethereal race,

O long expected in this promis'd place!

Who thro' the foes hast borne thy banish'd

gods,

Restor'd them to their hearths, and old

abodes;

This is thy happy home, the clime where

fate

Ordains thee to restore the Trojan state.

Fear not! The war shall end in lasting peace,

And all the rage of haughty Juno cease.

And that this nightly vision may not seem

Th' effect of fancy, or an idle dream,⁶⁰

A sow beneath an oak shall lie along,

All white herself, and white her thirty

young.

When thirty rolling years have run their

race,

Thy son Ascanius, on this empty space,

Shall build a royal town, of lasting fame,

Which from this omen shall receive the

name.

Time shall approve the truth. For what remains,

And how with sure success to crown thy pains,

With patience next attend. A banish'd band,
Driv'n with Evander from th' Arcadian land,

Have plac'd here, and plac'd on high their walls;

Their town the founder Pallanteum calls,
Deriv'd from Pallas, his great-grandsire's name:

But the fierce Latians old possession claim,
With war infesting the new colony.

These make thy friends, and on their aid rely.

To thy free passage I submit my streams.
Wake, son of Venus, from thy pleasing dreams;

And, when the setting stars are lost in day,
To Juno's pow'r thy just devotion pay; ⁸⁰
With sacrifice the wrathful queen appease:
Her pride at length shall fall, her fury cease.
When thou return'st victorious from the war,

Perform thy vows to me with grateful care.
The god am I, whose yellow water flows
Around these fields, and fattens as it goes:
Tiber my name; among the rolling floods
Renown'd on earth, esteem'd among the gods.
This is my certain seat. In times to come,
My waves shall wash the walls of mighty Rome." ⁹⁰

He said, and plung'd below. While yet he spoke,

His dream Æneas and his sleep forsook.
He rose, and looking up, beheld the skies
With purple blushing, and the day arise.
Then water in his hollow palm he took
From Tiber's flood, and thus the pow'rs be-spoke:

"Laurentian nymphs, by whom the streams are fed,

And Father Tiber, in thy sacred bed
Receive Æneas, and from danger keep.
Whatever fount, whatever holy deep, ¹⁰⁰
Conceals thy wat'ry stores; where'er they rise,

And, bubbling from below, salute the skies;
Thou, king of horned floods, whose plenteous urn

Suffices fatness to the fruitful corn,
For this thy kind compassion of our woes,
Shalt share my morning song and ev'ning vows.

But, O be present to thy people's aid,
And firm the gracious promise thou hast made!"

Thus having said, two galleys, from his stores,

With care he chooses, mans, and fits with oars. ¹¹⁰

Now on the shore the fatal swine is found.
Wondrous to tell!—She lay along the ground:

Her well-fed offspring at her udders hung;
She white herself, and white her thirty young.

Æneas takes the mother and her brood,
And all on Juno's altar are bestow'd.

The foll'wing night, and the succeeding day,

Propitious Tiber smooth'd his wat'ry way:
He roll'd his river back, and pois'd he, and I,

A gentle swelling, and a peag ¹²⁰
The Trojans mount their ¹³⁰ bands,

from shore, ¹⁴⁰ Rutulian lands;
Borne on the waves, a ¹⁵⁰ Sacra yields,

Shouts from the ¹⁶⁰ laicians, with painted course,

And the pitch'd ¹⁷⁰ Nunician streams } force.

The woods and w Tiber's holy forests
Of shields, and ¹⁸⁰ stream. ¹⁹⁰ from the main land di-

One summer's ni ²⁰⁰ pass ²¹⁰ les along the ²²⁰ vly lands,

Betwix the ²³⁰ greer of Pomptina ²⁴⁰ lands,
liquid ²⁵⁰ gl²⁶⁰ Volscians ²⁷⁰ fa ²⁸⁰ air Camilla

The fiery sun hat ²⁹⁰ Look'd back, and ³⁰⁰ troops, a war ³¹⁰ t dame ³²⁰ le

space, ³³⁰ in the loem ³⁴⁰ u' ill'd, ³⁵⁰ 30

When they from ³⁶⁰ Pallas ot ³⁷⁰ the ³⁸⁰ wild. ³⁹⁰ g

tow'rs, ⁴⁰⁰ + the ⁴¹⁰ fies ⁴²⁰ irago ⁴³⁰ y

The tops of sheds, an ⁴⁴⁰ bow'rs, ⁴⁵⁰ rms, the ⁴⁶⁰ d'cr ⁴⁷⁰ y

Thin as they stood, whic ⁴⁸⁰ clay, ⁴⁹⁰ speed upon ⁵⁰⁰ the ⁵¹⁰ y

Now rise in marble, from t ⁵²⁰ These cots (Evander's kind the bearded ⁵³⁰ i

poor) ⁵⁴⁰ The Trojan saw, and turn'd his ships to shore.

'T was on a solemn day: th' Arcadian states,
The king and prince, without the city gates,

Then paid their offerings in a sacred grove
To Hercules, the warrior son of Jove. ⁵⁶⁰

Thick clouds of rolling smoke involve the ⁵⁷⁰ skies,

And fat of entrails on his altar fries.

But, when they saw the ships that
stemm'd the flood,
And glitter'd thro' the covert of the wood,
They rose with fear, and left th' unfinished
feast,

Till dauntless Pallas reassur'd the rest
To pay the rites. Himself without delay
A jav'lin seiz'd, and singly took his way;
Then gain'd a rising ground, and call'd
from far:

"Resolve me, strangers, whence, and what
you are; ¹⁵⁰
Your bus'ness here; and bring you peace
or war?"

High on the stern Æneas took his stand,
And held a branch of olive in his hand,
While thus he spoke: "The Phrygians'
arms you see,

Expell'd from Troy, provok'd in Italy
By Latian foes, with war unjustly made;
At first affianc'd, and at last betray'd.
This message bear: 'The Trojans and their
chief

Bring holy peace, and beg the king's relief.'"
Struck with so great a name, and all on
fire, ¹⁶⁰

The youth replies: "Whatever you require,
Your fame exacts. Upon our shores de-
scend,

A welcome guest, and, what you wish, a
friend."

He said, and, downward hasting to the
strand,
Embrac'd the stranger prince, and join'd
his hand.

Conducted to the grove, Æneas broke
The silence first, and thus the king bespoke:
"Best of the Greeks, to whom, by fate's
command,

I bear these peaceful branches in my hand,
Undaunted I approach you, tho' I know ¹⁷⁰
Your birth is Grecian, and your land my
foe;

From Atreus tho' your ancient lineage came,
And both the brother kings your kindred
claim;

Yet, my self-conscious worth, your high re-
nown,

Your virtue, thro' the neighb'ring nations
blown,

Our fathers' mingled blood, Apollo's voice,
Have led me hither, less by need than choice.
Our founder Dardanus, as fame has sung,
And Greeks acknowledge, from Electra
sprung:

Electra from the loins of Atlas came; ¹⁸⁰
Atlas, whose head sustains the starry frame.
Your sire is Mercury, whom long before
On cold Cyllene's top fair Maia bore.

Maia the fair, on fame if we rely,
Was Atlas' daughter, who sustains the sky.
Thus from one common source our streams
divide;

Ours is the Trojan, yours th' Arcadian
side.

Rais'd by these hopes, I sent no news be-
fore,

Nor ask'd your leave, nor did your faith
implore;

But come, without a pledge, my own am-
bassador. ¹⁹⁰

The same Rutulians, who with arms pursue
The Trojan race, are equal foes to you.

Our host expell'd, what farther force can
stay

The victor troops from universal sway?
Then will they stretch their pow'r athwart
the land,

And either sea from side to side command.
Receive our offer'd faith, and give us thine;
Ours is a gen'rous and experienc'd line:

We want not hearts nor bodies for the war;
In council cautious, and in fields we dare."

He said; and while he spoke, with pierc-
ing eyes ²⁰¹

Evander view'd the man with vast surprise,
Pleas'd with his action, ravish'd with his
face:

Then answer'd briefly, with a royal grace:
"O valiant leader of the Trojan line,

In whom the features of thy father shine,
How I recall Anchises! how I see
His motions, mien, and all my friend, in
thee!

Long tho' it be, 't is fresh within my mind,
When Priam to his sister's court design'd
A welcome visit, with a friendly stay, ²¹¹
And thro' th' Arcadian kingdom took his
way.

Then, past a boy, the callow down began
To shade my chin, and call me first a man.
I saw the shining train with vast delight,
And Priam's goodly person pleas'd my
sight:

But great Anchises, far above the rest,
With awful wonder fir'd my youthful breast.
I long'd to join in friendship's holy bands
Our mutual hearts, and plight our mutual
hands. ²²⁰

I first accosted him: I sued, I sought,

And, with a loving force, to Pheneus
brought.
He gave me, when at length constrain'd to
go,
A Lycian quiver and a Gnosian bow,
A vest embroider'd, glorious to behold,
And two rich bridles, with their bits of
gold,
Which my son's coursers in obedience
hold.
The league you ask, I offer, as your right;
And, when to-morrow's sun reveals the
light,
With swift supplies you shall be sent
away.²³⁰
Now celebrate with us this solemn day,
Whose holy rites admit no long delay.
Honor our annual feast; and take your
seat,
With friendly welcome, at a homely treat."
Thus having said, the bowls (remov'd for
fear)
The youths replac'd, and soon restor'd the
cheer.
On sods of turf he set the soldiers round:
A maple throne, rais'd higher from the
ground,
Receiv'd the Trojan chief; and, o'er the
bed,
A lion's shaggy hide for ornament they
spread.²⁴⁰
The loaves were serv'd in canisters; the
wine
In bowls; the priest renew'd the rites di-
vine:
Broil'd entrails are their food, and beef's
continued chine.
But when the rage of hunger was re-
press'd,
Thus spoke Evander to his royal guest:
"These rites, these altars, and this feast,
O king,
From no vain fears or superstition spring,
Or blind devotion, or from blinder chance,
Or heady zeal, or brutal ignorance;
But, sav'd from danger, with a grateful
sense,²⁵⁰
The labors of a god we recompense.
See, from afar, yon rock that mates the sky,
About whose feet such heaps of rubbish lie;
Such indigested ruin; bleak and bare,
How desert now it stands, expos'd in air!
'Twas once a robber's den, inclos'd around
With living stone, and deep beneath the
ground.

The monster Cacus, more than half a beast,
This hold, impervious to the sun, possess'd.
The pavement ever foul with human gore;
Heads, and their mangled members, hung
the door.²⁶¹
Vulcan this plague begot; and, like his sire,
Black clouds he belch'd, and flakes of livid
fire.
Time, long expected, eas'd us of our load,
And brought the needful presence of a god.
Th' avenging force of Hercules, from
Spain,
Arriv'd in triumph, from Geryon slain:
Thrice liv'd the giant, and thrice liv'd
in vain.
His prize, the lowing herds, Alcides drove
Near Tiber's bank, to graze the shady
grove.²⁷⁰
Allur'd with hope of plunder, and intent
By force to rob, by fraud to circumvent,
The brutal Cacus, as by chance they stray'd,
Four oxen thence, and four fair kine con-
vey'd;
And, lest the printed footsteps might be
seen,
He dragg'd 'em backwards to his rocky
den.
The tracks averse a lying notice gave,
And led the searcher backward from the
cave.
"Meantime the herdsman hero shifts his
place,
To find fresh pasture and untrodden grass.
The beasts, who miss'd their mates, fill'd
all around²⁸¹
With bellowings, and the rocks restor'd the
sound.
One heifer, who had heard her love com-
plain,
Roar'd from the cave, and made the pro-
ject vain.
Alcides found the fraud; with rage he shook,
And toss'd about his head his knotted oak.
Swift as the winds, or Scythian arrows'
flight,
He clomb, with eager haste, th' aerial height.
Then first we saw the monster mend his
pace;
Fear in his eyes, and paleness in his face,²⁹⁰
Confess'd the god's approach. Trembling
he springs,
As terror had increas'd his feet with wings;
Nor stay'd for stairs; but down the depth
he threw
His body, on his back the door he drew

(The door, a rib of living rock; with pains
His father hew'd it out, and bound with
iron chains):

He broke the heavy links, the mountain
clos'd,

And bars and levers to his foe oppos'd.

The wretch had hardly made his dungeon
fast;

The fierce avenger came with bounding
haste;

Survey'd the mouth of the forbidden hold,
And here and there his raging eyes he roll'd.
He gnash'd his teeth; and thrice he compass'd round

With winged speed the circuit of the ground.
Thrice at the cavern's mouth he pull'd in
vain,

And, panting, thrice desisted from his pain.
A pointed flinty rock, all bare and black,
Grew gibbous from behind the mountain's
back;

Owls, ravens, all ill omens of the night,
Here built their nests, and hither wing'd
their flight.

The leaning head hung threat'ning o'er the
flood,

And nodded to the left. The hero stood
Adverse, with planted feet, and, from the
right,

Tugg'd at the solid stone with all his might.
Thus heav'd, the fix'd foundations of the
rock

Gave way; heav'n echo'd at the rattling
shock.

Tumbling, it chok'd the flood: on either side
The banks leap backward, and the streams
divide;

The sky shrunk upward with unusual dread,
And trembling Tiber div'd beneath his
bed.

The court of Cacus stands reveal'd to sight;
The cavern glares with new-admitted light.
So the pent vapors, with a rumbling sound,
Heave from below, and rend the hollow
ground;

A sounding flaw succeeds; and, from on
high,

The gods with hate beheld the nether sky:
The ghosts repine at violated night,
And curse th' invading sun, and sicken at
the sight.

The graceless monster, caught in open day,
Inclos'd, and in despair to fly away,
Howls horrible from underneath, and fills
His hollow palace with unmanly yells.

The hero stands above, and from afar
Plies him with darts, and stones, and distant war.

He, from his nostrils and huge mouth, ex-
pires

Black clouds of smoke, amidst his father's
fires,

Gath'ring, with each repeated blast, the
night,

To make uncertain aim, and erring sight.
The wrathful god then plunges from above,
And, where in thickest waves the sparkles
drove,

There lights; and wades thro' fumes, and
gropes his way,

Half sing'd, half stifled, till he grasps his
prey.

The monster, spewing fruitless flames, }
he found;

He squeez'd his throat; he writh'd his
neck around,

And in a knot his crippled members
bound;

Then from their sockets tore his burning
eyes:

Roll'd on a heap, the breathless robber lies.
The doors, unbarr'd, receive the rushing
day,

And thoro' lights disclose the ravish'd prey.
The bulls, redeem'd, breathe open air again.
Next, by the feet, they drag him from his
den.

The wond'ring neighborhood, with glad
surprise,

Behold his shagg'd breast, his giant size,
His mouth that flames no more, and his
extinguish'd eyes.

From that auspicious day, with rites divine,
We worship at the hero's holy shrine.

Potitius first ordain'd these annual vows:
As priests, were added the Pinarian house,
Who rais'd this altar in the sacred shade,
Where honors, ever due, for ever shall be
paid.

For these deserts, and this high virtue
shown,

Ye warlike youths, your heads with gar-
lands crown:

Fill high the goblets with a sparkling flood,
And with deep draughts invoke our com-
mon god."

This said, a double wreath Evander
twinn'd,

And poplars black and white his temples
bind.

Then brims his ample bowl. With like design
 The rest invoke the gods, with sprinkled wine.
 Meantime the sun descended from the skies,
 And the bright evening star began to rise.
 And now the priests, Potitius at their head,
 In skins of beasts involv'd, the long procession led;
 Held high the flaming tapers in their hands,
 As custom had prescrib'd their holy bands;
 Then with a second course the tables load,
 And with full chargers offer to the god.
 The Sali sing, and cense his altars round
 With Saban smoke, their heads with popular bound —
 One choir of old, another of the young, ³⁷⁹
 To dance, and bear the burthen of the song.
 The lay records the labors, and the praise,
 And all th' immortal acts of Hercules:
 First, how the mighty babe, when swath'd in bands,
 The serpents strangled with his infant hands;
 Then, as in years and matchless force he grew,
 Th' Æchalian walls, and Trojan, overthrew.
 Besides, a thousand hazards they relate,
 Procur'd by Juno's and Eurystheus' hate:
 "Thy hands, unconquer'd hero, could subdue
 The cloud-born Centaurs, and the monster crew: ³⁹⁰
 Nor thy resistless arm the bull withstood,
 Nor he, the roaring terror of the wood.
 The triple porter of the Stygian seat,
 With lolling tongue, lay fawning at thy feet,
 And, seiz'd with fear, forgot his mangled meat.
 Th' infernal waters trembled at thy sight;
 Thee, god, no face of danger could affright;
 Not huge Typhæus, nor th' unnumber'd snake,
 Increas'd with hissing heads, in Lerna's lake.
 Hail, Jove's undoubted son! an added grace ⁴⁰⁰
 To heav'n and the great author of thy race!
 Receive the grateful off'rings which we pay,
 And smile propitious on thy solemn day!"
 In numbers thus they sung; above the rest,
 The den and death of Cacus crown the feast.
 The woods to hollow vales convey the sound,

The vales to hills, and hills the notes rebound.
 The rites perform'd, the cheerful train retire.
 Betwixt young Pallas and his aged sire,
 The Trojan pass'd, the city to survey, ⁴¹⁰
 And pleasing talk beguill'd the tedious way.
 The stranger cast around his curious eyes,
 New objects viewing still, with new surprise;
 With greedy joy enquires of various things,
 And acts and monuments of ancient kings.
 Then thus the founder of the Roman tow'rs:
 "These woods were first the seat of sylvan pow'rs,
 Of Nymphs and Fauns, and salvage men, who took
 Their birth from trunks of trees and stub-born oak.
 Nor laws they knew, nor manners, nor the care ⁴²⁰
 Of lab'ring oxen, or the shining share,
 Nor arts of gain, nor what they gain'd to spare.
 Their exercise the chase; the running flood
 Supplied their thirst, the trees supplied their food.
 Then Saturn came, who fled the pow'r of Jove,
 Robb'd of his realms, and banish'd from above.
 The men, dispers'd on hills, to towns he brought,
 And laws ordain'd, and civil customs taught,
 And Latium call'd the land where safe he lay
 From his unduteous son, and his usurping sway. ⁴³⁰
 With his mild empire, peace and plenty came;
 And hence the golden times deriv'd their name.
 A more degenerate and discolored age
 Succeeded this, with avarice and rage.
 Th' Ausonians then, and bold Sicaniars came;
 And Saturn's empire often chang'd the name.
 Then kings, gigantic Tybris, and the rest,
 With arbitrary sway the land oppress'd:
 For Tiber's flood was Albula before,
 Till, from the tyrant's fate, his name it bore. ⁴⁴⁰
 I last arriv'd, driv'n from my native home

By fortune's pow'r, and fate's resistless
doom.

Long toss'd on seas, I sought this happy
land,

Warn'd by my mother nymph, and call'd
by Heav'n's command."

Thus, walking on, he spoke, and shew'd
the gate,

Since call'd Carmentis by the Roman state;
Where stood an altar, sacred to the name
Of old Carmenta, the prophetic dame,
Who to her son foretold th' Ænean race,
Sublime in fame, and Rome's imperial
place:

Then shews the forest, which, in after
times,

Fierce Romulus for perpetrated crimes
A sacred refuge made; with this, the shrine
Where Pan below the rock had rites divine:
Then tells of Argus' death, his murder'd
guest,

Whose grave and tomb his innocence attest.
Thence, to the steep Tarpeian rock he
leads;

Now roof'd with gold, then thatch'd with
homely reeds.

A reverent fear (such superstition reigns
Among the rude) ev'n then possess'd the
swains.

Some god, they knew — what god, they
could not tell —

Did there amidst the sacred horror dwell.
Th' Arcadians thought him Jove; and said
they saw

The mighty Thund'rer with majestic awe,
Who took his shield, and dealt his bolts
around,

And scatter'd tempests on the teeming
ground.

Then saw two heaps of ruins, (once they
stood

Two stately towns, on either side the flood,) ⁴⁷⁰
Saturnia's and Janicula's remains;
And either place the founder's name re-
tains.

Discoursing thus together, they resort
Where poor Evander kept his country court.
They view'd the ground of Rome's litigious
hall;

(Once oxen low'd, where now the lawyers
bawl;)

Then, stooping, thro' the narrow gate they
press'd,

When thus the king bespoke his Trojan
guest:

"Mean as it is, this palace, and this door,
Receiv'd Alcides, then a conqueror.
Dare to be poor; accept our homely food,
Which feasted him, and emulate a god."
Then underneath a lowly roof he led ⁴⁸¹
The weary prince, and laid him on a bed;
The stuffing leaves, with hides of bears
o'erspread.

Now Night had shed her silver dews
around,

And with her sable wings embrac'd the
ground,

When love's fair goddess, anxious for her
son,

(New tumults rising, and new wars begun,) ⁴⁹⁰
Couch'd with her husband in his golden bed,
With these alluring words invokes his aid;
And, that her pleasing speech his mind may
move,

Inspires each accent with the charms of
love:

"While cruel fate conspir'd with Grecian
pow'rs,

To level with the ground the Trojan tow'rs,
I ask'd not aid th' unhappy to restore,
Nor did the succor of thy skill implore;
Nor urg'd the labors of my lord in vain,
A sinking empire longer to sustain,
Tho' much I ow'd to Priam's house, and
more

The dangers of Æneas did deplore.

But now, by Jove's command, and fate's
decree, ⁵⁰⁰

His race is doom'd to reign in Italy:
With humble suit I beg thy needful art,
O still propitious pow'r, that rules my
heart!

A mother kneels a suppliant for her son.

By Thetis and Aurora thou wert won
To forge impenetrable shields, and grace
With fated arms a less illustrious race.

Behold, what haughty nations are combin'd
Against the relics of the Phrygian kind,
With fire and sword my people to de-
stroy, ⁵¹⁰

And conquer Venus twice, in conqu'ring
Troy."

She said; and straight her arms, of snowy
hue,

About her unresolving husband threw.

Her soft embraces soon infuse desire;
His bones and marrow sudden warmth
inspire;

And all the godhead feels the wonted
fire.

Not half so swift the rattling thunder flies,
Or forked lightnings flash along the skies.
The goddess, proud of her successful wiles,
And conscious of her form, in secret
smiles.

Then thus the pow'r, obnoxious to her
charms,

Panting, and half dissolving in her arms:
"Why seek you reasons for a cause so just,
Or your own beauties or my love distrust?
Long since, had you requir'd my helpful
hand,

Th' artificer and art you might command,
To labor arms for Troy: nor Jove, nor fate,
Confin'd their empire to so short a date.
And, if you now desire new wars to wage,
My skill I promise, and my pains engage.
Whatever melting metals can conspire, 531
Or breathing bellows, or the forming fire,
Is freely yours: your anxious fears remove,
And think no task is difficult to love."

Trembling he spoke; and, eager of her
charms,

He snatch'd the willing goddess to his
arms;

Till, in her lap infus'd, he lay possess'd
Of full desire, and sunk to pleasing rest.
Now when the Night her middle race had
rode,

And his first slumber had refresh'd the
god —

The time when early housewives leave the
bed;

When living embers on the hearth they
spread,

Supply the lamp, and call the maids to
rise —

With yawning mouths, and with half-open'd
eyes,

They ply the distaff by the winking light,
And to their daily labor add the night:
Thus frugally they earn their children's
bread,

And uncorrupted keep the nuptial bed —
Not less concern'd, nor at a later hour,
Rose from his downy couch the forging
pow'r.

Sacred to Vulcan's name, an isle there
lay,

Betwixt Sicilia's coasts and Lipare,
Rais'd high on smoking rocks; and, deep
below,

In hollow caves the fires of Ætna glow.
The Cyclops here their heavy hammers
deal;

Loud strokes, and hissings of tormented
steel,

Are heard around; the boiling waters roar,
And smoky flames thro' fuming tunnels
soar.

Hether the Father of the Fire, by night,
Thro' the brown air precipitates his flight.
On their eternal anvils here he found 561
The brethren beating, and the blows go
round.

A load of pointless thunder now there lies
Before their hands, to ripen for the skies:
These darts, for angry Jove, they daily
cast;

Consum'd on mortals with prodigious waste.
Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three
more,

Of winged southern winds and cloudy store
As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame;
And fears are added, and avenging flame.
Inferior ministers, for Mars, repair 571

His broken axletrees and blunted war,
And send him forth again with furbish'd
arms,

To wake the lazy war with trumpets' loud
alarms.

The rest refresh the scaly snakes that fold
The shield of Pallas, and renew their gold.
Full on the crest the Gorgon's head they
place,

With eyes that roll in death, and with dis-
torted face.

"My sons," said Vulcan, "set your tasks
aside;

Your strength and master-skill must now
be tried.

Arms for a hero forge; arms that require 580
Your force, your speed, and all your form-
ing fire."

He said. They set their former work aside,
And their new toils with eager haste divide.
A flood of molten silver, brass, and gold,
And deadly steel, in the large furnace
roll'd;

Of this, their artful hands a shield prepare,
Alone sufficient to sustain the war.

Sev'n orbs within a spacious round they
close:

One stirs the fire, and one the bellows
blows.

The hissing steel is in the smithy drown'd; 590
The grot with beaten anvils groans around.
By turns their arms advance, in equal time;
By turns their hands descend, and hammers
chime.

They turn the glowing mass with crooked
tongs;

The fiery work proceeds, with rustic songs.

While, at the Lemnian god's command,
they urge

Their labors thus, and ply th' Æolian forge,
The cheerful morn salutes Evander's eyes,
And songs of chirping birds invite to rise. 600
He leaves his lowly bed: his buskins meet
Above his ankles; sandals sheathe his feet:
He sets his trusty sword upon his side,
And o'er his shoulder throws a panther's
hide.

Two menial dogs before their master
press'd.

Thus clad, and guarded thus, he seeks his
kingly guest.

Mindful of promis'd aid, he mends his pace,
But meets Æneas in the middle space.

Young Pallas did his father's steps attend,
And true Achates waited on his friend. 610
They join their hands; a secret seat they
choose;

Th' Arcadian first their former talk renews:
"Undaunted prince, I never can believe
The Trojan empire lost, while you survive.
Command th' assistance of a faithful friend;
But feeble are the succors I can send.

Our narrow kingdom here the Tiber
bounds;

That other side the Latian state sur-
rounds,

Insults our walls, and wastes our fruitful
grounds.

But mighty nations I prepare, to join 620
Their arms with yours, and aid your just
design.

You come, as by your better genius sent,
And fortune seems to favor your intent.
Not far from hence there stands a hilly
town,

Of ancient building, and of high renown,
Torn from the Tuscans by the Lydian race,
Who gave the name of Cere to the place,
Once Agyllina call'd. It flourish'd long,
In pride of wealth and warlike people
strong,

Till curs'd Mezentius, in a fatal hour, 630
Assum'd the crown, with arbitrary pow'r.

What words can paint those execrable
times,

The subjects' sufferings, and the tyrant's
crimes!

That blood, those murders, O ye gods, re-
place

On his own head, and on his impious race!
The living and the dead at his command
Were coupled, face to face, and hand to
hand,

Till, chok'd with stench, in loath'd embraces
tied,

The ling'ring wretches pin'd away and died.
Thus plung'd in ills, and meditating
more— 640

The people's patience, tir'd, no longer bore
The raging monster; but with arms beset
His house, and vengeance and destruction
threat.

They fire his palace: while the flame as-
cends,

They force his guards, and execute his
friends.

He cleaves the crowd, and, favor'd by the
night,

To Turnus' friendly court directs his flight.
By just revenge the Tuscans set on fire,
With arms, their king to punishment re-
quire:

Their num'rous troops, now master'd on the
strand, 650

My counsel shall submit to your command.
Their navy swarms upon the coasts; they
cry

To hoist their anchors, but the gods deny.
An ancient augur, skill'd in future fate,
With these foreboding words restrains their
hate:

'Ye brave in arms, ye Lydian blood, the
flow'r

Of Tuscan youth, and choice of all their
pow'r,

Whom just revenge against Mezentius
arms,

To seek your tyrant's death by lawful
arms; 659

Know this: no native of our land may lead
This pow'rful people; seek a foreign head.'

Aw'd with these words, in camps they still
abide,

And wait with longing looks their promis'd
guide.

Tarchon, the Tuscan chief, to me has sent
Their crown, and ev'ry regal ornament:

The people join their own with his desire;
And all my conduct, as their king, require.

But the chill blood that creeps within my
veins,

And age, and listless limbs unfit for pains,
And a soul conscious of its own decay, 670

Have forc'd me to refuse imperial sway.

My Pallas were more fit to mount the throne,
 And should, but he's a Sabine mother's son,
 And half a native; but, in you, combine
 A manly vigor, and a foreign line.
 Where Fate and smiling Fortune shew the way,
 Pursue the ready path to sov'reign sway.
 The staff of my declining days, my son,
 Shall make your good or ill success his own;
 In fighting fields from you shall learn to dare,
 And serve the hard apprenticeship of war;
 Your matchless courage and your conduct view,
 And early shall begin t' admire and copy you.
 Besides, two hundred horse he shall command;
 Tho' few, a warlike and well-chosen band.
 These in my name are listed; and my son
 As many more has added in his own."
 Scarce had he said; Achates and his guest,
 With downcast eyes, their silent grief express'd;
 Who, short of succors, and in deep despair,
 Shook at the dismal prospect of the war.
 But his bright mother, from a breaking cloud,
 To cheer her issue, thunder'd thrice aloud;
 Thrice fork'y lightning flash'd along the sky,
 And Tyrrhene trumpets thrice were heard on high.
 Then, gazing up, repeated peals they hear;
 And, in a heav'n serene, refulgent arms appear:
 Redd'ning the skies, and glitt'ring all around,
 The temper'd metals clash, and yield a silver sound.
 The rest stood trembling, struck with awe divine;
 Æneas only, conscious to the sign,
 Presag'd th' event, and joyful view'd, above,
 Th' accomplish'd promise of the Queen of Love.
 Then, to th' Arcadian king: "This prodigy
 (Dismiss your fear) belongs alone to me.
 Heav'n calls me to the war: th' expected sign

Is giv'n of promis'd aid, and arms divine.
 My goddess mother, whose indulgent care
 Foresaw the dangers of the growing war,
 This omen gave, when bright Vulcanian arms,
 Fated from force of steel by Stygian charms,
 Suspended, shone on high: she then fore-show'd
 Approaching fights, and fields to float in blood.
 Turnus shall dearly pay for faith forsworn;
 And corps, and swords, and shields, on Tiber borne,
 Shall choke his flood: now sound the loud alarms;
 And, Latian troops, prepare your perjurd arms."

He said, and, rising from his homely throne,
 The solemn rites of Hercules begun,
 And on his altars wak'd the sleeping fires;
 Then cheerful to his household gods retires;
 There offers chosen sheep. Th' Arcadian king
 And Trojan youth the same oblations bring.
 Next, of his men and ships he makes review;
 Draws out the best and ablest of the crew.
 Down with the falling stream the refuse run,
 To raise with joyful news his drooping son.
 Steeds are prepar'd to mount the Trojan band,
 Who wait their leader to the Tyrrhene land.
 A sprightly courser, fairer than the rest,
 The king himself presents his royal guest:
 A lion's hide his back and limbs infold,
 Precious with studded work, and paws of gold.
 Fame thro' the little city spreads aloud
 Th' intended march, amid the fearful crowd:
 The matrons beat their breasts, dissolve in tears,
 And double their devotion in their fears.
 The war at hand appears with more affright,
 And rises ev'ry moment to the sight.
 Then old Ævander, with a close embrace,

Strain'd his departing friend; and tears
o'erflow his face.

"Would Heav'n," said he, "my strength
and youth recall,

Such as I was beneath Præneste's wall;
Then when I made the foremost foes retire,
And set whole heaps of conquer'd shields
on fire;

When Herilus in single fight I slew,
Whom with three lives Feronia did endure;
And thrice I sent him to the Stygian shore,
Till the last ebbing soul return'd no more —
Such if I stood renew'd, not these alarms,
Nor death, should rend me from my Pallas'
arms;

Nor proud Mezentius, thus unpunish'd,
boast

His rapes and murders on the Tuscan
coast.

Ye gods, and mighty Jove, in pity bring
Relief, and hear a father and a king!
If fate and you reserve these eyes, to see
My son return with peace and victory;
If the lov'd boy shall bless his father's
sight;

If we shall meet again with more delight;
Then draw my life in length; let me sus-
tain,

In hopes of his embrace, the worst of pain.
But if your fatal decrees — which, O! I
dread —

Have doom'd to death his undeserving
head;

This, O this very moment, let me die!
While hopes and fears in equal balance lie;
While, yet possess'd of all his youthful
charms,

I strain him close within these aged arms;
Before that fatal news my soul shall
wound!"

He said, and, swooning, sunk upon the
ground.

His servants bore him off, and softly
laid

His languish'd limbs upon his homely bed.
The horsemen march; the gates are open'd
wide;

Æneas at their head, Achates by his side.
Next these, the Trojan leaders rode along;
Last follows in the rear th' Arcadian
throng.

Young Pallas shone conspicuous o'er the
rest;

Gilded his arms, embroider'd was his vest.
So, from the seas, exerts his radiant head

The star by whom the lights of heav'n are
led;

Shakes from his rosy locks the pearly dew,
Dispels the darkness, and the day re-
news.

The trembling wives the walls and turrets
crowd,

And follow, with their eyes, the dusty
cloud,

Which winds disperse by fits, and shew
from far

The blaze of arms, and shields, and shining
war.

The troops, drawn up in beautiful array,
O'er heathy plains pursue the ready way.
Repeated peals of shouts are heard
around;

The neighing coursers answer to the
sound,

And shake with horny hoofs the solid
ground.

A greenwood shade, for long religion
known,

Stands by the streams that wash the Tus-
can town,

Incompass'd round with gloomy hills above,
Which add a holy horror to the grove.

The first inhabitants, of Grecian blood,
That sacred forest to Silvanus vow'd;
The guardian of their flocks and fields; and
pay

Their due devotions on his annual day.
Not far from hence, along the river's side,
In tents secure, the Tuscan troops

abide,

By Tarchon led. Now, from a rising ground,
Æneas cast his wond'ring eyes around.

And all the Tyrrhene army had in sight,
Stretch'd on the spacious plain from left to
right.

Thether his warlike train the Trojan led,
Refresh'd his men, and wearied horses fed.

Meantime the mother goddess, crown'd
with charms,

Breaks thro' the clouds, and brings the
fated arms.

Within a winding vale she finds her son,
On the cool river's banks, retir'd alone.

She shews her heav'nly form without dis-
guise,

And gives herself to his desiring eyes.
"Behold," she said, "perform'd in ev'ry
part,

My promise made, and Vulcan's labor'd art.
Now seek, secure, the Lætan enemy,

And haughty Turnus to the field defy."
 She said; and, having first her son embrac'd,
 The radiant arms beneath an oak she plac'd.
 Proud of the gift, he roll'd his greedy sight
 Around the work, and gaz'd with vast de-
 light.

He lifts, he turns, he poises, and admires ⁸²⁰
 The crested helm, that vomits radiant fires:
 His hands the fatal sword and corslet hold,
 One keen with temper'd steel, one stiff with
 gold:

Both ample, flaming both, and beamy
 bright;

So shines a cloud, when edg'd with adverse
 light.

He shakes the pointed spear, and longs to
 try

The plated cuishes on his manly thigh;
 But most admires the shield's mysterious
 mold,

And Roman triumphs rising on the gold:
 For these, emboss'd, the heav'nly smith had
 wrought ⁸³¹

(Not in the rolls of future fate untaught)
 The wars in order, and the race divine
 Of warriors issuing from the Julian line.
 The cave of Mars was dress'd with mossy
 greens:

There, by the wolf, were laid the martial
 twins.

Intrepid on her swelling dugs they hung;
 The foster dam loll'd out her fawning
 tongue:

They suck'd secure, while, bending back
 her head,

She lick'd their tender limbs, and form'd
 them as they fed. ⁸⁴⁰

Not far from thence new Rome appears,
 with games

Projected for the rape of Sabine dames.

The pit resounds with shrieks; a war suc-
 ceeds,

For breach of public faith, and unexampled
 deeds.

Here for revenge the Sabine troops contend;
 The Romans there with arms the prey de-
 fend.

Wearied with tedious war, at length they
 cease;

And both the kings and kingdoms plight the
 peace.

The friendly chiefs before Jove's altar
 stand,

Both arm'd, with each a charger in his
 hand: ⁸⁵⁰

A fatted sow for sacrifice is led,
 With imprecations on the perjurd head.
 Near this, the traitor Metius, stretch'd be-
 tween

Four fiery steeds, is dragg'd along the
 green,

By Tullus' doom: the brambles drink his
 blood,

And his torn limbs are left the vulture's
 food.

There, Porsena to Rome proud Tarquin
 brings,

And would by force restore the banish'd
 kings.

One tyrant for his fellow-tyrant fights;
 The Roman youth assert their native
 rights. ⁸⁶⁰

Before the town the Tuscan army lies,
 To win by famine, or by fraud surprise.
 Their king, half-threat'ning, half-disdaining
 stood,

While Cocles broke the bridge, and stemm'd
 the flood.

The captive maids there tempt the raging
 tide,

Scap'd from their chains, with Clælia for
 their guide.

High on a rock heroic Manlius stood,
 To guard the temple, and the temple's god.
 Then Rome was poor; and there you might
 behold

The palace thatch'd with straw, now roof'd
 with gold. ⁸⁷⁰

The silver goose before the shining gate
 There flew, and, by her cackle, sav'd the
 state.

She told the Gauls' approach; th' approach-
 ing Gauls,

Obscure in night, ascend, and seize the
 walls.

The gold dissembled well their yellow hair,
 And golden chains on their white necks
 they wear.

Gold are their vests; long Alpine spears
 they wield,

And their left arm sustains a length of
 shield.

Hard by, the leaping Salian priests ad-
 vance;

And naked thro' the streets the mad Luperci
 dance, ⁸⁸⁰

In caps of wool; the targets dropp'd from
 heav'n.

Here modest matrons, in soft litters driv'n,
 To pay their vows in solemn pomp appear,

And odorous gums in their chaste hands
they bear.

Far hence remov'd, the Stygian seats are
seen;

Pains of the damn'd, and punish'd Catiline
Hung on a rock — the traitor; and, around,
The Furies hissing from the nether ground.
Apart from these, the happy souls he draws,
And Cato's holy ghost dispensing laws. ⁸⁹⁰

Between the quarters flows a golden sea;
But foaming surges there in silver play.
The dancing dolphins with their tails di-
vide

The glittering waves, and cut the precious
tide.

Amid the main, two mighty fleets engage
Their brazen beaks, oppos'd with equal rage.
Actium surveys the well-disputed prize;
Leucate's wat'ry plain with foamy billows
fries.

Young Cæsar, on the stern, in armor
bright,
Here leads the Romans and their gods to
fight: ⁹⁰⁰

His beamy temples shoot their flames afar,
And o'er his head is hung the Julian star.
Agrippa seconds him, with prosp'rous gales,
And, with propitious gods, his foes assails:
A naval crown, that binds his manly
brows,

The happy fortune of the fight foreshows.
Rang'd on the line oppos'd, Antonius brings
Barbarian aids, and troops of Eastern kings;
Th' Arabians near, and Bactrians from
afar,

Of tongues discordant, and a mingled
war: ⁹¹⁰

And, rich in gandy robes, amidst the strife,
His ill fate follows him — th' Egyptian wife.
Moving they fight; with oars and forky
prows

The froth is gather'd, and the water glows.
It seems, as if the Cyclades again
Were rooted up, and jostled in the main;
Or floating mountains floating mountains
meet:

Such is the fierce encounter of the fleet.
Fireballs are thrown, and pointed jav'lines
fly;

The fields of Neptune take a purple dye. ⁹²⁰
The queen herself, amidst the loud alarms,
With cymbals toss'd her fainting soldiers
warns —

Fool as she was! who had not yet divin'd
Her cruel fate, nor saw the snakes behind.

Her country gods, the monsters of the sky,
Great Neptune, Pallas, and Love's Queen
defy:

The dog Anubis barks, but barks in vain,
Nor longer dares oppose th' ethereal train.
Mars in the middle of the shining shield
Is grav'd, and strides along the liquid
field. ⁹³⁰

The Diræ souse from heav'n with swift
descent;

And Discord, dyed in blood, with garments
rent,

Divides the prease: her steps Bellona
treads,

And shakes her iron rod above their heads.
This seen, Apollo, from his Actian height,
Pours down his arrows; at whose winged
flight

The trembling Indians and Egyptians yield,
And soft Sabæans quit the wat'ry field.

The fatal mistress hoists her silken sails,
And, shrinking from the fight, invokes the
gales. ⁹⁴⁰

Aghast she looks, and heaves her breast
for breath,

Panting, and pale with fear of future death.
The god had figur'd her as driv'n along
By winds and waves, and scudding thro' the
throng.

Just opposite, sad Nilus opens wide
His arms and ample bosom to the tide,
And spreads his mantle o'er the winding
coast,

In which he wraps his queen, and hides the
flying host.

The victor to the gods his thanks express'd,
And Rome, triumphant, with his presence
blest'd. ⁹⁵⁰

Three hundred temples in the town he
plac'd;

With spoils and altars ev'ry temple grac'd.
Three shining nights, and three succeed-
ing days,

The fields resound with shouts, the streets
with praise,

The domes with songs, the theaters with
plays.

All altars flame: before each altar lies,
Drench'd in his gore, the destin'd sacrifice.
Great Cæsar sits sublime upon his throne,
Before Apollo's porch of Parian stone;
Accepts the presents vow'd for victory, ⁹⁶⁰
And hangs the monumental crowns on high.
Vast crowds of vanquish'd nations march
along,

Various in arms, in habit, and in tongue.
 Here, Mulciber assigns the proper place
 For Carians, and th' ungirt Numidian race;
 Then ranks the Thracians in the second row,
 With Scythians, expert in the dart and bow.
 And here the tam'd Euphrates humbly
 glides,
 And there the Rhine submits her swelling
 tides,
 And proud Araxes, whom no bridge
 could bind;
 The Danes' unconquer'd offspring march
 behind,
 And Morini, the last of humankind.
 These figures, on the shield divinely
 wrought,
 By Vulcan labor'd, and by Venus brought,
 With joy and wonder fill the hero's
 thought.
 Unknown the names, he yet admires the
 grace,
 And bears aloft the fame and fortune of his
 race.

THE NINTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS

THE ARGUMENT

Turnus takes advantage of Æneas' absence, fires some of his ships, (which are transform'd into sea nymphs,) and assaults his camp. The Trojans, reduc'd to the last extremities, send Nisus and Euryalus to recall Æneas; which furnishes the poet with that admirable episode of their friendship, generosity, and the conclusion of their adventures.

WHILE these affairs in distant places pass'd,
 The various Iris Juno sends with haste,
 To find bold Turnus, who, with anxious
 thought,
 The secret shade of his great grandsire
 sought.
 Retir'd alone she found the daring man,
 And op'd her rosy lips, and thus began:
 "What none of all the gods could grant thy
 vows,
 That, Turnus, this auspicious day bestows.
 Æneas, gone to seek th' Arcadian prince,
 Has left the Trojan camp without defense;
 And, short of succors there, employs his
 pains
 In parts remote to raise the Tuscan swains.

Now snatch an hour that favors thy designs;
 Unite thy forces, and attack their lines."
 This said, on equal wings she pois'd her
 weight,
 And form'd a radiant rainbow in her flight.
 The Daunian hero lifts his hands and eyes,
 And thus invokes the goddess as she flies:
 "Iris, the grace of heav'n, what pow'r di-
 vine
 Has sent thee down, thro' dusky clouds to
 shine?
 See, they divide; immortal day appears,
 And glitt'ring planets dancing in their
 spheres!
 With joy, these happy omens I obey,
 And follow to the war the god that leads
 the way."
 Thus having said, as by the brook he stood,
 He scoop'd the water from the crystal flood;
 Then with his hands the drops to heav'n he
 throws,
 And loads the pow'rs above with offer'd
 vows.

Now march the bold confed'rates thro'
 the plain,
 Well hors'd, well clad; a rich and shining
 train.
 Messapus leads the van; and, in the rear,
 The sons of Tyrrheus in bright arms appear.
 In the main battle, with his flaming crest,
 The mighty Turnus tow'rs above the rest.
 Silent they move, majestically slow,
 Like ebbing Nile, or Ganges in his flow.
 The Trojans view the dusty cloud from far,
 And the dark menace of the distant war.
 Caius from the rampire saw it rise,
 Black'ning the fields, and thick'ning thro'
 the skies.
 Then to his fellows thus aloud he calls:
 "What rolling clouds, my friends, approach
 the walls?
 Arm! arm! and man the works! prepare
 your spears
 And pointed darts! the Latian host ap-
 pears."
 Thus warn'd, they shut their gates; with
 shouts ascend
 The bulwarks, and, secure, their foes at-
 tend:
 For their wise gen'ral, with foreseeing care,
 Had charg'd them not to tempt the doubt-
 ful war,
 Nor, tho' provok'd, in open fields advance,
 But close within their lines attend their
 chance.

Unwilling, yet they keep the strict command,

And sourly wait in arms the hostile band.

The fiery Turnus flew before the rest:

A piebald steed of Thracian strain he press'd;

His helm of massy gold, and crimson was his crest.

With twenty horse to second his designs,

An unexpected foe, he fac'd the lines.

"Is there," he said, "in arms, who bravely dare

His leader's honor and his danger share?"

Then spurring on, his brandish'd dart he threw,

In sign of war: applauding shouts ensue.

Amaz'd to find a dastard race, that run

Behind the rampires and the battle shun,

He rides around the camp, with rolling eyes,

And stops at ev'ry post, and ev'ry passage tries.

So roams the nightly wolf about the fold:

Wet with descending show'rs, and stiff with cold,

He howls for hunger, and he grins for pain,

(His gnashing teeth are exercis'd in vain,)

And, impotent of anger, finds no way

In his distended paws to grasp the prey.

The mothers listen; but the bleating lambs

Securely swig the dug, beneath the dums.

Thus ranges eager Turnus o'er the plain,

Sharp with desire, and furious with disdain;

Surveys each passage with a piercing sight,

To force his foes in equal field to fight.

Thus while he gazes round, at length he spies,

Where, fenc'd with strong redoubts, their navy lies,

Close underneath the walls; the washing tide

Secures from all approach this weaker side.

He takes the wish'd occasion, fills his hand

With ready fires, and shakes a flaming brand.

Urg'd by his presence, ev'ry soul is warm'd,

And ev'ry hand with kindled firs is arm'd.

From the fir'd pines the scatt'ring sparkles fly;

Fat vapors, mix'd with flames, involve the sky.

What pow'r, O Muses, could avert the flame

Which threaten'd, in the fleet, the Trojan name?

Tell: for the fact, thro' length of time obscure,

Is hard to faith; yet shall the fame endure.

'T is said that, when the chief prepar'd his flight,

And fell'd his timber from Mount Ida's height,

The grandam goddess then approach'd her son,

And with a mother's majesty begun:

"Grant me," she said, "the sole request I bring,

Since conquer'd heav'n has own'd you for its king.

On Ida's brows, for ages past, there stood,

With firs and maples fill'd, a shady wood;

And on the summit rose a sacred grove, 100

Where I was worship'd with religious love.

Those woods, that holy grove, my long delight,

I gave the Trojan prince, to speed his flight.

Now, fill'd with fear, on their behalf I come;

Let neither winds o'erset, nor waves intomb

The floating forests of the sacred pine;

But let it be their safety to be mine."

Then thus replied her awful son, who rolls

The radiant stars, and heav'n and earth controls:

"How dare you, mother, endless date demand

For vessels mold'd by a mortal hand?

What then is fate? Shall bold Æneas ride,

Of safety certain, on th' uncertain tide?

Yet, what I can, I grant: when, wafted o'er,

The chief is landed on the Latian shore,

Whatever ships escape the raging storms,

At my command shall change their fading forms

To nymphs divine, and plow the wat'ry way,

Like Dotis and the daughters of the sea."

To seal his sacred vow, by Styx he swore,

The lake of liquid pitch, the dreary shore,

And Phlegethon's innavigable flood, 122

And the black regions of his brother god.

He said; and shook the skies with his imperial nod.

And now at length the number'd hours were come,

Prefix'd by fate's irrevocable doom,

When the great Mother of the Gods was free

To save her ships, and finish Jove's decree.

First, from the quarter of the morn, there sprung
 A light that sign'd the heav'n's, and shot along; ¹³⁰
 Then from a cloud, fring'd round with golden fires,
 Were timbrels heard, and Berecynthian choirs;
 And, last, a voice, with more than mortal sounds,
 Both hosts, in arms oppos'd, with equal horror wounds:
 "O Trojan race, your needless aid forbear,
 And know, my ships are my peculiar care.
 With greater ease the bold Rutulian may,
 With hissing brands, attempt to burn the sea,
 Than singe my sacred pines. But you, my charge,
 Loos'd from your crooked anchors, launch at large, ¹⁴⁰
 Exalted each a nymph: forsake the sand,
 And swim the seas, at Cybele's command."
 No sooner had the goddess ceas'd to speak,
 When, lo! th' obedient ships their haulers break;
 And, strange to tell, like dolphins, in the main
 They plunge their prows, and dive, and spring again:
 As many beauteous maids the billows sweep,
 As rode before tall vessels on the deep.
 The foes, surpris'd with wonder, stood aghast; ¹⁴⁹
 Messapus curb'd his fiery courser's haste;
 Old Tiber roar'd, and, raising up his head,
 Call'd back his waters to their oozy bed.
 Turnus alone, undaunted, bore the shock,
 And with these words his trembling troops bespoke:
 "These monsters for the Trojans' fate are meant,
 And are by Jove for black presages sent.
 He takes the cowards' last relief away;
 For fly they cannot, and, constrain'd to stay,
 Must yield unfought, a base inglorious prey.
 The liquid half of all the globe is lost; ¹⁶⁰
 Heav'n shuts the seas, and we secure the coast.
 Theirs is no more than that small spot of ground
 Which myriads of our martial men surround.
 Their fates I fear not, or vain oracles.

'T was giv'n to Venus they should cross the seas,
 And land secure upon the Latian plains:
 Their promis'd hour is pass'd, and mine remains.
 'T is in the fate of Turnus to destroy,
 With sword and fire, the faithless race of Troy. ¹⁶⁹
 Shall such affronts as these alone inflame
 The Grecian brothers, and the Grecian name?
 My cause and theirs is one; a fatal strife,
 And final ruin, for a ravish'd wife.
 Was 't not enough, that, punish'd for the crime,
 They fell; but will they fall a second time?
 One would have thought they paid enough before,
 To curse the costly sex, and durst offend no more.
 Can they securely trust their feeble wall,
 A slight partition, a thin interval,
 Betwixt their fate and them; when Troy, tho' built ¹⁸⁰
 By hands divine, yet perish'd by their guilt?
 Lend me, for once, my friends, your valiant hands,
 To force from out their lines these dastard bands.
 Less than a thousand ships will end this war,
 Nor Vulcan needs his fated arms prepare.
 Let all the Tuscans, all th' Arcadians, join!
 Nor these, nor those, shall frustrate my design.
 Let them not fear the treasons of the night,
 The robb'd Palladium, the pretended flight: ¹⁸⁹
 Our onset shall be made in open light.
 No wooden engine shall their town betray;
 Fires they shall have around, but fires by day.
 No Grecian babes before their camp appear,
 Whom Hector's arms detain'd to the tenth tardy year.
 Now, since the sun is rolling to the west,
 Give we the silent night to needful rest:
 Refresh your bodies, and your arms prepare;
 The morn shall end the small remains of war."
 The post of honor to Messapus falls,
 To keep the nightly guard, to watch the walls, ²⁰⁰
 To pitch the fires at distances around,
 And close the Trojans in their scanty ground.

Twice seven Rutulian captains ready stand,
And twice seven hundred horse these chiefs
command;

All clad in shining arms the works invest,
Each with a radiant helm and waving crest.
Stretch'd at their length, they press the
grassy ground;

They laugh, they sing, (the jolly bowls go
round,)

With lights and cheerful fires renew the
day,

And pass the wakeful night in feasts and
play. ²¹⁰

The Trojans, from above, their foes be-
held,

And with arm'd legions all the rampires
fill'd.

Seiz'd with affright, their gates they first
explore;

Join works to works with bridges, tow'r to
tow'r:

Thus all things needful for defense abound.
Mnestheus and brave Seresthus walk the
round,

Commission'd by their absent prince to
share

The common danger, and divide the care.
The soldiers draw their lots, and, as they
fall,

By turns relieve each other on the wall. ²²⁰

Nigh where the foes their utmost guards
advance,

To watch the gate was warlike Nisus'
chance.

His father Hyrtæus of noble blood;
His mother was a huntress of the wood,

And sent him to the wars. Well could he
bear

His lance in fight, and dart the flying spear,
But better skill'd unerring shafts to send.

Beside him stood Euryalus, his friend:
Euryalus, than whom the Trojan host

No fairer face, or sweeter air, could boast —
Scarce had the down to shade his cheeks

begun. ²³¹

One was their care, and their delight was
one:

One common hazard in the war they shar'd,
And now were both by choice upon the
guard.

Then Nisus thus: "Or do the gods in-
spire

This warmth, or make we gods of our de-
sire?

A gen'rous ardor boils within my breast,

Eager of action, enemy to rest:

This urges me to fight, and fires my mind
To leave a memorable name behind. ²⁴⁰

Thou see'st the foe secure; how faintly
shine

Their scatter'd fires! the most, in sleep su-
pine

Along the ground, an easy conquest lie:
The wakeful few the fuming dragon ply;

All hush'd around. Now hear what I re-
volve —

A thought unripe — and scarcely yet re-
solve.

Our absent prince both camp and council
mourn;

By message both would hasten his return:
If they confer what I demand on thee,

(For fame is recompense enough for me,) ²⁵⁰
Methinks, beneath yon hill, I have espied

A way that safely will my passage guide."
Euryalus stood list'ning while he spoke,

With love of praise and noble envy struck;
Then to his ardent friend expos'd his

mind:

"All this, alone, and leaving me behind! }
Am I unworthy, Nisus, to be join'd? }

Think'st thou I can my share of glory
yield,

Or send thee unassisted to the field?
Not so my father taught my childhood

arms; ²⁶⁰
Born in a siege, and bred among alarms!

Nor is my youth unworthy of my friend,
Nor of the heav'n-born hero I attend.

The thing call'd life, with ease I can dis-
claim,

And think it over-sold to purchase fame."
Then Nisus thus: "Alas! thy tender

years
Would minister new matter to my fears.

So may the gods, who view this friendly
strife,

Restore me to thy lov'd embrace with life,
Condemn'd to pay my vows, (as sure I

trust,) ²⁷⁰

This thy request is cruel and unjust.
But if some chance — as many chances are,

And doubtful hazards, in the deeds of war —
If one should reach my head, there let it

fall,
And spare thy life; I would not perish all.

Thy bloomy youth deserves a longer date:
Live thou to mourn thy love's unhappy fate;

To bear my mangled body from the foe,
Or buy it back, and fun'ral rites bestow.

Or, if hard fortune shall those dues deny,²⁸⁰
 Thou canst at least an empty tomb supply.
 O let not me the widow's tears renew!
 Nor let a mother's curse my name pursue:
 Thy pious parent, who, for love of thee,
 Forsook the coasts of friendly Sicily,
 Her age committing to the seas and wind,
 When ev'ry weary matron stay'd behind."
 To this, Euryalus: "You plead in vain,
 And but protract the cause you cannot gain.
 No more delays, but haste!" With that, he
 wakes²⁹⁰

The nodding watch: each to his office takes.
 The guard reliev'd, the gen'rous couple
 went

To find the council at the royal tent.

All creatures else forgot their daily care,
 And sleep, the common gift of nature,
 share;

Except the Trojan peers, who wakeful sate
 In nightly council for th' indanger'd state.
 They vote a message to their absent chief,
 Shew their distress, and beg a swift relief.
 Amid the camp a silent seat they chose,
 Remote from clamor, and secure from
 foes.³⁰¹

On their left arms their ample shields they
 bear,

The right reclin'd upon the bending spear.
 Now Nisus and his friend approach the
 guard,

And beg admission, eager to be heard:
 Th' affair important, not to be deferr'd. }
 Ascanius bids 'em be conducted in,
 Ord'ring the more experienc'd to begin.
 Then Nisus thus: "Ye fathers, lend your
 ears;

Nor judge our bold attempt beyond our
 years.³¹⁰

The foe, securely drench'd in sleep and
 wine,

Neglect their watch; the fires but thinly
 shine;

And, where the smoke in cloudy vapors
 flies,

Cov'ring the plain, and curling to the skies,
 Betwixt two paths, which at the gate
 divide,

Close by the sea, a passage we have spied,
 Which will our way to great Æneas
 guide. }

Expect each hour to see him safe again,
 Loaded with spoils of foes in battle slain.
 Snatch we the lucky minute while we may;
 Nor can we be mistaken in the way;³²¹

For, hunting in the vale, we both have seen
 The rising turrets, and the stream between,
 And know the winding course, with ev'ry
 ford."

Heceas'd; and old Alethes took the word:
 "Our country gods, in whom our trust we
 place,

Will yet from ruin save the Trojan race,
 While we behold such dauntless worth ap-
 pear

In dawning youth, and souls so void of
 fear."

Then into tears of joy the father broke;
 Each in his longing arms by turns he
 took;

Panted and paus'd; and thus again he³³¹
 spoke:

"Ye brave young men, what equal gifts
 can we,

In recompense of such desert, decree?
 The greatest, sure, and best you can re-
 ceive,

The gods and your own conscious worth
 will give.

The rest our grateful gen'ral will bestow,
 And young Ascanius till his manhood owe."

"And I, whose welfare in my father
 lies,"

Ascanius adds, "by the great deities,³⁴⁰
 By my dear country, by my household
 gods,

By hoary Vesta's rites and dark abodes,
 Adjure you both, (on you my fortune
 stands;

That and my faith I plight into your
 hands,)

Make me but happy in his safe return,
 Whose wanted presence I can only mourn;
 Your common gift shall two large goblets
 be

Of silver, wrought with curious imagery,
 And high emboss'd, which, when old Priam
 reign'd,³⁴⁹

My conqu'ring sire at sack'd Arisba gain'd;
 And more, two tripods cast in antic mold,
 With two great talents of the finest gold;
 Beside a costly bowl, ingrav'd with art,
 Which Dido gave, when first she gave her
 heart.

But, if in conquer'd Italy we reign,
 When spoils by lot the victor shall obtain —
 Thou saw'st the courser by proud Turnus
 press'd:

That, Nisus, and his arms, and nodding
 crest,

And shield, from chance exempt, shall
be thy share:

Twelve lab'ring slaves, twelve handmaids
young and fair, ³⁶⁰
All clad in rich attire, and train'd with
care;

And, last, a Latian field with fruitful
plains,

And a large portion of the king's domains.
But thou, whose years are more to mine
allied —

No fate my vow'd affection shall divide
From thee, heroic youth! Be wholly mine;
Take full possession; all my soul is thine.
One faith, one fame, one fate, shall both
attend;

My life's companion, and my bosom friend:
My peace shall be committed to thy care, ³⁷⁰
And to thy conduct my concerns in war."

Then thus the young Euryalus replied:
"Whatever fortune, good or bad, betide,
The same shall be my age, as now my
youth;

No time shall find me wanting to my truth.
This only from your goodness let me gain
(And, this ungranted, all rewards are vain):
Of Priam's royal race my mother came —
And sure the best that ever bore the name —
Whom neither Troy nor Sicily could hold ³⁸⁰
From me departing, but, o'erspent and old,
My fate she follow'd. Ignorant of this
(Whatever) danger, neither parting kiss,
Nor pious blessing taken, her I leave,
And in this only act of all my life deceive.
By this right hand and conscious Night I
swear,

My soul so sad a farewell could not bear.
Be you her comfort; fill my vacant place
(Permit me to presume so great a grace);
Support her age, forsaken and distress'd. ³⁹⁰
That hope alone will fortify my breast
Against the worst of fortunes, and of fears."
He said. The mov'd assistants melt in
tears.

Then thus Ascanius, wonderstruck to see
That image of his filial piety:

"So great beginnings, in so green an age,
Exact the faith which I again ingage.
Thy mother all the dues shall justly claim,
Creüsa had, and only want the name.
Whate'er event thy bold attempt shall
have, ⁴⁰⁰

'T is merit to have borne a son so brave.
Now by my head, a sacred oath, I swear,
(My father us'd it,) what, returning here

Crown'd with success, I for thyself prepare,
That, if thou fail, shall thy lov'd mother
share."

He said, and weeping, while he spoke the
word,

From his broad belt he drew a shining
sword,

Magnificent with gold. Lycaon made,
And in an iv'ry scabbard sheath'd the
blade.

This was his gift. Great Mnestheus gave
his friend ⁴¹⁰

A lion's hide, his body to defend;
And good Alethes furnish'd him, beside,
With his own trusty helm, of temper tried.

Thus arm'd they went. The noble Tro-
jans wait

Their issuing forth, and follow to the gate
With prayers and vows. Above the rest
appears

Ascanius, manly far beyond his years,
And messages committed to their care,
Which all in winds were lost, and flitting
air.

The trenches first they pass'd; then took
their way ⁴²⁰

Where their proud foes in pitch'd pavilions
lay;

To many fatal, ere themselves were slain.
They found the careless host dispers'd upon
the plain,

Who, gorg'd, and drunk with wine, supinely
snore.

Unharness'd chariots stand along the shore:
Amidst the wheels and reins, the goblet by,
A medley of debauch and war, they lie.

Observing Nisus shew'd his friend the sight:
"Behold a conquest gain'd without a fight.

Oceasion offers, and I stand prepar'd; ⁴³⁰
There lies our way: be thou upon the
guard,

And look around, while I securely go,
And hew a passage thro' the sleeping foe."

Softly he spoke; then striding took his way,
With his drawn sword, where haughty
Rhamnes lay:

His head rais'd high on tapestry beneath,
And heaving from his breast, he drew his
breath;

A king and prophet, by King Turnus lov'd:
But fate by prescience cannot be remov'd.

Him and his sleeping slaves he slew; then
spies ⁴⁴⁰

Where Remus, with his rich retinue, lies.
His armor-bearer first, and next he kills

His charioteer, intrench'd betwixt the wheels
 And his lov'd horses; last invades their lord;
 Full on his neck he drives the fatal sword:
 The gasping head flies off; a purple flood
 Flows from the trunk, that welters in the blood,
 Which, by the spurning heels dispers'd around,
 The bed besprinkles and bedews the ground.
 Lausus the bold, and Launys the strong, ⁴⁵⁰
 He slew, and then Serranus fair and young.
 From dice and wine the youth retir'd to rest,
 And puff'd the fummy god from out his breast:
 Ev'n then he dreamt of drink and lucky play—
 More lucky, had it lasted till the day.
 The famish'd lion thus, with hunger bold,
 O'erleaps the fences of the nightly fold,
 And tears the peaceful flocks: with silent awe
 Trembling they lie, and pant beneath his paw.
 Nor with less rage Euryalus employs ⁴⁶⁰
 The wrathful sword, or fewer foes destroys;
 But on th' ignoble crowd his fury flew:
 He Fadus, Hebesus, and Rhoetus slew.
 Oppress'd with heavy sleep the former fall,
 But Rhoetus wakeful, and observing all:
 Behind a spacious jar he slink'd for fear;
 The fatal iron found and reach'd him there;
 For, as he rose, it pierc'd his naked side,
 And, reeking, thence return'd in crimson dyed.
 The wound pours out a stream of wine and blood; ⁴⁷⁰
 The purple soul comes floating in the flood.
 Now, where Messapus quarter'd, they arrive.
 The fires were fainting there, and just alive;
 The warrior-horses, tied in order, fed.
 Nisus observ'd the discipline, and said:
 "Our eager thirst of blood may both betray;
 And see the scatter'd streaks of dawning day,
 Foe to nocturnal thefts. No more, my friend;

Here let our glutt'd execution end.
 A lane thro' slaughter'd bodies we have made." ⁴⁸⁰
 The bold Euryalus, tho' loth, obey'd.
 Of arms, and arras, and of plate, they find
 A precious load; but these they leave behind.
 Yet, fond of gaudy spoils, the boy would stay
 To make the rich caparison his prey,
 Which on the steed of conquer'd Rhames lay.
 Nor did his eyes less longingly behold
 The girdle-belt, with nails of burnish'd gold.
 This present Cædicius the rich bestow'd
 On Remulus, when friendship first they vow'd, ⁴⁹⁰
 And, absent, join'd in hospitable ties:
 He, dying, to his heir bequeath'd the prize;
 Till, by the conqu'ring Ardean troops oppress'd,
 He fell; and they the glorious gift possess'd.
 These glitt'ring spoils (now made the victor's gain)
 He to his body suits, but suits in vain:
 Messapus' helm he finds among the rest,
 And laces on, and wears the waving crest.
 Proud of their conquest, prouder of their prey,
 They leave the camp, and take the ready way. ⁵⁰⁰
 But far they had not pass'd, before they spied
 Three hundred horse, with Volscens for their guide.
 The queen a legion to King Turnus sent;
 But the swift horse the slower foot prevent,
 And now, advancing, sought the leader's tent.
 They saw the pair; for, thro' the doubtful shade,
 His shining helm Euryalus betray'd,
 On which the moon with full reflection play'd.
 "T is not for naught," cried Volscens from the crowd,
 "These men go there;" then rais'd his voice aloud: ⁵¹⁰
 "Stand! stand! why thus in arms? And whither bent?
 From whence, to whom, and on what errand sent?"

Silent they scud away, and haste their flight
To neighb'ring woods, and trust themselves
to night.

The speedy horse all passages belay,
And spur their smoking steeds to cross their
way,

And watch each entrance of the winding
wood.

Black was the forest: thick with beech it
stood,

Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn;
Few paths of human feet, or tracks of beasts,
were worn. ⁵²⁰

The darkness of the shades, his heavy prey,
And fear, misled the younger from his way.
But Nisus hit the turns with happier haste,
And, thoughtless of his friend, the forest
pass'd,

And Alban plains, from Alba's name so
call'd,

Where King Latinus then his oxen stall'd;
Till, turning at the length, he stood his
ground,

And miss'd his friend, and cast his eyes
around:

"Ah wretch!" he cried, "where have I left
behind

Th' unhappy youth? where shall I hope to
find? ⁵³⁰

Or what way take?" Again he ventures
back,

And treads the mazes of his former track.
He winds the wood, and, list'ning, hears the
noise

Of trampling coursers, and the riders' voice.
The sound approach'd; and suddenly he
view'd

The foes inclosing, and his friend pursued,
Forelaid and taken, while he strove in vain
The shelter of the friendly shades to gain.

What should he next attempt? what arms
employ,

What fruitless force, to free the captive
boy? ⁵⁴⁰

Or desperate should he rush and lose his
life,

With odds oppress'd, in such unequal strife?
Resolv'd at length, his pointed spear he
shook;

And, casting on the moon a mournful look:
"Guardian of groves, and goddess of the
night,

Fair queen," he said, "direct my dart
aright.

If e'er my pious father, for my sake,

Did grateful off'rings on thy altars make,
Or I increas'd them with my sylvan toils,
And hung thy holy roofs with savage spoils,
Give me to scatter these." Then from his
ear ⁵⁵¹

He pois'd, and aim'd, and launch'd the
trembling spear.

The deadly weapon, hissing from the grove,
Impetuous on the back of Sulmo drove;
Pierc'd his thin armor, drank his vital blood,
And in his body left the broken wood.

He staggers round; his eyeballs roll in
death,

And with short sobs he gasps away his
breath.

All stand amaz'd — a second jav'lin flies
With equal strength, and quivers thro' the
skies. ⁵⁶⁰

This thro' thy temples, Tagus, fore'd the
way,

And in the brainpan warmly buried lay.
Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and, gaz-
ing round,

Descried not him who gave the fatal wound,
Nor knew to fix revenge: "But thou," he
cries,

"Shalt pay for both," and at the pris'n'er
flies

With his drawn sword. Then, struck with
deep despair,

That cruel sight the lover could not bear;
But from his covert rush'd in open view,
And sent his voice before him as he flew:

"Me! me!" he cried — "turn all your
swords alone

On me — the fact confess'd, the fault my
own. ⁵⁷¹

He neither could nor durst, the guiltless
youth:

Ye moon and stars, bear witness to the
truth!

His only crime (if friendship can offend)
Is too much love to his unhappy friend."

Too late he speaks: the sword, which fury
guides,

Driv'n with full force, had pierc'd his ten-
der sides.

Down fell the beauteous youth: the yawning
wound

Gush'd out a purple stream, and stain'd the
ground. ⁵⁸⁰

His snowy neck reclines upon his breast,
Like a fair flow'r by the keen share op-
press'd;

Like a white poppy sinking on the plain,

Whose heavy head is overcharg'd with rain.

Despair, and rage, and vengeance justly vow'd,

Drove Nisus headlong on the hostile crowd.

Volscens he seeks; on him alone he bends:

Borne back and bor'd by his surrounding friends,

Onward he press'd, and kept him still in sight;

Then whirl'd aloft his sword with all his might:

Th' unerring steel descended while he spoke,

Pierc'd his wide mouth, and thro' his weazon broke.

Dying, he slew; and, stagg'ring on the plain,
With swimming eyes he sought his lover slain;

Then quiet on his bleeding bosom fell,
Content, in death, to be reveng'd so well.

O happy friends! for, if my verse can give

Immortal life, your fame shall ever live,
Fix'd as the Capitol's foundation lies,
And spread, where'er the Roman eagle flies!

The conqu'ring party first divide the prey,

Then their slain leader to the camp convey.
With wonder, as they went, the troops were fill'd,

To see such numbers whom so few had kill'd.

Serranus, Rhamnes, and the rest, they found:

Vast crowds the dying and the dead surround;

And the yet reeking blood o'erflows the ground.

All knew the helmet which Messapus lost,
But mourn'd a purchase that so dear had cost.

Now rose the ruddy morn from Tithon's bed,

And with the dawns of day the skies o'er-spread;

Nor long the sun his daily course withheld,
But added colors to the world reveal'd:

When early Turnus, wak'ning with the light,

All clad in armor, calls his troops to fight.
His martial men with fierce harangue she

fir'd,
And his own ardor in their souls inspir'd.

This done — to give new terror to his foes,
The heads of Nisus and his friend he shows,
Rais'd high on pointed spears — a ghastly sight:

Loud peals of shouts ensue, and barbarous delight.

Meantime the Trojans run, where danger calls;

They line their trenches, and they man their walls.

In front extended to the left they stood;
Safe was the right, surrounded by the flood.

But, casting from their tow'rs a frightful view,

They saw the faces, which too well they knew,

Tho' then disguis'd in death, and smear'd all o'er.

With filth obscene, and dropping putrid gore.
Soon hasty fame thro' the sad city bears

The mournful message to the mother's ears.
An icy cold benumbs her limbs; she shakes;

Her cheeks the blood, her hand the web forsakes.

She runs the rampires round amidst the war,

Nor fears the flying darts; she rends her hair,

And fills with loud laments the liquid air.
"Thus, then, my lov'd Euryalus appears!

Thus looks the prop of my declining years!
Was't on this face my famish'd eyes I

fed?

Ah! how unlike the living is the dead!

And could'st thou leave me, cruel, thus alone?

Not one kind kiss from a departing son!
No look, no last adieu before he went,

In an ill-boding hour to slaughter sent!
Cold on the ground, and pressing foreign clay,

To Latian dogs and fowls he lies a prey!
Nor was I near to close his dying eyes,

To wash his wounds, to weep his obsequies,
To call about his corpse his crying friends,

Or spread the mantle (made for other ends)

On his dear body, which I wove with care,
Nor did my daily pains or nightly labor

spare.

Where shall I find his corpse? what earth sustains

His trunk dismember'd, and his cold remains?

For this, alas! I left my needful ease,

Expos'd my life to winds and winter seas !
 If any pity touch Rutulian hearts,
 Here empty all your quivers, all your
 darts;
 Or, if they fail, thou, Jove, conclude my
 woe,
 And send me thunderstruck to shades be-
 low !"
 Her shrieks and clamors pierce the Tro-
 jans' ears,
 Unman their courage, and augment their
 fears;
 Nor young Aescanius could the sight sus-
 tain,
 Nor old Ilioneus his tears restrain,
 But Actor and Idæus jointly sent,
 To bear the madding mother to her tent.
 And now the trumpets terribly, from far,
 With rattling clangor, rouse the sleepy
 war.
 The soldiers' shouts succeed the brazen
 sounds;
 And heav'n, from pole to pole, the noise
 rebounds.
 The Volscians bear their shields upon their
 head,
 And, rushing forward, form a moving shed.
 These fill the ditch; those pull the bul-
 works down:
 Some raise the ladders; others scale the
 town.
 But, where void spaces on the walls ap-
 pear,
 Or thin defense, they pour their forces
 there.
 With poles and missive weapons, from
 afar,
 The Trojans keep aloof the rising war.
 Taught, by their ten years' siege, defensive
 fight,
 They roll down ribs of rocks, an unresisted
 weight,
 To break the penthouse with the pond'rous
 blow,
 Which yet the patient Volscians undergo:
 But could not bear th' unequal combat
 long;
 For, where the Trojans find the thickest
 throng,
 The ruin falls: their shatter'd shields give
 way,
 And their crush'd heads become an easy
 prey.
 They shrink for fear, abated of their rage,
 Nor longer dare in a blind fight engage;

Contented now to gall them from below
 With darts and slings, and with the distant
 bow.

Elsewhere Mezentius, terrible to view,
 A blazing pine within the trenches threw.
 But brave Messapus, Neptune's warlike
 son,
 Broke down the palisades, the trenches
 won,
 And loud for ladders calls, to scale the
 town.

Calliope, begin ! Ye sacred Nine,
 Inspire your poet in his high design,
 To sing what slaughter manly Turnus
 made,
 What souls he sent below the Stygian
 shade,
 What fame the soldiers with their captain
 share,
 And the vast circuit of the fatal war;
 For you in singing martial facts excel;
 You best remember, and alone can tell.

There stood a tow'r, amazing to the
 sight,
 Built up of beams, and of stupendous
 height:

Art, and the nature of the place, conspir'd
 To furnish all the strength that war re-
 quir'd.

To level this, the bold Italians join;
 The wary Trojans obviate their design;
 With weighty stones o'erwhelm their troops
 below,
 Shoot thro' the loopholes, and sharp jav'lines
 throw.

Turnus, the chief, toss'd from his thun-
 d'ring hand,
 Against the wooden walls, a flaming brand:
 It stuck, the fiery plague; the winds were
 high;
 The planks were season'd, and the timber
 dry.

Contagion caught the posts; it spread
 along,
 Scorch'd, and to distance drove the scatter'd
 throng.

The Trojans fled; the fire pursued amain,
 Still gath'ring fast upon the trembling
 train;

Till, crowding to the corners of the wall,
 Down the defense and the defenders fall.
 The mighty flaw makes heav'n itself re-
 sound:

The dead and dying Trojans strew the
 ground.

The tow'r, that follow'd on the fallen crew,
Whelm'd o'er their heads, and buried whom
it slew:

Some stuck upon the darts themselves had
sent;

All the same equal ruin underwent.

Young Lycus and Helenor only scape;
Sav'd—how, they know not—from the
steepy leap.

Helenor, elder of the two: by birth, ⁷³⁰
On one side royal, one a son of earth,
Whom to the Lydian king Licymnia bare,
And sent her boasted bastard to the war
(A privilege which none but freemen
share).

Slight were his arms, a sword and silver
shield:

No marks of honor charg'd its empty field.
Light as he fell, so light the youth arose,
And rising, found himself amidst his foes;
Nor fight was left, nor hopes to force his
way.

Embolden'd by despair, he stood at bay; ⁷⁴⁰
And—like a stag, whom all the troop sur-
rounds

Of eager huntsmen and invading hounds—
Resolv'd on death, he dissipates his fears,
And bounds aloft against the pointed
spears:

So dares the youth, secure of death; and
throws

His dying body on his thickest foes.

But Lycus, swifter of his feet by far,
Runs, doubles, winds, and turns, amidst the
war;

Springs to the walls, and leaves his foes
behind, ⁷⁴⁹

And snatches at the beam he first can find;
Looks up, and leaps aloft at all the stretch,
In hopes the helping hand of some kind
friend to reach.

But Turnus follow'd hard his hunted prey
(His spear had almost reach'd him in the
way,

Short of his reins, and scarce a span be-
hind):

"Fool!" said the chief, "tho' fleetest than
the wind,

Couldst thou presume to scape, when I
pursue?"

He said, and downward by the feet he
drew

The trembling dastard; at the tug he falls;
Vast ruins come along, rent from the smok-
ing walls. ⁷⁶⁰

Thus on some silver swan, or tim'rous
hare,

Jove's bird comes sousing down from up-
per air;

Her crooked talons truss the fearful prey:
Then out of sight she soars, and wings her
way.

So seizes the grim wolf the tender lamb,
In vain lamented by the bleating dam.

Then rushing onward, with a barb'rous
cry,

The troops of Turnus to the combat fly.

The ditch with fagots fill'd, the daring
foe

Toss'd firebrands to the steepy turrets
throw. ⁷⁷⁰

Ilieneus, as bold Lucetius came

To force the gate, and feed the kindling
flame,

Roll'd down the fragment of a rock so
right,

It crush'd him double underneath the
weight.

Two more young Liger and Asylas slew:
To bend the bow young Liger better
knew;

Asylas best the pointed jav'lin threw.

Brave Cæneus laid Ortygius on the plain;

The victor Cæneus was by Turnus slain.

By the same hand, Clonius and Itys fall, ⁷⁸⁰

Sagar, and Ida, standing on the wall.

From Capys' arms his fate Privernus found:

Hurt by Themilla first—but slight the
wound—

His shield thrown by, to mitigate the
smart,

He clapp'd his hand upon the wounded
part:

The second shaft came swift and unespi'd,
And pierc'd his hand, and nail'd it to his
side,

Transfix'd his breathing lungs and beating
heart:

The soul came issuing out, and hiss'd
against the dart.

The son of Arcens shone amid the rest,
In glitt'ring armor and a purple vest, ⁷⁹¹

(Fair was his face, his eyes inspiring love,)

Bred by his father in the Martian grove,

Where the fat altars of Palicus flame,

And sent in arms to purchase early fame.

Him when he spied from far, the Tuscan
king

Laid by the lance, and took him to the
sling,

Thrice whirl'd the thong around his head,
and threw:

The heated lead half melted as it flew;
It pierc'd his hollow temples and his brain;
The youth came tumbling down, and
spurn'd the plain. 801

Then young Ascanius, who, before this
day,

Was wont in woods to shoot the savage
prey,

First bent in martial strife the twanging
bow,

And exercis'd against a human foe —

With this bereft Numanus of his life,

Who Turnus' younger sister took to wife.

Proud of his realm, and of his royal
bride,

Vaunting before his troops, and length-
en'd with a stride,

In these insulting terms the Trojans he
defied: 810

"Twice-conquer'd cowards, now your shame
is shown —

Coop'd up a second time within your town !

Who dare not issue forth in open field,

But hold your walls before you for a shield.

Thus threat you war ? thus our alliance
force ?

What gods, what madness, hether steer'd
your course ?

You shall not find the sons of Atreus here,
Nor need the frauds of sly Ulysses fear.

Strong from the cradle, of a sturdy brood,

We bear our newborn infants to the flood;

There bath'd amid the stream, our boys we
hold, 821

With winter harden'd, and inur'd to cold.

They wake before the day to range the
wood,

Kill ere they eat, nor taste unconquer'd
food.

No sports, but what belong to war, they
know:

To break the stubborn colt, to bend the
bow.

Our youth, of labor patient, earn their
bread;

Hardly they work, with frugal diet fed.

From plows and harrows sent to seek re-
nown,

They fight in fields, and storm the shaken
town. 830

No part of life from toils of war is free,

No change in age, or diff'rence in degree.

We plow and till in arms; our oxen feel,

Instead of goads, the spur and pointed
steel;

Th' inverted lance makes furrows in the
plain.

Ev'n time, that changes all, yet changes us
in vain:

The body, not the mind; nor can control

Th' immortal vigor, or abate the soul.

Our helms defend the young, disguise the
gray:

We live by plunder, and delight in prey.

Your vests embroider'd with rich purple
shine; 841

In sloth you glory, and in dances join.

Your vests have sweeping sleeves; with
female pride

Your turbants underneath your chins are
tied.

Go, Phrygians, to your Dindymus again !

Go, less than women, in the shapes of men !

Go, mix'd with eunuchs, in the Mother's
rites,

Where with unequal sound the flute in-
vites;

Sing, dance, and howl, by turns, in Ida's
shade:

Resign the war to men, who know the mar-
tial trade !" 850

This foul reproach Ascanius could not
hear

With patience, or a vow'd revenge forbear.

At the full stretch of both his hands he
drew,

And almost join'd the horns of the tough
yew.

But, first, before the throne of Jove he
stood,

And thus with lifted hands invok'd the
god:

"My first attempt, great Jupiter, suc-
ceed !

An annual off'ring in thy grove shall bleed;
A snow-white steer, before thy altar led,

Who, like his mother, bears aloft his head,
Butts with his threatening brows, and bel-
lowing stands, 861

And dares the fight, and spurns the yellow
sands."

Jove bow'd the heav'ns, and lent a gra-
cious ear,

And thunder'd on the left, amidst the
clear.

Sounded at once the bow; and swiftly flies
The feather'd death, and hisses thro' the
skies.

The steel thro' both his temples fore'd the
way:
Extended on the ground, Numanus lay.
"Go now, vain boaster, and true valor
scorn!
The Phrygians, twice subdued, yet make
this third return."⁸⁷⁰
Ascanius said no more. The Trojans shake
The heav'n's with shouting, and new vigor
take.
Apollo then bestrode a golden cloud,
To view the feats of arms, and fighting
crowd;
And thus the beardless victor he bespoke
aloud:
"Advance, illustrious youth, increase in
fame,
And wide from east to west extend thy
name;
Offspring of gods thyself; and Rome shall
owe
To thee a race of demigods below.
This is the way to heav'n: the pow'rs di-
vine⁸⁸⁰
From this beginning date the Julian line.
To thee, to them, and their victorious heirs,
The conquer'd war is due, and the vast
world is theirs.
Troy is too narrow for thy name." He
said,
And plunging downward shot his radiant
head;
Dispell'd the breathing air, that broke his
flight:
Shorn of his beams, a man to mortal sight.
Old Butes' form he took, Anchises' squire,
Now left, to rule Ascanius, by his sire:
His wrinkled visage, and his hoary hairs,
His mien, his habit, and his arms, he
wears,⁸⁹¹
And thus salutes the boy, too forward for
his years:
" Suffice it thee, thy father's worthy son,
The warlike prize thou hast already won.
The god of archers gives thy youth a part
Of his own praise, nor envies equal art.
Now tempt the war no more." He said,
and flew
Obscure in air, and vanish'd from their
view.
The Trojans, by his arms, their patron
know,
And hear the twanging of his heav'nly bow.
Then duteous force they use, and Phœbus'
name,⁹⁰¹

To keep from fight the youth too fond of
fame.
Undaunted, they themselves no danger
shun;
From wall to wall the shouts and clamors
run.
They bend their bows; they whirl their
slings around;
Heaps of spent arrows fall, and strew the
ground;
And helms, and shields, and rattling
arms resound.
The combat thickens, like the storm that
flies
From westward, when the show'ry Kids
arise;
Or pattering hail comes pouring on the
main,⁹¹⁰
When Jupiter descends in harden'd rain,
Or bellowing clouds burst with a stormy
sound,
And with an armed winter strew the
ground.
Pand'rus and Bitias, thunderbolts of war,
Whom Hiera to bold Alcanor bare
On Ida's top, two youths of height and
size
Like firs that on their mother mountain
rise,
Presuming on their force, the gates unbar,
And of their own accord invite the war.
With fates averse, against their king's
command,⁹²⁰
Arm'd, on the right and on the left they
stand,
And flank the passage: shining steel they
wear,
And waving crests above their heads ap-
pear.
Thus two tall oaks, that Padus' banks
adorn,
Lift up to heav'n their leafy heads unshorn,
And, overpress'd with nature's heavy load,
Dance to the whistling winds, and at each
other nod.
In flows a tide of Latians, when they see
The gate set open, and the passage free;
Bold Quereens, with rash Tmarus, rushing
on,⁹³⁰
Equiculus, that in bright armor shone,
And Hæmon first; but soon repuls'd they
fly,
Or in the well-defended pass they die.
These with success are fir'd, and those with
rage,

And each on equal terms at length ingage.
 Drawn from their lines, and issuing on the
 plain,
 The Trojans hand to hand the fight maintain.

Fierce Turnus in another quarter fought,
 When suddenly th' unhop'd-for news was
 brought,
 The foes had left the fastness of their
 place, ⁹⁴⁰
 Prevail'd in fight, and had his men in
 chase.

He quits th' attack, and, to prevent their
 fate,
 Runs where the giant brothers guard the
 gate.

The first he met, Antiphates the brave,
 But base-begotten on a Theban slave,
 Sarpedon's son, he slew: the deadly dart
 Found passage thro' his breast, and pierc'd
 his heart.

Fix'd in the wound th' Italian cornel stood,
 Warm'd in his lungs, and in his vital blood.
 Aphidus next, and Erymanthus dies, ⁹⁵⁰
 And Meropes, and the gigantic size
 Of Bitias, threat'ning with his ardent
 eyes.

Not by the feeble dart he fell oppress'd
 (A dart were lost within that roomy
 breast),

But from a knotted lance, large, heavy,
 strong,
 Which roar'd like thunder as it whirl'd
 along:

Not two bull hides th' impetuous force
 withhold,
 Nor coat of double mail, with scales of
 gold.

Down sunk the monster bulk and press'd
 the ground;
 His arms and clatt'ring shield on the vast
 body sound, ⁹⁶⁰

Not with less ruin than the Bajan mole,
 Rais'd on the seas, the surges to control —
 At once comes tumbling down the rocky
 wall;

Prone to the deep, the stones disjointed fall
 Of the vast pile; the scatter'd ocean flies;
 Black sands, discolord' froth, and mingled
 mud arise:

The frighted billows roll, and seek the
 shores;

Thentrembles Prochyta, then Ischia roars:
 Typhceus, thrown beneath, by Jove's com-

Astonish'd at the flaw that shakes the
 land, ⁹⁷⁰
 Soon shifts his weary side, and, scarce
 awake,

With wonder feels the weight press lighter
 on his back.

The warrior god the Latian troops in-
 spir'd,

New strung their sinews, and their courage
 fir'd,

But chills the Trojan hearts with cold
 affright:

Then black despair precipitates their flight.
 When Pandarus beheld his brother kill'd,
 The town with fear and wild confusion
 fill'd,

He turns the hinges of the heavy gate
 With both his hands, and adds his shoulders
 to the weight; ⁹⁸⁰

Some happier friends within the walls in-
 clos'd;
 The rest shut out, to certain death expos'd:
 Fool as he was, and frantic in his care,
 T' admit young Turnus, and include the
 war!

He thrust amid the crowd, securely bold,
 Like a fierce tiger pent amid the fold.
 Too late his blazing buckler they desery,
 And sparkling fires that shot from either
 eye,

His mighty members, and his ample breast,
 His rattling armor, and his crimson crest.

Far from that hated face the Trojans
 fly, ⁹⁹¹

All but the fool who sought his destiny.
 Mad Pandarus steps forth, with vengeance
 vow'd

For Bitias' death, and threatens thus aloud:
 "These are not Ardea's walls, nor this the
 town

Amata proffers with Lavinia's crown:
 'T is hostile earth you tread. Of hope be-
 reft,

No means of safe return by flight are left."
 To whom, with count'nance calm, and soul
 sedate,

Thus Turnus: "Then begin, and try thy
 fate: ¹⁰⁰⁰

My message to the ghost of Priam bear;
 Tell him a new Achilles sent thee there."

A lance of tough ground ash the Trojan
 threw,

Rough in the rind, and knotted as it grew:
 With his full force he whirl'd it first

But the soft yielding air receiv'd the
 wound:
 Imperial Juno turn'd the course before,
 And fix'd the wand'ring weapon in the door.
 "But hope not thou," said Turnus, "when
 I strike,
 To shun thy fate: our force is not alike,
 Nor thy steel temper'd by the Lemnian
 god."¹⁰¹¹
 Then rising, on his utmost stretch he stood,
 And aim'd from high: the full descending
 blow
 Cleaves the broad front and beardless
 cheeks in two.
 Down sinks the giant with a thund'ring
 sound:
 His pond'rous limbs oppress the trem-
 bling ground;
 Blood, brains, and foam gush from the
 gaping wound:
 Scalp, face, and shoulders the keen steel
 divides,
 And the shar'd visage hangs on equal sides.
 The Trojans fly from their approaching
 fate;¹⁰²⁰
 And, had the victor then secur'd the gate,
 And to his troops without unclos'd the bars,
 One lucky day had ended all his wars.
 But boiling youth, and blind desire of
 blood,
 Push'd on his fury, to pursue the crowd.
 Hamstring'd behind, unhappy Gyges died;
 Then Phalaris is added to his side.
 The pointed jav'lins from the dead he drew,
 And their friends' arms against their fellows
 threw.
 Strong Halys stands in vain; weak Phlegys
 flies;¹⁰³⁰
 Saturnia, still at hand, new force and fire
 supplies.
 Then Halius, Prytanis, Alexander fall —
 Ingag'd against the foes who scal'd the
 wall:
 But, whom they fear'd without, they found
 within.
 At last, tho' late, by Lynceus he was seen.
 He calls new succors, and assaults the
 prince:
 But weak his force, and vain is their de-
 fense.
 Turn'd to the right, his sword the hero
 drew,
 And at one blow the bold aggressor slew.
 He joints the neck; and, with a stroke so
 strong,¹⁰⁴⁰

The helm flies off, and bears the head
 along.
 Next him, the huntsman Amyceus he kill'd,
 In darts invenom'd and in poison skill'd.
 Then Clytius fell beneath his fatal spear,
 And Creteus, whom the Muses held so
 dear:
 He fought with courage, and he sung the
 fight;
 Arms were his bus'ness, verses his delight.
 The Trojan chiefs behold, with rage and
 grief,
 Their slaughter'd friends, and hasten their
 relief.
 Bold Mnestheus rallies first the broken
 train,¹⁰⁵⁰
 Whom brave Seresthus and his troop sus-
 tain.
 To save the living, and revenge the dead,
 Against one warrior's arms all Troy they
 led.
 "O, void of sense and courage!" Mnes-
 theus cried,
 "Where can you hope your coward heads
 to hide?
 Ah! where beyond these rampires can you
 run?
 One man, and in your camp inclos'd, you
 shun!
 Shall then a single sword such slaughter
 boast,
 And pass unpunish'd from a num'rous host?
 Forsaking honor, and renouncing fame,¹⁰⁶⁰
 Your gods, your country, and your king
 you shame!"
 This just reproach their virtue does excite:
 They stand, they join, they thicken to the
 fight.
 Now Turnus doubts, and yet disdains to
 yield,
 But with slow paces measures back the
 field,
 And inches to the walls, where Tiber's
 tide,
 Washing the camp, defends the weaker
 side.
 The more he loses, they advance the more,
 And tread in ev'ry step he trod before.
 They shout: they bear him back; and, whom
 by might¹⁰⁷⁰
 They cannot conquer, they oppress with
 weight.
 As, compass'd with a wood of spears
 around,
 The lordly lion still maintains his ground;

Grins horrible, retires, and turns again;
Threats his distended paws, and shakes his
mane;

He loses while in vain he presses on,
Nor will his courage let him dare to run:
So Turnus fares, and, unresolv'd of flight,
Moves tardy back, and just recedes from
flight.

Yet twice, inrag'd, the combat he renews,
Twice breaks, and twice his broken foes
pursues. 1081

But now they swarm, and, with fresh troops
supplied,

Come rolling on, and rush from ev'ry side:
Nor Juno, who sustain'd his arms before,
Dares with new strength suffice th' ex-
hausted store;

For Jove, with sour commands, sent Iris
down,

To force th' invader from the frighted
town.

With labor spent, no longer can he wield
The heavy fauchion, or sustain the shield,
O'erwhelm'd with darts, which from afar
they fling: 1090

The weapons round his hollow temples
ring;

His golden helm gives way, with stony
blows

Batter'd, and flat, and beaten to his brows.
His crest is rash'd away; his ample shield
Is falsified, and round with jav'lins till'd.

The foe, now faint, the Trojans over-
whelm;

And Mnestheus lays hard load upon his
helm.

Sick sweat succeeds; he drops at ev'ry
pore;

With driving dust his cheeks are pasted
o'er;

Shorter and shorter ev'ry gasp he takes;
And vain efforts and hurtless blows he
makes. 1101

Arm'd as he was, at length he leap'd from
high,

Plung'd in the flood, and made the waters
fly.

The yellow god the welcome burthen
bore,

And wip'd the sweat, and wash'd away the
gore;

Then gently wafts him to the farther
coast,

And sends him safe to cheer his anxious
host.

THE TENTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS

THE ARGUMENT

Jupiter, calling a council of the gods, forbids
them to engage in either party. At Æneas's
return there is a bloody battle: Turnus kill-
ing Pallas; Æneas, Lausus and Mezentius.
Mezentius is describ'd as an atheist; Lausus,
as a pious and virtuous youth. The different
actions and death of these two are the subject
of a noble episode.

THE gates of heav'n unfold: Jove summons
all

The gods to council in the common hall.
Sublimely seated, he surveys from far
The fields, the camp, the fortune of the war,
And all th' inferior world. From first to
last,

The sov'reign senate in degrees are plac'd.

Then thus th' almighty sire began: "Ye
gods,

Natives or denizens of blest abodes,
From whence these murmurs, and this
change of mind,

This backward fate from what was first
design'd? 10

Why this protracted war, when my com-
mands

Pronounc'd a peace, and gave the Latian
lands?

What fear or hope on either part divides
Our heav'ns, and arms our pow'rs on dif-
ferent sides?

A lawful time of war at length will come,
(Nor need your haste anticipate the
doom.)

When Carthage shall contend the world
with Rome,

Shall force the rigid rocks and Alpine chains,
And, like a flood, come pouring on the
plains.

Then is your time for faction and debate,
For partial favor, and permitted hate. 11

Let now your immature dissension cease;
Sit quiet, and compose your souls to peace."

Thus Jupiter in few unfolds the charge;
But lovely Venus thus replies at large:

"O pow'r immense, eternal energy,
(For to what else protection can we fly?)

Seest thou the proud Rutulians, how they
dare

In fields, unpunish'd, and insult my care?
How lofty Turnus vaunts amidst his train,

In shining arms, triumphant on the plain ? 31
Ev'n in their lines and trenches they con-
tend,

And scarce their walls the Trojan troops
defend:

The town is fill'd with slaughter, and o'er-
floats,

With a red deluge, their increasing moats.
Æneas, ignorant, and far from thence,
Has left a camp expos'd, without defense.
This endless outrage shall they still sustain ?
Shall Troy renew'd be forc'd and fir'd
again ?

A second siege my banish'd issue fears, 40
And a new Diomede in arms appears.
One more audacious mortal will be found;
And I, thy daughter, wait another wound.
Yet, if with fates averse, without thy leave,
The Latian lands my progeny receive,
Bear they the pains of violated law,
And thy protection from their aid withdraw.
But, if the gods their sure success foretell;
If those of heav'n consent with those of
hell,

To promise Italy; who dare debate 50
The pow'r of Jove, or fix another fate ?
What should I tell of tempests on the main,
Of Æolus usurping Neptune's reign ?
Of Iris sent, with Bacchanalian heat
T' advise the matrons, and destroy the
fleet ?

Now Juno to the Stygian sky descends,
Solicits hell for aid, and arms the fiends.
That new example wanted yet above:
An act that well became the wife of Jove !
Alecto, rais'd by her, with rage inflames 60
The peaceful bosoms of the Latian dames.
Imperial sway no more exalts my mind;
(Such hopes I had indeed, while Heav'n was
kind;)

Now let my happier foes possess my
place,
Whom Jove prefers before the Trojan
race;
And conquer they, whom you with con-
quest grace.

Since you can spare, from all your wide
command,

No spot of earth, no hospitable land,
Which may my wand'ring fugitives receive;
(Since haughty Juno will not give you
leave;)

Then, father, (if I still may use that name,) 70
By ruin'd Troy, yet smoking from the flame,
I beg you, let Ascanius, by my care,

Be freed from danger, and dismiss'd the
war:

Inglorious let him live, without a crown:
The father may be cast on coasts unknown,
Struggling with fate; but let me save the
son.

Mine is Cythera, mine the Cyprian tow'rs:
In those recesses, and those sacred bow'rs,
Obscurely let him rest; his right resign 80
To promis'd empire, and his Julian line.
Then Carthage may th' Ausonian towns
destroy,

Nor fear the race of a rejected boy.

What profits it my son to scape the fire,
Arm'd with his gods, and loaded with his
sire;

To pass the perils of the seas and wind;
Evade the Greeks, and leave the war be-
hind;

To reach th' Italian shores; if, after all,
Our second Pergamus is doom'd to fall ?
Much better had he curb'd his high de-
sires, 90

And hover'd o'er his ill-extinguish'd fires.
To Simois' banks the fugitives restore,
And give them back to war, and all the woes
before."

Deep indignation swell'd Saturnia's heart:
"And must I own," she said, "my secret
smart—

What with more decency were in silence
kept,

And, but for this unjust reproach, had slept ?
Did god or man your fav'rite son advise,
With war unhop'd the Latians to surprise ?
By fate, you boast, and by the gods' decree,
He left his native land for Italy ! 101
Confess the truth; by mad Cassandra, more-
Than Heav'n inspir'd, he sought a foreign:
shore !

Did I persuade to trust his second Troy
To the raw conduct of a beardless boy,
With walls unfinished, which himself for-
sakes,

And thro' the waves a wand'ring voyage
takes ?

When have I urg'd him meanly to demand
The Tuscan aid, and arm a quiet land ?

Did I or Iris give this mad advice, 110
Or made the fool himself the fatal choice ?
You think it hard, the Latians should de-
stroy

With swords your Trojans, and with fires
your Troy !

Hard and unjust indeed, for men to draw

Their native air, nor take a foreign law !
That Turnus is permitted still to live,
To whom his birth a god and goddess give !
But yet 't is just and lawful for your line
To drive their fields, and force with fraud
to join;

Realms, not your own, among your clans
divide,¹²⁰
And from the bridegroom tear the promis'd
bride;

Petition, while you public arms prepare;
Pretend a peace, and yet provoke a war !
'T was giv'n to you, your darling son to
shroud,

To draw the dastard from the fighting
crowd,
And, for a man, obtend an empty cloud.
From flaming fleets you turn'd the fire
away,

And chang'd the ships to daughters of the
sea.

But 't is my crime — the Queen of Heav'n
offends,

If she presume to save her suffering
friends !¹³⁰

Your son, not knowing what his foes decree,
You say, is absent: absent let him be.
Yours is Cythera, yours the Cyprian tow'rs,
The soft recesses, and the sacred bow'rs.
Why do you then these needless arms pre-
pare,

And thus provoke a people prone to war ?
Did I with fire the Trojan town deface,
Or hinder from return your exil'd race ?
Was I the cause of mischief, or the man
Whose lawless lust the fatal war began ?
Think on whose faith th' adult'rous youth
relied;¹⁴¹

Who promis'd, who procur'd, the Spartan
bride ?

When all th' united states of Greece com-
bin'd,

To purge the world of the perfidious kind,
Then was your time to fear the Trojan
fate:

Your quarrels and complaints are now too
late."

Thus Juno. Murmurs rise, with mix'd
applause,

Just as they favor or dislike the cause.
So winds, when yet unfledg'd in woods they
lie,

In whispers first their tender voices try,¹⁵⁰
Then issue on the main with bellowing rage,
And storms to trembling mariners presage.

Then thus to both replied th' imperial
god,
Who shakes heav'n's axles with his awful
nod.

(When he begins, the silent senate stand
With rev'rence, list'ning to the dread com-
mand:

The clouds dispel; the winds their breath
restrain;

And the hush'd waves lie flatted on the
main.)

"Celestials, your attentive ears incline !
Since," said the god, "the Trojans must
not join¹⁶⁰

In wish'd alliance with the Latian line;
Since endless jarrings and immortal hate
Tend but to discompose our happy state;
The war henceforward be resign'd to fate:
Each to his proper fortune stand or fall;
Equal and unconcern'd I look on all.

Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me;
And both shall draw the lots their fates
decree.

Let these assault, if Fortune be their
friend;¹⁶⁹

And, if she favors those, let those defend:
The Fates will find their way." The Thun-
d'rer said.

And shook the sacred honors of his head,
Attesting Styx, th' inviolable flood,
And the black regions of his brother god.
Trembled the poles of heav'n, and earth
confess'd the nod.

This end the sessions had: the senate rise,
And to his palace wait their sov'reign thro'
the skies.

Meantime, intent upon their siege, the
foes

Within their walls the Trojan host inclose:
They wound, they kill, they watch at ev'ry
gate;¹⁸⁰

Renew the fires, and urge their happy fate.
Th' Æneans wish in vain their wanted
chief,

Hopeless of flight, more hopeless of relief.
Thin on the tow'rs they stand; and ev'n
those few

A feeble, fainting, and dejected crew.
Yet in the face of danger some there stood:
The two bold brothers of Sarpedon's blood,
Asius and Aemon; both th' Assaraci;
Young Hæmon, and tho' young, resolv'd to
die.

With these were Clarus and Thymætès
join'd;¹⁹⁰

Tibris and Castor, both of Lycian kind.
 From Aemon's hands a rolling stone there
 came,
 So large, it half deserv'd a mountain's
 name:
 Strong-sinew'd was the youth, and big of
 bone;
 His brother Mnesteus could not more
 have done,
 Or the great father of th' intrepid son.
 Some firebrands throw, some flights of
 arrows send;
 And some with darts, and some with stones
 defend.

Amid the press appears the beauteous
 boy,
 The care of Venus, and the hope of Troy. 200
 His lovely face unarm'd, his head was bare;
 In ringlets o'er his shoulders hung his hair.
 His forehead circled with a diadem;
 Distinguish'd from the crowd, he shines a
 gem,
 Enchas'd in gold, or polish'd iv'ry set,
 Amidst the meaner foil of sable jet.

Nor Ismarus was wanting to the war,
 Directing ointed arrows from afar,
 And death with poison arm'd—in Lydia
 born,
 Where plenteous harvests the fat fields
 adorn; 210
 Where proud Pactolus floats the fruitful
 lands,
 And leaves a rich manure of golden sands.
 There Capys, author of the Capuan name,
 And there was Mnesteus too, increas'd
 in fame,
 Since Turnus from the camp he cast with
 shame.

Thus mortal war was wag'd on either side.
 Meantime the hero cuts the nightly tide:
 For, anxious, from Evander when he went,
 He sought the Tyrrhene camp, and Tar-
 chon's tent;

Expos'd the cause of coming to the chief; 220
 His name and country told, and ask'd relief;
 Propos'd the terms; his own small strength
 declar'd;

What vengeance proud Mezentius had pre-
 par'd;

What Turnus, bold and violent, design'd;
 Then shew'd the slipp'ry state of human-
 kind,

And fickle fortune; warn'd him to beware,
 And to his wholesome counsel added pray'r.
 Tarchon, without delay, the treaty signs,

And to the Trojan troops the Tuscan joins.

They soon set sail; nor now the fates
 withstand; 230

Their forces trusted with a foreign hand.

Æneas leads, upon his stern appear

Two lions carv'd, which rising Ida
 bear—

Ida, to wand'ring Trojans ever dear.

Under their grateful shade Æneas sate,

Revolving war's events, and various fate.

His left young Pallas kept, fix'd to his side,

And oft of winds enquir'd, and of the tide;

Oft of the stars, and of their wat'ry way;

And what he suffer'd both by land and
 sea. 240

Now, sacred sisters, open all your spring!

The Tuscan leaders, and their army sing,

Which follow'd great Æneas to the war:

Their arms, their numbers, and their names,
 declare.

A thousand youths brave Massicus obey,
 Borne in the Tiger thro' the foaming sea;
 From Asium brought, and Cosa, by his care:
 For arms, light quivers, bows and shafts,
 they bear.

Fierce Abas next: his men bright armor
 wore;

His stern Apollo's golden statue bore. 250

Six hundred Populonia sent along,

All skill'd in martial exercise, and strong.

Three hundred more for battle Ilva joins,

An isle renown'd for steel, and unexhausted
 mines.

Asylas on his prow the third appears,

Who heav'n interprets, and the wand'ring
 stars;

From offer'd entrails prodigies expounds,

And peals of thunder, with presaging sounds.

A thousand spears in warlike order stand,

Sent by the Pisans under his command. 260

Fair Astur follows in the wat'ry field,

Proud of his manag'd horse and painted
 shield.

Gravisca, noisome from the neighb'ring fen,

And his own Cære, sent three hundred men;

With those which Minio's fields and Pyrgi
 gave,

All bred in arms, unanimous, and brave.

Thou, Muse, the name of Cinyras renew,

And brave Cupavo follow'd but by few;

Whose helm confess'd the lineage of the
 man,

And bore, with wings display'd, a silver
 swan. 270

Love was the fault of his fam'd ancestry,

Whose forms and fortunes in his ensigns fly.
For Cyenus lov'd unhappy Phaeton,
And sung his loss in poplar groves, alone,
Beneath the sister shades, to soothe his grief.
Heav'n heard his song, and hasten'd his relief,

And chang'd to snowy plumes his hoary hair,
And wing'd his flight, to chant aloft in air.
His son Cupavo brush'd the briny flood:
Upon his stern a brawny Centaur stood, 280
Who heav'd a rock, and, threat'ning still to throw,

With lifted hands alarm'd the seas below:
They seem'd to fear the formidable sight,
And roll'd their billows on, to speed his flight.

Ocnus was next, who led his native train
Of hardy warriors thro' the wat'ry plain:
The son of Manto by the Tuscan stream,
From whence the Mantuan town derives the name —

An ancient city, but of mix'd descent:
Three several tribes compose the government; 290

Four towns are under each; but all obey
The Mantuan laws, and own the Tuscan sway.

Hate to Mezentius arm'd five hundred more,	}
Whom Mincius from his sire Benacus bore:	
Mincius, with wreaths of reeds his fore- head cover'd o'er.	

These grave Auletes leads: a hundred sweep

With stretching oars at once the glassy deep.

Him and his martial train the Triton bears;
High on his poop the sea-green god appears:
Frowning he seems his crooked shell to sound, 300

And at the blast the billows dance around.
A hairy man above the waist he shows;
A porpoise tail beneath his belly grows;
And ends a fish: his breast the waves di-
vides,

And froth and foam augment the murmur-
ing tides.

Full thirty ships transport the chosen train

For Troy's relief, and scour the briny main.
Now was the world forsaken by the sun,
And Phoebe half her nightly race had run.
The careful chief, who never clos'd his eyes, 310

Himself the rudder holds, the sails sup-
plies.

A choir of Nereids meet him on the flood,
Once his own galleys, hewn from Ida's wood;

But now, as many nymphs, the sea they sweep,

As rode, before, tall vessels on the deep.
They know him from afar; and in a ring
Inclose the ship that bore the Trojan king.
Cymodoce, whose voice excell'd the rest,
Above the waves advanc'd her snowy breast;

Her right hand stops the stern; her left divides 320

The curling ocean, and corrects the tides.
She spoke for all the choir, and thus began
With pleasing words to warn th' unknow-
ing man:

"Sleeps our lov'd lord? O goddess-born,
awake!

Spread ev'ry sail, pursue your wat'ry track,
And haste your course. Your navy once
were we,

From Ida's height descending to the sea;
Till Turnus, as at anchor fix'd we stood,
Presum'd to violate our holy wood.

Then, loos'd from shore, we fled his fires profane	}
(Unwillingly we broke our master's chain),	

And since have sought you thro' the Tus-
can main.

The mighty Mother chang'd our forms to these,

And gave us life immortal in the seas.
But young Aescanius, in his camp distress'd,
By your insulting foes is hardly press'd.
Th' Arcadian horsemen, and Etrurian host,
Advance in order on the Latian coast:

To cut their way the Daunian chief designs,
Before their troops can reach the Trojan lines. 340

Thou, when the rosy morn restores the light,

First arm thy soldiers for th' ensuing fight:
Thyself the fated sword of Vulcan wield,
And bear aloft th' impenetrable shield.

To-morrow's sun, unless my skill be vain,
Shall see huge heaps of foes in battle slain."
Parting, she spoke; and with immortal force

Push'd on the vessel in her wat'ry course;
For well she knew the way. Impell'd be-
hind,

The ship flew forward, and outstripp'd the wind.

The rest make up. Unknowing of the cause,

The chief admires their speed, and happy omens draws.

Then thus he pray'd, and fix'd on heav'n his eyes:

"Hear thou, great Mother of the deities,
With turrets crown'd! (on Ida's holy hill
Fierce tigers, rein'd and curb'd, obey thy will.)

Firm thy own omens; lead us on to fight;
And let thy Phrygians conquer in thy right."

He said no more. And now renewing day

Had chas'd the shadows of the night away.

He charg'd the soldiers, with preventing care,

Their flags to follow, and their arms prepare;

Warn'd of th' ensuing fight, and bade 'em hope the war.

Now, from his lofty poop, he view'd below
His camp incompass'd, and th' inclosing foe.

His blazing shield, imbrac'd, he held on high;

The camp receive the sign, and with loud shouts reply.

Hope arms their courage: from their tow'rs they throw

Their darts with double force, and drive the foe.

Thus, at the signal giv'n, the cranes arise
Before the stormy south, and blacken all the skies.

King Turnus wonder'd at the fight renew'd,

Till, looking back, the Trojan fleet he view'd,

The seas with swelling canvas cover'd o'er,
And the swift ships descending on the shore.

The Latians saw from far, with dazzled eyes,

The radiant crest that seem'd in flames to rise,

And dart diffusive fires around the field,
And the keen glitt'ring of the golden shield.

Thus threat'ning comets, when by night they rise,

Shoot sanguine streams, and sadden all the skies:

So Sirius, flashing forth sinister lights,

Pale humankind with plagues and with dry famine frights.

Yet Turnus with undaunted mind is bent
To man the shores, and hinder their descent,

And thus awakes the courage of his friends:
"What you so long have wish'd, kind Fortune sends;

In ardent arms to meet th' invading foe:
You find, and find him at advantage now.

Yours is the day: you need but only dare;
Your swords will make you masters of the war.

Your sires, your sons, your houses, and your lands,

And dearest wives, are all within your hands.

Be mindful of the race from whence you came,

And emulate in arms your fathers' fame.

Now take the time, while stagg'ring yet they stand

With feet unfirm, and prepossess the strand:
Fortune befriends the bold." Nor more he said,

But balance'd whom to leave, and whom to lead;

Then these elects, the landing to prevent;
And those he leaves, to keep the city pent.

Meantime the Trojan sends his troops ashore:

Some are by boats expos'd, by bridges more.
With lab'ring oars they bear along the strand,

Where the tide languishes, and leap aland.
Tarchon observes the coast with careful eyes,

And, where no ford he finds, no water fries,

Nor billows with unequal murmurs roar,
But smoothly slide along, and swell the shore,

That course he steer'd, and thus he gave command:

"Here ply your oars, and at all hazard land:

Force on the vessel, that her keel may wound

This hated soil, and furrow hostile ground.
Let me securely land — I ask no more;

Then sink my ships, or shatter on the shore."

This fiery speech inflames his fearful friends:

They tug at ev'ry oar, and ev'ry stretcher
bends;
They run their ships aground; the vessels
knock,
(Thus forc'd ashore,) and tremble with the
shock.
Tarchon's alone was lost, that stranded
stood, ⁴³⁰
Stuck on a bank, and beaten by the flood:
She breaks her back; the loosen'd sides
give way,
And plunge the Tuscan soldiers in the sea.
Their broken oars and floating planks
withstand
Their passage, while they labor to the
land,
And ebbing tides bear back upon th' un-
certain sand.
Now Turnus leads his troops without
delay,
Advancing to the margin of the sea.
The trumpets sound: Æneas first assail'd
The clowns new-raisd and raw, and soon
prevail'd. ⁴³⁰
Great Theron fell, an omen of the fight;
Great Theron, large of limbs, of giant
height.
He first in open field defied the prince:
But armor seal'd with gold was no defense
Against the fated sword, which open'd wide
His plated shield, and pierc'd his naked side.
Next, Lichas fell, who, not like others born,
Was from his wretched mother ripp'd and
torn;
Sacred, O Phœbus, from his birth to thee;
For his beginning life from biting steel was
free. ⁴⁴⁰
Not far from him was Gyas laid along,
Of monstrous bulk; with Cisseus fierce and
strong:
Vain bulk and strength! for, when the
chief assail'd,
Nor valor nor Herculean arms avail'd,
Nor their fam'd father, wont in war to go
With great Alcides, while he toil'd below.
The noisy Pharos next receiv'd his death:
Æneas writh'd his dart, and stopp'd his
bawling breath.
Then wretched Cydon had receiv'd his
doom,
Who courted Clyti^{us} in his beardless
bloom, ⁴⁵⁰
And sought with lust obscene polluted joys:
The Trojan sword had cur'd his love of
boys,

Had not his sev'n bold brethren stopp'd the
course
Of the fierce champion, with united force.
Sev'n darts were thrown at once; and some
rebound
From his bright shield, some on his helmet
sound:
The rest had reach'd him; but his mother's
care
Prevented those, and turn'd aside in air.
The prince then call'd Achates, to supply
The spears that knew the way to vic-
tory — ⁴⁶⁰
"Those fatal weapons, which, inur'd to
blood,
In Grecian bodies under Ilium stood:
Not one of those my hand shall toss in vain
Against our foes, on this contented plain."
He said; then seiz'd a mighty spear, and
threw;
Which, wing'd with fate, thro' Mæon's
buckler flew,
Pierc'd all the brazen plates, and reach'd
his heart:
He stagger'd with intolerable smart.
Aleanor saw; and reach'd, but reach'd in
vain,
His helping hand, his brother to sustain. ⁴⁷⁰
A second spear, which kept the former
course,
From the same hand, and sent with equal
force,
His right arm pierc'd, and holding on, be-
reft
His use of both, and pinion'd down his left.
Then Numitor from his dead brother
drew
Th' ill-omen'd spear, and at the Trojan
threw:
Preventing fate directs the lance awry,
Which, glancing, only mark'd Achates'
thigh.
In pride of youth the Sabine Clausus
came,
And, from afar, at Dryops took his aim. ⁴⁸⁰
The spear flew hissing thro' the middle
space,
And pierc'd his throat, directed at his
face;
It stopp'd at once the passage of his wind,
And the free soul to fitting air resign'd:
His forehead was the first that struck the
ground;
Lifeblood and life rush'd mingled thro' the
wound.

He slew three brothers of the Borean
 race,
 And three, whom Ismarus, their native
 place,
 Had sent to war, but all the sons of
 Thrace.
 Halesus, next, the bold Aurunci leads: ⁴⁹⁰
 The son of Neptune to his aid succeeds,
 Conspicuous on his horse. On either hand,
 These fight to keep, and those to win, the
 land.
 With mutual blood th' Ausonian soil is
 dyed,
 While on its borders each their claim de-
 cide.
 As wintry winds, contending in the sky,
 With equal force of lungs their titles try:
 They rage, they roar; the doubtful rack of
 heav'n
 Stands without motion, and the tide un-
 driv'n: ⁴⁹⁹
 Each bent to conquer, neither side to yield,
 They long suspend the fortune of the field.
 Both armies thus perform what courage
 can;
 Foot set to foot, and mingled man to man.
 But, in another part, th' Arcadian horse
 With ill success ingage the Latin force:
 For, where th' impetuous torrent, rushing
 down,
 Huge craggy stones and rooted trees had
 thrown,
 They left their coursers, and, unus'd to
 fight
 On foot, were scatter'd in a shameful flight.
 Pallas, who with disdain and grief had
 view'd ⁵¹⁰
 His foes pursuing, and his friends pursued,
 Us'd threat'nings mix'd with pray'rs, his
 last resource,
 With these to move their minds, with
 those to fire their force.
 "Which way, companions? whether would
 you run?
 By you yourselves, and mighty battles
 won,
 By my great sire, by his establish'd name,
 And early promise of my future fame;
 By my youth, emulous of equal right
 To share his honors — shun ignoble flight!
 Trust not your feet: your hands must have
 your way ⁵²⁰
 Thro' yon black body, and that thick array:
 'Tis thro' that forward path that we must
 come;

There lies our way, and that our passage
 home.
 Nor pow'rs above, nor destinies below
 Oppress our arms: with equal strength
 we go,
 With mortal hands to meet a mortal foe. }
 See on what foot we stand: a scanty shore,
 The sea behind, our enemies before;
 No passage left, unless we swim the main;
 Or, forcing these, the Trojan trenches
 gain. ⁵³⁰
 This said, he strode with eager haste along,
 And bore amidst the thickest of the throng.
 Lagos, the first he met, with fate to foe,
 Had heav'd a stone of mighty weight, to
 throw:
 Stooping, the spear descended on his chine,
 Just where the bone distinguish'd either
 loin:
 It stuck so fast, so deeply buried lay,
 That scarce the victor forc'd the steel
 away.
 Hisbon came on: but, while he mov'd too
 slow
 To wish'd revenge, the prince prevents his
 blow; ⁵⁴⁰
 For, warding his at once, at once he press'd,
 And plung'd the fatal weapon in his breast.
 Then lewd Anchemolus he laid in dust,
 Who stain'd his stepdam's bed with im-
 pious lust.
 And, after him, the Daucian twins were
 slain,
 Laris and Thymbrus, on the Latian plain;
 So wondrous like in feature, shape, and size,
 As caus'd an error in their parents' eyes —
 Grateful mistake! but soon the sword de-
 cides ⁵⁴⁹
 The nice distinction, and their fate divides:
 For Thymbrus' head was lopp'd; and Laris'
 hand,
 Dismember'd, sought its owner on the
 strand:
 The trembling fingers yet the fauchion
 strain,
 And threaten still th' intended stroke in
 vain.
 Now, to renew the charge, th' Arca-
 dians came:
 Sight of such acts, and sense of honest
 shame, ⁵⁵⁰
 And grief, with anger mix'd, their minds
 inflame.
 Then, with a casual blow was Rhœteus
 slain,

Who chanc'd, as Pallas threw, to cross the plain:

The flying spear was after Ilius sent; ⁵⁶⁰
But Rhœteus happen'd on a death unmeant:
From Teuthras and from Tyres while he fled,

The lance, athwart his body, laid him dead:
Roll'd from his chariot with a mortal wound,
And intercepted fate, he spurn'd the ground.

As when, in summer, welcome winds arise,
The watchful shepherd to the forest flies,
And fires the midmost plants; contagion spreads,

And catching flames infect the neighb'ring heads;

Around the forest flies the furious }
blast, ⁵⁷⁰
And all the leafy nation sinks at last,
And Vulcan rides in triumph o'er the waste;

The pastor, pleas'd with his dire victory,
Beholds the satiate flames in sheets ascend the sky:

So Pallas' troops their scatter'd strength unite,

And, pouring on their foes, their prince delight.

Halesus came, fierce with desire of blood;
But first collected in his arms he stood:
Advancing then, he plied the spear so well,
Ladon, Demodocus, and Pheres fell. ⁵⁸⁰

Around his head he toss'd his glitt'ring brand,

And from Strymonius hew'd his better hand,

Held up to guard his throat; then hurl'd a stone

At Thoas' ample front, and pierc'd the bone:

It struck beneath the space of either eye;
And blood, and mingled brains, together fly.

Deep skill'd in future fates, Halesus' sire
Did with the youth to lonely groves retire:
But, when the father's mortal race was run,

Dire destiny laid hold upon the son, ⁵⁹⁰
And haul'd him to the war, to find, beneath
Th' Evandrian spear, a memorable death.
Pallas th' encounter seeks, but, ere he throws,

To Tuscan Tiber thus address'd his vows:
"O sacred stream, direct my flying dart,
And give to pass the proud Halesus' heart!

His arms and spoils thy holy oak shall bear."

Pleas'd with the bribe, the god receiv'd his pray'r:

For, while his shield protects a friend distress'd,

The dart came driving on, and pierc'd his breast. ⁶⁰⁰

But Lausus, no small portion of the war,
Permits not panic fear to reign too far,
Caus'd by the death of so renown'd a knight;

But by his own example cheers the fight.
Fierce Abas first he slew; Abas, the stay

Of Trojan hopes, and hind'rance of the day.
The Phrygian troops escap'd the Greeks in vain:

They, and their mix'd allies, now load the plain.

To the rude shock of war both armies came;
Their leaders equal, and their strength the same. ⁶¹⁰

The rear so press'd the front, they could not wield

Their angry weapons, to dispute the field.
Here Pallas urges on, and Lausus there:

Of equal youth and beauty both appear,
But both by fate forbid to breathe their native air.

Their congress in the field great Jove withstands:

Both doom'd to fall, but fall by greater hands.

Meantime Juturna warns the Daunian chief

Of Lausus' danger, urging swift relief. ⁶¹⁹

With his driv'n chariot he divides the crowd,
And, making to his friends, thus calls aloud:

"Let none presume his needless aid to join;
Retire, and clear the field; the fight is mine:

To this right hand is Pallas only due;
O were his father here, my just revenge to view!"

From the forbidden space his men retir'd.
Pallas their awe, and his stern words, admir'd;

Survey'd him o'er and o'er with wond'ring sight,

Struck with his haughty mien, and tow'ring height.

Then to the king: "Your empty vaunts forbear; ⁶³⁰

Success I hope, and fate I cannot fear;
Alive or dead, I shall deserve a name;

Jove is impartial, and to both the same."
 He said, and to the void advanc'd his pace:
 Pale horror sate on each Arcadian face.
 Then Turnus, from his chariot leaping light,
 Address'd himself on foot to single fight.
 And, as a lion — when he spies from far
 A bull that seems to meditate the war,
 Bending his neck, and spurning back the
 sand — ⁶⁴⁰
 Runs roaring downward from his hilly
 stand:

Imagine eager Turnus not more slow,
 To rush from high on his unequal foe.
 Young Pallas, when he saw the chief advance

Within due distance of his flying lance,
 Prepares to charge him first, resolv'd to try
 If fortune would his want of force supply;
 And thus to Heav'n and Hercules address'd:
 "Alcides, once on earth Evander's guest,
 His son adjures you by those holy rites, ⁶⁵⁰
 That hospitable board, those genial nights;
 Assist my great attempt to gain this prize,
 And let proud Turnus view, with dying

eyes,
 His ravish'd spoils." 'T was heard, the
 vain request;
 Alcides mourn'd, and stifled sighs within
 his breast.

Then Jove, to soothe his sorrow, thus }
 began:
 "Short bounds of life are set to mortal
 man. }

'T is virtue's work alone to stretch the
 narrow span. }

So many sons of gods, in bloody fight,
 Around the walls of Troy, have lost the
 light: ⁶⁶⁰

My own Sarpedon fell beneath his foe;
 Nor I, his mighty sire, could ward the
 blow.

Ev'n Turnus shortly shall resign his
 breath,

And stands already on the verge of death."
 This said, the god permits the fatal fight,
 But from the Latian fields averts his sight.

Now with full force his spear young Pal-
 las threw,
 And, having thrown, his shining fauchion
 drew.

The steel just graz'd along the shoulder
 joint,
 And mark'd it slightly with the glancing
 point. ⁶⁷⁰

Fierce Turnus first to nearer distance drew,

And pois'd his pointed spear, before he
 threw:

Then, as the winged weapon whizz'd along,
 "See now," said he, "whose arm is better
 strung."

The spear kept on the fatal course, unstay'd
 By plates of ir'n, which o'er the shield were
 laid:

Thro' folded brass and tough bull hides it
 pass'd,
 His corslet pierc'd, and reach'd his heart
 at last.

In vain the youth tugs at the broken
 wood;

The soul comes issuing with the vital blood:
 He falls; his arms upon his body sound; ⁶⁸⁰
 And with his bloody teeth he bites the
 ground.

Turnus bestrode the corpse: "Arcadians,
 hear,"

Said he; "my message to your master bear:
 Such as the sire deserv'd, the son I send;
 It costs him dear to be the Phrygians'
 friend.

The lifeless body, tell him, I bestow,
 Unask'd, to rest his wand'ring ghost below."
 He said, and trampled down with all the
 force

Of his left foot, and spurn'd the wretched
 corpse; ⁶⁹⁰

Then snatch'd the shining belt, with gold
 inlaid;

The belt Eurytion's artful hands had made,
 Where fifty fatal brides, express'd to
 sight,

All in the compass of one mournful night,
 Depriv'd their bridegrooms of returning
 light. }

In an ill hour insulting Turnus tore
 Those golden spoils, and in a worse he
 wore.

O mortals, blind in fate, who never know
 To bear high fortune, or endure the low!
 The time shall come, when Turnus, but in
 vain, ⁷⁰⁰

Shall wish untouched the trophies of the
 slain;

Shall wish the fatal belt were far away,
 And curse the dire remembrance of the
 day.

The sad Arcadians, from th' unhappy
 field,

Bear back the breathless body on a shield.
 O grace and grief of war! at once restor'd,
 With praises, to thy sire, at once deplor'd!

One day first sent thee to the fighting
 field,
 Beheld whole heaps of foes in battle
 kill'd;
 One day beheld thee dead, and borne
 upon thy shield. ⁷¹⁰

This dismal news, not from uncertain fame,
 But sad spectators, to the hero came:
 His friends upon the brink of ruin stand,
 Unless reliev'd by his victorious hand.
 He whirls his sword around, without delay,
 And hews thro' adverse foes an ample way,
 To find fierce Turnus, of his conquest proud:
 Evander, Pallas, all that friendship ow'd
 To large deserts, are present to his eyes;
 His plighted hand, and hospitable ties. ⁷²⁰

Four sons of Sulmo, four whom Ufens
 bred,

He took in fight, and living victims led,
 To please the ghost of Pallas, and expire,
 In sacrifice, before his fun'ral fire.

At Magnus next he threw: he stoop'd below
 The flying spear, and shunn'd the promis'd
 blow;

Then, creeping, clasp'd the hero's knees,
 and pray'd:

"By young Iulus, by thy father's shade,
 O spare my life, and send me back to see
 My longing sire, and tender progeny! ⁷³⁰
 A lofty house I have, and wealth untold,
 In silver ingots, and in bars of gold:
 All these, and sums besides, which see no
 day,

The ransom of this one poor life shall pay.
 If I survive, will Troy the less prevail?
 A single soul's too light to turn the scale."

He said. The hero sternly thus replied:
 "Thy bars and ingots, and the sums beside,
 Leave for thy children's lot. Thy Turnus
 broke

All rules of war by one relentless stroke, ⁷⁴⁰
 When Pallas fell: so deems, nor deems alone
 My father's shadow, but my living son."
 Thus having said, of kind remorse bereft,
 He seiz'd his helm, and dragg'd him with
 his left;

Then with his right hand, while his neck he
 wreath'd,

Up to the hilts his shining fauchion sheath'd.
 Apollo's priest, Emonides, was near;
 His holy fillets on his front appear;
 Glitt'ring in arms, he shone amidst the
 crowd;

Much of his god, more of his purple,
 proud. ⁷⁵⁰

Him the fierce Trojan follow'd thro' the
 field:

The holy coward fell; and, fore'd to yield,
 The prince stood o'er the priest, and, at one
 blow,

Sent him an off'ring to the shades below.
 His arms Seresthus on his shoulders bears,
 Design'd a trophy to the God of Wars.

Vulcanian Cæculus renews the fight,
 And Umbro, born upon the mountains'
 height.

The champion cheers his troops t' encoun-
 ter those,

And seeks revenge himself on other foes. ⁷⁶⁰
 At Anxur's shield he drove; and, at the
 blow,

Both shield and arm to ground together go.
 Anxur had boasted much of magic charms,
 And thought he wore impenetrable arms,
 So made by mutter'd spells; and, from the
 spheres,

Had life secur'd, in vain, for length of years.
 Then Tarquitis the field in triumph trod;
 A nymph his mother, and his sire a god.

Exulting in bright arms, he braves the
 prince:

With his protended lance he makes de-
 fense; ⁷⁷⁰

Bears back his feeble foe; then, pressing on,
 Arrests his better hand, and drags him
 down;

Stands o'er the prostrate wretch, and, as he
 lay,

Vain tales inventing, and prepar'd to pray,
 Mows off his head: the trunk a moment
 stood,

Then sunk, and roll'd along the sand in
 blood.

The vengeful victor thus upbraids the slain:
 "Lie there, proud man, unpitied, on the
 plain;

Lie there, inglorious, and without a tomb,
 Far from thy mother and thy native
 home, ⁷⁸⁰

Expos'd to savage beasts, and birds of
 prey,

Or thrown for food to monsters of the sea."

On Lycas and Antæus next he ran,
 Two chiefs of Turnus, and who led his van.
 They fled for fear; with these, he chas'd
 along

Camers the yellow-lock'd, and Numa
 strong;

Both great in arms, and both were fair
 and young.

Camers was son to Volscens lately slain,
In wealth surpassing all the Latian train,
And in Amycla fix'd his silent easy
reign. 790

And, as Ægeon, when with heav'n he
strove,

Stood opposite in arms to mighty Jove;
Mov'd all his hundred hands, provok'd the
war,

Defied the fork lightning from afar;
At fifty mouths his flaming breath expires,
And flash for flash returns, and fires for
fires;

In his right hand as many swords he
wields,

And takes the thunder on as many shields:
With strength like his, the Trojan hero
stood;

And soon the fields with falling corps
were strow'd, 800

When once his fauchion found the taste
of blood.

With fury scarce to be conceiv'd, he flew
Against Nipheus, whom four coursers
drew.

They, when they see the fiery chief ad-
vance,

And pushing at their chests his pointed
lance,

Wheel'd with so swift a motion, mad with
fear,

They threw their master headlong from the
chair.

They stare, they start, nor stop their course,
before

They bear the bounding chariot to the
shore.

Now Lucagus and Liger scour the
plains, 810

With two white steeds; but Liger holds
the reins,

And Lucagus the lofty seat maintains:
Bold brethren both. The former wav'd
in air

His flaming sword: Æneas couch'd his
spear,

Unus'd to threats, and more unus'd to
fear.

Then Liger thus: "Thy confidence is
vain 820

To scape from hence, as from the Trojan
plain:

Nor these the steeds which Diomed be-
strode,

Nor this the chariot where Achilles rode;

Nor Venus' veil is here, nor Neptune's
shield; 820

Thy fatal hour is come, and this the field."

Thus Liger vainly vaunts: the Trojan
peer

Return'd his answer with his flying spear.
As Lucagus, to lash his horses, bends,

Prone to the wheels, and his left foot pro-
tends,

Prepar'd for fight; the fatal dart arrives,
And thro' the borders of his buckler drives;

Pass'd thro', and pierc'd his groin: the
deadly wound,

Cast from his chariot, roll'd him on the
ground.

Whom thus the chief upbraids with scorn-
ful spite: 830

"Blame not the slowness of your steeds in
flight;

Vain shadows did not force their swift re-
treat;

But you yourself forsake your empty seat."
He said, and seiz'd at once the loosen'd
rein;

For Liger lay already on the plain,
By the same shock: then, stretching out
his hands,

The recreant thus his wretched life de-
mands:

"Now, by thyself, O more than mortal
man!

By her and him from whom thy breath
began,

Who form'd thee thus divine, I beg thee,
spare 840

This forfeit life, and hear thy suppliant's
pray'r."

Thus much he spoke, and more he would
have said;

But the stern hero turn'd aside his head,
And cut him short: "I hear another man;

You talk'd not thus before the fight began.
Now take your turn; and, as a brother
should,

Attend your brother to the Stygian flood."

Then thro' his breast his fatal sword he
sent,

And the soul issued at the gaping vent.
As storms the skies, and torrents tear
the ground, 850

Thus rag'd the prince, and scatter'd deaths
around.

At length Ascanius and the Trojan train
Broke from the camp, so long besieg'd in
vain.

Meantime the King of Gods and Mortal
Man
Held conference with his queen, and thus
began:
"My sister goddess, and well-pleasing wife,
Still think you Venus' aid supports the
strife —
Sustains her Trojans — or themselves,
alone,
With inborn valor force their fortune on?
How fierce in fight, with courage undecay'd!
Judge if such warriors want immortal aid."
To whom the goddess with the charming
eyes, 862
Soft in her tone, submissively replies:
"Why, O my sov'reign lord, whose frown
I fear,
And cannot, unconcern'd, your anger bear;
Why urge you thus my grief? when, if I
still
(As once I was) were mistress of your will,
From your almighty pow'r your pleasing
wife
Might gain the grace of length'ning Turnus'
life,
Securely snatch him from the fatal fight,
And give him to his aged father's sight. 871
Now let him perish, since you hold it good,
And glut the Trojans with his pious blood.
Yet from our lineage he derives his name,
And, in the fourth degree, from god Pylum-
nus came;
Yet he devoutly pays you rites divine,
And offers daily incense at your shrine."
Then shortly thus the sov'reign god re-
plied:
"Since in my pow'r and goodness you con-
fide,
If for a little space, a lengthen'd span, 880
You beg reprieve for this expiring man,
I grant you leave to take your Turnus hence
From instant fate, and can so far dispense.
But, if some secret meaning lies beneath,
To save the short-liv'd youth from destin'd
death,
Or if a farther thought you entertain,
To change the fates; you feed your hopes
in vain."
To whom the goddess thus, with weeping
eyes:
"And what if that request, your tongue
denies,
Your heart should grant; and not a short
reprieve, 890
But length of certain life, to Turnus give?

Now speedy death attends the guiltless
youth,
If my presaging soul divines with truth;
Which, O! I wish, might err thro' cause-
less fears,
And you (for you have pow'r) prolong his
years!"
Thus having said, involv'd in clouds, she
flies,
And drives a storm before her thro' the
skies.
Swift she descends, alighting on the plain,
Where the fierce foes a dubious fight main-
tain. 899
Of air condens'd a specter soon she made;
And, what Æneas was, such seem'd the
shade.
Adorn'd with Dardan arms, the phantom
bore
His head aloft; a plumy crest he wore:
This hand appear'd a shining sword to wield,
And that sustain'd an imitated shield.
With manly mien he stalk'd along the
ground,
Nor wanted voice belied, nor vaunting
sound.
(Thus haunting ghosts appear to waking
sight,
Or dreadful visions in our dreams by night.)
The specter seems the Daunian chief to
dare, 910
And flourishes his empty sword in air.
At this, advancing, Turnus hurl'd his spear:
The phantom wheel'd, and seem'd to fly
for fear.
Deluded Turnus thought the Trojan fled,
And with vain hopes his haughty fancy fed.
"Whether, O coward?" (thus he calls
aloud,
Nor found he spoke to wind, and chas'd a
cloud,)
"Why thus forsake your bride! Receive
from me 918
The fated land you sought so long by sea."
He said, and, brandishing at once his blade,
With eager pace pursued the flying shade.
By chance a ship was fasten'd to the shore,
Which from old Clusium King Osinius bore:
The plank was ready laid for safe ascent;
For shelter there the trembling shadow
bent;
And skippt and skulk'd, and under
hatches went.
Exulting Turnus, with regardless haste,
Ascends the plank, and to the galley pass'd.

Scarce had he reach'd the prow: Saturnia's
 hand
 The haulers cuts, and shoots the ship from
 land. ⁹³⁰
 With wind in poop, the vessel plows the sea,
 And measures back with speed her former
 way.
 Meantime Æneas seeks his absent foe,
 And sends his slaughter'd troops to shades
 below.
 The guileful phantom now forsook the
 shroud,
 And flew sublime, and vanish'd in a cloud.
 Too late young Turnus the delusion found,
 Far on the sea, still making from the
 ground.
 Then, thankless for a life redeem'd by
 shame,
 With sense of honor stung, and forfeit
 fame, ⁹⁴⁰
 Fearful besides of what in fight had pass'd,
 His hands and haggard eyes to heav'n he
 cast:
 "O Jove!" he cried, "for what offense
 have I
 Deserv'd to bear this endless infamy?
 Whence am I forc'd, and whether am I
 borne?
 How, and with what reproach, shall I re-
 turn?
 Shall ever I behold the Latian plain,
 Or see Laurentum's lofty tow'rs again?
 What will they say of their deserting
 chief?
 The war was mine: I fly from their re-
 lief; ⁹⁵⁰
 I led to slaughter, and in slaughter leave;
 And ev'n from hence their dying groans
 receive.
 Here, overmatch'd in fight, in heaps they lie;
 There, scatter'd o'er the fields, ignobly fly.
 Gape wide, O earth, and draw me down
 alive!
 Or, O ye pitying winds, a wretch relieve!
 On sands or shelves the splitting vessel
 drive;
 Or set me shipwreck'd on some desert
 shore,
 Where no Rutulian eyes may see me more,
 Unknown to friends, or foes, or conscious
 Fame, ⁹⁶⁰
 Lest she should follow, and my flight pro-
 claim."
 Thus Turnus rav'd, and various fates re-
 volv'd:

The choice was doubtful, but the death re-
 solv'd.
 And now the sword, and now the sea took
 place,
 That to revenge, and this to purge disgrace.
 Sometimes he thought to swim the stormy
 main,
 By stretch of arms the distant shore to
 gain.
 Thrice he the sword assay'd, and thrice the
 flood;
 But Juno, mov'd with pity, both withstood,
 And thrice repress'd his rage; strong gales
 supplied, ⁹⁷⁰
 And push'd the vessel o'er the swelling tide.
 At length she lands him on his native
 shores,
 And to his father's longing arms restores.
 Meantime, by Jove's impulse, Mezentius
 arm'd,
 Succeeding Turnus, with his ardor warm'd
 His fainting friends, reproach'd their
 shameful flight,
 Repell'd the victors, and renew'd the fight.
 Against their king the Tuscan troops con-
 spire;
 Such is their hate, and such their fierce de-
 sire
 Of wish'd revenge: on him, and him
 alone, ⁹⁸⁰
 All hands employ'd, and all their darts are
 thrown.
 He, like a solid rock by seas inclos'd,
 To raging winds and roaring waves oppos'd,
 From his proud summit looking down, dis-
 dains
 Their empty menace, and unmov'd remains.
 Beneath his feet fell haughty Hebrus
 dead,
 Then Latagus, and Palmus as he fled.
 At Latagus a weighty stone he flung:
 His face was flatted, and his helmet rung.
 But Palmus from behind receives his
 wound; ⁹⁹⁰
 Hamstring'd he falls, and grovels on the
 ground:
 His crest and armor, from his body torn,
 Thy shoulders, Lausus, and thy head adorn.
 Evas and Mimas, both of Troy, he slew.
 Mimas his birth from fair Theano drew,
 Born on that fatal night, when, big with
 fire,
 The queen produc'd young Paris to his
 sire:
 But Paris in the Phrygian fields was slain,

Unthinking Mimas on the Latian plain.

And, as a savage boar, on mountains
bred,

With forest mast and fatt'ning marshes fed,
When once he sees himself in toils inclos'd,
By huntsmen and their eager hounds op-
pos'd —

He whets his tusks, and turns, and dares
the war;

Th' invaders dart their jav'lins from afar:
All keep aloof, and safely shout around;
But none presumes to give a nearer wound:
He frets and froths, erects his bristled hide,
And shakes a grove of lances from his
side:

Not otherwise the troops, with hate in-
spir'd,

And just revenge against the tyrant fir'd,
Their darts with clamor at a distance
drive,

And only keep the languish'd war alive.

From Coritus came Acron to the fight,
Who left his spouse betroth'd, and uncon-
summate night.

Mezentius sees him thro' the squadrons
ride,

Proud of the purple favors of his bride.

Then, as a hungry lion, who beholds
A gamesome goat, who frisks about the
folds,

Or beamy stag, that grazes on the plain —
He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising
mane,

He grins, and opens wide his greedy jaws;
The prey lies panting underneath his paws:
He fills his famish'd maw; his mouth runs
o'er

With unchew'd morsels, while he churns
the gore:

So proud Mezentius rushes on his foes,
And first unhappy Acron overthrows:
Stretch'd at his length, he spurns the
swarthy ground;

The lance, besmear'd with blood, lies
broken in the wound.

Then with disdain the haughty victor
view'd

Orodes flying, nor the wretch pursued,
Nor thought the dastard's back deserv'd a
wound,

But, running, gain'd th' advantage of
the ground:

Then turning short, he met him face to
face,

To give his victory the better grace.

Orodes falls, in equal fight oppress'd:
Mezentius fix'd his foot upon his breast,
And rested lance; and thus aloud he cries:
"Lo! here the champion of my rebels
lies!"

The fields around with *Io Pæan!* ring;
And peals of shouts applaud the conqu'ring
king.

At this the vanquish'd, with his dying
breath,

Thus faintly spoke, and prophesied in
death:

"Nor thou, proud man, unpunish'd shalt
remain:

Like death attends thee on this fatal
plain."

Then, sourly smiling, thus the king replied:
"For what belongs to me, let Jove pro-
vide;

But die thou first, whatever chance ensue."
He said, and from the wound the weapon
drew.

A hov'ring mist came swimming o'er his
sight,

And seal'd his eyes in everlasting night.

By Cædæus, Alcathoüs was slain;
Sacrator laid Hydaspes on the plain;
Orses the strong to greater strength must
yield;

He, with Parthenius, were by Rapo kill'd.

Then brave Messapus Ericetes slew,
Who from Lycaon's blood his lineage drew.
But from his headstrong horse his fate

he found,
Who threw his master, as he made a
bound:

The chief, alighting, stuck him to the
ground;

Then Clonius, hand to hand, on foot assails:
The Trojan sinks, and Neptune's son pre-
vails.

Agis the Lycian, stepping forth with pride,
To single fight the boldest foe defied;

Whom Tuscan Valerus by force o'ercame,
And not belied his mighty father's fame.

Salius to death the great Antronius sent:
But the same fate the victor underwent,

Slain by Nealees' hand, well-skill'd to throw
The flying dart, and draw the far-deceiving
bow.

Thus equal deaths are dealt with equal
chance;

By turns they quit their ground, by turns
advance:

Victors and vanquish'd, in the various field,

Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield.
 The gods from heav'n survey the fatal
 strife,
 And mourn the miseries of human life.
 Above the rest, two goddesses appear
 Concern'd for each: here Venus, Juno there.
 Amidst the crowd, infernal Ate shakes
 Her scourge aloft, and crest of hissing
 snakes. 1050

Once more the proud Mezentius, with
 disdain,
 Brandish'd his spear, and rush'd into the
 plain,
 Where tow'ring in the midmost rank she
 stood,
 Like tall Orion stalking o'er the flood
 (When with his brawny breast he cuts the
 waves,
 His shoulders scarce the topmost billow
 laves),
 Or like a mountain ash, whose roots are
 spread,
 Deep fix'd in earth; in clouds he hides his
 head. 1088

The Trojan prince beheld him from afar,
 And dauntless undertook the doubtful war.
 Collected in his strength, and like a rock,
 Pois'd on his base, Mezentius stood the
 shock.
 He stood, and, measuring first with careful
 eyes
 The space his spear could reach, aloud he
 cries:
 "My strong right hand, and sword, assist
 my stroke !

(Those only gods Mezentius will invoke.)
 His armor, from the Trojan pirate torn,
 By my triumphant Lausus shall be worn."
 He said; and with his utmost force he
 threw

The massy spear, which, hissing as it flew,
 Reach'd the celestial shield, that stopp'd
 the course; 1101

But, glancing thence, the yet unbroken
 force

Took a new bent obliquely, and betwixt
 The side and bowels fam'd Anthores fix'd.
 Anthores had from Argos travel'd far,
 Alcides' friend, and brother of the war;
 Till, tir'd with toils, fair Italy he chose,
 And in Evander's palace sought repose.
 Now, falling by another's wound, his eyes
 He cast to heav'n, on Argos thinks, and
 dies. 1110

The pious Trojan then his jav'lin sent;

The shield gave way; thro' treble plates it
 went

Of solid brass, of linen trebly roll'd,
 And three bull hides which round the buck-
 ler fold.

All these it pass'd, resistless in the course,
 Transpierc'd his thigh, and spent its dying
 force.

The gaping wound gush'd out a crimson
 flood.

The Trojan, glad with sight of hostile blood,
 His fauchion drew, to closer fight address'd,
 And with new force his fainting foe op-
 press'd. 1120

His father's peril Lausus view'd with
 grief;

He sigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief.
 And here, heroic youth, 't is here I must
 To thy immortal memory be just,
 And sing an act so noble and so new,
 Posterity will scarce believe 't is true.
 Pain'd with his wound, and useless for the
 fight,

The father sought to save himself by flight:
 Incumber'd, slow he dragg'd the spear
 along,

Which pierc'd his thigh, and in his buckler
 hung. 1130

The pious youth, resolv'd on death, below
 The lifted sword springs forth to face
 the foe;

Protects his parent, and prevents the
 blow.

Shouts of applause ran ringing thro' the
 field,

To see the son the vanquish'd father shield.
 All, fir'd with gen'rous indignation, strive,
 And with a storm of darts to distance drive
 The Trojan chief, who, held at bay from
 far,

On his Vulcanian orb sustain'd the war.

As, when thick hail comes rattling in the
 wind, 1140

The plowman, passenger, and lab'ring hind
 For shelter to the neighb'ring covert fly,
 Or hous'd, or safe in hollow caverns lie;
 But, that o'erblown, when heav'n above 'em
 smiles,

Return to travel, and renew their toils:
 Æneas thus, o'erwhelm'd on ev'ry side,
 The storm of darts, undaunted, did abide;
 And thus to Lausus loud with friendly
 threat'ning cried:

"Why wilt thou rush to certain death, and
 rage

In rash attempts, beyond thy tender age, ¹¹⁵⁰
Betray'd by pious love?" Nor, thus for-
borne,

The youth desists, but with insulting scorn
Provokes the ling'ring prince, whose pa-
tience, tir'd,

Gave place; and all his breast with fury
fir'd.

For now the Fates prepar'd their sharpen'd
shears;

And lifted high the flaming sword appears,
Which, full descending with a frightful
sway,

Thro' shield and corslet forc'd th' impet-
uous way,

And buried deep in his fair bosom lay.

The purple streams thro' the thin armor
strove, ¹¹⁶⁰

And drench'd th' inbroider'd coat his mo-
ther wove;

And life at length forsook his heaving
heart,

Loth from so sweet a mansion to depart.

But when, with blood and paleness all
o'erspread,

The pious prince beheld young Lausus
dead,

He griev'd; he wept; the sight an image
brought

Of his own filial love, a sadly pleasing
thought:

Then stretch'd his hand to hold him up,
and said:

"Poor hapless youth! what praises can be
paid

To love so great, to such transcendent
store ¹¹⁷⁰

Of early worth, and sure presage of more?

Accept whate'er Æneas can afford;

Untouch'd thy arms, untaken be thy sword;

And all that pleas'd thee living, still remain

Inviolatè, and sacred to the slain.

Thy body on thy parents I bestow,

To rest thy soul, at least, if shadows
know,

Or have a sense of human things below.

There to thy fellow ghosts with glory tell:

"T was by the great Æneas' hand I fell."

With this, his distant friends he beckons
near, ¹¹⁸¹

Provokes their duty, and prevents their
fear:

Himself assists to lift him from the ground,

With clotted locks, and blood that well'd

from out the wound.

Meantime, his father, now no father,
stood,

And wash'd his wounds by Tiber's yellow
flood:

Oppress'd with anguish, panting, and o'er-
spent,

His fainting limbs against an oak he leant.

A bough his brazen helmet did sustain;

His heavier arms lay scatter'd on the
plain: ¹¹⁹⁰

A chosen train of youth around him stand;

His drooping head was rested on his hand:

His grisly beard his pensive bosom sought;

And all on Lausus ran his restless thought.

Careful, concern'd his danger to prevent,

He much enquir'd, and many a message
sent

To warn him from the field — alas! in vain!

Behold, his mournful followers bear him
slain!

O'er his broad shield still gush'd the yawn-
ing wound,

And drew a bloody trail along the
ground. ¹²⁰⁰

Far off he heard their cries, far off divin'd

The dire event, with a foreboding mind.

With dust he sprinkled first his hoary
head;

Then both his lifted hands to heav'n he
spread;

Last, the dear corpse embracing, thus he
said:

"What joys, alas! could this frail being
give,

That I have been so covetous to live?

To see my son, and such a son, resign

His life, a ransom for preserving mine!

And am I then preserv'd, and art thou
lost? ¹²¹⁰

How much too dear has that redemption
cost!

'T is now my bitter banishment I feel:

This is a wound too deep for time to heal.

My guilt thy growing virtues did defame;

My blackness blotted thy unblemish'd
name.

Chas'd from a throne, abandon'd, and exil'd

For foul misdeeds, were punishments too
mild:

I ow'd my people these, and, from their
hate,

With less resentment could have borne my
fate.

And yet I live, and yet sustain the sight ¹²²⁰

Of hated men, and of more hated light:

But will not long." With that he rais'd
 from ground
 His fainting limbs, that stagger'd with his
 wound;
 Yet, with a mind resolv'd, and unappall'd
 With pains or perils, for his courser call'd;
 Well-mouth'd, well-manag'd, whom him-
 self did dress
 With daily care, and mounted with suc-
 cess;
 His aid in arms, his ornament in peace.
 Soothing his courage with a gentle stroke,
 The steed seem'd sensible, while thus
 he spoke: ¹²³⁰
 "O Rhecubus, we have liv'd too long for
 me —
 If life and long were terms that could
 agree!
 This day thou either shalt bring back the
 head
 And bloody trophies of the Trojan dead;
 This day thou either shalt revenge my woe,
 For murder'd Lausus, on his cruel foe;
 Or, if inexorable fate deny
 Our conquest, with thy conquer'd master
 die:
 For, after such a lord, I rest secure,
 Thou wilt no foreign reins, or Trojan load
 endure." ¹²⁴⁰
 He said; and straight th' officious courser
 kneels,
 To take his wonted weight. His hands he
 fills
 With pointed jav'lines; on his head he lac'd
 His glitt'ring helm, which terribly was
 grac'd
 With waving horsehair, nodding from afar;
 Then spurr'd his thund'ring steed amidst
 the war.
 Love, anguish, wrath, and grief, to madness
 wrought,
 Despair, and secret shame, and conscious
 thought
 Of inborn worth, his lab'ring soul oppress'd,
 Roll'd in his eyes, and rag'd within his
 breast. ¹²⁵⁰
 Then loud he call'd Æneas thrice by name:
 The loud repeated voice to glad Æneas
 came.
 "Great Jove," he said, "and the far-
 shooting god,
 Inspire thy mind to make thy challenge
 good!"
 He spoke no more; but hasten'd, void of
 fear,

And threaten'd with his long protended
 spear.

To whom Mezentius thus: "Thy vaunts
 are vain.

My Lausus lies extended on the plain:
 He's lost! thy conquest is already won;
 The wretched sire is murder'd in the
 son. ¹²⁶⁰

Nor fate I fear, but all the gods defy.
 Forbear thy threats: my bus'ness is to
 die;

But first receive this parting legacy."
 He said; and straight a whirling dart he
 sent;

Another after, and another went.
 Round in a spacious ring he rides the
 field,
 And vainly plies th' impenetrable shield.
 Thrice rode he round; and thrice Æneas
 wheel'd,

Turn'd as he turn'd: the golden orb with-
 stood

The strokes, and bore about an iron wood.
 Impatient of delay, and weary grown, ¹²⁷¹
 Still to defend, and to defend alone,
 To wrench the darts which in his buckler
 light,

Urg'd and o'er-labor'd in unequal fight;
 At length resolv'd, he throws with all his
 force

Full at the temples of the warrior horse.
 Just where the stroke was aim'd, th' uner-
 ring spear

Made way, and stood transfix'd thro' either
 ear.

Seiz'd with unwonted pain, surpris'd with
 fright,

The wounded steed curvets, and, rais'd up-
 right, ¹²⁸⁰

Lights on his feet before; his hoofs behind
 Spring up in air aloft, and lash the wind.
 Down comes the rider headlong from his
 height:

His horse came after with unwieldy weight,
 And, flound'ring forward, pitching on his
 head,

His lord's incumber'd shoulder overlaid.
 From either host, the mingled shouts and
 cries

Of Trojans and Rutulians rend the skies.
 Æneas, hast'ning, wav'd his fatal sword
 High o'er his head, with this reproachful
 word: ¹²⁹⁰

"Now; where are now thy vaunts, the
 fierce disdain

Of proud Mezentius, and the lofty strain ? ”
Struggling, and wildly staring on the
skies,

With scarce recover'd sight he thus replies:
“ Why these insulting words, this waste of
breath,

To souls undaunted, and secure of death ?
’T is no dishonor for the brave to die,
Nor came I here with hope of victory;
Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design:
As I had us’d my fortune, use thou thine.
My dying son contracted no such band; ¹³⁰¹
The gift is hateful from his murd’rer’s
hand.

For this, this only favor let me sue,
If pity can to conquer’d foes be due:
Refuse it not; but let my body have
The last retreat of humankind, a grave.
Too well I know th’ insulting people’s hate;
Protect me from their vengeance after fate:
This refuge for my poor remains provide,
And lay my much-lov’d Lausus by my
side.” ¹³¹⁰

He said, and to the sword his throat ap-
plied.

The crimson stream stain’d his arms
around,

And the disdainful soul came rushing thro’
the wound.

THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS

THE ARGUMENT

Æneas erects a trophy of the spoils of Mezen-
tius, grants a truce for burying the dead,
and sends home the body of Pallas with
great solemnity. Latinus calls a council, to
propose offers of peace to Æneas; which oc-
casions great animosity betwixt Turnus and
Drances. In the mean time there is a sharp
engagement of the horse; wherein Camilla
signalizes herself; is kill’d; and the Latine
troops are entirely defeated.

SCARCE had the rosy Morning rais’d her
head

Above the waves, and left her wat’ry bed;
The pious chief, whom double cares attend
For his unburied soldiers and his friend,
Yet first to Heav’n perform’d a victor’s
vows:

He bar’d an ancient oak of all her boughs;
Then on a rising ground the trunk he plac’d,

Which with the spoils of his dead foe he
grac’d.

The coat of arms by proud Mezentius worn,
Now on a naked snag in triumph borne, ¹⁰
Was hung on high, and glitter’d from afar,
A trophy sacred to the God of War.

Above his arms, fix’d on the leafless wood,
Appear’d his plummy crest, besmear’d with
blood:

His brazen buckler on the left was seen;
Truncheons of shiver’d lances hung be-
tween;

And on the right was plac’d his corslet,
bor’d;

And to the neck was tied his unavailing
sword.

A crowd of chiefs inclose the godlike
man,

Who thus, conspicuous in the midst, began:
“ Our toils, my friends, are crown’d with
sure success; ²¹

The greater part perform’d, achieve the
less.

Now follow cheerful to the trembling town;
Press but an entrance, and presume it won.
Fear is no more, for fierce Mezentius lies,
As the first fruits of war, a sacrifice.

Turnus shall fall extended on the plain,
And, in this omen, is already slain.

Prepar’d in arms, pursue your happy chance;
That none unwarn’d may plead his igno-
rance, ³⁰

And I, at Heav’n’s appointed hour, may find
Your warlike ensigns waving in the wind.
Meantime the rites and fun’ral pomps pre-
pare,

Due to your dead companions of the war:
The last respect the living can bestow,
To shield their shadows from contempt be-
low.

That conquer’d earth be theirs, for which
they fought,

And which for us with their own blood they
bought;

But first the corpse of our unhappy friend
To the sad city of Evander send, ⁴⁰
Who, not inglorious, in his age’s bloom,
Was hurried hence by too severe a doom.”

Thus, weeping while he spoke, he took
his way,

Where, new in death, lamented Pallas lay.
Acœtes watch’d the corpse; whose youth
deserv’d

The father’s trust; and now the son he
serv’d

With equal faith, but less auspicious care.
Th' attendants of the slain his sorrow share.
A troop of Trojans mix'd with these appear,
And mourning matrons with dishevel'd hair.

Soon as the prince appears, they raise a cry;

All beat their breasts, and echoes rend the sky.

They rear his drooping forehead from the ground;

But, when Æneas view'd the grisly wound
Which Pallas in his manly bosom bore,
And the fair flesh distain'd with purple gore;

First, melting into tears, the pious man
Deplor'd so sad a sight, then thus began:
"Unhappy youth! when Fortune gave the rest

Of my full wishes, she refus'd the best! 60
She came; but brought not thee along, to bless

My longing eyes, and share in my success:
She grudg'd thy safe return, the triumphs due

To prosperous valor, in the public view.
Not thus I promis'd, when thy father lent
Thy needless suitor with a sad consent;
Embrace'd me, parting for th' Etrurian land,
And sent me to possess a large command.
He warn'd, and from his own experience told,

Our foes were warlike, disciplin'd, and bold. 70

And now perhaps, in hopes of thy return,
Rich odors on his loaded altars burn,
While we, with vain officious pomp, prepare

To send him back his portion of the war,
A bloody breathless body, which can owe
No farther debt, but to the pow'rs below.
The wretched father, ere his race is run,
Shall view the fun'ral honors of his son.
These are my triumphs of the Latian war,
Fruits of my plighted faith and boasted care! 80

And yet, unhappy sire, thou shalt not see
A son whose death disgrac'd his ancestry;
Thou shalt not blush, old man, however griev'd:

Thy Pallas no dishonest wound receiv'd.
He died no death to make thee wish, too late,

Thou hadst not liv'd to see his shameful fate:

But what a champion has th' Ausonian coast,
And what a friend hast thou, Ascanius, lost!"

Thus having mourn'd, he gave the word around,

To raise the breathless body from the ground;

And chose a thousand horse, the flow'r of all 90

His warlike troops, to wait the funeral,
To bear him back and share Evander's grief:

A well-becoming, but a weak relief.
Of oaken twigs they twist an easy bier,
Then on their shoulders the sad burden rear.
The body on this rural hearse is borne:
Strew'd leaves and funeral greens the bier adorn.

All pale he lies, and looks a lovely flow'r,
New cropp'd by virgin hands, to dress the bow'r: 100

Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below,
No more to mother earth or the green stem shall owe.

Then two fair vests, of wondrous work and cost,

Of purple woven, and with gold emboss'd,
For ornament the Trojan hero brought,
Which with her hands Sidonian Dido wrought.

One vest array'd the corpse; and one they spread

O'er his clos'd eyes, and wrapp'd around his head,

That, when the yellow hair in flame should fall,

The catching fire might burn the golden caul. 110

Besides, the spoils of foes in battle slain,
When he descended on the Latian plain;
Arms, trappings, horses, by the hearse are led

In long array — th' achievements of the dead.

Then, pinion'd with their hands behind, appear

Th' unhappy captives, marching in the rear,

Appointed off'rings in the victor's name,
To sprinkle with their blood the fun'ral flame.

Inferior trophies by the chiefs are borne;
Gauntlets and helmets their loaded hands adorn; 120

And fair inscriptions fix'd, and titles read
Of Latian leaders conquer'd by the dead.

Acetes on his pupil's corpse attends,
With feeble steps, supported by his friends.
Pausing at ev'ry pace, in sorrow drown'd,
Betwixt their arms he sinks upon the
ground;

Where grow'ling while he lies in deep despair,
He beats his breast, and rends his hoary
hair.

The champion's chariot next is seen to
roll,

Besmeared with hostile blood, and honorably
foul.

To close the pomp, Æthon, the steed of
state,

Is led, the fun'rals of his lord to wait.

Stripp'd of his trappings, with a sullen
pace

He walks; and the big tears run rolling
down his face.

The lance of Pallas, and the crimson crest,
Are borne behind: the victor seiz'd the
rest.

The march begins: the trumpets hoarsely
sound;

The pikes and lances trail along the ground.
Thus while the Trojan and Arcadian horse

To Pallantean tow'rs direct their course, ¹⁴⁰
In long procession rank'd, the pious chief

Stopp'd in the rear, and gave a vent to
grief:

"The public care," he said, "which war
attends,

Diverts our present woes, at least suspends.
Peace with the manes of great Pallas

dwell!

Hail, holy relics! and a last farewell!"

He said no more, but, inly tho' he mourn'd,
Restrained his tears, and to the camp re-
turn'd.

Now suppliants, from Laurentum sent,
demand

A truce, with olive branches in their
hand;

Obtest his clemency, and from the plain ¹⁵⁰
Beg leave to draw the bodies of their
slain.

They plead, that none those common rites
deny

To conquer'd foes that in fair battle die.
All cause of hate was ended in their death;

Nor could he war with bodies void of
breath.

A king, they hop'd, would hear a king's re-
quest,

Whose son he once was call'd, and once his
guest.

Their suit, which was too just to be de-
nied,

The hero grants, and farther thus replied:

"O Latian princes, how severe a fate ¹⁶¹
In causeless quarrels has involv'd your
state,

And arm'd against an unoffending man,
Who sought your friendship ere the war

began!

You beg a truce, which I would gladly
give,

Not only for the slain, but those who live.
I came not hether but by Heav'n's com-
mand,

And sent by fate to share the Latian land.
Nor wage I wars unjust: your king denied

My proffer'd friendship, and my promis'd
bride;

Left me for Turnus. Turnus then should
try

His cause in arms, to conquer or to die.
My right and his are in dispute: the slain

Fell without fault, our quarrel to maintain.
In equal arms let us alone contend;

And let him vanquish, whom his fates be-
friend.

This is the way (so tell him) to possess
The royal virgin, and restore the peace.

Bear this my message back, with ample
leave,

That your slain friends may fun'ral rites
receive."

Thus having said — th' ambassadors, ¹⁸⁰
amaz'd,

Stood mute a while, and on each other
gaz'd.

Drances, their chief, who harbor'd in his
breast

Long hate to Turnus, as his foe profess'd,
Broke silence first, and to the godlike

man,

With graceful action bowing, thus began:
"Auspicious prince, in arms a mighty

name,
But yet whose actions far transcend your
fame;

Would I your justice or your force express,
Thought can but equal; and all words are

less. ¹⁹⁰

Your answer we shall thankfully relate,
And favors granted to the Latian state.

If wish'd success our labor shall attend,
Think peace concluded, and the king your
friend:

Let Turnus leave the realm to your command,

And seek alliance in some other land:
Build you the city which your fates assign;
We shall be proud in the great work to
join."

Thus Drances; and his words so well
persuade

The rest impower'd, that soon a truce is
made. ²⁰⁰

Twelve days the term allow'd: and, during
those,

Latians and Trojans, now no longer foes,
Mix'd in the woods, for fun'ral piles pre-
pare

To fell the timber, and forget the war.
Loud axes thro' the groaning groves re-
sound;

Oak, mountain ash, and poplar spread the
ground;

Firs fall from high; and some the trunks
receive

In loaden vains; with wedges some they
cleave.

And now the fatal news by Fame is blown
Thro' the short circuit of th' Arcadian
town, ²¹⁰

Of Pallas slain — by Fame, which just be-
fore

His triumphs on distended pinions bore.
Rushing from out the gate, the people
stand,

Each with a fun'ral flambeau in his hand.
Wildly they stare, distracted with amaze:
The fields are lighten'd with a fiery blaze,
That cast a sullen splendor on their friends,
The marching troop which their dead prince
attends.

Both parties meet: they raise a doleful
cry;

The matrons from the walls with shrieks
reply, ²²⁰

And their mix'd mourning rends the
vaulted sky.

The town is fill'd with tumult and with
tears,

Till the loud clamors reach Evander's ears:
Forgetful of his state, he runs along,
With a disorder'd pace, and cleaves the
throng;

Falls on the corpse; and groaning there he
lies,

With silent grief, that speaks but at his
eyes.

Short sighs and sobs succeed; till sorrow
breaks

A passage, and at once he weeps and speaks:
"O Pallas! thou hast fail'd thy plighted
word, ²³⁰

To fight with caution, not to tempt the
sword!

I warn'd thee, but in vain; for well I knew
What perils youthful ardor would pursue,

That boiling blood would carry thee too
far,

Young as thou wert in dangers, raw to war!
O curst essay of arms, disastrous doom,

Prelude of bloody fields, and fights to come!
Hard elements of unauspicious war,

Vain vows to Heav'n, and unavailing care!
Thrice happy thou, dear partner of my
bed, ²⁴⁰

Whose holy soul the stroke of Fortune fled,
Præscious of ills, and leaving me behind,

To drink the dregs of life by fate assign'd!
Beyond the goal of nature I have gone:

My Pallas late set out, but reach'd too soon.
If, for my league against th' Ausonian state,

Amidst their weapons I had found my fate,
(Deserv'd from them,) then I had been re-
turn'd

A breathless victor, and my son had
mourn'd. ²⁴⁹

Yet will I not my Trojan friend upbraid,
Nor grudge th' alliance I so gladly made.

'T was not his fault, my Pallas fell so young,
But my own crime, for having liv'd too
long.

Yet, since the gods had destin'd him to die,
At least he led the way to victory:

First for his friends he won the fatal
shore,

And sent whole herds of slaughter'd foes
before;

A death too great, too glorious to deplore.
Nor will I add new honors to thy grave,

Content with those the Trojan hero gave: ²⁶⁰
That funeral pomp thy Phrygian friends
design'd,

In which the Tuscan chiefs and army join'd.
Great spoils and trophies, gain'd by thee,

They bear:

Then let thy own achievements be thy
share.

Even thou, O Turnus, hadst a trophy stood,
Whose mighty trunk had better grac'd the
wood,

If Pallas had arriv'd, with equal length
Of years, to match thy bulk with equal
strength.

But why, unhappy man, dost thou detain
These troops, to view the tears thou shedd'st
in vain?

Go, friends, this message to your lord re-
late:

Tell him, that, if I bear my bitter fate,
And, after Pallas' death, live ling'ring on,
'T is to behold his vengeance for my son.
I stay for Turnus, whose devoted head
Is owing to the living and the dead.

My son and I expect it from his hand;
'T is all that he can give, or we demand.
Joy is no more; but I would gladly go,
To greet my Pallas with such news below."

The morn had now dispell'd the shades
of night,

Restoring toils, when she restor'd the light.
The Trojan king and Tuscan chief com-
mand

To raise the piles along the winding strand.
Their friends convey the dead to fun'ral
fires;

Black smold'ring smoke from the green
wood expires;

The light of heav'n is chok'd, and the
new day retires.

Then thrice around the kindled piles they
go

(For ancient custom had ordain'd it so);
Thrice horse and foot about the fires are
led;

And thrice, with loud laments, they hail
the dead.

Tears, trickling down their breasts, bedew
the ground,

And drums and trumpets mix their mourn-
ful sound.

Amid the blaze, their pious brethren throw
The spoils, in battle taken from the foe:
Helm, bits emboss'd, and swords of shin-
ing steel;

One casts a target, one a chariot wheel;
Some to their fellows their own arms re-
store:

The fauchions which in luckless fight they
bore,

Their bucklers pierc'd, their darts bestow'd
in vain,

And shiver'd lances gather'd from the plain.
Whole herds of offer'd bulls, about the fire,
And bristled boars, and woolly sheep ex-
pire.

Around the piles a careful troop attends,
To watch the wasting flames, and weep
their burning friends;

Ling'ring along the shore, till dewy night
New decks the face of heav'n with starry
light.

The conquer'd Latians, with like pious
care,

Piles without number for their dead pre-
pare.

Part in the places where they fell are laid;
And part are to the neighb'ring fields con-
vey'd.

The corps of kings, and captains of renown,
Borne off in state, are buried in the town;
The rest, unhonor'd, and without a name,
Are cast a common heap to feed the
flame.

Trojans and Latians vie with like desires
To make the field of battle shine with
fires,

And the promiscuous blaze to heav'n as-
pires:

Now had the morning thrice renew'd the
light,

And thrice dispell'd the shadows of the
night,

When those who round the wasted fires re-
main,

Perform the last sad office to the slain.
They rake the yet warm ashes from below;

These, and the bones unburn'd, in earth be-
stow;

These relics with their country rites they
grace,

And raise a mound of turf to mark the
place.

But, in the palace of the king, appears
A scene more solemn, and a pomp of tears.
Maids, matrons, widows, mix their common
moans;

Orphans their sires, and sires lament their
sons.

All in that universal sorrow share,
And curse the cause of this unhappy war:
A broken league, a bride unjustly sought,
A crown usurp'd, which with their blood is
bought!

These are the crimes with which they load
the name

Of Turnus, and on him alone exclaim:
"Let him who lords it o'er th' Ausonian
land

Engage the Trojan hero hand to hand:
His is the gain; our lot is but to serve;

"T is just, the sway he seeks, he should deserve."

This Drances aggravates; and adds, with spite:

"His foe expects, and dares him to the fight."

Nor Turnus wants a party, to support
His cause and credit in the Latian court.
His former acts secure his present fame,
And the queen shades him with her mighty name.

While thus their factious minds with
fury burn,
The legates from th' Ætolian prince re-
turn:

Sad news they bring, that, after all the
cost

And care employ'd, their embassy is lost;
That Diomede refus'd his aid in war, 351
Unmov'd with presents, and as deaf to
pray'r.

Some new alliance must elsewhere be
sought,

Or peace with Troy on hard conditions
bought.

Latinus, sunk in sorrow, finds too late,
A foreign son is pointed out by fate;
And, till Æneas shall Lavinia wed,
The wrath of Heav'n is hov'ring o'er his
head.

The gods, he saw, espous'd the juster
side,

When late their titles in the field were
tried: 360

Witness the fresh laments, and fun'ral
tears undried.

Thus, full of anxious thought, he summons
all

The Latian senate to the council hall.
The princes come, commanded by their
head,

And crowd the paths that to the palace
lead.

Supreme in pow'r, and reverenc'd for his
years,

He takes the throne, and in the midst ap-
pears.

Majestically sad, he sits in state,
And bids his envoys their success relate.

When Venulus began, the murmuring
sound 370

Was hush'd, and sacred silence reign'd
around.

"We have," said he, "perform'd your high
command,

And pass'd with peril a long tract of land:
We reach'd the place desir'd; with wonder
fill'd,

The Grecian tents and rising tow'rs beheld.
Great Diomede has compass'd round with
walls

The city, which Argyripa he calls,
From his own Argos nam'd. We touch'd,
with joy,

The royal hand that raz'd unhappy Troy.
When introduce'd, our presents first we
bring, 380

Then crave an instant audience from the
king.

His leave obtain'd, our native soil we name,
And tell th' important cause for which we
came.

Attentively he heard us, while we spoke;
Then, with soft accents, and a pleasing
look,

Made this return: 'Ausonian race, of old
Renown'd for peace, and for an age of gold,
What madness has your alter'd minds pos-
sess'd,

To change for war hereditary rest,
Solicit arms unknown, and tempt the
sword, 390

A needless ill your ancestors abhorr'd?
We — for myself I speak, and all the name
Of Grecians, who to Troy's destruction
came,

Omitting those who were in battle slain,
Or borne by rolling Simois to the main —
Not one but suffer'd, and too dearly bought
The prize of honor which in arms he
sought;

Some doom'd to death, and some in exile
driv'n,

Outcasts, abandon'd by the care of Heav'n;
So worn, so wretched, so despis'd a crew, 400
As ev'n old Priam might with pity view.

Witness the vessels by Minerva toss'd
In storms; the vengeful Capharean coast;
Th' Eubœan rocks! the prince, whose brother
led

Our armies to revenge his injur'd bed,
In Egypt lost! Ulysses with his men
Have seen Charybdis and the Cyclops' den.

Why should I name Idomeneus, in vain
Restor'd to scepters, and expell'd again?
Or young Achilles, by his rival slain? 410

Ev'n he, the King of Men, the foremost
name

Of all the Greeks, and most renown'd by
fame,

The proud revenger of another's wife,
 Yet by his own adult'ress lost his life;
 Fell at his threshold; and the spoils of Troy
 The foul polluters of his bed enjoy.
 The gods have envied me the sweets of life,
 My much lov'd country, and my more lov'd
 wife:

Banish'd from both, I mourn; while in the
 sky,

Transform'd to birds, my lost companions
 fly:

Hov'ring about the coasts, they make their
 moan,

And cuff the cliffs with pinions not their
 own.

What squalid specters, in the dead of night,
 Break my short sleep, and skim before my
 sight!

I might have promis'd to myself those
 harms,

Mad as I was, when I, with mortal arms,
 Presum'd against immortal pow'rs to move,
 And violate with wounds the Queen of
 Love.

Such arms this hand shall never more em-
 ploy;

No hate remains with me to ruin'd Troy. ⁴³⁰
 I war not with its dust; nor am I glad
 To think of past events, or good or bad.

Your presents I return: whate'er you bring
 To buy my friendship, send the Trojan king.
 We met in fight; I know him, to my cost:
 With what a whirling force his lance he
 toss'd!

Heav'n! what a spring was in his arm, to
 throw!

How high he held his shield, and rose at
 ev'ry blow!

Had Troy produc'd two more his match in
 might,

They would have chang'd the fortune of the
 fight:

Th' invasion of the Greeks had been re-
 turn'd,

Our empire wasted, and our cities burn'd.
 The long defense the Trojan people made,
 The war protracted, and the siege delay'd,
 Were due to Hector's and this hero's hand:
 Both brave alike, and equal in command;
 Æneas, not inferior in the field,

In pious reverence to the gods excell'd.
 Make peace, ye Latians, and avoid with care
 Th' impending dangers of a fatal war.' ⁴⁵⁰
 He said no more; but, with this cold excuse,
 Refus'd th' alliance, and advis'd a truce."

Thus Venulus concluded his report.

A jarring murmur fill'd the factious court:
 As, when a torrent rolls with rapid force,
 And dashes o'er the stones that stop the
 course,

The flood, constrain'd within a scanty space,
 Roars horrible along th' uneasy race;
 White foam in gath'ring eddies floats
 around;

The rocky shores rebellow to the sound. ⁴⁶⁰

The murmur ceas'd: then from his lofty
 throne

The king invok'd the gods, and thus begun:
 "I wish, ye Latins, what we now debate
 Had been resolv'd before it was too late.

Much better had it been for you and me,
 Unforc'd by this our last necessity,
 To have been earlier wise, than now to
 call

A council, when the foe surrounds the wall.
 O citizens, we wage unequal war,
 With men not only Heav'n's peculiar care,
 But Heav'n's own race; unconquer'd in the
 field, ⁴⁷¹

Or, conquer'd, yet unknowing how to yield.
 What hopes you had in Diomedes, lay down:
 Our hopes must center on ourselves alone.
 Yet those how feeble, and, indeed, how vain,
 You see too well; nor need my words ex-
 plain.

Vanquish'd without resource; laid flat by
 fate;

Factions within, a foe without the gate!
 Not but I grant that all perform'd their
 parts

With manly force, and with undaunted
 hearts: ⁴⁸⁰

With our united strength the war we wag'd;
 With equal numbers, equal arms, engag'd.
 You see th' event. — Now hear what I pro-
 pose,

To save our friends, and satisfy our foes.
 A tract of land the Latins have possess'd
 Along the Tiber, stretching to the west,
 Which now Rutulians and Auruncans till,
 And their mix'd cattle graze the fruitful
 hill.

Those mountains fill'd with firs, that lower
 land, ⁴⁸⁹

If you consent, the Trojan shall command,
 Call'd into part of what is ours; and there,
 On terms agreed, the common country
 share.

There let 'em build and settle, if they
 please;

Unless they choose once more to cross the seas,

In search of seats remote from Italy,
And from unwelcome inmates set us free.
Then twice ten galleys let us build with speed,

Or twice as many more, if more they need.
Materials are at hand; a well-grown wood
Runs equal with the margin of the flood:
Let them the number and the form assign;
The care and cost of all the stores be mine.
To treat the peace, a hundred senators ⁵⁰³
Shall be commission'd hence with ample

pow'rs,
With olive crown'd: the presents they
shall bear,

A purple robe, a royal iv'ry chair,
And all the marks of sway that Latian
monarchs wear,
And suns of gold. Among yourselves debate

This great affair, and save the sinking state."

Then Drances took the word, who grudg'd,
long since, ⁵¹⁰

The rising glories of the Daunian prince.
Factions and rich, bold at the council
board,

But cautious in the field, he shunn'd the
sword;

A close caballer, and tongue-valiant lord.
Noble his mother was, and near the throne;
But, what his father's parentage, unknown.
He rose, and took th' advantage of the
times,

To load young Turnus with invidious crimes.
"Such truths, O king," said he, "your
words contain, ⁵¹⁹

As strike the sense, and all replies are vain;
Nor are your loyal subjects now to seek
What common needs require, but fear to
speak.

Let him give leave of speech, that haughty
man,

Whose pride this unauspicious war began;
For whose ambition (let me dare to say,
Fear set apart, tho' death is in my way)

The plains of Latium run with blood around;
So many valiant heroes bite the ground;
Dejected grief in ev'ry face appears;

A town in mourning, and a land in tears;
While he, th' undoubted author of our
harms, ⁵³¹

The man who menaces the gods with arms,
Yet, after all his boasts, forsook the fight,

And sought his safety in ignoble flight.

Now, best of kings, since you propose to
send

Such bounteous presents to your Trojan
friend;

Add yet a greater at our joint request,
One which he values more than all the
rest:

Give him the fair Lavinia for his bride;
With that alliance let the league be tied,
And for the bleeding land a lasting peace
provide. ⁵⁴¹

Let insolence no longer awe the throne;
But, with a father's right, bestow your own.
For this maligner of the general good,
If still we fear his force, he must be woo'd;
His haughty godhead we with pray'rs im-
plore,

Your scepter to release, and our just rights
restore.

O cursed cause of all our ills, must we
Wage wars unjust, and fall in fight, for
thee!

What right hast thou to rule the Latian
state, ⁵⁵⁰

And send us out to meet our certain fate?
'Tis a destructive war: from Turnus' hand
Our peace and public safety we demand.
Let the fair bride to the brave chief re-
main;

If not, the peace, without the pledge, is
vain.

Turnus, I know you think me not your
friend,

Nor will I much with your belief contend:
I beg your greatness not to give the law
In others' realms, but, beaten, to withdraw.
Pity your own, or pity our estate; ⁵⁶⁰
Nor twist our fortunes with your sinking
fate.

Your interest is, the war should never
cease;

But we have felt enough to wish the peace:
A land exhausted to the last remains,
Depopulated towns, and driven plains.

Yet, if desire of fame, and thirst of pow'r,
A beauteous princess, with a crown in
dow'r,

So fire your mind, in arms assert your
right,

And meet your foe, who dares you to the
fight.

Mankind, it seems, is made for you alone;
We, but the slaves who mount you to the
throne: ⁵⁷¹

A base ignoble crowd, without a name,
Unwept, unworthy of the fun'ral flame,
By duty bound to forfeit each his life,
That Turnus may possess a royal wife.
Permit not, mighty man, so mean a crew
Should share such triumphs, and detain
from you
The post of honor, your undoubted due.
Rather alone your matchless force employ,
To merit what alone you must enjoy." ⁵⁸⁰

These words, so full of malice mix'd with
art,
Inflam'd with rage the youthful hero's
heart.

Then, groaning from the bottom of his
breast,
He heav'd for wind, and thus his wrath ex-
press'd:

"You, Drances, never want a stream of
words,

Then, when the public need requires our
swords.

First in the council hall to steer the state,
And ever foremost in a tongue-debate,
While our strong walls secure us from the
foe,

Ere yet with blood our ditches overflow: ⁵⁹⁰
But let the potent orator declaim,
And with the brand of coward blot my
name;

Free leave is giv'n him, when his fatal
hand

Has cover'd with more corps the sanguine
strand,

And high as mine his tow'ring trophies
stand.

If any doubt remains, who dares the most,
Let us decide it at the Trojans' cost,
And issue both abreast, where honor calls—
Foes are not far to seek without the
walls—

Unless his noisy tongue can only fight, ⁶⁰⁰
And feet were giv'n him but to speed his
flight.

I beaten from the field? I forc'd away?
Who, but so known a dastard, dares to
say?

Had he but ev'n beheld the fight, his eyes
Had witness'd for me what his tongue de-
nies:

What heaps of Trojans by this hand were
slain,

And how the bloody Tiber swell'd the
main.

All saw, but he, th' Arcadian troops retire

In scatter'd squadrons, and their prince ex-
pire.

The giant brothers, in their camp, have
found, ⁶¹⁰

I was not forc'd with ease to quit my
ground.

Not such the Trojans tried me, when, in-
clos'd,

I singly their united arms oppos'd:
First forc'd an entrance thro' their thick
array;

Then, glutted with their slaughter, freed
my way.

'Tis a destructive war? So let it be,
But to the Phrygian pirate, and to thee!
Meantime proceed to fill the people's ears
With false reports, their minds with panic
fears:

Extol the strength of a twice-conquer'd
race; ⁶²⁰

Our foes encourage, and our friends debase.
Believe thy fables, and the Trojan town
Triumphant stands; the Grecians are o'er-
thrown;

Suppliant at Hector's feet Achilles lies,
And Diomed from fierce Æneas flies.
Say rapid Anfidus with awful dread
Runs backward from the sea, and hides his
head,

When the great Trojan on his bank appears;
For that's as true as thy dissembled fears
Of my revenge. Dismiss that vanity: ⁶³⁰
Thou, Drances, art below a death from me.
Let that vile soul in that vile body rest;
The lodging is well worthy of the guest.

"Now, royal father, to the present state
Of our affairs, and of this high debate:
If in your arms thus early you diffide,
And think your fortune is already tried;
If one defeat has brought us down so low,
As never more in fields to meet the foe;
Then I conclude for peace: 'tis time to
treat, ⁶⁴⁰

And lie like vassals at the victor's feet.
But, O! if any ancient blood remains,
One drop of all our fathers', in our veins,
That man would I prefer before the rest,
Who dar'd his death with an undaunted
breast;

Who comely fell, by no dishonest wound,
To shun that sight, and, dying, gnaw'd the
ground.

But, if we still have fresh recruits in store,
If our confederates can afford us more;
If the contended field we bravely fought, ⁶⁵⁰

And not a bloodless victory was bought;
 Their losses equal'd ours; and, for their
 slain,
 With equal fires they fill'd the shining
 plain;
 Why thus, unforc'd, should we so tamely
 yield,
 And, ere the trumpet sounds, resign the
 field?
 Good unexpected, evils unforeseen,
 Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene:
 Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling down
 again;
 Then fall so hard, they bound and rise
 again.
 If Diomedes refuse his aid to lend, 660
 The great Messapus yet remains our friend:
 Tolumnius, who foretells events, is ours;
 Th' Italian chiefs and princes join their
 pow'rs:
 Nor least in number, nor in name the last,
 Your own brave subjects have your cause
 embrac'd.
 Above the rest, the Volscian Amazon
 Contains an army in herself alone,
 And heads a squadron, terrible to sight,
 With glittering shields, in brazen armor
 bright.
 Yet, if the foe a single fight demand, 670
 And I alone the public peace withstand;
 If you consent, he shall not be refus'd,
 Nor find a hand to victory unus'd.
 This new Achilles, let him take the field,
 With fated armor, and Vulcanian shield!
 For you, my royal father, and my fame,
 I, Turnus, not the least of all my name,
 Devote my soul. He calls me hand to hand,
 And I alone will answer his demand. 679
 Drances shall rest secure, and neither share
 The danger, nor divide the prize of war."
 While they debate, nor these nor those
 will yield,
 Æneas draws his forces to the field,
 And moves his camp. The scouts with fly-
 ing speed
 Return, and thro' the frighted city spread
 Th' unpleasing news, the Trojans are de-
 scribed,
 In battle marching by the river side,
 And bending to the town. They take th'
 alarm:
 Some tremble, some are bold; all in confu-
 sion arm.
 Th' impetuous youth press forward to the
 field; 690

They clash the sword, and clatter on the
 shield:
 The fearful matrons raise a screaming
 cry;
 Old feeble men with fainter groans reply;
 A jarring sound results, and mingles in
 the sky,
 Like that of swans remurm'ring to the
 floods,
 Or birds of differing kinds in hollow woods.
 Turnus th' occasion takes, and cries aloud:
 "Talk on, ye quaint haranguers of the
 crowd:
 Declain in praise of peace, when danger
 calls,
 And the fierce foes in arms approach the
 walls." 700
 He said, and, turning short, with speedy
 pace,
 Casts back a scornful glance, and quits the
 place:
 "Thou, Volusus, the Volscian troops com-
 mand
 To mount; and lead thyself our Ardean
 band.
 Messapus and Catillus, post your force
 Along the fields, to charge the Trojan
 horse.
 Some guard the passes, others man the wall;
 Drawn up in arms, the rest attend my call."
 They swarm from ev'ry quarter of the
 town.
 And with disorder'd haste the rampires
 crown. 710
 Good old Latinus, when he saw, too late,
 The gath'ring storm just breaking on the
 state,
 Dismiss'd the council till a fitter time,
 And own'd his easy temper as his crime,
 Who, forc'd against his reason, had com-
 plied
 To break the treaty for the promis'd bride.
 Some help to sink new trenches; others
 aid
 To ram the stones, or raise the palisade.
 Hoarse trumpets sound th' alarm; around
 the walls
 Runs a distracted crew, whom their last
 labor calls. 720
 A sad procession in the streets is seen,
 Of matrons, that attend the mother queen:
 High in her chair she sits, and, at her side,
 With downcast eyes appears the fatal bride.
 They mount the cliff, where Pallas' temple
 stands;

Pray'rs in their mouths, and presents in their hands.

With censers first they fume the sacred shrine,

Then in this common supplication join:

"O patroness of arms, unspotted maid,
Propitious hear, and lend thy Latins aid ! 730
Break short the pirate's lance; pronounce his fate,

And lay the Phrygian low before the gate."

Now Turnus arms for fight. His back and breast

Well-temper'd steel and scaly brass invest:
The cuirasses which his brawny thighs in-fold

Are mingled metal damask'd o'er with gold.
His faithful fauchion sits upon his side;
Nor casque, nor crest, his manly features hide:

But, bare to view, amid surrounding friends,
With godlike grace, he from the tow'r descends. 740

Exulting in his strength, he seems to dare
His absent rival, and to promise war.

Freed from his keepers, thus, with broken reins,

The wanton courser prances o'er the plains,
Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds,

And snuffs the females in forbidden grounds,
Or seeks his wat'ring in the well-known flood,

To quench his thirst, and cool his fiery blood:
He swims luxuriant in the liquid plain,

And o'er his shoulder flows his waving mane: 750

He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high;

Before his ample chest the frothy waters fly.

Soon as the prince appears without the gate,

The Volscians, with their virgin leader, wait
His last commands. Then, with a graceful mien,

Lights from her lofty steed the warrior queen:

Her squadron imitates, and each descends;
Whose common suit Camilla thus commands:

"If sense of honor, if a soul secure
Of inborn worth, that can all tests endure,
Can promise aught, or on itself rely 761
Greatly to dare, to conquer or to die;
Then, I alone, sustain'd by these, will meet

The Tyrrhene troops, and promise their defeat.

Ours be the danger, ours the sole renown:
You, gen'ral, stay behind, and guard the town."

Turnus a while stood mute, with glad surprise,

And on the fierce virago fix'd his eyes;
Then thus return'd: "O grace of Italy, 760
With what becoming thanks can I reply?
Not only words lie lab'ring in my breast,
But thought itself is by thy praise oppress'd.

Yet rob me not of all; but let me join
My toils, my hazard, and my fame, with thine.

The Trojan, not in stratagem unskill'd,
Sends his light horse before to scour the field:

Himself, thro' steep ascents and thorny brakes,

A larger compass to the city takes.

This news my scouts confirm, and I prepare
To foil his cunning, and his force to dare;

With chosen foot his passage to forelay, 781
And place an ambush in the winding way.

Thou, with thy Volscians, face the Tuscan horse:

The brave Messapus shall thy troops in-force

With those of Tibur, and the Latian band,
Subjected all to thy supreme command."

This said, he warns Messapus to the war,
Then ev'ry chief exhorts with equal care.

All thus encourag'd, his own troops he joins,
And hastes to prosecute his deep designs.

Inclos'd with hills, a winding valley lies,
By nature form'd for fraud, and fitted for surprise. 792

A narrow track, by human steps untrod,
Leads, thro' perplexing thorns, to this obscure abode.

High o'er the vale a steepy mountain stands,
Whence the surveying sight the nether ground commands.

The top is level, an offensive seat

Of war; and from the war a safe retreat:
For, on the right and left, is room to press

The foes at hand, or from afar distress; 800
To drive 'em headlong downward, and to pour

On their descending backs a stony show'r.

Thither young Turnus took the well-known way,

Possess'd the pass, and in blind ambush lay.

Meantime, Latonian Phæbe, from the
skies,
Beheld th' approaching war with hateful
eyes,

And call'd the light-foot Opis to her aid,
Her most belov'd and ever-trusty maid;
Then with a sigh began: "Camilla goes
To meet her death amidst her fatal foes:
The nymph I lov'd of all my mortal train,
Invested with Diana's arms, in vain. ⁸¹²
Nor is my kindness for the virgin new:
'T was born with her; and with her years
it grew.

Her father Metabus, when forc'd away
From old Privernum, for tyrannic sway,
Snatch'd up, and sav'd from his prevailing
foes,

This tender babe, companion of his woes.
Casmilla was her mother; but he drown'd
One hissing letter in a softer sound. ⁸²⁰
And call'd Camilla. Thro' the woods he
flies;

Wrapp'd in his robe the royal infant lies.
His foes in sight, he mends his weary
pace;

With shouts and clamors they pursue the
chase.

The banks of Amasene at length he gains: }
The raging flood his farther flight re-
strains,

Rais'd o'er the borders with unusual rains. }
Prepar'd to plunge into the stream, he
fears,

Not for himself, but for the charge he
bears.

Anxious, he stops a while, and thinks in
haste; ⁸³⁰

Then, desprate in distress, resolves at last.
A knotty lance of well-boil'd oak he bore;
The middle part with cork he cover'd o'er:
He clos'd the child within the hollow space;
With twigs of bending osier bound the case;
Then pois'd the spear, heavy with human
weight,

And thus invoc'd my favor for the freight:
'Accept, great goddess of the woods,' he
said,

'Sent by her sire, this dedicated maid !
Thro' air she flies a suppliant to thy
shrine; ⁸⁴⁰

And the first weapons that she knows, are
thine.'

He said; and with full force the spear he
threw:

Above the sounding waves Camilla flew.

Then, press'd by foes, he stemm'd the
stormy tide,
And gain'd, by stress of arms, the farther
side.

His fasten'd spear he pull'd from out the
ground,

And, victor of his vows, his infant nymph
unbound;

Nor, after that, in towns which walls in-
close,

Would trust his hunted life amidst his foes;
But, rough, in open air he chose to lie; ⁸⁵⁰
Earth was his couch, his cov'ring was the
sky.

On hills unshorn, or in a desert den,
He shunn'd the dire society of men.

A shepherd's solitary life he led;
His daughter with the milk of mares he
fed.

The dugs of bears, and ev'ry salvage beast,
He drew, and thro' her lips the liquor
press'd.

The little Amazon could scarcely go:
He loads her with a quiver and a bow;
And, that she might her staggr'ing steps
command, ⁸⁶⁰

He with a slender jav'lin fills her hand.
Her flowing hair no golden fillet bound;
Nor swept her trailing robe the dusty
ground.

Instead of these, a tiger's hide o'erspread
Her back and shoulders, fasten'd to her
head.

The flying dart she first attempts to fling,
And round her tender temples toss'd the
sling;

Then, as her strength with years in-
creas'd, began

To pierce aloft in air the soaring swan, }
And from the clouds to fetch the heron }
and the crane. ⁸⁷⁰

The Tuscan matrons with each other vied,
To bless their rival sons with such a bride;
But she disdains their love, to share with
me

The sylvan shades and vow'd virginity.
And, O ! I wish, contented with my cares
Of salvage spoils, she had not sought the
wars:

Then had she been of my celestial train,
And shunn'd the fate that dooms her to be
slain.

But since, opposing Heav'n's decree, she
goes ⁸⁷⁹

To find her death among forbidden foes,

Haste with these arms, and take thy steepy
flight,
Where, with the gods averse, the Latins
fight.

This bow to thee, this quiver I bequeath,
This chosen arrow, to revenge her death:
By whate'er hand Camilla shall be slain,
Or of the Trojan or Italian train,
Let him not pass unpunish'd from the
plain.

Then, in a hollow cloud, myself will aid
To bear the breathless body of my maid:
Unspoil'd shall be her arms, and unpro-
fan'd

Her holy limbs with any human hand,
And in a marble tomb laid in her native
land."

She said. The faithful nymph descends
from high
With rapid flight, and cuts the sounding
sky:

Black clouds and stormy winds around
her body fly.

By this, the Trojan and the Tuscan horse,
Drawn up in squadrons, with united force,
Approach the walls: the sprightly coursers
bound.

Press forward on their bits, and shift their
ground.

Shields, arms, and spears flash horribly
from far;

And the fields glitter with a waving war.
Oppos'd to these, come on with furious
force

Messapus, Coras, and the Latian horse;
These in the body plac'd, on either hand
Sustain'd and clos'd by fair Camilla's band.
Advancing in a line, they couch their spears;
And less and less the middle space appears.
Thick smoke obscures the field; and scarce
are seen

The neighing coursers, and the shouting
men.

In distance of their darts they stop their
course;

Then man to man they rush, and horse to
horse.

The face of heav'n their flying jav'lins hide,
And deaths unseen are dealt on either side.
Tyrrenus, and Aconteus, void of fear,
By mettled coursers borne in full career,
Meet first oppos'd; and, with a mighty
shock,

Their horses' heads against each other
knock.

Far from his steed is fierce Aconteus cast,
As with an engine's force, or lightning's
blast:

He rolls along in blood, and breathes his
last.

The Latin squadrons take a sudden fright,
And sling their shields behind, to save their
backs in flight.

Spurring at speed, to their own walls they
drew;

Close in the rear the Tuscan troops pursue,
And urge their flight: Asylas leads the
chase;

Till, seiz'd with shame, they wheel about
and face,

Receive their foes, and raise a threat'ning
cry.

The Tuscans take their turn to fear and fly.
So swelling surges, with a thund'ring roar,
Driv'n on each other's backs, insult the
shore,

Bound o'er the rocks, inroach upon the
land,

And far upon the beach eject the sand;
Then backward, with a swing, they take
their way,

Repuls'd from upper ground, and seek their
mother sea;

With equal hurry quit th' invaded shore,
And swallow back the sand and stones they
spew'd before.

Twice were the Tuscans masters of the
field,

Twice by the Latins, in their turn, repell'd.
Asham'd at length, to the third charge they
ran;

Both hosts resolv'd, and mingled man to
man.

Now dying groans are heard; the fields are
strow'd

With falling bodies, and are drunk with
blood.

Arms, horses, men, on heaps together lie:
Confus'd the fight, and more confus'd the
cry.

Orsiloehus, who durst not press too near
Strong Remulus, at distance drove his
spear,

And stuck the steel beneath his horse's
ear.

The fiery steed, impatient of the wound,
Curvets, and, springing upward with a
bound,

His helpless lord cast backward on the
ground.

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Catillus pierc'd Iolas first; then drew
His reeking lance, and at Herminius
threw,
The mighty champion of the Tuscan
crew.

His neck and throat unarm'd, his head was
bare,

But shaded with a length of yellow hair:
Secure, he fought, expos'd on ev'ry part,
A spacious mark for swords, and for the
flying dart.

Across the shoulders came the feather'd
wound;

Transfix'd, he fell, and doubled to the
ground.

The sands with streaming blood are san-
guine dyed,

And death with honor sought on either
side.

Resistless thro' the war Camilla rode,
In danger unappall'd, and pleas'd with
blood.

One side was bare for her exerted breast;
One shoulder with her painted quiver
press'd.

Now from afar her fatal jav'lin's play;
Now with her ax's edge she hews her way:

Diana's arms upon her shoulder sound;
And when, too closely press'd, she quits
the ground,

From her bent bow she sends a backward
wound.

Her maids, in martial pomp, on either side,
Larina, Tulla, fierce Tarpeia, ride:

Italians all; in peace, their queen's delight;
In war, the bold companions of the fight.

So march'd the Thracian Amazons of old,
When Thermodon with bloody billows
roll'd:

Such troops as these in shining arms were
seen,

When Theseus met in fight their maiden
queen:

Such to the field Penthisilea led,
From the fierce virgin when the Grecians
fled;

With such, return'd triumphant from the
war,

Her maids with cries attend the lofty car;
They clash with manly force their moony
shields;

With female shouts resound the Phrygian
fields.

Who foremost, and who last, heroic
maid,

On the cold earth were by thy courage
laid?

Thy spear, of mountain ash, Eumenius first,
With fury driv'n, from side to side trans-
pierc'd:

A purple stream came spouting from the
wound;

Bath'd in his blood he lies, and bites the
ground.

Liris and Pagasus at once she slew:
The former, as the slacken'd reins he drew
Of his faint steed; the latter, as he
stretch'd

His arm to prop his friend, the jav'lin
reach'd.

By the same weapon, sent from the same
hand,

Both fall together, and both spurn the sand.
Amastus next is added to the slain:

The rest in rout she follows o'er the plain:
Tereus, Harpalyceus, Demophoon,

And Chromis, at full speed her fury shun.
Of all her deadly darts, not one she lost;

Each was attended with a Trojan ghost.
Young Ornithus bestrode a hunter steed,

Swift for the chase, and of Apulian breed.
Him from afar she spied, in arms unknown:

O'er his broad back an ox's hide was
thrown;

His helm a wolf, whose gaping jaws were
spread

A cov'ring for his cheeks, and grinn'd
around his head.

He clench'd within his hand an iron prong,
And tower'd above the rest, conspicuous in
the throng.

Him soon she singled from the flying train,
And slew with ease; then thus insults the
slain:

"Vain hunter, didst thou think thro' woods
to chase

The savage herd, a vile and trembling
race?

Here cease thy vaunts, and own my victory:
A woman warrior was too strong for thee.

Yet, if the ghosts demand the conqueror's
name,

Confessing great Camilla, save thy shame."
Then Butes and Orsilocheus she slew,

The bulkiest bodies of the Trojan crew;

But Butes breast to breast: the spear
descends

Above the gorget, where his helmet ends,
And o'er the shield which his left side
defends.

Orsiloehus and she their coursers ply:
He seems to follow, and she seems to fly;
But in a narrower ring she makes the race;
And then he flies, and she pursues the chase.

Gath'ring at length on her deluded foe,
She swings her ax, and rises to the blow;
Full on the helm behind, with such a sway
The weapon falls, the riven steel gives way:

He groans, he roars, he sues in vain for grace;
Brains, mingled with his blood, besmear his face.

Astonish'd Aunus just arrives by chance,
To see his fall, nor farther dares advance;
But, fixing on the horrid maid his eye,
He stares, and shakes, and finds it vain to fly;

Yet, like a true Ligurian, born to cheat,
(At least while fortune favor'd his deceit,)
Cries out aloud: "What courage have you shown,

Who trust your courser's strength, and not your own?"

Forego the vantage of your horse, alight,
And then on equal terms begin the fight:
It shall be seen, weak woman, what you can,

When, foot to foot, you combat with a man."
He said. She glows with anger and disdain,

Dismounts with speed to dare him on the plain,
And leaves her horse at large among her train;

With her drawn sword defies him to the field,

And, marching, lifts aloft her maiden shield.
The youth, who thought his cunning did succeed,

Reins round his horse, and urges all his speed;

Adds the remembrance of the spur, and hides

The goring rowels in his bleeding sides.

"Vain fool, and coward!" cries the lofty maid,

"Caught in the train which thou thyself hast hid!

On others practice thy Ligurian arts;
Thin stratagems and tricks of little hearts
Are lost on me: nor shalt thou safe retire,
With vaunting lies, to thy fallacious sire."
At this, so fast her flying feet she sped,

That soon she strain'd beyond his horse's head:

Then turning short, at once she seiz'd the rein,

And laid the boaster growling on the plain.

Not with more ease the falcon, from above,

Trusses in middle air the trembling dove,

Then plumes the prey, in her strong pounces bound:

The feathers, foul with blood, come tumbling to the ground.

Now mighty Jove, from his superior height,

With his broad eye surveys th' unequal fight.

He fires the breast of Tarchon with disdain,
And sends him to redeem th' abandon'd plain.

Betwixt the broken ranks the Tuscan rides,
And these encourages, and those he chides;

Recalls each leader, by his name, from flight;

Renews their ardor, and restores the fight.
"What panic fear has seiz'd your souls?"

O shame,
O brand perpetual of th' Etrurian name!

Cowards incurable, a woman's hand
Drives, breaks, and scatters your ignoble band!

Now cast away the sword, and quit the shield!

What use of weapons which you dare not wield?

Not thus you fly your female foes by night,
Nor shun the feast, when the full bowls invite;

When to fat off rings the glad augur calls,
And the shrill hornpipe sounds to bacchanals.

These are your studied cares, your lewd delight:

Swift to debauch, but slow to manly fight."

Thus having said, he spurs amid the foes,
Not managing the life he meant to lose.

The first he found he seiz'd, with headlong haste,

In his strong gripe, and clasp'd around the waist:

'T was Venulus, whom from his horse he tore,

And, laid athwart his own, in triumph bore.
Loud shouts ensue; the Latins turn their eyes,

And view th' unusual sight with vast surprise.

The fiery Tarchon, flying o'er the plains,
Press'd in his arms the pond'rous prey sus-
tains;

Then, with his shorten'd spear, explores
around

His jointed arms, to fix a deadly wound.¹⁰⁹⁹
Nor less the captive struggles for his life:
He writhes his body to prolong the strife,
And, fencing for his naked throat, exerts
His utmost vigor, and the point averts.

So stoops the yellow eagle from on high,
And bears a speckled serpent thro' the sky,
Fast'ning his crooked talons on the prey:
The pris'ner hisses thro' the liquid way;
Resists the royal hawk; and, tho' oppress'd,
She fights in volumes, and erects her
crest:

Tur'd to her foe, she stiffens ev'ry scale,
And shoots her forky tongue, and whisks
her threat'ning tail.

Against the victor, all defense is weak:
Th' imperial bird still plies her with his
beak;

He tears her bowels, and her breast he
gores;

Then claps his pinions, and securely soars.
Thus, thro' the midst of circling enemies,
Strong Tarchon snatch'd and bore away his
prize.

The Tyrrhene troops, that shrunk before,
now press

The Latins, and presume the like success.¹¹²⁰
Then Aruns, doom'd to death, his arts
assay'd,

To murder, unespied, the Volsian maid:
This way and that his winding course he
bends,

And, wheresoe'er she turns, her steps at-
tends.

When she retires victorious from the chase,
He wheels about with care, and shifts his
place;

When, rushing on, she seeks her foes in
fight,

He keeps aloof, but keeps her still in sight:
He threatens, and trembles, trying ev'ry way,
Unseen to kill, and safely to betray.

Chlorens, the priest of Cybele, from far,
Glitt'ring in Phrygian arms amidst the war,
Was by the virgin view'd. The steed he
press'd

Was proud with trappings, and his brawny
chest

With scales of gilded brass was cover'd o'er;
A robe of Tyrian dye the rider wore.

With deadly wounds he gall'd the distant
foe;

Gnosian his shafts, and Lycian was his bow:
A golden helm his front and head surrounds;
A gilded quiver from his shoulder
sounds.

Gold, weav'd with linen, on his thighs he
wore,

With flowers of needlework distinguish'd
o'er,

With golden buckles bound, and gather'd
up before.

Him the fierce maid beheld with ardent
eyes,

Fond and ambitious of so rich a prize,
Or that the temple might his trophies hold,
Or else to shine herself in Trojan gold.
Blind in her haste, she chases him alone,
And seeks his life, regardless of her own.

This lucky moment the sly traitor
chose;

Then, starting from his ambush, up he
rose,

And threw, but first to Heav'n address'd
his vows:

"O patron of Soracte's high abodes,
Phœbus, the ruling pow'r among the gods,
Whom first we serve, whole woods of un-
certain pine

Are fell'd for thee, and to thy glory shine;
By thee protected, with our naked soles,
Thro' flames unsing'd we march, and tread
the kindled coals:

Give me, propitious pow'r, to wash away
The stains of this dishonorable day:

Nor spoils, nor triumph, from the fact I
claim,

But with my future actions trust my fame.
Let me, by stealth, this female plague o'er-
come,

And from the field return inglorious home."
Apollo heard, and, granting half his pray'r,
Shuffled in winds the rest, and toss'd in
empty air.

He gives the death desir'd: his safe return
By southern tempests to the seas is borne.

Now, when the jav'lin whizz'd along the
skies,

Both armies on Camilla turn'd their
eyes,

Directed by the sound. Of either host,
Th' unhappy virgin, tho' concern'd the most,

Was only deaf; so greedy was she bent
On golden spoils, and on her prey intent;
Till in her paw the winged weapon stood

Infix'd, and deeply drunk the purple blood.
Her sad attendants hasten to sustain
Their dying lady, drooping on the plain.
Far from their sight the trembling Aruns
flies,

With beating heart, and fear confus'd with
joys; 1180

Nor dares he farther to pursue his blow,
Or ev'n to bear the sight of his expiring foe.
As, when the wolf has torn a bullock's hide
At unawares, or ranch'd a shepherd's side,
Conscious of his audacious deed, he flies,
And claps his quiv'ring tail between his
thighs:

So, speeding once, the wretch no more
attends,

But, spurring forward, herds among his
friends.

She wretch'd the jav'lin with her dying
hands,

But wedg'd within her breast the weapon
stands; 1190

The wood she draws, the steely point re-
mains;

She staggers in her seat with agonizing
pains:

(A gath'ring mist o'erclouds her cheerful
eyes,

And from her cheeks the rosy color flies:)
Then turns to her, whom of her female train
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with
pain:

"Acca, 'tis past! he swims before my sight,
Inexorable Death; and claims his right.

Bear my last words to Turnus; fly with
speed, 1199

And bid him timely to my charge succeed,
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve:
Farewell! and in this kiss my parting breath
receive."

She said, and, sliding, sunk upon the plain:
Dying, her open'd hand forsakes the rein;
Short, and more short, she pants: by slow
degrees

Her mind the passage from her body frees.
She drops her sword; she nods her plumed
crest,

Her drooping head declining on her breast:
In the last sigh her struggling soul expires,
And, murmur'ing with disdain, to Stygian
sounds retires. 1210

A shout, that struck the golden stars, en-
sued;

Despair and rage the languish'd fight re-
new'd.

The Trojan troops and Tuscans, in a line,
Advance to charge; the mix'd Arcadians
join.

But Cynthia's maid, high seated, from
afar

Surveys the field, and fortune of the war,
Unmov'd a while, till, prostrate on the
plain,

Wet'ring in blood, she sees Camilla slain,
And, round her corpse, of friends and
foes a fighting train.

Then, from the bottom of her breast, she
drew 1220

A mournful sigh, and these sad words ensue:
"Too dear a fine, ah much lamented maid,
For warring with the Trojans, thou hast
paid!

Nor aught avail'd, in this unhappy strife,
Diana's sacred arms, to save thy life.

Yet unreveng'd thy goddess will not leave
Her vot'ry's death, nor with vain sorrow
grieve.

Branded the wretch, and be his name ab-
horr'd;

But after ages shall thy praise record.
Th' inglorious coward soon shall press the
plain: 1230

Thus vows thy queen, and thus the Fates
ordain."

High o'er the field there stood a hilly
mound,
Sacred the place, and spread with oaks
around,

Where, in a marble tomb, Dercennus lay,
A king that once in Latium bore the sway.
The beauteous Opis thither bent her flight,
To mark the traitor Aruns from the height.
Him in refulgent arms she soon espied,
Sworn with success; and loudly thus she
cried:

"Thy backward steps, vain boaster, are
too late; 1240

Turn like a man, at length, and meet thy
fate.

Charg'd with my message, to Camilla go,
And say I sent thee to the shades below,
An honor undeserv'd from Cynthia's
bow."

She said, and from her quiver chose with
speed

The winged shaft, destin'd for the deed;
Then to the stubborn yew her strength ap-
plied,

Till the far distant horns approach'd on
either side.

The bowstring touch'd her breast, so strong
 she drew;
 Whizzing in air the fatal arrow flew. ¹²⁵⁰
 At once the twanging bow and sounding
 dart
 The traitor heard, and felt the point within
 his heart.
 Him, beating with his heels in pangs of
 death,
 His flying friends to foreign fields bequeath.
 The conqu'ring damsel, with expanded
 wings,
 The welcome message to her mistress
 brings.
 Their leader lost, the Volscians quit the
 field;
 And unsustain'd, the chiefs of Turnus yield.
 The frighted soldiers, when their captains
 fly,
 More on their speed than on their strength
 rely. ¹²⁶⁰
 Confus'd in flight, they bear each other
 down,
 And spur their horses headlong to the town.
 Driv'n by their foes, and to their fears re-
 sign'd,
 Not once they turn, but take their wounds
 behind.
 These drop the shield, and those the lance
 forego,
 Or on their shoulders bear the slacken'd
 bow.
 The hoofs of horses, with a rattling sound,
 Beat short and thick, and shake the rotten
 ground.
 Black clouds of dust come rolling in the sky,
 And o'er the darken'd walls and rampires
 fly. ¹²⁷⁰
 The trembling matrons, from their lofty
 stands,
 Rend heav'n with female shrieks, and wring
 their hands.
 All pressing on, pursuers and pursued,
 Are crush'd in crowds, a mingled multitude.
 Some happy few escape: the throng too late
 Rush on for entrance, till they choke the
 gate.
 Ev'n in the sight of home, the wretched sire
 Looks on, and sees his helpless son expire.
 Then, in a fright, the folding gates they
 close,
 But leave their friends excluded with their
 foes. ¹²⁸⁰
 The vanquish'd cry; the victors loudly
 shout;

'Tis terror all within, and slaughter all
 without.
 Blind in their fear, they bounce against the
 wall,
 Or, to the moats pursued, precipitate their
 fall.
 The Latian virgins, valiant with despair,
 Arm'd on the tow'rs, the common danger
 share:
 So much of zeal their country's cause in-
 spir'd;
 So much Camilla's great example fir'd.
 Poles, sharpen'd in the flames, from high
 they throw,
 With imitated darts to gall the foe. ¹²⁹⁰
 Their lives for godlike freedom they be-
 queath,
 And crowd each other to be first in death.
 Meantime to Turnus, ambush'd in the
 shade,
 With heavy tidings came th' unhappy
 maid:
 "The Volscians overthrown, Camilla kill'd;
 The foes, entirely masters of the field,
 Like a resistless flood, come rolling on:
 The cry goes off the plain, and thickens to
 the town."
 Inflam'd with rage, (for so the Furies fire
 The Daunian's breast, and so the Fates re-
 quire,) ¹³⁰⁰
 He leaves the hilly pass, the woods in vain
 Possess'd, and downward issues on the
 plain.
 Scarce was he gone, when to the straits,
 now freed
 From secret foes, the Trojan troops suc-
 ceed.
 Thro' the black forest and the ferny brake,
 Unknowingly secure, their way they take;
 From the rough mountains to the plain
 descend,
 And there, in order drawn, their line ex-
 tend.
 Both armies now in open fields are seen;
 Nor far the distance of the space between.
 Both to the city bend. Æneas sees, ¹³¹¹
 Thro' smoking fields, his hast'ning enemies;
 And Turnus views the Trojans in array,
 And hears th' approaching horses proudly
 neigh.
 Soon had their hosts in bloody battle join'd;
 But westward to the sea the sun declin'd.
 Intrench'd before the town both armies lie,
 While Night with sable wings involves the
 sky.

THE TWELFTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS

THE ARGUMENT

Turnus challenges Æneas to a single combat: articles are agreed on, but broken by the Rutili, who wound Æneas. He is miraculously cur'd by Venus, forces Turnus to a duel, and concludes the poem with his death.

WHEN Turnus saw the Latins leave the field,
Their armies broken, and their courage quell'd,

Himself become the mark of public spite,
His honor question'd for the promis'd fight;
The more he was with vulgar hate oppress'd,
The more his fury boil'd within his breast:
He rous'd his vigor for the last debate,
And rais'd his haughty soul to meet his fate.

As, when the swains the Libyan lion chase,
He makes a sour retreat, nor mends his pace;

But, if the pointed jav'lin pierce his side,
The lordly beast returns with double pride:
He wrenches out the steel, he roars for pain;
His sides he lashes, and erects his mane:
So Turnus fares; his eyeballs flash with fire,
Thro' his wide nostrils clouds of smoke expire.

Trembling with rage, around the court he ran,

At length approach'd the king, and thus began:

"No more excuses or delays: I stand
In arms prepar'd to combat, hand to hand,
This base deserter of his native land.
The Trojan, by his word, is bound to take
The same conditions which himself did make.

Renew the truce; the solemn rites prepare,
And to my single virtue trust the war.
The Latians unconcern'd shall see the fight;
This arm unaided shall assert your right:
Then, if my prostrate body press the plain,
To him the crown and beauteous bride remain."

To whom the king sedately thus replied:
"Brave youth, the more your valor has been tried,

The more becomes it us, with due respect,
To weigh the chance of war, which you neglect.

You want not wealth, or a successive throne,

Or cities which your arms have made your own:

My towns and treasures are at your command,

And stor'd with blooming beauties is my land;

Laurentum more than one Lavinia sees,
Unmarried, fair, of noble families.

Now let me speak, and you with patience hear,

Things which perhaps may grate a lover's ear,

But sound advice, proceeding from a heart
Sincerely yours, and free from fraudulent art.
The gods, by signs, have manifestly shown,
No prince Italian born should heir my throne:

Oft have our augurs, in prediction skill'd,
And oft our priests, a foreign son reveal'd.
Yet, won by worth that cannot be withstood,

Brib'd by my kindness to my kindred blood,
Urg'd by my wife, who would not be denied,

I promis'd my Lavinia for your bride:
Her from her plighted lord by force I took;
All ties of treaties, and of honor, broke:

On your account I wag'd an impious war —

With what success, 'tis needless to declare;

I and my subjects feel, and you have had your share.

Twice vanquish'd, while in bloody fields we strive,

Scarce in our walls we keep our hopes alive:
The rolling flood runs warm with human gore;

The bones of Latians blanch the neighb'ring shore.

Why put I not an end to this debate,
Still unresolv'd, and still a slave to fate?
If Turnus' death a lasting peace can give,
Why should I not procure it whilst you live?

Should I to doubtful arms your youth betray,

What would my kinsmen the Rutulians say?

And, should you fall in fight, (which Heav'n defend!)

How curse the cause which hasten'd to his end

The daughter's lover and the father's friend?

Weigh in your mind the various chance of war;

Pity your parent's age, and ease his care."

Such balmy words he pour'd, but all in vain:

The proffer'd medicine but provok'd the pain.

The wrathful youth, disdaining the relief,
With intermitting sobs thus vents his grief:
"The care, O best of fathers, which you take

For my concerns, at my desire forsake.
Permit me not to languish out my days,
But make the best exchange of life for praise.

This arm, this lance, can well dispute the prize;

And the blood follows, where the weapon flies.

His goddess mother is not near, to shroud
The flying coward with an empty cloud."

But now the queen, who fear'd for Turnus' life,

And loath'd the hard conditions of the strife,

Held him by force; and, dying in his death,
In these sad accents gave her sorrow breath:

"O Turnus, I adjure thee by these tears,
And whate'er price Amata's honor bears

Within thy breast, since thou art all my hope,

My sickly mind's repose, my sinking age's prop;

Since on the safety of thy life alone
Depends Latinus, and the Latian throne:

Refuse me not this one, this only pray'r,
To waive the combat, and pursue the war.

Whatever chance attends this fatal strife,
Think it includes, in thine, Amata's life.

I cannot live a slave, or see my throne
Usurp'd by strangers, or a Trojan son."

At this, a flood of tears Lavinia shed;
A crimson blush her beauteous face o'er-

spread,

Varying her cheeks by turns with white and red.

The driving colors, never at a stay,
Run here and there, and flush, and fade away.

Delightful change! Thus Indian iv'ry shows,

Which with the bord'ring paint of purple glows;

Or lilies damask'd by the neighb'ring rose.

The lover gaz'd, and, burning with desire,
The more he look'd, the more he fed the fire:

Revenge, and jealous rage, and secret spite,

Roll in his breast, and rouse him to the fight.

Then fixing on the queen his ardent eyes,
Firm to his first intent, he thus replies:

"O mother, do not by your tears prepare
Such boding omens, and prejudge the war.

Resolv'd on fight, I am no longer free
To shun my death, if Heav'n my death de-

crees."

Then turning to the herald, thus pursues:
"Go, greet the Trojan with ungrateful

news;
Denounce from me, that, when to-morrow's

light
Shall gild the heav'n's, he need not urge

the fight;
The Trojan and Rutulian troops no more

Shall dye, with mutual blood, the Latian shore:

Our single swords the quarrel shall decide,
And to the victor be the beauteous bride."

He said, and striding on, with speedy pace,

He sought his coursers of the Thracian race.

At his approach they toss their heads on high,

And, proudly neighing, promise victory.
The sires of these Orythia sent from far,

To grace Filumnus, when he went to war.
The drifts of Thracian snows were scarce

so white,
Nor northern winds in fleetness match'd

their flight.
Officious grooms stand ready by

And some with combs their flowing manes divide,

And others stroke their chests and gently soothe their pride.

He sheath'd his limbs in arms; a temper'd mass

Of golden metal those, and mountain brass.
Then to his head his glitt'ring helm he tied,

And girt his faithful fauchion to his side. 130
In his Etnean forge, the God of Fire

That fauchion labor'd for the hero's sire;
Immortal keenness on the blade bestow'd,

And plung'd it hissing in the Stygian flood.
Propp'd on a pillar, which the ceiling bore,

Was plac'd the lance Auranca Actor wore;

Which with such force he brandish'd in his hand,

The tough ash trembled like an osier wand:
Then cried: "O pond'rous spoil of Actor slain,

And never yet by Turnus toss'd in vain, 150
Fail not this day thy wonted force; but go,
Sent by this hand, to pierce the Trojan foe!
Give me to tear his corslet from his breast,
And from that enuch head to rend the crest;

Dragg'd in the dust, his frizzled hair to soil,
Hot from the vexing ir'n, and smear'd with fragrant oil!"

Thus while he raves, from his wide nostrils flies

A fiery steam, and sparkles from his eyes.
So fares the bull in his lov'd female's sight:
Proudly he bellows, and preludes the fight; 160

He tries his goring horns against a tree,
And meditates his absent enemy;
He pushes at the winds; he digs the strand
With his black hoofs, and spurns the yellow sand.

Nor less the Trojan, in his Lemnian arms,
To future fight his manly courage warms:
He whets his fury, and with joy prepares
To terminate at once the ling'ring wars;
To cheer his chiefs and tender son, relates
What Heav'n had promis'd, and expounds the fates. 170

Then to the Latian king he sends, to cease
The rage of arms, and ratify the peace.

The morn ensuing, from the mountain's height,

Had scarcely spread the skies with rosy light;

Th' ethereal coursers, bounding from the sea,
From out their flaming nostrils breath'd the day;

When now the Trojan and Rutulian guard,
In friendly labor join'd, the list prepar'd,
Beneath the walls they measure out the }
space;

Then sacred altars rear, on sods of }
grass, 180

Where, with religious rites, their common gods they place.

In purest white the priests their heads attire,

And living waters bear, and holy fire;
And, o'er their linen hoods and shaded hair,
Long twisted wreaths of sacred vervain wear.

In order issuing from the town appears
The Latin legion, arm'd with pointed spears;
And from the fields, advancing on a line,
The Trojan and the Tuscan forces join:
Their various arms afford a pleasing sight;
A peaceful train they seem, in peace prepar'd for fight. 191

Betwixt the ranks the proud commanders ride,
Glitt'ring with gold, and vests in purple dyed;

Here Mnestheus, author of the Memmian line,

And there Messapus, born of seed divine.
The sign is giv'n; and, round the listed space,

Each man in order fills his proper place.
Reclining on their ample shields, they stand,
And fix their pointed lances in the sand.

Now, studious of the sight, a num'rous throng 200

Of either sex promiscuous, old and young,
Swarm from the town: by those who rest behind,

The gates and walls and houses' tops are lin'd.

Meantime the Queen of Heav'n beheld the sight,

With eyes unpleas'd, from Mount Albano's height

(Since call'd Albano by succeeding fame,
But then an empty hill, without a name).

She thence survey'd the field, the Trojan pow'rs,

The Latian squadrons, and Laurentine tow'rs.

Then thus the goddess of the skies bespake, 210

With sighs and tears, the goddess of the lake,

King Turnus' sister, once a lovely maid,
Ere to the lust of lawless Jove betray'd:

Compress'd by force, but, by the grateful god,

Now made the Naïs of the neighb'ring flood.
"O nymph, the pride of living lakes," said she,

"O most renown'd, and most belov'd by me,
Long hast thou known, nor need I to record,

The wanton sallies of my wand'ring lord.
Of ev'ry Latian fair whom Jove misled 220

To mount by stealth my violated bed,
To thee alone I grudg'd not his embrace,

But gave a part of heav'n, and an unenvied place.

Now learn from me thy near approaching
grief,
Nor think my wishes want to thy relief.
While fortune favor'd, nor Heav'n's King
denied

To lend my succor to the Latian side,
I sav'd thy brother, and the sinking state:
But now he struggles with unequal fate,
And goes, with gods averse, o'ermatch'd
in might, ²³⁰

To meet inevitable death in fight;
Nor must I break the truce, nor can
sustain the sight.

Thou, if thou dar'st, thy present aid supply;
It well becomes a sister's care to try."

At this the lovely nymph, with grief oppress'd,

Thrice tore her hair, and beat her comely
breast.

To whom Saturnia thus: "Thy tears are
late:

Haste, snatch him, if he can be snatch'd
from fate:

New tumults kindle; violate the truce:
Who knows what changeful fortune may
produce? ²⁴⁰

'T is not a crime t' attempt what I decree;
Or, if it were, discharge the crime on me."
She said, and, sailing on the winged wind,
Left the sad nymph suspended in her mind.

And now in pomp the peaceful kings
appear:

Four steeds the chariot of Latinus bear;
Twelve golden beams around his temples
play,

To mark his lineage from the God of Day.
Two snowy coursers Turnus' chariot yoke,
And in his hand two massy spears he shook:
Then issued from the camp, in arms divine,
Æneas, author of the Roman line; ²⁵²

And by his side Ascanius took his place,
The second hope of Rome's immortal race.
Adorn'd in white, a rev'rend priest ap-
pears,

And off' rings to the flaming altars bears;
A porket, and a lamb that never suffer'd
shears.

Then to the rising sun he turns his eyes,
And strews the beasts, design'd for sacrifice,
With salt and meal: with like officious
care ²⁶⁰

He marks their foreheads, and he clips their
hair.

Betwix their horns the purple wine he
sheds;

With the same gen'rous juice the flame he
feeds.

Æneas then unsheath'd his shining sword,
And thus with pious pray'rs the gods
ador'd:

"All-seeing sun, and thou, Ausonian soil,
For which I have sustain'd so long a toil,
Thou, King of Heav'n, and thou, the Queen
of Air,

Propitious now, and reconcil'd by pray'r;
Thou, God of War, whose unresisted sway
The labors and events of arms obey; ²⁷¹

Ye living fountains, and ye running floods,
All pow'rs of ocean, all ethereal gods,
Hear, and bear record: if I fall in field,

Or, recreant in the fight, to Turnus yield,
My Trojans shall encrease Evander's town;
Ascanius shall renounce th' Ausonian crown:
All claims, all questions of debate, shall
cease;

Nor he, nor they, with force infringe the
peace.

But, if my juster arms prevail in fight, ²⁸⁰
(As sure they shall, if I divine aright,)

My Trojans shall not o'er th' Italians reign:
Both equal, both unconquer'd shall remain,
Join'd in their laws, their lands, and their
abodes;

I ask but altars for my weary gods.
The care of those religious rites be mine;
The crown to King Latinus I resign:
His be the sov'reign sway. Nor will I
share

His pow'r in peace, or his command in war.
For me, my friends another town shall
frame, ²⁹⁰

And bless the rising tow'rs with fair La-
vinia's name."

Thus he. Then, with erected eyes and
hands,

The Latian king before his altar stands.
"By the same heav'n," said he, "and earth,
and main,

And all the pow'rs that all the three con-
tain;

By hell below, and by that upper god
Whose thunder signs the peace, who seals
it with his nod;

So let Latona's double offspring hear,
And double-fronted Janus, what I swear:
I touch the sacred altars, touch the flames,
And all those pow'rs attest, and all their
names: ³⁰⁷

Whatever chance befall on either side,
No term of time this union shall divide:

No force, no fortune, shall my vows unbind,
Or shake the steadfast tenor of my mind;
Not tho' the circling seas should break their
bound,

O'erflow the shores, or sap the solid ground;
Not tho' the lamps of heav'n their spheres
forsake,

Hurl'd down, and hissing in the nether lake:
Ev'n as this royal scepter" (for he bore ³¹⁰
A scepter in his hand) "shall never more
Shoot out in branches, or renew the birth:
An orphan now, cut from the mother earth
By the keen ax, dishonor'd of its hair,
And cas'd in brass, for Latian kings to
bear."

When thus in public view the peace was
tied

With solemn vows, and sworn on either
side,

All dues perform'd which holy rites re-
quire;

The victim beasts are slain before the fire,
The trembling entrails from their bodies
torn, ³²⁰

And to the fatten'd flames in chargers
borne.

Already the Rutulians deem their man
O'ermatch'd in arms, before the fight be-
gan.

First rising fears are whisper'd thro' the
crowd;

Then, gath'ring sound, they murmur more
aloud.

Now, side to side, they measure with their
eyes

The champions' bulk, their sinews, and
their size:

The nearer they approach, the more is
known

Th' apparent disadvantage of their own.
Turnus himself appears in public sight ³³⁰

Conscious of fate, desponding of the fight.
Slowly he moves, and at his altar stands

With eyes dejected, and with trembling
hands;

And, while he mutters undistinguish'd
pray'rs,

A livid deadness in his cheeks appears.

With anxious pleasure when Juturna
view'd

Th' increasing fright of the mad multitude,
When their short sighs and thick'ning sobs
she heard,

And found their ready minds for change
prepar'd; ³³⁹

Dissembling her immortal form, she took
Camertus' mien, his habit, and his look;
A chief of ancient blood: in arms well
known

Was his great sire, and he his greater son.
His shape assum'd, amid the ranks she ran,
And humoring their first motions, thus
began:

"For shame, Rutulians, can you bear the
sight

Of one expos'd for all, in single fight?
Can we, before the face of heav'n, confess
Our courage colder, or our numbers less?
View all the Trojan host, th' Arcadian
band, ³⁵⁰

And Tuscan army; count 'em as they stand:
Undaunted to the battle if we go,

Scarce ev'ry second man will share a foe.

Turnus, 'tis true, in this unequal strife,
Shall lose, with honor, his devoted life,
Or change it rather for immortal fame,
Succeeding to the gods, from whence he
came:

But you, a servile and inglorious band,
For foreign lords shall sow your native
land,

Those fruitful fields your fighting fathers
gain'd, ³⁶⁰

Which have so long their lazy sons sus-
tain'd."

With words like these, she carried her
design:

A rising murmur runs along the line.
Then ev'n the city troops, and Latians,
tir'd

With tedious war, seem with new souls in-
spir'd:

Their champion's fate with pity they lament,
And of the league, so lately sworn, repent.

Nor fails the goddess to foment the rage
With lying wonders, and a false presage;

But adds a sign, which, present to their
eyes, ³⁷⁰

Inspires new courage, and a glad surprise.
For, sudden, in the fiery tracts above,

Appears in pomp th' imperial bird of Jove:
A plump of fowl he spies, that swim the
lakes,

And o'er their heads his sounding pinions
shakes;

Then, stooping on the fairest of the train,
In his strong talons truss'd a silver swan.

Th' Italians wonder at th' unusual sight;
But, while he lags, and labors in his flight,

Behold, the dastard fowl return anew, ³⁸⁰

And with united force the foe pursue:
Clam'rous around the royal hawk they fly,
And, thick'ning in a cloud, o'ershade the sky.

They cuff, they scratch, they cross his airy course;

Nor can th' incumber'd bird sustain their force;

But vex'd, not vanquish'd, drops the pond'rous prey,

And, lighten'd of his burthen, wings his way.

Th' Ausonian bands with shouts salute the sight,

Eager of action, and demand the fight.

Then King Tolumnius, vers'd in augurs' arts,

Cries out, and thus his boasted skill imparts:
"At length 'tis granted, what I long desir'd!

This, this is what my frequent vows requir'd.
Ye gods, I take your omen, and obey.

Advance, my friends, and charge! I lead the way.

These are the foreign foes, whose impious band,

Like that rapacious bird, infest our land:
But soon, like him, they shall be forc'd to sea

By strength united, and forego the prey. ³⁹⁹
Your timely succor to your country bring;
Haste to the rescue, and redeem your king."

He said; and, pressing onward thro' the crew,

Pois'd in his lifted arm, his lance he threw.
The winged weapon, whistling in the wind,
Came driving on, nor miss'd the mark design'd.

At once the cornel rattled in the skies;
At once tumultuous shouts and clamors rise.

Nine brothers in a goodly band there stood,
Born of Arcadian mix'd with Tuscan blood,
Gylippus' sons: the fatal jav'lin flew, ⁴¹⁰
Aim'd at the midmost of the friendly crew.

A passage thro' the jointed arms it found,
Just where the belt was to the body bound,

And struck the gentle youth extended on the ground.

Then, fir'd with pious rage, the gen'rous train

Run madly forward to revenge the slain.
And some with eager haste their jav'lins throw;

And some with sword in hand assault the foe.

The wish'd insult the Latine troops embrace,

And meet their ardor in the middle space. ⁴¹⁹
The Trojans, Tuscans, and Arcadian line,
With equal courage obviate their design.

Peace leaves the violated fields, and late
Both armies urges to their mutual fate.

With impious haste their altars are o'erturn'd,

The sacrifice half-broil'd, and half-unburn'd.
Thick storms of steel from either army fly,

And clouds of clashing darts obscure the sky;

Brands from the fire are missive weapons made,

With chargers, bowls, and all the priestly trade. ⁴³⁰

Latinus, frightened, hastens from the fray,
And bears his unregarded gods away.

These on their horses vault; those yoke the car;

The rest, with swords on high, run headlong to the war.

Messapus, eager to confound the peace,
Spurr'd his hot courser thro' the fighting prease,

At King Aulestes, by his purple known
A Tuscan prince, and by his regal crown;

And, with a shock encount'ring, bore him down.

Backward he fell; and, as his fate design'd,
The ruins of an altar were behind: ⁴⁴¹

There, pitching on his shoulders and his head,

Amid the scatt'ring fires he lay supinely spread.

The beamy spear, descending from above,
His cuirass pierc'd, and thro' his body drove.

Then, with a scornful smile, the victor cries:
"The gods have found a fitter sacrifice."

Greedy of spoils, th' Italians strip the dead
Of his rich armor, and mow down his head.

Priest Coryneus arm'd his better hand,
From his own altar, with a blazing brand;

And, as Ebusus with a thund'ring pace ⁴⁵²
Advanc'd to battle, dash'd it on his face:

His bristly beard shines out with sudden fires;

The crackling crop a noisome scent expires.

Following the blow, he seiz'd his curling crown

With his left hand; his other cast him down.

The prostrate body with his knees he press'd,

And plung'd his holy poniard in his breast.

While Podalirius, with his sword, pursued

The shepherd Alsus thro' the flying crowd,

Swiftly he turns, and aims a deadly blow

Full on the front of his unwary foe.

The broad ax enters with a crashing sound,

And cleaves the chin with one continued wound;

Warm blood, and mingled brains, besmear his arms around.

An iron sleep his stupid eyes oppress'd,

And seal'd their heavy lids in endless rest.

But good Æneas rush'd amid the bands;

Bare was his head, and naked were his hands,

In sign of truce: then thus he cries aloud:

"What sudden rage, what new desire of blood,

Inflames your alter'd minds? O Trojans, cease

From impious arms, nor violate the peace!

By human sanctions, and by laws divine,

The terms are all agreed; the war is mine.

Dismiss your fears, and let the fight ensue;

This hand alone shall right the gods and you:

Our injur'd altars, and their broken vow,

To this avenging sword the faithless Turnus owe."

Thus while he spoke, unmindful of defense,

A winged arrow struck the pious prince.

But, whether from some human hand it came,

Or hostile god, is left unknown by fame:

No human hand or hostile god was found,

To boast the triumph of so base a wound.

When Turnus saw the Trojan quit the plain,

His chiefs dismay'd, his troops a fainting train,

Th' unhop'd event his heighten'd soul inspires:

At once his arms and coursers he requires;

Then, with a leap, his lofty chariot gains,

And with a ready hand assumes the reins.

He drives impetuous, and, where'er he goes,

He leaves behind a lane of slaughter'd foes.

These his lance reaches; over those he rolls

His rapid car, and crushes out their souls:

In vain the vanquish'd fly; the victor sends

The dead men's weapons at their living friends.

Thus, on the banks of Hebrus' freezing flood,

The God of Battles, in his angry mood,

Clashing his sword against his brazen shield,

Lets loose the reins, and scours along the field:

Before the wind his fiery coursers fly;

Groans the sad earth, resounds the rattling sky.

Wrath, Terror, Treason, Tumult, and Despair

(Dire faces, and deform'd) surround the car;

Friends of the god, and followers of the war.

With fury not unlike, nor less disdain,

Exulting Turnus flies along the plain:

His smoking horses, at their utmost speed,

He lashes on, and urges o'er the dead.

Their fetlocks run with blood; and, when they bound,

The gore and gath'ring dust are dash'd around.

Thamyris and Pholus, masters of the war,

He kill'd at hand, but Sthenelus afar:

From far the sons of Imbracus he slew,

Glaucus and Lades, of the Lycian crew;

Both taught to fight on foot, in battle join'd,

Or mount the courser that outstrips the wind.

Meantime Eumedes, vaunting in the field,

New fir'd the Trojans, and their foes repell'd.

This son of Dolon bore his grandsire's name,

But emulated more his father's fame;

His guileful father, sent a nightly spy,

The Grecian camp and order to desery:

Hard enterprise! and well he might require

Achilles' car and horses, for his hire:

But, met upon the scout, th' Ætolian prince

In death bestow'd a juster recompense.

Fierce Turnus view'd the Trojan from afar,

And launch'd his jav'lin from his lofty car;

Then lightly leaping down, pursued the blow,

And, pressing with his foot his prostrate
foe,
Wrench'd from his feeble hold the shining
sword,

And plung'd it in the bosom of its lord.
"Possess," said he, "the fruit of all thy
pains,

And measure, at thy length, our Latian
plains.

Thus are my foes rewarded by my hand;
Thus may they build their town, and thus
enjoy the land!"

Then Dares, Butes, Sybaris he slew, 540
Whom o'er his neck his flound'ring courser
threw.

As when loud Boreas, with his blust'ring
train,

Stoops from above, incumbent on the main;
Where'er he flies, he drives the rack before,
And rolls the billows on th' Ægean shore:
So, where resistless Turnus takes his course,
The scatter'd squadrons bend before his
force;

His crest of horses' hair is blown behind
By adverse air, and rustles in the wind.

This haughty Phegeus saw with high
disdain, 550

And, as the chariot roll'd along the plain, }
Light from the ground he leapt, and }
seiz'd the rein.

Thus hung in air, he still retain'd his hold,
The coursers frighted, and their course
controll'd.

The lance of Turnus reach'd him as he hung,
And pierc'd his plated arms, but pass'd
along,

And only raz'd the skin. He turn'd, and
held

Against his threat'ning foe his ample shield;
Then call'd for aid: but, while he cried in
vain,

The chariot bore him backward on the
plain. 560

He lies revers'd; the victor king descends,
And strikes so justly where his helmet ends,
He lops the head. The Latian fields are
drunk

With streams that issue from the bleeding
trunk.

While he triumphs, and while the Trojans
yield,

The wounded prince is forc'd to leave the
field:

Strong Mnestheus, and Achates often tried,
And young Ascanius, weeping by his side,

Conduct him to his tent. Scarce can he
rear

His limbs from earth, supported on his
spear. 570

Resolv'd in mind, regardless of the smart,
He tugs with both his hands, and breaks
the dart.

The steel remains. No readier way he
found

To draw the weapon, than t' enlarge the
wound.

Eager of flight, impatient of delay,
He begs; and his unwilling friends obey.

Iapis was at hand to prove his art,
Whose blooming youth so fir'd Apollo's
heart,

That, for his love, he proffer'd to bestow
His tuneful harp and his unerring bow. 580

The pious youth, more studious how to save
His aged sire, now sinking to the grave,
Preferr'd the pow'r of plants, and silent
praise

Of healing arts, before Phœbean bays.

Propp'd on his lance the pensive hero
stood,

And heard and saw, unmov'd, the mourning
crowd.

The fam'd physician tucks his robes around
With ready hands, and hastens to the
wound.

With gentle touches he performs his part,
This way and that, soliciting the dart, 590
And exercises all his heav'nly art.

All soft'ning simples, known of sov'reign
use,

He presses out, and pours their noble juice.

These first infus'd, to lenify the pain,

He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain.

Then to the patron of his art he pray'd:

The patron of his art refus'd his aid.

Meantime the war approaches to the
tents;

Th' alarm grows hotter, and the noise
augments:

The driving dust proclaims the danger
near; 600

And first their friends, and then their
foes appear:

Their friends retreat; their foes pursue
the rear.

The camp is fill'd with terror and affright:
The hissing shafts within the trench alight;

An undistinguish'd noise ascends the sky,

The shouts of those who kill, and groans of
those who die.

But now the goddess mother, mov'd with
grief,
And pierc'd with pity, hastens her relief.
A branch of healing dittany she brought,
Which in the Cretan fields with care she
sought:
Rough is the stem, which woolly leaves⁶¹⁰
surround;
The leaves with flow'rs, the flow'rs with
purple crown'd,
Well known to wounded goats; a sure
relief
To draw the pointed steel, and ease the
grief.
This Venus brings, in clouds involv'd, and
brews
Th' extracted liquor with ambrosian dews,
And od'rous panacee. Unseen she stands,
Temp'ring the mixture with her heav'nly
hands,
And pours it in a bowl, already crown'd
With juice of med'c'nal herbs prepar'd to
bathe the wound.⁶²⁰
The leech, unknowing of superior art
Which aids the cure, with this foments
the part;
And in a moment ceas'd the raging
smart.
Stanch'd is the blood, and in the bottom
stands:
The steel, but scarcely touch'd with tender
hands,
Moves up, and follows of its own accord,
And health and vigor are at once restor'd.
Lapis first perceiv'd the closing wound,
And first the footsteps of a god he found.
"Arms! arms!" he cries: "the sword and
shield prepare,⁶³⁰
And send the willing chief, renew'd, to war.
This is no mortal work, no cure of mine,
Nor art's effect, but done by hands divine.
Some god our general to the battle sends;
Some god preserves his life for greater
ends."
The hero arms in haste; his hands in-
fold
His thighs with cuishes of refulgent gold:
Inflam'd to fight, and rushing to the field,
That hand sustaining the celestial shield,
This grips the lance, and with such vigor
shakes,⁶⁴⁰
That to the rest the beamy weapon quakes.
Then with a close embrace he strain'd his
son,
And, kissing thro' his helmet, thus begun:

"My son, from my example learn the
war,
In camps to suffer, and in fields to dare;
But happier chance than mine attend thy
care!
This day my hand thy tender age shall
shield,
And crown with honors of the conquer'd
field:
Thou, when thy riper years shall send thee
forth⁶⁴⁹
To toils of war, be mindful of my worth;
Assert thy birthright, and in arms be
known,
For Hector's nephew, and Æneas' son."
He said; and, striding, issued on the plain.
Anteus and Mnestheus, and a num'rous
train,
Attend his steps; the rest their weapons
take,
And, crowding to the field, the camp for-
sake.
A cloud of blinding dust is rais'd around,
Labors beneath their feet the trembling
ground.
Now Turnus, posted on a hill, from far
Beheld the progress of the moving war:⁶⁶⁰
With him the Latins view'd the cover'd
plains,
And the chill blood ran backward in their
veins.
Juturna saw th' advancing troops appear,
And heard the hostile sound, and fled for
fear.
Æneas leads; and draws a sweeping train,
Clos'd in their ranks, and pouring on the
plain.
As when a whirlwind, rushing to the shore
From the mid ocean, drives the waves be-
fore;
The painful hind with heavy heart foresees
The flattened fields, and slaughter of the
trees;⁶⁷⁰
With like impetuous rage the prince ap-
pears
Before his doubled front, nor less destruc-
tion bears.
And now both armies shock in open field;
Osiris is by strong Thymbreus kill'd.
Archetius, Ufens, Epulon, are slain
(All fam'd in arms, and of the Latian train)
By Gyas', Mnestheus', and Achates' hand.
The fatal angur falls, by whose command
The truce was broken, and whose lance, em-
bued

With Trojan blood, th' unhappy fight re-
new'd. 680

Loud shouts and clamors rend the liquid
sky,

And o'er the field the frightened Latins fly.
The prince disdains the dastards to pursue,
Nor moves to meet in arms the fighting
few;

Turnus alone, amid the dusky plain,
He seeks, and to the combat calls in vain.
Juturna heard, and, seiz'd with mortal fear,
Fore'd from the beam her brother's char-
ioteer;

Assumes his shape, his armor, and his
mien,

And, like Metiscus, in his seat is seen. 690
As the black swallow near the palace
plies;

O'er empty courts, and under arches, flies;
Now hawks aloft, now skims along the
flood,

To furnish her loquacious nest with food:
So drives the rapid goddess o'er the plains;
The smoking horses run with loosen'd reins.
She steers a various course among the foes;
Now here, now there, her conqu'ring brother
shows;

Now with a straight, now with a wheeling
flight,

She turns, and bends, but shuns the single
flight. 700

Æneas, fir'd with fury, breaks the crowd,
And seeks his foe, and calls by name aloud:
He runs within a narrower ring, and tries
To stop the chariot; but the chariot flies.
If he but gain a glimpse, Juturna fears,
And far away the Daunian hero bears.

What should he do! Nor arts nor arms
avail;

And various cares in vain his mind assail.
The great Messapus, thund'ring thro' the
field,

In his left hand two pointed jav'lins held: 710
Encount'ring on the prince, one dart he
drew,

And with unerring aim and utmost vigor
threw.

Æneas saw it come, and, stooping low
Beneath his buckler, shunn'd the threat'n-
ing blow.

The weapon hiss'd above his head, and tore
The waving plume which on his helm he
wore.

For'd by this hostile act, and fir'd with
spite,

That flying Turnus still declin'd the fight,
The prince, whose piety had long re-
pell'd

His inborn ardor, now invades the field; 720
Invokes the pow'rs of violated peace,
Their rites and injur'd altars to redress;
Then, to his rage abandoning the rein,
With blood and slaughter'd bodies fills the
plain.

What god can tell, what numbers can
display,

The various labors of that fatal day;
What chiefs and champions fell on either
side,

In combat slain, or by what deaths they
died;

Whom Turnus, whom the Trojan hero
kill'd;

Who shar'd the fame and fortune of the
field! 730

Jove, could'st thou view, and not avert }
thy sight,

Two jarring nations join'd in cruel fight, }
Whom leagues of lasting love so shortly
shall unite!

Æneas first Rutulian Suero found,
Whose valor made the Trojans quit their
ground;

Betwixt his ribs the jav'lin drove so just,
It reach'd his heart, nor needs a second
thrust.

Now Turnus, at two blows, two brethren
slew;

First from his horse fierce Amycus he
threw:

Then, leaping on the ground, on foot as-
sail'd 740

Diore, and in equal fight prevail'd.
Their lifeless trunks he leaves upon the
place;

Their heads, distilling gore, his chariot
grace.

Three cold on earth the Trojan hero
threw,

Whom without respite at one charge he
slew:

Cethegus, Tanais, Tagus, fell oppress'd.
And sad Onythes, added to the rest,
Of Theban blood, whom Peridia bore.

Turnus two brothers from the Lycian
shore,

And from Apollo's faue to battle sent, 750
O'erthrew; nor Phœbus could their fate
prevent.

Peaceful Menœtes after these he kill'd,

Who long had shunn'd the dangers of the field;

On Lerna's lake a silent life he led,
And with his nets and angle earn'd his bread;

Nor pompous cares, nor palaces, he knew,
But wisely from th' infectious world withdrew:

Poor was his house; his father's painful hand

Discharg'd his rent, and plow'd another's land.

As flames among the lofty woods are thrown

On different sides, and both by winds are blown;

The laurels crackle in the sputt'ring fire;
The frightened sylvans from their shades retire:

Or as two neighb'ring torrents fall from high;

Rapid they run; the foamy waters fry;
They roll to sea with unresisted force,
And down the rocks precipitate their course:
Not with less rage the rival heroes take
Their different ways, nor less destruction make.

With spears afar, with swords at hand, they strike;

And zeal of slaughter fires their souls alike.
Like them, their dauntless men maintain the field;

And hearts are pierc'd, unknowing how to yield:

They blow for blow return, and wound for wound;

And heaps of bodies raise the level ground.
Murranus, boasting of his blood, that springs

From a long royal race of Latian kings,
Is by the Trojan from his chariot thrown,
Crush'd with the weight of an unwieldy stone:

Betwixt the wheels he fell; the wheels, that bore

His living load, his dying body tore.
His starting steeds, to shun the glitt'ring sword,

Paw down his trampled limbs, forgetful of their lord.

Fierce Hyllus threaten'd high, and, face to face,

Affronted Turnus in the middle space:
The prince encounter'd him in full career,
And at his temples aim'd the deadly spear;

So fatally the flying weapon sped,
That thro' his brazen helm it pierc'd his head.

Nor, Cisseus, couldst thou scape from Turnus' hand,

In vain the strongest of th' Arcadian band:
Nor to Cupentus could his gods afford
Availing aid against th' Ænean sword,
Which to his naked heart pursued the course;

Nor could his plated shield sustain the force.

Iolas fell, whom not the Grecian pow'rs,
Nor great subverter of the Trojan tow'rs,
Were doom'd to kill, while Heav'n prolong'd his date;

But who can pass the bounds prefix'd by fate?

In high Lyrnessus, and in Troy, he held
Two palaces, and was from each expell'd:
Of all the mighty man, the last remains
A little spot of foreign earth contains.

And now both hosts their broken troops unite

In equal ranks, and mix in mortal fight.
Seresthus and undaunted Mnestheus join
The Trojan, Tuscan, and Arcadian line:
Sea-born Messapus, with Atinas, heads
The Latin squadrons, and to battle leads.

They strike, they push, they throng the scanty space,
Resolv'd on death, impatient of disgrace;
And, where one falls, another fills his place.

The Cyprian goddess now inspires her son

To leave th' unfinish'd fight, and storm the town:

For, while he rolls his eyes around the plain
In quest of Turnus, whom he seeks in vain,
He views th' unguarded city from afar,
In careless quiet, and secure of war.

Occasion offers, and excites his mind
To dare beyond the task he first design'd.

Resolv'd, he calls his chiefs; they leave the fight:

Attended thus, he takes a neighb'ring height;

The crowding troops about their gen'ral stand,

All under arms, and wait his high command.

Then thus the lofty prince: "Hear and obey,

Ye Trojan bands, without the least delay.
Jove is with us; and what I have decreed

Requires our utmost vigor, and our speed.
Your instant arms against the town prepare,
The source of mischief, and the seat of
war. ⁸³⁰

This day the Latian tow'rs, that mate the
sky,

Shall level with the plain in ashes lie:
The people shall be slaves, unless in time
They kneel for pardon, and repent their
crime.

Twice have our foes been vanquish'd on the
plain:

Then shall I wait till Turnus will be slain?
Your force against the perjurd city bend:
There it began, and there the war shall
end.

The peace profan'd our rightful arms re-
quires;

Cleanse the polluted place with purging
fires. ⁸⁴⁰

He finish'd; and, one soul inspiring all,
Form'd in a wedge, the foot approach the
wall.

Without the town, an unprovided train
Of gaping, gazing citizens are slain.

Some firebrands, others scaling ladders
bear,

And those they toss aloft, and these they
rear:

The flames now launch'd, the feather'd
arrows fly,

And clouds of missive arms obscure the
sky.

Advancing to the front, the hero stands,
And, stretching out to heav'n his pious
hands, ⁸⁵⁰

Attests the gods, asserts his innocence,
Upbraids with breach of faith th' Ausonian
prince;

Declares the royal honor doubly stain'd,
And twice the rites of holy peace profan'd.

Dissenting clamors in the town arise;
Each will be heard, and all at once advise.
One part for peace, and one for war con-
tends;

Some would exclude their foes, and some
admit their friends.

The helpless king is hurried in the throng,
And, whate'er tide prevails, is borne along.
Thus, when the swain, within a hollow
rock, ⁸⁶¹

Invades the bees with suffocating smoke,
They run around, or labor on their wings,
Disus'd to fight, and shoot their sleepy
stings;

To shun the bitter fumes in vain they try;
Black vapors, issuing from the vent, in-
volve the sky.

But fate and envious fortune now prepare
To plunge the Latins in the last despair.

The queen, who saw the foes invade the
town,

And brands on tops of burning houses
thrown, ⁸⁷⁰

Cast round her eyes, distracted with her
fear—

No troops of Turnus in the field appear.
Once more she stares abroad, but still in
vain,

And then concludes the royal youth is slain.
Mad with her anguish, impotent to bear
The mighty grief, she loathes the vital air.
She calls herself the cause of all this ill,
And owns the dire effects of her ungovern'd
will;

She raves against the gods; she beats her
breast;

She tears with both her hands her purple
vest: ⁸⁸⁰

Then round a beam a running noose she
tied,

And, fasten'd by the neck, obscenely died.

Soon as the fatal news by Fame was
blown,

And to her dames and to her daughter
known,

The sad Lavinia rends her yellow hair
And rosy cheeks; the rest her sorrow
share:

With shrieks the palace rings, and mad-
ness of despair.

The spreading rumor fills the public
place:

Confusion, fear, distraction, and disgrace,
And silent shame, are seen in ev'ry face.

Latinus tears his garments as he goes, ⁸⁹¹
Both for his public and his private woes;

With filth his venerable beard besmears,
And sordid dust deforms his silver hairs.

And much he blames the softness of his
mind,

Obnoxious to the charms of womankind,
And soon seduc'd to change what he so
well design'd;

To break the solemn league so long desir'd,
Nor finish what his fates, and those of Troy,
requir'd.

Now Turnus rolls aloof o'er empty plains,
And here and there some straggling foes he
gleans. ⁹⁰¹

His flying coursers please him less and less,
Asham'd of easy fight and cheap success.
Thus half-contented, anxious in his mind,
The distant cries come driving in the wind,
Shouts from the walls, but shouts in mur-
murs drown'd;

A jarring mixture, and a boding sound.
"Alas!" said he, "what mean these dis-
mal cries?"

What doleful clamors from the town
arise?"

Confus'd, he stops, and backward pulls the
reins. ⁹¹⁰

She who the driver's office now sustains,
Replies: "Neglect, my lord, these new
alarms;

Here fight, and urge the fortune of your
arms:

There want not others to defend the wall.
If by your rival's hand th' Italians fall,
So shall your fatal sword his friends op-
press,

In honor equal, equal in success."

To this, the prince: "O sister — for I
knew

The peace infrin'g'd proceeded first from
you;

I knew you, when you mingled first in fight;
And now in vain you would deceive my
sight — ⁹²¹

Why, goddess, this unprofitable care?
Who sent you down from heav'n, involv'd
in air,

Your share of mortal sorrows to sustain,
And see your brother bleeding on the plain?
For to what pow'r can Turnus have re-
course,

Or how resist his fate's prevailing force?
These eyes beheld Murranus bite the
ground:

Mighty the man, and mighty was the
wound.

I heard my dearest friend, with dying
breath, ⁹³⁰

My name invoking to revenge his death.
Brave Ufens fell with honor on the place,

To shun the shameful sight of my disgrace.
On earth supine, a manly corpse he lies;

His vest and armor are the victor's prize.
Then, shall I see Laurentum in a flame,

Which only wanted, to complete my shame?
How will the Latins hoot their champion's
flight!

How Drances will insult and point them to
the sight!

Is death so hard to bear? Ye gods be-
low, ⁹⁴⁰
(Since those above so small compassion
show,)

Receive a soul unsullied yet with shame,
Which not belie my great forefather's
name!"

He said; and while he spoke, with flying
speed

Came Sages urging on his foamy steed:
Fix'd on his wounded face a shaft he bore,

And, seeking Turnus, sent his voice before:
"Turnus, on you, on you alone, depends

Our last relief: compassionate your friends!
Like lightning, fierce Æneas, rolling on, ⁹⁵⁰

With arms invests, with flames invades the
town:

The brands are toss'd on high; the winds
conspire

To drive along the deluge of the fire.
All eyes are fix'd on you: your foes re-
joice;

Ev'n the king staggers, and suspends his
choice;

Doubts to deliver or defend the town,
Whom to reject, or whom to call his son.

The queen, on whom your utmost hopes
were plac'd,

Herself suborning death, has breath'd her
last.

'Tis true, Messapus, fearless of his fate, ⁹⁶⁰
With fierce Atinas' aid, defends the gate:

On ev'ry side surrounded by the foe,
The more they kill, the greater numbers

grow;
An iron harvest mounds, and still remains

to mow.

You, far aloof from your forsaken bands,
Your rolling chariot drive o'er empty
sands."

Stupid he sate, his eyes on earth declin'd,
And various cares revolving in his mind:

Rage, boiling from the bottom of his breast,
And sorrow mix'd with shame, his soul

oppress'd; ⁹⁷⁰
And conscious worth lay lab'ring in his
thought,

And love by jealousy to madness wrought.
By slow degrees his reason drove away

The mists of passion, and resum'd her
sway.

Then, rising on his car, he turn'd his look,
And saw the town involv'd in fire and
smoke.

A wooden tow'r with flames already blaz'd,

Which his own hands on beams and rafters
rais'd;
And bridges laid above to join the space,
And wheels below to roll from place to
place.

"Sister, the Fates have vanquish'd: let us
go

The way which Heav'n and my hard fortune
show.

The fight is fix'd; nor shall the branded
name

Of a base coward blot your brother's fame.
Death is my choice; but suffer me to try
My force, and vent my rage before I die."
He said; and, leaping down without delay,
Thro' crowds of scatter'd foes he freed his
way.

Striding he pass'd, impetuous as the wind,
And left the grieving goddess far behind. 990
As when a fragment, from a mountain
torn

By raging tempests, or by torrents borne,
Or sapp'd by time, or loosen'd from the
roots —

Prone thro' the void the rocky ruin shoots,
Rolling from crag to crag, from steep to
steep;

Down sink, at once, the shepherds and their
sheep:

Involv'd alike, they rush to nether ground;
Stunn'd with the shock they fall, and
stunn'd from earth rebound:

So Turnus, hasting headlong to the town,
Should ring and shoving, bore the squadrons
down. 1000

Still pressing onward, to the walls he
drew,
Where shafts, and spears, and darts promiscuous flew,
And sanguine streams the slipp'ry ground
embue.

First stretching out his arm, in sign of
peace,

He cries aloud, to make the combat cease:
"Rutulians, hold! and Latin troops, retire!
The fight is mine; and me the gods require.
'Tis just that I should vindicate alone
The broken truce, or for the breach atone.
This day shall free from wars th' Ausonian
state, 1010

Or finish my misfortunes in my fate."

Both armies from their bloody work
desist,
And, bearing backward, form a spacious
list.

The Trojan hero, who receiv'd from fame
The welcome sound, and heard the champion's name,

Soon leaves the taken works and mounted
walls,

Greedy of war where greater glory calls.
He springs to fight, exulting in his force;
His jointed armor rattles in the course.

Like Eryx, or like Athos, great he
shows, 1020

Or Father Apennine, when, white with
snows,

His head divine obscure in clouds he hides,
And shakes the sounding forest on his sides.
The nations, overaw'd, surcease the fight;
Immovable their bodies, fix'd their sight.

Ev'n death stands still; nor from above
they throw

Their darts, nor drive their batt'ring-rams
below.

In silent order either army stands,
And drop their swords, unknowing, from
their hands.

Th' Ausonian king beholds, with wond'ring
sight, 1030

Two mighty champions match'd in single
fight,

Born under climes remote, and brought by
fate,

With swords to try their titles to the state.
Now, in clos'd field, each other from afar

They view; and, rushing on, begin the war.
They launch their spears; then hand to
hand they meet;

The trembling soil resounds beneath their
feet:

Their bucklers clash; thick blows descend
from high,

And flakes of fire from their hard helmets
fly.

Courage conspires with chance, and both
engage 1040

With equal fortune yet, and mutual rage.
As when two bulls for their fair female
fight

In Sila's shades, or on Taburnus' height;
With horns adverse they meet; the keeper
flies;

Mute stands the herd; the heifers roll their
eyes,

And wait th' event; which victor they shall
bear,

And who shall be the lord, to rule the lusty
year:

With rage of love the jealous rivals burn,

And push for push, and wound for wound
return;
Their dewlaps gor'd, their sides are lav'd in
blood;

Loud cries and roaring sounds rebellow
thro' the wood: ¹⁰⁵⁰

Such was the combat in the listed ground;
So clash their swords, and so their shields
resound.

Jove sets the beam: in either scale he
lays
The champions' fate, and each exactly
weighs.

On this side, life and lucky chance ascends;
Loaded with death, that other scale de-
scends.

Rais'd on the stretch, young Turnus aims a
blow

Full on the helm of his unguarded foe:
Shrill shouts and clamors ring on either
side, ¹⁰⁶⁰

As hopes and fears their panting hearts di-
vide.

But all in pieces flies the traitor sword,
And, in the middle stroke, deserts his lord.
Now 't is but death, or flight; disarm'd he
flies,

When in his hand an unknown hilt he spies.
Fame says that Turnus, when his steeds
he join'd,

Hurrying to war, disorder'd in his mind,
Snatch'd the first weapon which his haste
could find.

'T was not the fated sword his father bore,
But that his charioteer Metiscus wore. ¹⁰⁷⁰
This, while the Trojans fled, the toughness
held;

But, vain against the great Vuleanian shield,
The mortal-temper'd steel deceiv'd his
hand:

The shiver'd fragments shone amid the sand.
Surpris'd with fear, he fled along the
field,

And now forthright, and now in orbits
wheel'd:

For here the Trojan troops the list sur-
round,

And there the pass is clos'd with pools and
marshy ground.

Æneas hastens, tho' with heavier pace —
His wound, so newly knit, retards the
chase, ¹⁰⁸⁰

And oft his trembling knees their aid re-
fuse —

Yet, pressing foot by foot, his foe pursues.

Thus, when a fearful stag is clos'd around
With crimson toils, or in a river found,
High on the bank the deep-mouth'd hound
appears,

Still opening, following still, where'er he
steers;

The persecuted creature, to and fro,
Turns here and there, to scape his Umbrian
foe:

Steep is th' ascent, and, if he gains the land,
The purple death is pitch'd along the
strand. ¹⁰⁹⁰

His eager foe, determin'd to the chase,
Stretch'd at his length, gains ground at
ev'ry pace;

Now to his beamy head he makes his way,
And now he holds, or thinks he holds, his
prey:

Just at the pinch, the stag springs out with
fear;

He bites the wind, and fills his sounding
jaws with air:

The rocks, the lakes, the meadows ring
with cries;

The mortal tumult mounts, and thunders
in the skies.

Thus flies the Daunian prince, and, flying,
blames

His tardy troops, and, calling by their
names, ¹¹⁰⁰

Demands his trusty sword. The Trojan
threats

The realm with ruin, and their ancient
seats

To lay in ashes, if they dare supply
With arms or aid his vanquish'd enemy:

Thus menacing, he still pursues the course,
With vigor, tho' diminish'd of his force.

Ten times already round the listed place
One chief had fled, and t'other giv'n the
chase:

No trivial prize is play'd; for on the life
Or death of Turnus now depends the strife.

Within the space, an olive tree had
stood, ¹¹¹⁰

A sacred shade, a venerable wood,
For vows to Faunus paid, the Latins'
guardian god.

Here hung the vests, and tablets were in-
grav'd,

Of sinking mariners from shipwreck sav'd.
With heedless hands the Trojans fell'd the
tree,

To make the ground inclos'd for combat
free.

Deep in the root, whether by fate, or chance,
Or erring haste, the Trojan drove his lance;
Then stoop'd, and tugg'd with force im-
mense, to free

Th' incumber'd spear from the tenacious
tree;

That, whom his fainting limbs pursued in
vain,

His flying weapon might from far attain.

Confus'd with fear, bereft of human aid,
Then Turnus to the gods, and first to Fau-
nus pray'd:

"O Faunus, pity! and thou Mother Earth,
Where I thy foster son receiv'd my birth,
Hold fast the steel! If my religious hand
Your plant has honor'd, which your foes
profan'd,

Propitious hear my pious pray'r!" He
said,

Nor with successful vows invok'd their aid.
Th' incumbent hero wrench'd, and pull'd,
and strain'd;

But still the stubborn earth the steel de-
tain'd.

Juturna took her time; and, while in vain
He strove, assum'd Metiseus' form again,
And, in that imitated shape, restor'd
To the despairing prince his Daunian
sword.

The Queen of Love, who, with disdain and
grief,

Saw the bold nymph afford this prompt
relief,

T' assert her offspring with a greater deed,
From the tough root the ling'ring weapon
freed.

Once more erect, the rival chiefs ad-
vance:

One trusts the sword, and one the pointed
lance;

And both resolv'd alike to try their fatal
chance.

Meantime imperial Jove to Juno spoke,
Who from a shining cloud beheld the
shock:

"What new arrest, O Queen of Heav'n,
is sent

To stop the Fates now lab'ring in th'
event?

What farther hopes are left thee to pur-
sue?

Divine Æneas, (and thou know'st it
too,)

Foredoom'd, to these celestial seats is
due.

What more attempts for Turnus can be
made,

That thus thou ling'rest in this lonely
shade?

Is it becoming of the due respect

And awful honor of a god elect,

A wound unworthy of our state to feel,
Patient of human hands and earthly steel?

Or seems it just, the sister should re-
store

A second sword, when one was lost be-
fore,

And arm a conquer'd wretch against his
conqueror?

For what, without thy knowledge and
avow,

Nay more, thy dictate, durst Juturna do?

At last, in deference to my love, forbear
To lodge within thy soul this anxious care;

Reclin'd upon my breast, thy grief unload:
Who should relieve the goddess, but the
god?

Now all things to their utmost issue tend,
Push'd by the Fates to their appointed end.

While leave was giv'n thee, and a lawful
hour

For vengeance, wrath, and unresisted
pow'r,

Toss'd on the seas, thou couldst thy foes
distress,

And, driv'n ashore, with hostile arms op-
press;

Deform the royal house; and, from the
side

Of the just bridegroom, tear the plighted
bride:

Now cease at my command." The Thun-
d'rer said;

And, with dejected eyes, this answer Juno
made:

"Because your dread decree too well I
knew,

From Turnus and from earth unwilling I
withdrew.

Else should you not behold me here, alone,
Involv'd in empty clouds, my friends be-

moan,

But, gift with vengeful flames, in open
sight

Engag'd against my foes in mortal fight.
Tis true, Juturna mingled in the strife

By my command, to save her brother's life—
At least to try; but, by the Stygian lake,

(The most religious oath the gods can
take,)

With this restriction, not to bend the bow,
Or toss the spear, or trembling dart to
throw.

And now, resign'd to your superior might,
And tir'd with fruitless toils, I loathe the
fight. ¹¹⁹⁰

This let me beg (and this no fates with-
stand)

Both for myself and for your father's land,
That, when the nuptial bed shall bind the
peace,

(Which I, since you ordain, consent to
bless.)

The laws of either nation be the same;
But let the Latins still retain their name,
Speak the same language which they spoke
before,

Wear the same habits which their grand-
sires wore.

Call them not Trojans: perish the renown
And name of Troy, with that detested
town. ¹²⁰⁰

Latium be Latium still; let Alba reign,
And Rome's immortal majesty remain."

Then thus the founder of mankind re-
plies

(Unruffled was his front, serene his eyes):
"Can Saturn's issue, and heav'n's other
heir,

Such endless anger in her bosom bear?
Be mistress, and your full desires obtain;
But quench the choler you foment in vain.
From ancient blood th' Ausonian people
sprung,

Shall keep their name, their habit, and
their tongue. ¹²¹⁰

The Trojans to their customs shall be
tied:

I will, myself, their common rites pro-
vide;

The natives shall command, the foreign-
ers subside. ¹²²⁰

All shall be Latium; Troy without a name;
And her lost sons forget from whence they
came.

From blood so mix'd, a pious race shall
flow,

Equal to gods, excelling all below.

No nation more respect to you shall pay,
Or greater off'rings on your altars lay."

Juno consents, well pleas'd that her desires
Had found success, and from the cloud re-
tires. ¹²²¹

The peace thus made, the Thund'rer next
prepares

To force the wat'ry goddess from the wars.
Deep in the dismal regions void of light,
Three daughters at a birth were born to
Night:

These their brown mother, brooding on
her care,

Indued with windy wings to flit in air,
With serpents girt alike, and crown'd with
hissing hair. }

In heav'n the Diræ call'd, and still at hand,
Before the throne of angry Jove they stand,
His ministers of wrath, and ready still ¹²³¹
The minds of mortal men with fears to fill,
Whene'er the moody sire, to wreak his hate
On realms or towns deserving of their fate,
Hurls down diseases, death, and deadly
care,

And terrifies the guilty world with war.
One sister plague of these from heav'n he
sent,

To fright Juturna with a dire portent.
The pest comes whirling down: by far
more slow

Springs the swift arrow from the Parthian
bow, ¹²⁴⁰

Or Cydon yew, when, traversing the skies,
And drench'd in pois'nous juice, the sure
destruction flies.

With such a sudden and unseen a flight
Shot thro' the clouds the daughter of the
night.

Soon as the field inclos'd she had in view,
And from afar her destin'd quarry knew,
Contracted, to the boding bird she turns,
Which haunts the ruin'd piles and hallow'd
urns,

And beats about the tombs with nightly
wings,

Where songs obscene on sepulchres she
sings. ¹²⁵⁰

Thus lessen'd in her form, with frightful
cries

The Fury round unhappy Turnus flies,
Flaps on his shield, and flutters o'er his
eyes. }

A lazy chillness crept along his blood;
Chok'd was his voice; his hair with horror
stood.

Juturna from afar beheld her fly,
And knew th' ill omen, by her screaming
cry

And stridor of her wings. Amaz'd with
fear,

Her beauteous breast she beat, and rent
her flowing hair.

"Ah me!" she cries, "in this unequal
 strife ¹²⁶⁰
 What can thy sister more to save thy life?
 Weak as I am, can I, alas! contend
 In arms with that inexorable fiend?
 Now, now, I quit the field! forbear to
 fright
 My tender soul, ye baleful birds of night!
 The lashing of your wings I know too well,
 The sounding flight, and fun'ral screams of
 hell!
 These are the gifts you bring from haughty
 Jove,
 The worthy recompense of ravish'd love!
 Did he for this exempt my life from fate?
 O hard conditions of immortal state, ¹²⁷¹
 Tho' born to death, not privileg'd to die,
 But fore'd to bear impos'd eternity!
 Take back your envious bribes, and let me
 go
 Companion to my brother's ghost below!
 The joys are vanish'd: nothing now re-
 mains
 Of life immortal, but immortal pains.
 What earth will open her devouring womb,
 To rest a weary goddess in the tomb!"
 She drew a length of sighs; nor more she
 said, ¹²⁸⁰
 But in her azure mantle wrapp'd her head,
 Then plung'd into her stream, with deep
 despair,
 And her last sobs came bubbling up in air.
 Now stern Æneas waves his weighty
 spear
 Against his foe, and thus upbraids his fear:
 "What farther subterfuge can Turnus find?
 On empty hopes art harbor'd in his
 mind?
 One 'not thy swiftness can secure thy flight;
 with thy feet, but hands, the valiant
 And fight.
 thy shape in thousand forms, and
 M. dare ¹²⁹⁰
 Who, skill and courage can attempt in war;
 for the wings of winds, to mount
 "Wha the sky;
 i within the hollow earth to lie!"
 To stormpion shook his head, and made
 evis short reply:
 What fareats of thine my manly mind can
 sue ve;
 Divine Æle heav'n I dread, and partial
 too,)"
 Foredoom'd, more, but, with a sigh, repress'd
 due.orrow in his swelling breast.

Then, as he roll'd his troubled eyes
 around,
 An antique stone he saw, the common
 bound ¹³⁰⁰
 Of neighb'ring fields, and barrier of the
 ground;
 So vast, that twelve strong men of modern
 days
 Th' enormous weight from earth could
 hardly raise.
 He heav'd it at a lift, and, pois'd on high,
 Ran stag'ring on against his enemy,
 But so disorder'd, that he scarcely knew
 His way, or what unwieldy weight he threw.
 His knocking knees are bent beneath the
 load,
 And shiv'ring cold congeals his vital blood.
 The stone drops from his arms, and, falling
 short ¹³¹⁰
 For want of vigor, mocks his vain effort.
 And as, when heavy sleep has clos'd the
 sight,
 The sickly fancy labors in the night;
 We seem to run; and, destitute of force,
 Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course:
 In vain we heave for breath; in vain we
 cry;
 The nerves, unbrac'd, their usual strength
 deny;
 And on the tongue the falt'ring accents
 die:
 So Turnus far'd; whatever means he
 tried,
 All force of arms and points of art em-
 ploy'd, ¹³²⁰
 The Fury flew athwart, and made th'
 endeavor void.
 A thousand various thoughts his soul
 confound;
 He star'd about, nor aid nor issue found;
 His own men stop the pass, and his own
 walls surround.
 Once more he pauses, and looks out again,
 And seeks the goddess charioteer in vain.
 Trembling he views the thund'ring chief
 advance,
 And brandishing aloft the deadly lance:
 Amaz'd he cowers beneath his conqu'ring
 foe,
 Forgets to ward, and waits the coming
 blow. ¹³³⁰
 Astonish'd while he stands, and fix'd with
 fear,
 Aim'd at his shield he sees th' impending
 spear.

The hero measur'd first, with narrow
view,
The destin'd mark; and, rising as he
threw,
With its full swing the fatal weapon flew.
Not with less rage the rattling thunder
falls,
Or stones from batt'ring-engines break the
walls:
Swift as a whirlwind, from an arm so strong,
The lance drove on, and bore the death
along.
Naught could his sev'nfold shield the
prince avail, ¹³⁴⁰
Nor aught, beneath his arms, the coat of
mail:
It pierc'd thro' all, and with a grisly
wound
Transfix'd his thigh, and doubled him to
ground.
With groans the Latins rend the vaulted
sky:
Woods, hills, and valleys, to the voice
reply.
Now low on earth the lofty chief is laid,
With eyes cast upward, and with arms
display'd,
And, recreant, thus to the proud victor
pray'd:
"I know my death deserv'd, nor hope to
live:
Use what the gods and thy good fortune
give. ¹³⁵⁰
Yet think, O think, if mercy may be
shown —
Thou hadst a father once, and hast a son —
Pity my sire, now sinking to the grave;
And for Anchises' sake old Daunus save!
Or, if thy vow'd revenge pursue my death,
Give to my friends my body void of
breath!
The Lation chiefs have seen me beg my
life;
Thine is the conquest, thine the royal
wive:
Against a yielded man, 't is mean ignoble
strife."
In deep suspense the Trojan seem'd to
stand, ¹³⁶⁰
And, just prepar'd to strike, repress'd his
hand.
He roll'd his eyes, and ev'ry moment felt
His manly soul with more compassion melt;
When, casting down a casual glance, he
spied

The golden belt that glitter'd on his side,
The fatal spoils which haughty Turnus
tore
From dying Pallas, and in triumph wore.
Then, rous'd anew to wrath, he loudly cries
(Flames, while he spoke, came flashing
from his eyes):
"Traitor, dost thou, dost thou to grace
pretend, ¹³⁷⁰
Clad, as thou art, in trophies of my friend?
To his sad soul a grateful off'ring go!
'T is Pallas, Pallas gives this deadly blow."
He rais'd his arm aloft, and, at the word,
Deep in his bosom drove the shining sword.
The streaming blood stain'd his arms
around,
And the disdainful soul came rushing thro'
the wound.

FINIS

POSTSCRIPT TO THE READER

WHAT Virgil wrote in the vigor of his age, in
plenty and at ease, I have undertaken to *trans-*
late in my declining years; struggling with
wants, oppress'd with sickness, curb'd in my
genius, liable to be misconstrued in all I write;
and my judges, if they are not very equitable,
already prejudic'd against me, by the *lying*
character which has been given them of my
morals. Yet, steady to my principles, and not
dispirited with my afflictions, I have, by the
blessing of God on my endeavors, overcome all
difficulties, and, in some measure, acquitted
myself of the debt which I ow'd the public
when I undertook this work. In the first place,
therefore, I thankfully acknowledge to the Al-
mighty Power the assistance he has given me
in the beginning, the prosecution, and *conclusion*
of my present studies, which are more happily
perform'd than I could have promis'd to my-
self, when I labor'd under such discouragements.
For what I have done, imperfect as it
is for want of health and leisure to correct it,
will be judg'd in after ages, and possibly in the
present, to be no dishonor to my native country,
whose language and poetry would be more es-
teem'd abroad, if they were better understood.
Somewhat (give me leave to say) I have
added to both of them in the choice of *words*,
and harmony of numbers, which were wanting
(especially the last) in all our poets, even in
those who, being endued with genius, yet have
not cultivated their mother tongue with suffi-
cient care; or, relying on the beauty of their
thoughts, have judg'd the ornament of words,
and sweetness of sound, unnecessary. One is

for raking in Chaucer (our English *Ennius*) for antiquated words, which are never to be reviv'd but when sound or significance is wanting in the present language. But many of his deserve not this redemption, any more than the crowds of men who daily die, or are slain for sixpence in a battle, merit to be restor'd to life, if a wish could revive them. Others have no ear for verse, nor choice of words, nor distinction of thoughts; but mingle farthings with their gold, to make up the sum. Here is a field of satire open'd to me; but, since the Revolution, I have wholly renounc'd that talent: for who would give physic to the great, when he is uncall'd — to do his patient no good, and endanger himself for his prescription? Neither am I ignorant, but I may justly be condemn'd for many of those faults of which I have too liberally arraign'd others:

Cynthia aurem vellit, et admonuit.

'Tis enough for me, if the Government will let me pass unquestion'd. In the mean time, I am oblig'd, in gratitude, to return my thanks to many of them, who have not only distinguish'd me from others of the same party, by a particular exception of grace, but, without considering the man, have been bountiful to the poet; have encourag'd Virgil to speak such English as I could teach him, and rewarded his interpreter for the pains he has taken in bringing him over into Britain, by defraying the charges of his voyage. Even Cerberus, when he had receiv'd the sop, permitted *Æneas* to pass freely to Elysium. Had it been offer'd me, and I had refus'd it, yet still some gratitude is due to such who were willing to oblige me; but how much more to those from whom I have receiv'd the favors which they have offer'd to one of a different persuasion! Amongst whom I cannot omit naming the Earls of Darby and of Peterborough. To the first of these I have not the honor to be known; and therefore his liberality [was] as much unexpected as it was undeserv'd. The present Earl of Peterborough has been pleas'd long since to accept the tenders of my service: his favors are so frequent to me that I receive them almost by prescription. No difference of interests or opinion have been able to withdraw his protection from me; and I might justly be condemn'd for the most unthankful of mankind, if I did not always preserve for him a most profound respect and inviolable gratitude. I must also add, that, if the last *Æneid* shine amongst its fellows, 'tis owing to the commands of Sir William Trumbull, one of the principal secretaries of state, who recommended it, as his favorite, to my care; and, for his sake particularly, I have made it mine: for who would confess weariness, when he enjoin'd a

fresh labor? I could not but invoke the assistance of a Muse, for this last office:

*Extremum hæmo, Arcthusa —
— Negat quis carmina Gallo?*

Neither am I to forget the noble present which was made me by Gilbert Dolben, Esq., the worthy son of the late Archbishop of York, who, when I began this work, enrich'd me with all the several editions of Virgil, and all the commentaries of those editions in Latine; amongst which I could not but prefer the Dolphin's, as the last, the shortest, and the most judicious. Fabrini I had also sent me from Italy; but either he understands Virgil very imperfectly, or I have no knowledge of my author.

Being invited by that worthy gentleman, Sir William Bowyer, to Denham Court, I translated the *First Georgic* at his house, and the greatest part of the last *Æneid*. A more friendly entertainment no man ever found. No wonder, therefore, if both those versions surpass the rest, and own the satisfaction I receiv'd in his converse, with whom I had the honor to be bred in Cambridge, and in the same college. The *Seventh Æneid* was made English at Burleigh, the magnificent abode of the Earl of Exeter. In a village belonging to his family I was born; and under his roof I endeavor'd to make that *Æneid* appear in English with as much luster as I could; tho' my author has not given the finishing strokes either to it, or to the *Eleventh*, as I perhaps could prove in both, if I durst presume to criticise my master.

By a letter from Will. Walsh, of Abberley, Esq., (who has so long honor'd me with his friendship, and who, without flattery, is the best critic of our nation,) I have been inform'd that his Grace the Duke of Shrewsbury has procur'd a printed copy of the *Pastorals, Georgics*, and six first *Æneids*, from my bookseller, and has read them in the country, together with my friend. This noble person having been pleas'd to give them a commendation, which I presume not to insert, has made me vain enough to boast of so great a favor, and to think I have succeeded beyond my hopes; the character of his excellent judgment, the acuteness of his wit, and his general knowledge of good letters, being known as well to all the world, as the sweetness of his disposition, his humanity, his easiness of access, and desire of obliging those who stand in need of his protection, are known to all who have approach'd him, and to me in particular, who have formerly had the honor of his conversation. Whoever has given the world the translation of part of the *Third Georgic*, which he calls *The Power of Love*, has put me to sufficient pains to

make my own not inferior to his; as my Lord Roscommon's *Silenus* had formerly given me the same trouble. The most ingenious Mr. Addison of Oxford has also been as troublesome to me as the other two, and on the same account. After his *Bees*, my latter swarm is scarcely worth the hiving. Mr. Cowley's *Praise of a Country Life* is excellent, but 't is rather an imitation of Virgil than a version. That I have recover'd, in some measure, the health which I had lost by too much application to this work, is owing, next to God's mercy, to the skill and care of Dr. Gibbons and Dr. Hobbs, the two ornaments of their profession, whom I can only pay by this acknowledgment. The whole faculty has always been ready to oblige me, and the only one of them who endeavor'd to defame me had it not in his power. I desire pardon from my readers for saying so much in relation to myself, which concerns not them; and, with my acknowledgments to all my subscribers, have only to add, that the few *Notes* which follow are *par manière d'aquêt*, because I had oblig'd myself by articles to do somewhat of that kind. These scattering observations are rather guesses at my author's meaning in some passages than proofs that so he meant. The unlearn'd may have recourse to any poetical dictionary in English, for the names of persons, places, or fables, which the learned need not; but that little which I say is either new or necessary. And the first of these qualifications never fails to invite a reader, if not to please him.

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS ON VIRGIL'S WORKS IN ENGLISH

PASTORAL I, line 60. *There first the youth of heavenly birth I view'd*. Virgil means Octavius Cæsar, heir to Julius, who perhaps had not arriv'd to his twentieth year when Virgil saw him first. *Vide* his *Life*. Of heavenly birth, or heavenly blood, because the Julian family was deriv'd from Julius, son to Æneas, and grandson to Venus.

PAST. II, line 65. *The short narcissus*. That is, of short continuance.

PAST. III, line 95. *For him, the god of shepherds and their sheep*. Phœbus, not Pan, is here call'd the god of shepherds. The poet alludes to the same story which he touches in the beginning of the *Second Georgic*, where he calls Phœbus the Amphyrsian shepherd, because he fed the sheep and oxen of Admetus (with whom he was in love) on the hill Amphyrsus.

PAST. IV, line 72. *Begin, auspicious boy, &c*. In Latin thus, *Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem, &c*. I have translated the passage to this sense; that the infant, smiling on his mother, singles her out from the rest of the company about him. Erythræus, Bembus, and Joseph

Sealiger are of this opinion. Yet they and I may be mistaken; for, immediately after, we find these words, *cui non risere parentes*, which imply another sense, as if the parents smil'd on the newborn infant; and that the babe on whom they vouchsaf'd not to smile was born to ill fortune. For they tell a story, that when Vulcan, the only son of Jupiter and Juno, came into the world, he was so hard-favor'd that both his parents frown'd on him, and Jupiter threw him out of heaven: he fell on the island Lemnos, and was lame ever afterwards. The last line of the pastoral seems to justify this sense: *Nec deus hunc mensa, dea nec dignata cubili est*. For, tho' he married Venus, yet his mother Juno was not present at the nuptials to bless them; as appears by his wife's incontinence. They say also that he was banish'd from the banquets of the gods. If so, that punishment could be of no long continuance; for Homer makes him present at their feasts, and composing a quarrel betwixt his parents with a bowl of nectar. The matter is of no great consequence; and therefore I adhere to my translation, for these two reasons. First, Virgil had this following line, *Matri longa decem tulerunt fastidia menses*, as if the infant's smiling on his mother was a reward to her for bearing him ten months in her body, four weeks longer than the usual time. Secondly, Catullus is cited by Joseph Sealiger as favoring this opinion, in his *Epithalamium* of Manlius Torquatus:

*Torquatus, volo, parvulus,
Matri e gremio suo
Porrigens teneras manus,
Dulce vident ad patrem, &c.*

What if I should steer betwixt the two extremes, and conclude that the infant who was to be happy must not only smile on his parents, but also they on him? For Sealiger notes that the infants who smil'd not at their birth were observ'd to be *ἀνέλκτοι*, or sullen (as I have translated it) during all their life; and Servius and almost all the modern commentators affirm that no child was thought fortunate on whom his parents smil'd not at his birth. I observe farther, that the ancients thought the infant who came into the world at the end of the tenth month was born to some extraordinary fortune, good or bad. Such was the birth of the late Prince of Condé's father, of whom his mother was not brought to bed till almost eleven months were expir'd after his father's death; yet the College of Physicians at Paris concluded he was lawfully begotten. My ingenious friend, Anthony Henley, Esq., desir'd me to make a note on this passage of Virgil; adding (what I had not read) that the Jews have been so superstitious as to observe not only the first look or action of an infant, but also the first word which the parent or any of the assistants spoke after the birth; and from thence they gave a name to the child, alluding to it.

PAST. VI. My Lord Roscommon's notes on this pastoral are equal to his excellent translation of it; and thither I refer the reader.

PAST. VIII. The *Eighth* and *Tenth Pastorals* are already translated to all manner of advantage by my excellent friend Mr. Stafford. So is the episode of Canilla, in the *Eleventh Æneid*.

This *Eighth Pastoral* is copied by our author from two *Bucolics* of Theocritus. Spenser has follow'd both Virgil and Theocritus in the charms which he employs for curing Britomartis of her love. But he had also our poet's *Ceiris* in his eye; for there not only the enchantments are to be found, but also the very name of Britomartis.

PAST. IX. In the *Ninth Pastoral* Virgil has made a collection of many scattering passages which he had translated from Theocritus, and here he has bound them into a nosegay.

GEORGIC I. The poetry of this book is more sublime than any part of Virgil, if I have any taste. And if ever I have copied his majestic style, 'tis here. The compliment he makes Augustus, almost in the beginning, is ill imitated by his successors, Lucan and Statius. They dedicated to tyrants, and their flatteries are gross and fulsome. Virgil's address is both more lofty and more just. In the three last lines of this *Georgic*, I think I have discover'd a secret compliment to the emperor which none of the commentators have observ'd. Virgil had just before describ'd the miseries which Rome had undergone betwixt the triumvirs and the commonwealth party; in the close of all, he seems to excuse the crimes committed by his patron Caesar, as if he were constrain'd against his own temper to those violent proceedings, by the necessity of the times in general, but more particularly by his two partners, Anthony and Lepidus:

Pertur equis auriga, nec audit currus habenas.

They were the headstrong horses who hurried Octavius, the trembling charioteer, along, and were deaf to his reclaiming them. I observe, farther, that the present wars, in which all Europe and a part of Asia are engag'd at present, are wag'd in the same places here describ'd:

Atque hinc Euphrates, illinc Germania bellum, &c.

as if Virgil had prophesied of this age.

GEORG. II. The *Praises of Italy* (translated by the learned and every way excellent Mr. Chetwood), which are printed in one of my *Miscellany Poems*, are the greatest ornament of this book: wherein, for want of sufficient skill in gardening, agriculture, &c., I may possibly be mistaken in some terms. But concerning grafting, my honor'd friend Sir William Bowyer has assur'd me that Virgil has shewn more of poetry than skill, at least in relation to our more northern climates; and that many of our stocks will not receive such grafts as our poet tells us would bear in Italy. Nature has conspir'd with art to make the garden at Denham Court, of Sir William's own plantation, one of the most delicious spots of ground in England: it contains not above five acres (just the compass of Alcinoüs his garden, describ'd in the *Odyssees*); but Virgil says, in this very *Georgic*:

— *Laudato ingentia ruva;
Eriguum colito.*

GEORG. III, line 45. Next him *Niphates*, with inverted urn, &c. It has been objected to me that I understood not this passage of Virgil, because I call *Niphates* a river, which is a mountain in Armenia. But the river arising from the same mountain is also call'd *Niphates*; and, having spoken of Nile before, I might reasonably think that Virgil rather meant to couple two rivers than a river and a mountain.

Line 224. *The male has done*, &c. The transition is obscure in Virgil. He began with cows, then proceeds to treat of horses, now returns to cows.

Line 476. *Till the new Ram receives th' exalted sun*. Astrologers tell us that the sun receives his exaltation in the sign Aries: Virgil perfectly understood both astronomy and astrology.

GEORG. IV, line 27. *That, when the youthful prince*. My most ingenious friend, Sir Henry Shere, has observ'd, thro' a glass hive, that the young prince of the bees, or heir presumptive of the crown, approaches the king's apartment with great reverence, and for three successive mornings demands permission to lead forth a colony of that year's bees. If his petition be granted, which he seems to make by humble hummings, the swarm arises under his conduct; if the answer be, *le roi s'avisera*, that is, if the old monarch think it not convenient for the public good to part with so many of his subjects, the next morning the prince is found dead before the threshold of the palace.

Line 477. The poet here records the names of fifty river nymphs, and for once I have translated them all. But in the *Æneis* I thought not myself oblig'd to be so exact; for, in naming many men who were kill'd by heroes, I have omitted some which would not sound in English verse.

Line 656. The episode of Orpheus and Eurydice begins here, and contains the only machine which Virgil uses in the *Georgics*. I have observ'd, in the epistle before the *Æneis*, that our author seldom employs machines but to adorn his poem, and that the action which they seemingly perform is really produc'd without them. Of this nature is the legend of the bees restor'd by miracle, when the receipt which the poet gives would do the work without one. The only beautiful machine which I remember in the modern poets is in Ariosto, where God commands St. Michael to take care that Paris, then besieg'd by the Saracens, should be snecor'd by Rinaldo. In order to this, he enjoins the archangel to find Silence and Discord; the first to conduct the Christian army to relieve the town, with so much secrecy that their march should not be discover'd; the latter to enter the camp of the infidels, and there to sow dissension among the principal commanders. The heavenly messenger takes his way to an ancient monastery, not doubting there to find Silence in her primitive abode; but, instead of Silence, finds Discord: the

monks, being divided into factions about the choice of some new officer, were at *snic* and *snee* with their drawn knives. The satire needs no explanation. And here it may be also observ'd that ambition, jealousy, and worldly interest, and point of honor, had made variance both in the *cloister* and the camp; and strict discipline had done the work of Silence, in conducting the Christian army to surprise the Turks.

ÆNEID I, line 111. *And make thee father of a happy line.* This was an obliging promise to Æolus, who had been so unhappy in his former children, Macareus and Canace.

Line 196.

*The realms of ocean and the fields of air
Are mine, not his.*

Poetically speaking, the *fields of air* are under the command of Juno and her vicegerent Æolus. Why then does Neptune call them his? I answer, because, being god of the seas, Æolus could raise no tempest in the *atmosphere* above them without his leave. But why does Juno address to her own substitute? I answer, he had an immediate power over the winds, whom Juno desires to employ on her revenge. That power was absolute by land; which Virgil plainly insinuates: for, when Boreas and his brethren were let loose, he says at first, *terras turbine perflant*; then adds, *incubere mari*. To raise a tempest on the sea was usurpation on the prerogative of Neptune, who had given him no leave, and therefore was irrag'd at his attempt. I may also add, that they who are in a passion, as Neptune then was, are apt to assume to themselves more than is properly their due.

Line 451.

*O virgin! . . .
If, as you seem, the sister of the day,
Or one at least of chaste Diana's train.*

Thus in the original —

*O quam te memorem, virgo —
Aut Phœbi soror, aut nympharum sanguinis una?*

This is a family compliment, which Æneas here bestows on Venus. His father Anchises had us'd the very same to that goddess when he courted her. This appears by that very ancient Greek poem in which that amour is so beautifully describ'd, and which is thought Homer's, tho' it seems to be written before his age.

Line 980.

*Her princely guest
Was next her side.*

This, I confess, is improperly translated, and according to the modern fashion of sitting at table. But the ancient custom of lying on beds had not been understood by the unlearn'd reader.

ÆNEID II. The destruction of Veii is here shadow'd under that of Troy. Livy in his description of it seems to have emulated in his

prose, and almost equal'd, the beauty of Virgil's verse.

ÆNEID III, line 132.

And children's children shall the crown sustain.

Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis.

Virgil translated this verse from Homer, Homer had it from Orpheus, and Orpheus from an ancient oracle of Apollo. On this account it is that Virgil immediately subjoins these words, *hæc Phœbus, &c.* Eustathius takes notice that the old poets were wont to take whole paragraphs from one another, which justifies our poet for what he borrows from Homer. Bochartus, in his letter to Segravis, mentions an oracle which he found in the fragments of an old Greek historian, the sense whereof is this in English, that, when the empire of the Priamides should be destroy'd, the line of Anchises should succeed. Venus therefore, says the *historian*, was desirous to have a son by Anchises, tho' he was then in his decrepited age; accordingly she had Æneas. After this she sought occasion to ruin the race of Priam, and set on foot the intrigue of Alexander (or Paris) with Helena. She being ravish'd, Venus pretended still to favor the Trojans, lest they should restore Helen, in case they should be reduc'd to the last necessity. Whence it appears that the controversy betwixt Juno and Venus was on no trivial account, but concern'd the succession to a great empire.

ÆNEID IV, line 944.

*And, "Must I die," she said,
"And unreveng'd? 'Tis doubly to be dead!
Yet even this death with pleasure I receive:
On any terms, 'tis better than to live."*

This is certainly the sense of Virgil, on which I have paraphras'd, to make it plain. His words are these:

— *Moriemur invida?*

Sed moriamur, ait; sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.

Servius makes an interrogation at the word *sic*; thus: *Sic?* *Sic juvat ire sub umbras*; which Mr. Cowley justly censures. But his own judgment may perhaps be question'd; for he would retrench the latter part of the verse, and leave it a hemistich — *Sed moriamur, ait*. That Virgil never intended to have left any hemistich, I have prov'd already in the preface. That this verse was fill'd up by him with these words, *sic, [sic] juvat ire sub umbras*, is very probable, if we consider the weight of them; for this procedure of Dido does not only contain that *dura execratio, quæ nullo expiatur crimine*, (as Horace observes in his *Canidia*), but, besides that, Virgil, who is full of allusions to history, under another name describes the Decii devoting themselves to death this way, tho' in a better cause, in order to the destruction of the enemy. The reader who will take the pains to consult Livy in his accurate description of those Decii thus devoting themselves, will find a great resemblance betwixt these two passages. And 't is judiciously observ'd upon that verse:

— *Nulla fides populis nec fœdera sunt,*

that Virgil uses, in the word *sunt*, a *verbum juris*, a form of speaking on solemn and religious occasions. Livy does the like. Note also, that Dido puts herself into the *habitus Gabinus*, which was the girding herself round with one sleeve of her vest, which is also according to the Roman *pontifical*, in this dreadful ceremony, as Livy has observ'd; which is a farther confirmation of this conjecture. So that, upon the whole matter, Dido only doubts whether she should die before she had taken her revenge, which she rather wish'd; but, considering that this devoting herself was the most certain and infallible way of compassing her vengeance, she thus exclaims:

*Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras!
Hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto
Dardanis, et nostræ secum ferat omnia mortis!*

Those flames from far may the false Trojan view;
Those boding omens his base flight pursue!

which translation I take to be according to the sense of Virgil. I should have added a note on that former verse,

Infelix Dido, nunc te fata impia tangunt —

which, in the edition of Heinsius, is thus printed. *nunc te facta impia tangunt?* The word *facta*, instead of *fata*, is reasonably alter'd; for Virgil says afterwards, she died not by fate, nor by any deserv'd death, *nec fato, merita nec morte peribat*, &c. When I translated that passage, I doubted of the sense, and therefore omitted that hemistich, *nunc te fata impia tangunt*. But Heinsius is mistaken only in making an interrogation point instead of a period. The words *facta impia* I suppose are genuine; for she had perjur'd herself in her second marriage, having firmly resolv'd, as she told her sister in the beginning of this *Æneid*, never to love again, after the death of her first husband; and had confirm'd this resolution by a curse on herself, if she should alter it:

*Sed mihi vel tellus, optem, prius ima dehiscant, &c.
Ante, pudor, quam te violam, aut tun furæ resolvam.
Ille meos, priusquam qui me sibi junxit, amores
Abstulit: ille habeat secum, servetque sepulcro.*

ÆNEID V. A great part of this book is borrow'd from Apollonius Rhodius; and the reader may observe the great judgment and distinction of our author, in what he borrows from the ancients, by comparing them. I conceive the reason why he omits the horse race in the funeral games, was, because he shews Ascanius afterwards on horseback, with his troops of boys, and would not wear that subject threadbare, which Statius, in the next age, describ'd so happily. Virgil seems to me to have excell'd Homer in all those sports, and to have labor'd them the more in honor of Octavius, his patron, who instituted the like games for perpetuating the memory of his uncle Julius; piety, as Virgil calls it, or dutifulness to parents, being a most popular virtue among the Romans.

ÆNEID VI, line 586.

*The next, in place and punishment, are they
Who prodigally throw their lives away.*

*Proxima sorte tenent mœsti loca, qui sibi letum
Insontes peperere manu, luœnque perovis,
Proferere animas, &c.*

This was taken, amongst many other things, from the tenth book of Plato de *Republica*: no commentator besides Fabrinus has taken notice of it. Self-murder was accounted a great crime by that divine philosopher; but the instances which he brings are too many to be inserted in these short notes. Sir Robert Howard, in his translation of this *Æneid*, which was printed with his poems in the year 1660, has given us the most learned and the most judicious observations on this book which are extant in our language.

Line 733.

*Lo! to the secret shadows I retire,
To pay my penance till my years expire.*

These two verses in English seem very different from the Latine:

Discedam, explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.

Yet they are the sense of Virgil; at least, according to the common interpretation of this place: "I will withdraw from your company, retire to the shades, and perform my penance of a thousand years." But I must confess, the interpretation of those two words, *explebo numerum*, is somewhat violent, if it be thus understood, *minuam numerum*; that is: "I will lessen your company by my departure;" for Deiphobus, being a ghost, can hardly be said to be of their number. Perhaps the poet means by *explebo numerum*, *absolvam sententiam*; as if Deiphobus replied to the Sibyl, who was angry at his long visit: "I will only take my last leave of Æneas, my kinsman and my friend, with one hearty good wish for his health and welfare, and then leave you to prosecute your voyage." That wish is express'd in the words immediately following, *i decus, i nostrum*, &c., which contain a direct answer to what the Sibyl said before, when she upbraided their long discourse, *nos flendo ducimus horas*. This conjecture is new, and therefore left to the discretion of the reader.

Line 980.

*Know, first, that heav'n, and earth's compacted
frame,
And flowing waters, and the starry flame,
And both the radiant lights, &c.*

*Præcipio cælum, et terras, camposque liquentes,
Læcæntemque globum lunæ, Titaniæque astræ, &c.*

Here the sun is not express'd, but the moon only, tho' a less, and also a less radiant light. Perhaps the copies of Virgil are all false, and that, instead of *Titaniæque astræ*, he writ, *Titanaque, et astræ*; and according to those words I have made my translation. 'Tis most certain that the sun ought not to be omitted, for he is frequently call'd the life and soul of all the

world; and nothing bids so fair for a visible divinity to those who know no better, than that glorious luminary. The Platonists call God the *archetypal sun*, and the sun the visible deity, the inward vital spirit in the center of the universe, or that body to which that spirit is united, and by which it exerts itself most powerfully. Now it was the receiv'd hypothesis amongst the Pythagoreans, that the sun was situate in the center of the world. Plato had it from them, and was himself of the same opinion, as appears by a passage in the *Timæus*: from which noble dialogue is this part of Virgil's poem taken.

Line 1156.

Great Cato there, for gravity renown'd, &c.

Quis te, magne Cato, &c.

There is no question but Virgil here means Cato Major, or the Censor. But the name of Cato being also mention'd in the *Eighth Æneid*, I doubt whether he means the same man in both places. I have said in the preface that our poet was of republican principles; and have given this for one reason of my opinion, that he prais'd Cato in that line,

Secretisque piis, his dantem jura Catonem,

and accordingly plac'd him in the Elysian fields. Montaigne thinks this was Cato the Utican, the great enemy of arbitrary power, and a profess'd foe to Julius Caesar. Rucens would persuade us that Virgil meant the Censor. But why should the poet name Cato twice, if he intended the same person? Our author is too frugal of his words and sense to commit tautologies in either. His memory was not likely to betray him into such an error. Nevertheless I continue in the same opinion concerning the principles of our poet. He declares them sufficiently in this book, where he praises the first Brutus for expelling the Tarquins, giving liberty to Rome, and putting to death his own children, who conspir'd to restore tyranny. He calls him only an unhappy man, for being forc'd to that severe action:

*Infelix, utneque ferent ea facta minores,
Vincet amor patriæ, laudatque immensa cupido.*

Let the reader weigh these two verses, and he must be convinc'd that I am in the right, and that I have not much injur'd my master in my translation of them.

Line 1143.

*Embrace again, my sons, be foes no more;
Nor stain your country with her children's gore!
And thou, the first, lay down thy lawless claim,
Thou, of my blood, who bear'st the Julian name!*

This note, which is out of its proper place, I deferr'd on purpose, to place it here, because it discovers the principles of our poet more plainly than any of the rest.

*Tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo:
Profecte tela manu, sanguis meus!*

Anchises here speaks to Julius Caesar, and

commands him first to lay down arms; which is a plain condemnation of his cause. Yet observe our poet's incomparable address; for, tho' he shews himself sufficiently to be a Commonwealth's-man, yet in respect to Augustus, who was his patron, he uses the authority of a parent, in the person of Anchises, who had more right to lay this injunction on Caesar than on Pompey, because the latter was not of his blood. Thus our author cautiously veils his own opinion, and takes sanctuary under Anchises; as if that ghost would have laid the same command on Pompey also, had he been lineally descended from him. What could be more judiciously contriv'd, when this was the *Æneid* which he chose to read before his master?

Line 1221. *A new Marcellus shall arise in thee!* In Virgil thus: *Tu Marcellus eris.*

How unpoetically and baldly had this been translated: "Thou shalt Marcellus be!" Yet some of my friends were of opinion that I mistook the sense of Virgil in my translation. The French interpreter observes nothing on this place, but that it appears by it the mourning of Octavia was yet fresh for the loss of her son Marcellus, whom she had by her first husband, and who died in the year *ab urbe condita* 731; and collects from thence that Virgil, reading this *Æneid* before her in the same year, had just finish'd it; that from this time to that of the poet's death was little more than four years; so that, supposing him to have written the whole *Æneis* in eleven years, the first six books must have taken up seven of those years; on which account the six last must of necessity be less correct.

Now, for the false judgment of my friends, there is but this little to be said for them: the words of Virgil in the verse preceding are these:

— *Si qua fata aspera rumpas* —

as if the poet had meant: "If you break thro' your hard destiny, so as to be born, you shall be call'd Marcellus." But this cannot be the sense; for, tho' Marcellus was born, yet he broke not thro' those hard decrees which doom'd him to so immature a death. Much less can Virgil mean: "You shall be the same Marcellus by the transmigration of his soul." For according to the system of our author a thousand years must be first elaps'd before the soul can return into a human body; but the first Marcellus was slain in the second Punic war; and how many hundred years were yet wanting to the accomplishing his penance, may with ease be gather'd by computing the time betwixt Scipio and Augustus. By which 't is plain that Virgil cannot mean the same Marcellus, but one of his descendants, whom I call a new Marcellus; who so much resembled his ancestor, perhaps in his features and his person, but certainly in his military virtues, that Virgil cries out: *Quantum instar in ipso est!* which I have translated:

How like the former, and almost the same!

Line 1235.

Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn :
Of polish'd iv'ry this, that of transparent
horn.

Virgil borrow'd this imagination from Homer, *Odyssees* the 19th, line 562. The translation gives the reason why true prophetic dreams are said to pass thro' the gate of horn, by adding the epithet *transparent*, which is not in Virgil, whose words are only these :

*Sunt geminae Somni portae, quarum altera fertur
Cornu —*

What is pervious to the sight is clear ; and (alluding to this property) the poet infers such dreams are of divine revelation. Such as pass thro' the iv'ry gate are of the contrary nature, polish'd lies. But there is a better reason to be giv'n ; for the iv'ry alludes to the teeth, the horn to the eyes. What we see is more credible than what we only hear ; that is, words that pass thro' the portal of the mouth, or "hedge of the teeth ;" which is Homer's expression for *speaking*.

ÆNEID VII, line 109. (*Strange to relate !*) the flames, involv'd in smoke, &c. Virgil in this place takes notice of a great secret in the Roman divination : the lambent fires which rose above the head, or play'd about it, were signs of prosperity. Such were those which he observ'd in the *Second Æneid*, which were seen mounting from the crown of *Ascanius* :

*Ecce, levissumo de vertice visus fuit
Funderè humen opes.*

Smoky flames (or involv'd in smoke) were of a mix'd omen : such were those which are here describ'd ; for smoke signifies tears, because it produces them, and flames happiness. And therefore Virgil says that this omen was not only *mirabile visu*, but *horrendum*.

Line 367. *One only daughter heirs my crown and state.* This has seem'd to some an odd passage ; that a king should offer his daughter and heir to a stranger prince, and a wanderer, before he had seen him, and when he had only heard of his arrival on his coasts. But these critics have not well consider'd the simplicity of former times, when the heroines almost courted the marriage of illustrious men. Yet Virgil here observes the rule of decency : Lavinia offers not herself ; 'tis *Latinus* who propounds the match ; and he had been foretold, both by an augur and an oracle, that he should have a foreign son-in-law, who was also a hero ; fathers, in those ancient ages, considering birth and virtue, more than fortune, in the placing of their daughters ; which I could prove by various examples. The contrary of which being now practic'd, I dare not say in our nation, but in France, has not a little darken'd the luster of their nobility. That Lavinia was averse to this marriage, and for what reason, I shall prove in its proper place.

Line 1020.

And where Abella sees,
From her high tow'rs, the harvest of her trees.

I observe that Virgil names not Nola, which was not far distant from Abella ; perhaps because that city (the same in which Augustus died afterwards) had once refus'd to give him entertainment, if we may believe the author of his life. Homer heartily curses another city which had us'd him on the same manner ; but our author thought his silence of the Nolans a sufficient correction. When a poet passes by a place or person, tho' a fair occasion offers of rememb'ring them, 'tis a sign he is, or thinks himself, much disobligh'd.

ÆNEID VIII, line 34.

So, when the sun by day, or moon by night,
Strike on the polish'd brass their trembling
light, &c.

This similitude is literally taken from *Apollonius Rhodius*, and 'tis hard to say whether the original or the translation excels. But in the shield which he describes afterwards in this *Æneid*, he as much transcends his master Homer, as the arms of *Glaucus* were richer than those of *Diomedes* — *χρύσεα χαλκείων*.

Line 115.

*Æneas takes the mother and her brood,
And all on Juno's altar are bestow'd.*

The translation is infinitely short of Virgil, whose words are these :

— *Tibi, enim, tibi matrisque Juno,
Maestas, sacra ferens, et cum grege statim ad aram —*

for I could not turn the word *enim* into English with any grace, tho' it was of such necessity in the Roman rites that a sacrifice could not be perform'd without it. 'Tis of the same nature (if I may presume to name that sacred mystery) in our words of consecration at the altar.

ÆNEID IX, line 853.

At the full stretch of both his hands he drew,
And almost join'd the horns of the tough yew.

The first of these lines is all of monosyllables, and both verses are very rough, but of choice ; for it had been easy for me to have smooth'd them. But either my ear deceives me, or they express the thing which I intended in their sound ; for the stress of a bow which is drawn to the full extent is express'd in the harshness of the first verse, clogg'd not only with monosyllables, but with consonants ; and these words, the *tough yew*, which conclude the second line, seem as forcible as they are unharmonious. Homer and Virgil are both frequent in their adapting sounds to the thing they signify. One example will serve for both ; because Virgil borrow'd the following verses from Homer's *Odyssees* :

*Una Karasque Notusque ruunt, erebrique procellos
Africæ, et vastos volvant ad Ætiora fluctus.*

Σύν δ' Ἐβροσσε, Νότος' ἔπειαν, Ζεφύροσσε θυσῆας,
καὶ Βορέης αἰθρηγενεῖς, μέγα κύμα κυλινδῶν.

Our language is not often capable of these

beauties, tho' sometimes I have copied them, of which these verses are an instance.

Line 1094.

*His ample shield
Is falsified, and round with javelins fill'd.*

When I read this *Æneid* to many of my friends in company together, most of them quarrel'd at the word *falsified*, as an innovation in our language. The fact is confess'd; for I remember not to have read it in any English author, tho' perhaps it may be found in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*. But suppose it be not there, why am I forbidden to borrow from the Italian (a polish'd language) the word which is wanting in my native tongue? Terence has often Greciz'd; Lucretius has follow'd his example, and pleaded for it: *Sic quia me cogit patrii sermonis egestas*. Virgil has confirm'd it by his frequent practice; and even Cicero in prose, wanting terms of philosophy in the Latin tongue, has taken them from Aristotle's Greek. Horace has given us a rule for coining words, *si Greco fonte cadunt*; especially when other words are join'd with them, which explain the sense. I use the word *falsify* in this place to mean that the shield of Turnus was not of proof against the spears and jav'lines of the Trojans, which had pierc'd it thro' and thro' (as we say) in many places. The words which accompany this new one make my meaning plain, according to the precept which Horace gave. But I said I borrow'd the word from the Italian. *Vide* Ariosto, Cant. 26:

*Ma sì l' uabergo d' anibi era perfetto,
Che mai poter falsarlo in nessun canto.*

Falsar cannot otherwise be turn'd than by *falsified*; for his *shield was fals'd* is not English. I might indeed have contented myself with saying his shield was pierc'd, and bor'd, and stuck with javelins, *nec sufficit umbo ictibus*. They who will not admit a new word may take the old; the matter is not worth dispute.

ÆNEID X, line 241.

*Now, sacred sisters, open all your spring!
The Tuscan leaders, and their army sing.*

The poet here begins to tell the names of the Tuscan captains who follow'd *Æneas* to the war; and I observe him to be very particular in the description of their persons, and not forgetful of their manners; exact also in the relation of the numbers which each of them command. I doubt not but as, in the Fifth Book, he gave us the names of the champions who contended for the several prizes, that he might oblige many of the most ancient Roman families, their descendants; and as, in the Seventh Book, he muster'd the auxiliary forces of the Latins on the same account; so here he gratifies his Tuscan friends with the like remembrance of their ancestors, and, above the rest, *Mæcenas*, his great patron, who, being of a royal family in Etruria, was probably represented under one of the names here mention'd, then known among the Romans, tho', at so great a distance, unknown to us. And for his sake chiefly, as I

guess, he makes *Æneas* (by whom he always means Augustus) to seek for aid in the country of *Mæcenas*, thereby to deare his protector to his emperor, as if there had been a former friendship betwixt their lines. And who knows but *Mæcenas* might pretend that the Cilnian family was deriv'd from Tarchon, the chief commander of the Tuscans?

Line 312. *A choir of Nereids, &c.* These were transform'd from ships to sea nymphs. This is almost as violent a machine as the death of *Arctus* by a goddess in the *episode* of *Camilla*. But the poet makes use of it with greater art; for here it carries on the main design. These new-made divinities not only tell *Æneas* what had pass'd in his camp during his absence, and what was the present distress of his besieg'd people, and that his horsemen, whom he had sent by land, were ready to join him at his descent; but warn him to provide for battle the next day, and foretell him good success: so that this *episodical* machine is properly a part of the great poem; for, besides what I have said, they push on his navy with celestial vigor, that it might reach the port more speedily, and take the enemy more unprovided to resist the landing. Whereas the machine relating to *Camilla* is only ornamental; for it has no effect which I can find, but to please the reader, who is concern'd that her death should be reveng'd.

Line 662. *Nor I, his mighty sire, could ward the blow.* I have mention'd this passage in my preface to the *Æneis*, to prove that fate was superior to the gods, and that *Jove* could neither defer nor alter its decrees. Sir Robert Howard has since been pleas'd to send me the concurrent testimony of *Ovid*: 't is in the last book of his *Metamorphoses*, where *Venus* complains that her descendant, *Julius Cæsar*, was in danger of being murder'd by *Brutus* and *Cassius*, at the head of the commonwealth faction, and desires them to prevent that barbarous assassination. They are mov'd to compassion; they are concern'd for *Cæsar*; but the poet plainly tells us that it was not in their power to change destiny. All they could do was to testify their sorrow for his approaching death by foreshewing it with signs and prodigies, as appears by the following lines:

*Talia nequequam toto Venus aurea celo
Verba jecit; superosque movet: qui rumpere quam
Ferreæ non possunt veterum decreta sororum,
Signa tamen tuctus dant haud incerta futuri.*

Then she addresses to her father, *Jupiter*, hoping aid from him, because he was thought omnipotent. But he, it seems, could do as little as the rest; for he answers thus:

— *sola insuperabile fatum,
Nata, movere parvas? Intres licet ipsa sororum
Tecla trium; cernes illic, molimine casto,
Ex ære et solido rerum tabularia ferro,
Quæ neque concursus caeli, neque fulminis iram,
Nec meliant ulla, tuta æque æterni, ruinas
Invenies illic, incisa adamante perempti,*

*Pata tuâ generis. Legi ipse, animoque notavi;
Et referam, ne sis etiamnum ignara futuræ.
Ite sua complerit (pro quo, Cytherea, laboras)
Tempora, perfectis, quas terra debuit, annis, &c.*

Jupiter, you see, is only library keeper, or *custos vatorum*, to the Fates; for he offers his daughter a cast of his office, to give her a sight of their decrees, which the inferior gods were not permitted to read without his leave. This agrees with what I have said already in the preface; that they, not having seen the records, might believe they were his own handwriting, and consequently at his disposing, either to blot out or alter, as he saw convenient. And of this opinion was Juno in those words, *tua, qui potes, ora reflectas*. Now the abode of those Destinies being in hell, we cannot wonder why the swearing by Styx was an inviolable oath amongst the gods of heaven, and that Jupiter himself should fear to be accus'd of forgery by the Fates, if he alter'd anything in their decrees; Chaos, Night, and Erebus being the most ancient of the deities, and instituting those fundamental laws by which he was afterwards to govern. Hesiod gives us the genealogy of the gods, and I think I may safely infer the rest. I will only add, that Homer was more a fatalist than Virgil; for it has been observ'd that the word *ἄρξ*, or *fortune*, is not to be found in his two poems; but, instead of it, always *μοῖρα*.

ÆNEID XII, line 100.

*At this, a flood of tears Lavinia shed;
A crimson blush her beauteous face o'er-
spread,
Varying her cheeks by turns with white and
red.*

Amata, ever partial to the cause of Turnus, had just before desir'd him, with all manner of earnestness, not to ingratiate his rival in single fight; which was his present resolution. Virgil, tho' in favor of his hero, he never tells us directly that Lavinia prefer'd Turnus to Æneas, yet has insinuated this preference twice before. For mark, in the *Seventh Æneid* she left her father, who had promis'd her to Æneas without asking her consent, and follow'd her mother into the woods, with a troop of Bacchantes, where Amata sung the marriage song, in the name of Turnus; which, if she had dislik'd, she might have oppos'd. Then, in the *Eleventh Æneid*, when her mother went to the temple of Pallas, to invoke her aid against Æneas, whom she calls by no better name than *Phrygius prædo*, Lavinia sits by her in the same chair or litter, *juxtaque comes Lavinia virgo—oculos dejecta decoros*. What greater sign of love than fear and concernment for the lover? In the lines which I have quoted, she not only sheds tears, but changes color. She had been bred up with Turnus, and Æneas was wholly a stranger to her. Turnus, in probability, was her first love, and favor'd by her mother, who had the ascendant over her father. But I am much deceiv'd if (besides what I have said) there be not a secret satire against the sex, which is lurking under this description of Vir-

gil, who seldom speaks well of women; better, indeed, of Camilla than any other, for he commends her beauty and valor, because he would concern the reader for her death. But valor is no very proper praise for womankind, and beauty is common to the sex. He says also somewhat of Andromache, but transiently; and his Venus is a better mother than a wife; for she owns to Vulcan she had a son by another man. The rest are Junos, Dianas, Didos, Amatas, two mad prophetesses, three Harpies on earth, and as many Furies under ground. This fable of Lavinia includes a secret moral: that women, in their choice of husbands, prefer the younger of their suitors to the elder; are insensible of merit, fond of handsomeness, and generally speaking, rather hurried away by their appetite than govern'd by their reason.

Line 808.

*Sea-born Messapus, with Atinas, heads
The Latin squadrons, and to battle leads.*

The poet had said, in the preceding lines, that Mnestheus, Seresthus, and Asylas led on the Trojans, the Tuscans, and the Arcadians; but none of the printed copies which I have seen mention any leader of the Rutulians and Latins but Messapus the son of Neptune. Ruæus takes notice of this passage, and seems to wonder at it; but gives no reason why Messapus is alone without a coadjutor.

The four verses of Virgil run thus:

*Totæ adeo conversæ acies, omnesque Latini,
Omnes Dardanidæ; Mnestheus, æcerque Seresthus,
Et Messapus equum domitor, et fortis Asylas,
Tuscorumque phalanx, Evandrique Arcetis alæ.*

I doubt not but the third line was originally thus:

Et Messapus equum domitor, et fortis Atinas;

for the two names of Asylas and Atinas are so like that one might easily be mistaken for the other by the transcribers. And to fortify this opinion, we find afterward, in the relation of Sagas to Turnus, that Atinas is join'd with Messapus:

*Soli, pro portis, Messapus et æcer Atinas
Sustentant aciem.*

In general I observe, not only in this *Æneid*, but in all the six last books, that Æneas is never seen on horseback, and but once before, as I remember, in the *Fourth*, when he hunts with Dido. The reason of this, if I guess aright, was a secret comment which the poet made to his countrymen the Romans, the strength of whose armies consisted most in foot, which, I think, were all Romanizing Italians. But their wings, squadrons made up of their allies, were foreigner's.

Line 1191.

*This let me beg (and this no froward
Both for myself and for your friends I lan-*

The words in the original are these
Latio obtestor, pro majestate um.
very artfully uses here the d ma, these

which the Romans lov'd so well that they appropriated it to themselves: *majestas populi Romani*. This title, applied to kings, is very modern; and that is all I will say of it at present, tho' the word requires a larger note. In the word *tuorum* is included the sense of my translation, *your father's land*, because Saturn, the father of Jove, had govern'd that part of Italy after his expulsion from Crete. But that on which I most insist is the address of the poet in this speech of Juno. Virgil was sufficiently sensible, as I have said in the preface, that whatever the common opinion was concerning the descent of the Romans from the Trojans, yet the ancient customs, rites, laws, and habits of those Trojans were wholly lost, and perhaps also that they had never been; and, for this reason, he introduces Juno in this place, requesting of Jupiter that no memory might remain of Troy (the town she hated), that the people hereafter should not be call'd Trojans, nor retain anything which belong'd to their predecessors. And why might not this also be concerted betwixt our author and his friend Horace, to hinder Augustus from rebuilding Troy, and removing thither the seat of empire, a design so displeasing to the Romans? But of this I am not positive, because I have not consulted Dacier and the rest of the critics, to ascertain the time in which Horace writ the ode relating to that subject.

Line 1224.

*Deep in the dismal regions void of light,
Three sisters at a birth were born to Night.*

The father of these (not here mention'd) was Acheron; the names of the three were Alecto, Megæra, and Tisiphone. They were call'd Furies in hell, on earth Harpies, and in heaven Dira. Two of these assisted at the throne of

Jupiter, and were employ'd by him to punish the wickedness of mankind. These two must be Megæra and Tisiphone, not Alecto; for Juno expressly commands her to return to hell, from whence she came; and gives this reason:

*To super æthereas errare licentius auras
Haud pater ipse velit, necnisi regnator Olympi
Cede locis.*

Probably this Dira, unnam'd by the poet in this place, might be Tisiphone; for, tho' we find her in hell, in the *Sixth Æneid*, employ'd in the punishment of the damn'd:

*Continuo fontes ultrix acineta flagello
Tisiphone quatit insultans, &c.,*

yet afterwards she is on earth, in the *Tenth Æneid*, and amidst the battle: *Pallida Tisiphone media inter milia sævit*. Which I guess to be Tisiphone, the rather, by the etymology of her name, which is compounded of *τίς*, *ulciscor*, and *φόνος*, *cædes*; part of her errand being to avenge Turnus with the stings of a guilty conscience, and denounce vengeance against him for breaking the first treaty, by refusing to yield Lavinia to Æneas, to whom she was promis'd by her father; and, consequently, for being the author of an unjust war; and also for violating the second treaty, by declining the single combat which he had stipulated with his rival and call'd the gods to witness before their altars. As for the names of the Harpies (so call'd on earth), Hesiod tells us they were Iris, Aello, and Ocypete. Virgil calls one of them Celeno: this, I doubt not, was Alecto, whom Virgil calls, in the *Third Æneid*, *Furiarum maxima*, and in the *Sixth* again by the same name: *Furiarum maxima juxta accubat*. That she was the chief of the Furies appears by her description in the *Seventh Æneid*: to which, for haste, I refer the reader.

TRANSLATIONS FROM OVID'S ART OF LOVE AND AMOURS

[None of the following translations were published during Dryden's lifetime. The only information that the present editor can find in regard to them is in a letter from Dryden to Tonson, written just before the second edition of the Virgil, 1698: "You told me not, but the town says you are printing Ovid *de Arte Amandi*. I know my translation is very uncorrect; but at the same time I know, nobody else can do it better, with all their pains" (Malone, I, 2, 63). Thus it is at least probable that Dryden made his translation from *The Art of Love* while at work on his Virgil, or just after finishing it. Had he done the piece earlier, he would probably have inserted it in *The Annual Miscellany for the Year 1694*. It seems convenient also, in this place, to give any exact information, to assign the two elegies from the *Amores* to the same period.]

For some unknown reason, Tonson delayed the publication of these translations; the town talk to which Dryden refers apparently lacked foundation. In *Poetical Miscellanies, the Fifth Part*, 1704, he inserted the two elegies from the *Amores*, with titles as below; and two episodes from *The Art of Love*, lines 111-151 and 590-635, under the titles of *The Rape of the Sabines* and *The Meeting of Bacchus with Ariadne*. Finally, in 1709, he published a complete translation of Ovid's *Art of Love*, of which the first book is ascribed to Dryden and the third to Congreve; the translator of the second book is not named.¹

OVID'S ART OF LOVE

BOOK I

In Cupid's school whoe'er would take degree,
 Must learn his rudiments, by reading me.
 Seamen with sailing arts their vessels move;
 Art guides the chariot; art instructs to love.
 Of ships and chariots others know the rule;
 But I am master in Love's mighty school.
 Cupid indeed is obstinate and wild,
 A stubborn god; but yet the god's a child,
 Easy to govern in his tender age,
 Like fierce Achilles in his pupilage: 10
 That hero, born for conquest, trembling stood
 Before the Centaur, and receiv'd the rod.
 As Chiron mollified his cruel mind
 With art, and taught his warlike hands to wind
 The silver strings of his melodious lyre;
 So love's fair goddess does my soul inspire
 To teach her softer arts, to soothe the mind,
 And smooth the rugged breasts of human-kind.
 Yet Cupid and Achilles each with scorn
 And rage were fill'd; and both were goddess-born. 20
 The bull, reclaim'd and yok'd, the burden draws;
 The horse receives the bit within his jaws;
 And stubborn Love shall bend beneath my sway,
 Tho' struggling oft he strives to disobey.
 He shakes his torch, he wounds me with his darts;
 But vain his force, and vainer are his arts.
 The more he burns my soul, or wounds my sight,
 The more he teaches to revenge the spite.
 I boast no aid the Delphian god affords,
 Nor auspice from the flight of chattering birds; 30
 Nor Clio, nor her sisters have I seen,
 As Hesiod saw them on the shady green:
 Experience makes my work a truth so tried,
 You may believe; and Venus be my guide.
 Far hence, you vestals be, who bind your hair;

And wives, who gowns below your ankles wear.

I sing the brothels loose and unconfin'd,
 Th' unpunishable pleasures of the kind;
 Which all alike, for love, or money, find.

You, who in Cupid's rolls inscribe your name, 40

First seek an object worthy of your flame;
 Then strive, with art, your lady's mind to gain;

And last, provide your love may long remain.

On these three precepts all my work shall move:

These are the rules and principles of love.

Before your youth with marriage is oppress'd,

Make choice of one who suits your humor best:

And such a damsel drops not from the sky;
 She must be sought for with a curious eye.

The wary angler, in the winding brook,
 Knows what the fish, and where to bait his hook. 51

The fowler and the huntsman know by name

The certain haunts and harbor of their game.

So must the lover beat the likeliest grounds,
 Th' assemblies where his quarry most abounds.

Nor shall my novice wander far astray;
 These rules shall put him in the ready way.

Thou shalt not sail around the continent,
 As far as Persens, or as Paris went:

For Rome alone affords thee such a store,
 As all the world can hardly shew thee more. 61

The face of heav'n with fewer stars is crown'd,

Than beauties in the Roman sphere are found.

Whether thy love is bent on blooming youth,

On dawning sweetness, in unartful truth;

Or courts the juicy joys of riper growth;
 Here mayst thou find thy full desires in both.

Or if autumnal beauties please thy sight,
 (An age that knows to give and take delight,)

Millions of matrons of the graver sort, 70
 In common prudence, will not balk the sport.

In summer heats thou need'st but only go

To Pompey's cool and shady portico,
 Or Concord's fane, or that proud edifice
 Whose turrets near the bawdy suburb rise;
 Or to that other portico, where stands
 The cruel father, urging his commands,
 And fifty daughters wait the time of rest,
 To plunge their poniards in the bridegroom's
 breast;

Or Venus' temple, where, on annual nights,
 They mourn Adonis with Assyrian rites. ⁸¹
 Nor shun the Jewish walk, where the foul
 drove,

On Sabbaths, rest from everything but
 love;

Nor Isis' temple, for that sacred whore
 Makes others what to Jove she was be-
 fore.

And if the hall itself be not belied,
 Even there the cause of love is often tried;
 Near it at least, or in the palace yard,
 From whence the noisy combatants are
 heard.

The crafty counselors, in formal gown, ⁹⁰
 There gain another's cause, but lose their
 own.

There eloquence is nonplus'd in the suit,
 And lawyers, who had words at will, are
 mute.

Venus, from her adjoining temple, smiles,
 To see them caught in their litigious wiles.
 Grave senators lead home the youthful
 dame,

Returning clients, when they patrons came.
 But above all, the playhouse is the place;
 There's choice of quarry in that narrow
 chase.

There take thy stand, and sharply look-
 ing out, ¹⁰⁰

Soon mayst thou find a mistress in the
 rout,

For length of time, or for a single bout.

The theaters are berries for the fair:

Like ants on molehills, thither they repair;

Like bees to hives, so numerously they
 throng,

It may be said, they to that place belong.
 Thither they swarm, who have the public
 voice:

There choose, if plenty not distracts thy
 choice.

To see and to be seen, in heaps they run;
 Some to undo, and some to be undone. ¹¹⁰

From Romulus the rise of plays began,
 To his new subjects a commodious man;
 Who, his unmarried soldiers to supply,

Took care the commonwealth should mul-
 tiply;

Providing Sabine women for his braves,
 Like a true king, to get a race of slaves:
 His playhouse not of Parian marble made,
 Nor was it spread with purple sails for
 shade.

The stage with rushes or with leaves they
 strow'd: ¹¹⁹

No scenes in prospect, no machining god.
 On rows of homely turf they sate to see,
 Crown'd with the wreaths of every common
 tree.

There, while they sit in rustic majesty,
 Each lover had his mistress in his eye;
 And whom he saw most suiting to his mind,
 For joys of matrimonial rape design'd.

Scarce could they wait the plaudit in their
 haste;

But, ere the dances and the song were past,
 The monarch gave the signal from his
 throne;

And, rising, bade his merry men fall on.
 The martial crew, like soldiers ready
 press'd, ¹³¹

Just at the word (the word too was, The
 Best)

With joyful cries each other animate;
 Some choose, and some at hazard seize their
 mate.

As doves from eagles, or from wolves the
 lambs,

So from their lawless lovers fly the dames.
 Their fear was one, but not one face of
 fear;

Some rend the lovely tresses of their
 hair;

Some shriek, and some are struck with
 dumb despair.

Her absent mother one invokes in vain;
 One stands amaz'd, not daring to com-
 plain; ¹⁴¹

The nimbler trust their feet, the slow re-
 main.

But naught availing, all are captives led,
 Trembling and blushing, to the genial bed.

She who too long resisted, or denied,
 The lusty lover made by force a bride;

And, with superior strength, compell'd
 her to his side:

Then sooth'd her thus: "My soul's far bet-
 ter part,

Cease weeping, nor afflict thy tender heart;
 For what thy father to thy mother was, ¹⁵⁰

That faith to thee, that solemn vow I pass."

Thus Romulus became so popular;
This was the way to thrive in peace and war;
To pay his army, and fresh whores to bring:
Who would not fight for such a gracious king!

Thus love in theaters did first improve;
And theaters are still the scene of love:
Nor shun the chariots, and the courser's race;

The Circus is no inconvenient place.
No need is there of talking on the hand; ¹⁶⁰
Nor nods, nor signs, which lovers understand.

But boldly next the fair your seat provide;
Close as you can to hers, and side by side.
Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no matter; crowding sit,

For so the laws of public shows permit.
Then find occasion to begin discourse;
Enquire whose chariot this, and whose that horse:

To whatsoever side she is inclin'd,
Suit all your inclinations to her mind;
Like what she likes: from thence your court begin; ¹⁷⁰

And whom she favors, wish that he may win.

But when the statues of the deities,
In chariots roll'd,* appear before the prize;

When Venus comes, with deep devotion rise.

If dust be on her lap, or grains of sand,
Brush both away with your officious hand.
If none be there, yet brush that nothing thence;

And still to touch her lap make some pretense.

Touch anything of hers; and if her train
Sweep on the ground, let it not sweep in vain; ¹⁸⁰

But gently take it up, and wipe it clean;
And while you wipe it, with observing eyes,

Who knows but you may see her naked thighs!

Observe who sits behind her; and beware,
Lest his inroaching knee should press the fair.

Light service takes light minds; for some can tell

Of favors won by laying cushions well:
By fawning faces some their fortune meet;

And some by laying footstools for their feet.

These overtures of love the Circus gives;
Nor at the swordplay less the lover thrives: ¹⁹⁰

For there the son of Venus fights his prize;

And deepest wounds are oft receiv'd from eyes.

One, while the crowd their acclamations make,

Or while he bets, and puts his ring to stake,
Is struck from far, and feels the flying dart,

And of the spectacle is made a part.

Cæsar would represent a naval fight,
For his own honor, and for Rome's delight.
From either sea the youths and maidens come, ²⁰⁰

And all the world was then contain'd in Rome!

In this vast concourse, in this choice of game,

What Roman heart but felt a foreign flame?

Once more our prince prepares to make us glad;

And the remaining East to Rome will add.
Rejoice, you Roman soldiers, in your urn;

Your ensigns from the Parthians shall return,

And the slain Crassi shall no longer mourn.

A youth is sent those trophies to demand;
And bears his father's thunder in his hand:
Doubt not th' imperial boy in wars un-

seen; ²¹¹

In childhood all of Cæsar's race are men.
Celestial seeds shoot out before their day,

Prevent their years, and brook no dull delay.

Thus infant Hercules the snakes did press,
And in his cradle did his sire confess.

Bacchus, a boy, yet like a hero fought,
And early spoils from conquer'd India brought.

Thus you your father's troops shall lead to fight,

And thus shall vanquish in your father's right. ²²⁰

These rudiments you to your lineage owe;
Born to increase your titles, as you grow.

Brethren you had, revenge your brethren slain;

You have a father, and his rights maintain.
Arm'd by your country's parent, and your
own,

Redeem your country, and restore his
throne.

Your enemies assert an impious cause;
You fight both for divine and human laws.
Already in their cause they are o'ercome:

Subject them too, by force of arms, to
Rome.

Great Father Mars with greater Cæsar²³⁰
join,

To give a prosperous *omen* to your line:
One of you is, and one shall be divine.

I prophesy you shall, you shall o'ercome:
My verse shall bring you back in triumph
home.

Speak in my verse, exhort to loud alarms:
O were my numbers equal to your arms!

Then will I sing the Parthians' overthrow;
Their shot averse sent from a flying bow:

The Parthians, who already flying fight,²⁴⁰
Already give an *omen* of their flight.

O when will come the day, by Heaven de-
sign'd,

When thou, the best and fairest of man-
kind,

Drawn by white horses shalt in triumph
ride,

With conquer'd slaves attending on thy
side:

Slaves, that no longer can be safe in
flight—

O glorious object, O surprising sight,
O day of public joy, too good to end in
night!

On such a day, if thou, and, next to thee,
Some beauty sits, the spectacle to see:²⁵⁰

If she enquire the names of conquer'd
kings,

Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden
springs,

Answer to all thou know'st; and, if need be,
Of things unknown seem to speak know-
ingly:

This is Euphrates, crown'd with reeds; and
there

Flows the swift Tigris, with his sea-green
hair.

Invent new names of things unknown be-
fore;

Call this Armenia, that the Caspian shore;
Call this a Medæ, and that a Parthian
youth;

Talk probably: no matter for the truth.²⁶⁰

In feasts, as at our shows, new means
abound;

More pleasure there than that of wine is
found.

The Paphian goddess there her ambush
lays;

And Love betwixt the horns of Bacchus
plays:

Desires encrease at ev'ry swilling draught;
Brisk vapors add new vigor to the thought.

There Cupid's purple wings no flight af-
ford;

But, wet with wine, he flutters on the
board.

He shakes his pinions, but he cannot
move;

Fix'd he remains, and turns a maudlin
Love.²⁷⁰

Wine warms the blood, and makes the
spirits flow;

Care flies, and wrinkles from the forehead
go:

Exalts the poor, invigorates the weak;
Gives mirth and laughter, and a rosy
cheek.

Bold truths it speaks; and spoken, dares
maintain;

And brings our old simplicity again.
Love sparkles in the cup, and fills it
higher:

Wine feeds the flames, and fuel adds to
fire.

But choose no mistress in thy drunken fit;
Wine gilds too much their beauties and
their wit.²⁸⁰

Nor trust thy judgment when the tapers
dance;

But sober, and by day, thy suit advance.
By daylight Paris judg'd the beauteous
three,

And for the fairest did the prize decree.
Night is a cheat, and all deformities
Are hid, or lessen'd in her dark disguise.

The sun's fair light each error will con-
fess,

In face, in shape, in jewels, and in dress.
Why name I ev'ry place where youths
abound?

'Tis loss of time, and a too fruitful ground.
The Baian baths, where ships at anchor
ride,²⁹¹

And wholesome streams from sulphur foun-
tains glide;

Where wounded youths are by experience
taught,

The waters are less healthful than they thought:

Or Dian's fane, which near the suburb lies,
Where priests, for their promotion, fight a prize.

That maiden goddess is Love's mortal foe,
And much from her his subjects undergo.

Thus far the sportful Muse, with myrtle bound,

Has sung where lovely lasses may be found.

Now let me sing, how she who wounds your mind,

With art, may be to cure your wounds inclin'd.

Young nobles, to my laws attention lend;

And all you vulgar of my school, attend.

First then believe, all women may be won;

Attempt with confidence, the work is done.
The grasshopper shall first forbear to sing

In summer season, or the birds in spring,
Than women can resist your flattering skill:

Ev'n she will yield, who swears she never will.

To secret pleasure both the sexes move;
But women most, who most dissemble love.

'Twere best for us, if they would first declare,

Avow their passion, and submit to prayer.
The cow, by lowing, tells the bull her flame;

The neighing mare invites her stallion to the game.

Man is more temp'rate in his lust than they,
And, more than women, can his passion sway.

Biblis, we know, did first her love declare,
And had recourse to death in her despair.

Her brother she, her father Myrrha sought,
And lov'd, but lov'd not as a daughter ought.

Now from a tree she stills her odorous tears,

Which yet the name of her who shed 'em bears.

In Ida's shady vale a bull appear'd,
White as the snow, the fairest of the herd;

A beauty spot of black there only rose,
Betwixt his equal horns and ample brows:

The love and wish of all the Cretan cows.
The queen beheld him as his head he rear'd;

And envied ev'ry leap he gave the herd.
A secret fire she nourish'd in her breast,
And hated ev'ry heifer he caress'd.

A story known, and known for true, I tell;
Nor Crete, tho' lying, can the truth conceal.

She cut him grass, (so much can Love command;)
She strok'd, she fed him with her royal hand:

Was pleas'd in pastures with the herd to roam;
And Minos by the bull was overcome.

Cease, queen, with gems t' adorn thy beauteous brows;

The monarch of thy heart no jewel knows.
Nor in thy glass compose thy looks and eyes;

Secure from all thy charms thy lover lies:
Yet trust thy mirror, when it tells thee true;

Thou art no heifer to allure his view.
Soon wouldst thou quit thy royal diadem
To thy fair rivals, to be horn'd like them.

If Minos please, no lover seek to find;
If not, at least seek one of human kind.

The wretched queen the Cretan court forsakes;

In woods and wilds her habitation makes:
She curses ev'ry beauteous cow she sees:

"Ah, why dost thou my lord and master please!

And think'st, ungrateful creature as thou art,

With frisking awkwardly, to gain his heart!"

She said, and straight commands, with frowning look,

To put her, undeserving, to the yoke;
Or feigns some holy rites of sacrifice,

And sees her rival's death with joyful eyes:
Then, when the bloody priest has done his part,

Pleas'd, in her hand she holds the beating heart;

Nor from a scornful taunt can scarce refrain:

"Go, fool, and strive to please my love again."

Now she would be Europa, Io now:

(One bore a bull, and one was made a cow.)
Yet she at last her brutal bliss obtain'd,

And in a wooden cow the bull sustain'd;
Fill'd with his seed, accomplish'd her desire;

Till by his form the son betray'd the sire.

If Atreus' wife to incest had not run, ³⁷⁰
 (But, ah, how hard it is to love but one !)
 His coursers Phoebus had not driv'n away,
 To shun that sight, and interrupt the day.
 Thy daughter, Nisus, pull'd thy purple
 hair,
 And barking sea-dogs yet her bowels
 tear.
 At sea and land Atrides sav'd his life,
 Yet fell a prey to his adul'trous wife.
 Who knows not what revenge Medea
 sought,
 When the slain offspring bore the father's
 fault ?
 Thus Phoenix did a woman's love bewail;
 And thus Hippolytus by Phædra fell. ³⁸¹
 These crimes revengeful matrons did com-
 mit;
 Hotter their lust, and sharper is their wit.
 Doubt not from them an easy victory:
 Scarce of a thousand dames will one deny.
 All women are content that men should
 woo;
 She who complains, and she who will not
 do.
 Rest then secure, whate'er thy luck may
 prove,
 Not to be hated for declaring love.
 And yet how canst thou miss, since woman-
 kind ³⁹⁰
 Is frail and vain, and still to change in-
 clin'd ?
 Old husbands and stale gallants they de-
 spise,
 And more another's than their own they
 prize.
 A larger crop adorns our neighbor's field;
 More milk his kine from swelling udders
 yield.
 First gain the maid; by her thou shalt be
 sure
 A free access and easy to procure:
 Who knows what to her office does belong,
 Is in the secret, and can hold her tongue.
 Bribe her with gifts, with promises, and
 pray'rs; ⁴⁰⁰
 For her good word goes far in love affairs.
 The time and fit occasion leave to her,
 When she most aptly can thy suit prefer.
 The time for maids to fire their lady's
 blood,
 Is, when they find her in a merry mood;
 When all things at her wish and pleasure
 move:
 Her heart is open then, and free to love.

Then mirth and wantonness to lust betray,
 And smooth the passage to the lover's way.
 Troy stood the siege, when fill'd with anx-
 ious care: ⁴¹⁰
 One merry fit concluded all the war.
 If some fair rival vex her jealous mind,
 Offer thy service to revenge in kind.
 Instruct the damsel, while she combs her
 hair,
 To raise the choler of that injur'd fair;
 And, sighing, make her mistress under-
 stand,
 She has the means of vengeance in her
 hand:
 Then, naming thee, thy humble suit prefer,
 And swear thou languishest and di'st for
 her. ⁴¹⁹
 Then let her lose no time, but push at all;
 For women soon are rais'd, and soon they
 fall.
 Give their first fury leisure to relent,
 They melt like ice, and suddenly repent.
 T' enjoy the maid, will that thy suit ad-
 vance ?
 'T is a hard question and a doubtful chance.
 One maid, corrupted, bawds the better
 for 't;
 Another for herself would keep the sport.
 Thy bus'ness may be farther'd or delay'd;
 But by my counsel, let alone the maid:
 Ev'n tho' she should consent to do the
 feat, ⁴³⁰
 The profit's little and the danger great.
 I will not lead thee thro' a rugged road;
 But where the way lies open, safe, and
 broad.
 Yet if thou find'st her very much thy
 friend,
 And her good face her diligence commend,
 Let the fair mistress have thy first embrace,
 And let the maid come after in her place.
 But this I will advise, and mark my
 words;
 For 't is the best advice my skill affords:
 If needs thou with the damsel wilt begin,
 Before th' attempt is made, make sure to
 win; ⁴⁴¹
 For then the secret better will be kept;
 And she can tell no tales when once she's
 dipp'd.
 'T is for the fowler's interest to beware,
 The bird intangled should not scape the
 snare.
 The fish, once prick'd, avoids the bearded
 hook,

And spoils the sport of all the neigh'ring
brook.

But if the wench be thine, she makes thy
way,

And, for thy sake, her mistress will betray;
Tell all she knows, and all she hears her
say.

Keep well the counsel of thy faithful spy:
So shalt thou learn whene'er she treads
awry.

All things the stations of their seasons
keep;

And certain times there are to sow and
reap.

Plowmen and sailors for the season stay,
One to plow land, and one to plow the
sea:

So should the lover wait the lucky day.
Then stop thy suit, it hurts not thy design;
But think, another hour she may be thine.

And when she celebrates her birth at
home,

Or when she views the public shows of
Rome,

Know, all thy visits then are troublesome.
Defer thy work, and put not then to sea,

For that's a boding and a stormy day.
Else take thy time, and when thou canst,
begin:

To break a Jewish Sabbath, think no sin;
Nor ev'n on superstitious days abstain;
Not when the Romans were at Allia slain.
Ill omens in her frowns are understood;
When she's in humor, ev'ry day is good.
But than her birthday seldom comes a

worse;

When bribes and presents must be sent
of course;

And that's a bloody day, that costs thy
purse.

Be staunch; yet parsimony will be vain:
The craving sex will still the lover drain.
No skill can shift 'em off, nor art remove;
They will be begging, when they know we
love.

The merchant comes upon th' appointed
day,

Who shall before thy face his wares dis-
play.

To choose for her she craves thy kind ad-
vice;

Then begs again, to bargain for the price:
But when she has her purchase in her eye,
She hugs thee close, and kisses thee to
buy:

"T is what I want, and 't is a pen'orth too;
In many years I will not trouble you."

If you complain you have no ready coin;
No matter, 't is but writing of a line,
A little bill, not to be paid at sight;
(Now curse the time when thou wert taught
to write.)

She keeps her birthday; you must send the
cheer,

And she'll be born a hundred times a year.
With daily lies she dribs thee into cost;

That earring dropp'd a stone, that ring is
lost.

They often borrow what they never pay;
Whate'er you lend her, think it thrown
away.

Had I ten mouths and tongues to tell each
art,

All would be wearied ere I told a part.

By letters, not by words, thy love begin;
And ford the dangerous passage with thy
pen.

If to her heart thou aim'st to find the way,
Extremely flatter, and extremely pray.

Priam by pray'rs did Hector's body gain;
Nor is an angry god invoc'd in vain.

With promis'd gifts her easy mind be-
wileh;

For ev'n the poor in promise may be rich.
Vain hopes a while her appetite will stay;

'T is a deceitful but commodious way.

Who gives is mad, but make her still be-
lieve

'T will come, and that's the cheapest way
to give.

Ev'n barren lands fair promises afford,
But the lean harvest cheats the starving
lord.

Buy not thy first enjoyment, lest it prove
Of bad example to thy future love:

But get it gratis; and she'll give thee
more,

For fear of losing what she gave before.
The losing gamester shakes the box in
vain,

And bleeds, and loses on, in hopes to gain.
Write then, and in thy letter, as I said,

Let her with mighty promises be fed.
Cydippe by a letter was betray'd,

Writ on an apple to th' unwary maid.
She read herself into a marriage vow;

(And ev'ry cheat in love the gods allow.)
Learn eloquence, ye noble youth of Rome;

It will not only at the bar o'ercome:
Sweet words the people and the senate move;

But the chief end of eloquence is love.
But in thy letter hide thy moving arts;
Affect not to be thought a man of parts.
None but vain fools to simple women
preach: 530

A learned letter oft has made a breach.
In a familiar style your thoughts convey,
And write such things as present you would
say;
Such words as from the heart may seem
to move:

'T is wit enough to make her think you love.
If seal'd she sends it back, and will not
read,

Yet hope, in time, the business may suc-
ceed.

In time the steer will to the yoke submit;
In time the stiff horse will bear the bit.
Ev'n the hard plowshare use will wear
away, 540

And stubborn steel in length of time decay.
Water is soft, and marble hard; and yet
We see soft water thro' hard marble eat.
Tho' late, yet Troy at length in flames
expir'd;

And ten years more Penelope had tir'd.
Perhaps thy lines unanswer'd she retain'd;
No matter; there's a point already gain'd:
For she who reads, in time will answer too;
Things must be left by just degrees to
grow.

Perhaps she writes, but answers with dis-
dain, 550

And sharply bids you not to write again:
What she requires, she fears you should
accord;

The jilt would not be taken at her word.
Meantime, if she be carried in her chair,
Approach, but do not seem to know she's
there.

Speak softly, to delude the standers-by;
Or, if aloud, then speak ambiguously.
If saunt'ring in the portico she walk,
Move slowly too, for that's a time for talk;
And sometimes follow, sometimes be her
guide; 560

But, when the crowd permits, go side by
side.

Nor in the *playhouse* let her sit alone;
For she's the *playhouse* and the *play* in one.
There thou mayst ogle, or by signs advance
Thy suit, and seem to touch her hand by
chance.

Admire the dancer who her liking gains,
And pity in the *play* the lover's pains;

For her sweet sake the loss of time de-
spise;

Sit while she sits, and when she rises rise.
But dress not like a fop, nor curl your hair,
Nor with a pumice make your body bare.

Leave those effeminate and useless toys 572
To *eunuchs*, who can give no solid joys.

Neglect becomes a man: this Theseus
found;

Uncurl'd, uncomb'd, the nymph his wishes
crown'd.

The rough Hippolytus was Phædra's care;
And Venus thought the rude Adonis fair.
Be not too finical; but yet be clean;
And wear well-fashion'd clothes, like other
men.

Let not your teeth be yellow, or be foul;
Nor in wide shoes your feet too loosely
roll. 581

Of a black muzzle and long beard beware;
And let a skilful barber cut your hair:
Your nails be pick'd from filth, and even
par'd;

Nor let your nasty nostrils bud with beard.
Cure your unsav'ry breath, gargle your
throat,
And free your armpits from the ram and
goat.

Dress not, in short, too little or too much;
And be not wholly French nor wholly Dutch.

Now Bacchus calls me to his jolly rites:
Who would not follow, when a god invites?
He helps the poet, and his pen inspires, 592
Kind and indulgent to his former fires.

Fair Ariadne wander'd on the shore,
Forsaken now; and Theseus loves no more:
Loose was her gown, dishevel'd was her
hair;

Her bosom naked, and her feet were bare.
Exclaiming, in the water's brink she stood;
Her briny tears augment the briny flood.
She shriek'd, and wept, and both became
her face: 600

No posture could that heav'nly form dis-
grace.

She beat her breast: "The traitor's gone,"
said she,

"What shall become of poor forsaken me?
What shall become —" she had not time
for more;

The sounding cymbals rattled on the shore.
She swoons for fear, she falls upon the
ground;

No vital heat was in her body found.
The Mimmallion dames about her stood;

And scudding Satyrs ran before their god.
 Silenus on his ass did next appear, ⁶¹⁰
 And held upon the mane; (the god was
 clear.)

The drunken *sire* pursues, the dames re-
 tire;

Sometimes the drunken dames pursue the
 drunken *sire*.

At last he topples over on the plain;
 The Satyrs laugh, and bid him rise again.
 And now the God of Wine came driving on,
 High on his chariot by swift tigers drawn.
 Her color, voice, and sense forsook the

fair;
 Thrice did her trembling feet for flight
 prepare,
 And thrice affrighted did her flight for-
 bear. ⁶²⁰

She shook, like leaves of corn when tem-
 pests blow,

Or slender reeds that in the marshes grow.
 To whom the god: "Compose thy fearful
 mind;

In me a truer husband thou shalt find.
 With heav'n I will endow thee, and thy
 star

Shall with propitious light be seen afar,
 And guide on seas the doubtful mariner."
 He said, and from his chariot leaping light,
 Lest the grim tigers should the nymph
 affright,

His brawny arms around her waist he
 threw; ⁶³⁰

(For gods, whate'er they will, with ease
 can do;)

And swiftly bore her thence: th' attending
 throng

Shout at the sight, and sing the nuptial
 song.

Now in full bowls her sorrow she may
 steep;

The bridegroom's liquor lays the bride
 asleep.

But thou, when flowing cups in triumph
 ride,

And the lov'd nymph is seated by thy side;
 Invoke the god, and all the mighty powers,
 That wine may not defraud thy genial
 hours.

Then in ambiguous words thy suit prefer,
 Which she may know were all address'd to
 her. ⁶⁴¹

In liquid purple letters write her name,
 Which she may read, and reading find thy
 flame.

Then may your eyes confess your mutual
 fires;

(For eyes have tongues, and glances tell
 desires.)

Whene'er she drinks, be first to take the
 cup;

And, where she laid her lips, the blessing
 sup.

When she to carving does her hand ad-
 vance,

Put out thy own, and touch it as by
 chance. ⁶⁴⁹

Thy service ev'n her husband must attend:
 (A husband is a most convenient friend.)

Seat the fool cuckold in the highest place,
 And with thy garland his dull temples
 grace.

Whether below, or equal in degree,
 Let him be lord of all the company,
 And what he says be seconded by thee. }

'Tis common to deceive thro' friendship's
 name;

But, common tho' it be, 'tis still to blame:
 Thus factors frequently their trust betray,
 And to themselves their masters' gains
 convey. ⁶⁶⁰

Drink to a certain pitch, and then give
 o'er;

Thy tongue and feet may stumble, drink-
 ing more.

Of drunken quarrels in her sight beware;
 Pot-valor only serves to fright the fair.

Eurytion justly fell, by wine oppress'd,
 For his rude riot at a wedding feast.

Sing, if you have a voice; and shew your
 parts

In dancing, if endued with dancing arts.

Do anything within your power to please;

Nay, ev'n affect a seeming drunkenness:

Clip every word; and if by chance you
 speak ⁶⁷¹

Too home, or if too broad a jest you break,
 In your excuse the company will join,

And lay the fault upon the force of wine.

True drunkenness is subject to offend;

But when 'tis feign'd, 'tis oft a lover's
 friend.

Then safely you may praise her beauteous
 face,

And call him happy, who is in her grace.
 Her husband thinks himself the man de-
 sign'd;

But curse the cuckold in your secret mind.
 When all are risen and prepare to go, ⁶⁸¹

Mix with the crowd, and tread upon her toe.

This is the proper time to make thy court,
 For now she's in the vein, and fit for sport.
 Lay bashfulness, that rustic virtue, by;
 To manly confidence thy thoughts apply.
 On Fortune's foretop timely fix thy hold;
 Now speak and speed, for Venus loves the bold.

No rules of rhetoric here I need afford;
 Only begin, and trust the following word;
 It will be witty of its own accord. ⁶⁹¹

Act well the lover; let thy speech abound
 In dying words, that represent thy wound.
 Distrust not her belief; she will be mov'd;
 All women think they merit to be lov'd.

Sometimes a man begins to love in jest,
 And, after, feels the torments he profess'd.
 For your own sakes be pitiful, ye fair;
 For a feign'd passion may a true prepare.
 By flatteries we prevail on womankind, ⁷⁰⁰
 As hollow banks by streams are undermin'd.

Tell her, her face is fair, her eyes are sweet;
 Her taper fingers praise, and little feet.
 Such praises ev'n the chaste are pleas'd to hear;
 Both maids and matrons hold their beauty dear.

Once naked Pallas with Jove's queen appear'd;
 And still they grieve that Venus was preferred.
 Praise the proud peacock, and he spreads his train;

Be silent, and he pulls it in again.
 Pleas'd is the courser in his rapid race; ⁷¹⁰
 Applaud his running, and he mends his pace.
 But largely promise, and devoutly swear;
 And, if need be, call ev'ry god to hear.
 Jove sits above, forgiving with a smile
 The perjuries that easy maids beguile.
 He swore to Juno by the Stygian lake;
 Forsworn, he dares not an example make,
 Or punish falsehood, for his own dear sake.
 'Tis for our int'rest that the gods should be;

Let us believe 'em: I believe they see, ⁷²⁰
 And both reward and punish equally —
 Not that they live above, like lazy drones,
 Or kings below, supine upon their thrones.
 Lead then your lives as present in their sight;

Be just in dealings, and defend the right;
 By fraud betray not, nor oppress by might.
 But 'tis a venial sin to cheat the fair;

All men have liberty of conscience there.
 On cheating nymphs a cheat is well design'd;

'T is a profane and a deceitful kind. ⁷³⁰
 'T is said, that Egypt for nine years was dry,

Nor Nile did floods, nor heav'n did rain supply.

A foreigner at length inform'd the king
 That slaughter'd guests would kindly moisture bring.

The king replied: "On thee the lot shall fall;

Be thou, my guest, the sacrifice for all."
 Thus Phalaris Perillus taught to low,
 And made him season first the brazen cow.
 A rightful doom, the laws of nature cry;
 'T is the artificers of death should die. ⁷⁴⁰
 Thus justly women suffer by deceit;

Their practice authorizes us to cheat.
 Beg her, with tears, thy warm desires to grant;

For tears will pierce a heart of adamant.
 If tears will not be squeez'd, then rub your eye,

Or noint the lids, and seem at least to cry.
 Kiss, if you can: resistance if she make,
 And will not give you kisses, let her take.
Fie, fie, you naughty man, are words of course; ⁷⁴⁹

She struggles, but to be subdued by force.
 Kiss only soft, I charge you, and beware,
 With your hard bristles not to brush the fair.

He who has gain'd a kiss, and gains no more,

Deserves to lose the bliss he got before.
 If once she kiss, her meaning is express'd;
 There wants but little pushing for the rest:
 Which if thou dost not gain, by strength or art,

The name of clown then suits with thy desert;

'T is downright dulness, and a shameful part.

Perhaps, she calls it force; but, if she scape, ⁷⁶⁰

She will not thank you for th' omitted rape.
 The sex is cunning to conceal their fires;
 They would be forc'd ev'n to their own desires.

They seem t' accuse you, with a downcast sight,

But in their souls confess you did them right.

Who might be fore'd, and yet untouch'd
depart,
Thank with their tongues, but curse you
with their heart.

Fair Phœbe and her sister did prefer
To their dull mates the noble ravisher.

What Deidamia did, in days of yore, ⁷⁷⁰
The tale is old, but worth the reading o'er.

When Venus had the golden apple
gain'd,

And the just judge fair Helen had obtain'd;
When she with triumph was at Troy re-
ceiv'd,

The Trojans joyful while the Grecians
griev'd;

They vow'd revenge of violated laws,
And Greece was arming in the cuckold's
cause:

Achilles, by his mother warn'd from war,
Disguis'd his sex, and lurk'd among the
fair.

What means Æacides to spin and sew ?
With spear and sword, in field thy valor
show; ⁷⁸¹

And, leaving this, the nobler Pallas
know.

Why dost thou in that hand the distaff
wield,

Which is more worthy to sustain a shield ?
Or with that other draw the woolly twine,
The same the Fates for Hector's thread
assign ?

Brandish thy fauchion in thy pow'rful
hand,
Which can alone the pond'rous lance
command.

In the same room by chance the royal
maid

Was lodg'd, and, by his seeming sex be-
tray'd, ⁷⁹⁰

Close to her side the youthful hero laid.
I know not how his courtship he began,
But, to her cost, she found it was a man.

'Tis thought she struggled; but withal
't is thought,

Her wish was to be conquer'd, when she
fought.

For when disclos'd, and hast'ning to the
field,

He laid his distaff down, and took the
shield,

With tears her humble suit she did prefer,
And thought to stay the grateful ravisher.

She sighs, she sobs, she begs him not to
part; ⁸⁰⁰

And now 'tis nature, what before was art.
She strives by force her lover to detain,
And wishes to be ravish'd once again.
This is the sex: they will not first begin,
But, when compell'd, are pleas'd to suffer
sin.

Is there, who thinks that women first
should woo ?

Lay by thy self-conceit, thou foolish beau.
Begin, and save their modesty the shame;
'T is well for thee, if they receive thy
flame.

'T is decent for a man to speak his mind;
They but expect th' occasion to be kind. ⁸¹¹
Ask, that thou mayst enjoy; she waits for
this;

And on thy first advance depends thy bliss.
Ev'n Jove himself was forc'd to sue for
love;

None of the nymphs did first solicit Jove.
But if you find your pray'rs encrease her
pride,

Strike sail awhile, and wait another tide.
They fly when we pursue; but make delay,
And, when they see you slacken, they will
stay.

Sometimes it profits to conceal your end;
Name not yourself her lover, but her
friend. ⁸²¹

How many skittish girls have thus been
caught ?

He prov'd a lover, who a friend was
thought.

Sailors by sun and wind are swarthy
made;

A tann'd complexion best becomes their
trade.

'T is a disgrace to plowmen to be fair;
Bluff cheeks they have, and weather-beaten
hair.

Th' ambitious youth who seeks an olive
crown

Is sunburnt with his daily toil, and brown.
But if the lover hopes to be in grace, ⁸³⁰
Wan be his looks, and meager be his face.
That color from the fair compassion draws:
She thinks you sick, and thinks herself the
cause.

Orion wander'd in the woods for love:
His paleness did the nymphs to pity
move;

His ghastly visage argued hidden love.
Nor fail a nightcap, in full health, to wear;
Neglect thy dress, and discompose thy hair:
All things are decent that in love avail.

Read long by night, and study to be
 pale: 840
 Forsake your food, refuse your needful
 rest;
 Be miserable, that you may be blest.
 Shall I complain, or shall I warn you
 most?
 Faith, truth, and friendship in the world
 are lost;
 A little and an empty name they boast. }
 Trust not thy friend, much less thy mis-
 tress praise:
 If he believe, thou mayst a rival raise.
 'T is true, Patroclus, by no lust misled,
 Sought not to stain his dear companion's
 bed.
 Nor Pylades Hermione embrac'd; 850
 Ev'n Phædra to Perithous still was chaste.
 But hope not thou, in this vile age, to find
 Those rare examples of a faithful mind:
 The sea shall sooner with sweet honey flow,
 Or from the furzes pears and apples grow.
 We sin with gust, we love by fraud to
 gain;
 And find a pleasure in our fellows' pain.
 From rival foes you may the fair defend;
 But, would you ward the blow, beware your
 friend:
 Beware your brother, and your next of
 kin; 860
 But from your bosom friend your care
 begin.
 Here I had ended, but experience finds
 That sundry women are of sundry minds;
 With various crotchets fill'd, and hard to
 please:
 They therefore must be caught by various
 ways.
 All things are not produc'd in any soil;
 This ground for wine is proper, that for
 oil.
 So 't is in men, but more in women-kind; }
 Diff'rent in face, in manners, and in
 mind:
 But wise men shift their sails with ev'ry
 wind; 870
 As changeful Proteus varied oft his shape,
 And did in sundry forms and figures
 scape;
 A running stream, a standing tree became,
 A roaring lion, or a bleating lamb.
 Some fish with harpons, some with darts
 are struck,
 Some drawn with nets, some hang upon the
 hook:

So turn thyself; and, imitating them,
 Try several tricks, and change thy strata-
 gem.
 One rule will not for diff'rent ages hold;
 The jades grow cunning, as they grow more
 old. 880
 Then talk not bawdy to the bashful maid;
 Bug words will make her innocence afraid.
 Nor to an ign'rant girl of learning speak;
 She thinks you conjure, when you talk in
 Greek.
 And hence 't is often seen, the simple shun
 The learn'd, and into vile embraces run.
 Part of my task is done, and part to do:
 But here 't is time to rest myself and you.

OVID'S AMOURS

BOOK I, ELEGY I

For mighty wars I thought to tune my
 lute,
 And make my measures to my subject
 suit.
 Six feet for ev'ry verse the Muse de-
 sign'd;
 But Cupid, laughing, when he saw my
 mind,
 From ev'ry second verse a foot purloin'd.
 "Who gave thee, boy, this arbitrary
 sway,
 On subjects, not thy own, commands to
 lay,
 Who Phœbus only and his laws obey?
 'T is more absurd, than if the Queen of
 Love
 Should in Minerva's arms to battle move;
 Or manly Pallas from that queen should
 take 11
 Her torch, and o'er the dying lover shake.
 In fields as well may Cynthia sow the corn,
 Or Ceres wind in woods the bugle horn.
 As well may Phœbus quit the trembling
 string
 For sword and shield; and Mars may learn
 to sing.
 Already thy dominions are too large;
 Be not ambitious of a foreign charge.
 If thou wilt reign o'er all, and ev'rywhere,
 The God of Music for his harp may fear.
 Thus when with soaring wings I seek re-
 nown, 21
 Thou pluck'st my pinions, and I flutter
 down.

Could I on such mean thoughts my Muse
employ,

I want a mistress or a blooming boy."

Thus I complain'd: his bow the stripling
bent,

And chose an arrow fit for his intent.

The shaft his purpose fatally pursues:

"Now, poet, there's a subject for thy
Muse."

He said: too well, alas, he knows his trade;
For in my breast a mortal wound he made.

Far hence, ye proud hexameters, remove;

My verse is pac'd and travel'd into love. ³²

With myrtle wreaths my thoughtful brows
inclose,

While in unequal verse I sing my woes.

BOOK I, ELEGY IV

To his mistress, whose husband is invited to a
feast with them. The poet instructs her
how to behave herself in his company.

YOUR husband will be with us at the treat;
May that be the last supper he shall eat.

And am poor I a guest invited there,

Only to see, while he may touch the fair?

To see you kiss and hug your nauseous
lord,

While his lewd hand descends below the
board?

Now wonder not that Hippodamia's charms,
At such a sight, the Centaurs urg'd to
arms;

That in a rage they threw their cups aside,
Assail'd the bridegroom, and would force
the bride. ¹⁰

I am not half a horse, (I would I were,) ¹⁰
Yet hardly can from you my hands for-
bear.

Take, then, my counsel; which, observ'd,
may be

Of some importance both to you and me.
Be sure to come before your man be there:
There's nothing can be done; but come
howe'er.

Sit next him, (that belongs to decency,) ¹⁰
But tread upon my foot in passing by.

Read in my looks what silently they speak,
And slyly, with your eyes, your answer
make. ²⁰

My lifted eyebrow shall declare my pain;
My right hand to his fellow shall complain,
And on the back a letter shall design,

Besides a note that shall be writ in wine.
Whene'er you think upon our last embrace,
With your forefinger gently touch your face.
If any word of mine offend my dear,
Pull, with your hand, the velvet of your
ear.

If you are pleas'd with what I do or say,
Handle your rings, or with your fingers
play. ³⁰

As suppliants use at altars, hold the board,
Whene'er you wish the devil may take
your lord.

When he fills for you, never touch the cup,
But bid th' officious cuckold drink it up.

The waiter on those services employ:

Drink you, and I will snatch it from the
boy;

Watching the part where your sweet mouth
has been,

And thence, with eager lips, will suck it in.

If he, with clownish manners, thinks it fit

To taste, and offers you the nasty bit, ⁴⁰

Reject his greasy kindness, and restore

Th' unsav'ry morsel he had chew'd before.

Nor let his arms embrace your neck, nor
rest

Your tender cheek upon his hairy breast.

Let not his hand within your bosom stray,

And rudely with your pretty bubbies play.

But, above all, let him no kiss receive:

That's an offense I never can forgive.

Do not, O do not that sweet mouth resign,
Lest I rise up in arms, and cry: "Tis
mine!" ⁵⁰

I shall thrust in betwixt, and void of fear

The manifest adulterer will appear.

These things are plain to sight, but more
I doubt

What you conceal beneath your petticoat.
Take not his leg between your tender

thighs,

Nor, with your hand, provoke my foe to
rise.

How many love-inventions I deplore,

Which I myself have practis'd all before?

How oft have I been forc'd the robe to lift

In company; to make a homely shift ⁶⁰

For a bare bout, ill huddled o'er in haste,

While o'er my side the fair her mantle
cast.

You to your husband shall not be so kind;
But, lest you should, your mantle leave

behind.

Encourage him to tope; but kiss him not,

Nor mix one drop of water in his pot.

If he be fuddled well, and snores apace,
Then we may take advice from time and place.

When all depart, when compliments are loud, 69

Be sure to mix among the thickest crowd;
There I will be, and there we cannot miss,
Perhaps to grumble, or at least to kiss.

Alas! what length of labor I employ,
Just to secure a short and transient joy!
For night must part us; and, when night is come,

Tuck'd underneath his arms he leads you home.

He locks you in; I follow to the door,
His fortune envy, and my own deplore.
He kisses you, he more than kisses too;
Th' outrageous cuckold thinks it all his due.
But add not to his joy by your consent, s;
And let it not be giv'n, but only lent.
Return no kiss, nor move in any sort;
Make it a dull and a malignant sport.
Had I my wish, he should no pleasure take,
But slubber o'er your business for my sake.

And whate'er fortune shall this night befall,

Coax me to-morrow, by forswearing all.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC; AN ODE IN HONOR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY

[Dryden wrote this greatest of his lyric poems for the celebration of the Feast of St. Cecilia (November 22), 1697: compare note, p. 252, above. It was first set to music by Jeremiah Clarke; next, in 1711, by Thomas Clayton; finally, in 1736, by Handel (Malone, I, i, 296-307). It was published as a folio pamphlet in 1697, and was reprinted in the volume of *Fables*, 1700. In a letter to Tonson, written about the close of 1697, Dryden says: "I am glad to hear from all hands, that my Ode is esteem'd the best of all my poetry, by all the town: I thought so myself when I writ it; but being old, I mistrusted my own judgment. I hope it has done you service, and will do more" (Malone, I, 2, 63).]

I

'T WAS at the royal feast, for Persia won

By Philip's warlike son:

Aloft in awful state

The godlike hero sate

On his imperial throne:

His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:

(So should desert in arms be crown'd.)

The lovely Thais, by his side,

Sate like a blooming Eastern bride 10

In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair!

None but the brave,

None but the brave,

None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS

Happy, happy, happy pair!

None but the brave,

None but the brave,

None but the brave deserves the fair.

II

Timotheus, plac'd on high 20

Amid the tuneful choir,

With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:

The trembling notes ascend the sky,

And heav'nly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove,

Who left his blissful seats above,

(Such is the pow'r of mighty love.)

A dragon's fiery form belied the god:

Sublime on radiant spires he rode,

When he to fair Olympia press'd; 30

And while he sought her snowy breast:

Then, round her slender waist he curl'd,

And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'-

reign of the world.

The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound;

"A present deity," they shout around;

"A present deity," the vaulted roofs re-

bound:

With ravish'd ears

The monarch hears,

Assumes the god,

Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres. 40

CHORUS

*With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.*

III

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,

Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes; 49
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums;
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shews his honest face:

Now give the hautboys breath; he comes,
he comes.

Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain. 60

CHORUS

*Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.*

IV

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and
thrice he slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes; 70
And, while he heav'n and earth defied,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltring in his blood;

Deserted, at his utmost need, 80
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul

The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS

*Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below; 90
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.*

V

The mighty master smil'd, to see
That love was in the next degree:
'T was but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
"War," he sung, "is toil and trouble;
Honor, but an empty bubble; 100
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying;
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee."

The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the
cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair 110
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and
look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS

*The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again: 120
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.*

VI

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound
 Has rais'd up his head:
 As awak'd from the dead,
 And amaz'd, he stares around. 130
 "Revenge, revenge!" Timotheus cries,
 "See the Furies arise!
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand!
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle
 were slain,
 And unburied remain
 Inglorious on the plain: 140
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew.
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glitt'ring temples of their hostile
 gods!"
 The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
 And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to
 destroy;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey, 149
 And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

CHORUS

*And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to
 destroy;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.*

VII

Thus, long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
 While organs yet were mute;
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft
 desire. 160
 At last, divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred
 store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother wit, and arts un-
 known before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down. 170

GRAND CHORUS

*At last, divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother wit, and arts unknown
 before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down. 180*

TO MR. GRANVILLE, ON HIS
EXCELLENT TRAGEDY CALL'D
HEROIC LOVE

[*Heroic Love*, a tragedy by George Granville, based on the story of Briseis in the *Iliad*, was probably first acted in 1697; it had great success on the stage (Downes). Dryden's epistle, with heading as above, was printed with the first edition of the play, which was published on February 19, 1698 (Malone, I, 1, 310, on the authority of an advertisement in the *London Gazette*). Granville, who was created Lord Lansdowne in 1711, is known in literature as the friend of Pope as well as of Dryden.]

AUSPICIOUS poet, wert thou not my friend,
 How could I envy, what I must commend!
 But since 't is nature's law, in love and wit,

That youth should reign, and with'ring age
 submit,
 With less regret those laurels I resign,
 Which, dying on my brows, revive on
 thine.
 With better grace an ancient chief may
 yield
 The long contended honors of the field,
 Than venture all his fortune at a cast,
 And fight, like Hannibal, to lose at last. 10
 Young princes, obstinate to win the prize,
 Tho' yearly beaten, yearly yet they rise;
 Old monarchs, tho' successful, still in
 doubt,
 Catch at a peace, and wisely turn devout.
 Thine be the laurel then; thy blooming
 age
 Can best, if any can, support the stage;

Which so declines, that shortly we may see
Players and plays reduc'd to second inf-
fancy.

Sharp to the world, but thoughtless of re-
nown,

They plot not on the stage, but on the
town,

And, in despair their empty pit to fill,
Set up some foreign monster in a bill.

Thus they jog on, still tricking, never
thriving,

And murd'ring plays, which they miscall
reviving.

Our sense is nonsense, thro' their pipes
convey'd;

Scarce can a poet know the play he made,
'T is so disguis'd in death; nor thinks 't is
he

That suffers in the mangled tragedy.
Thus Itys first was kill'd, and after dress'd

For his own sire, the chief invited guest. 30
I say not this of thy successful scenes,
Where thine was all the glory, theirs the
gains.

With length of time, much judgment, and
more toil,

Not ill they acted, what they could not
spoil.

Their setting sun still shoots a glimm'ring
ray,

Like ancient Rome, majestic in decay;
And better gleanings their worn soil can
boast,

Than the crab vintage of the neighb'ring
coast.

This difference yet the judging world will
see;

Thou copiest Homer, and they copy thee. 40

TO MY FRIEND MR. MOTTEUX

[Peter Anthony Motteux was a French Huguenot who settled in England in 1685, and soon became noted as a man of letters; he is best known in our day as a translator of Rabelais and of *Don Quixote*. The following epistle was prefixed to his tragedy, *Beauty in Distress*, on its publication in 1698. The play is entered in the *Term Catalogue* for Trinity Term (June) of that year; it was probably acted late in 1697 or early in 1698.]

'Tis hard, my friend, to write in such an
age,

As damns not only poets, but the stage.

That sacred art, by heav'n itself infus'd,
Which Moses, David, Solomon have us'd,
Is now to be no more: the Muses' foes

Would sink their Maker's praises into prose.
Were they content to prune the lavish vine

Of straggling branches, and improve the
wine,

Who but a madman would his faults de-
fend?

All would submit; for all but fools will
mend.

But when to common sense they give the
lie,

And turn distorted words to blasphemy,
They give the scandal; and the wise de-
cern,

Their glosses teach an age too apt to learn.
What I have loosely or profanely writ,

Let them to fires, (their due desert,) com-
mit;

Nor, when accus'd by me, let them com-
plain:

Their faults and not their function I ar-
raign.

Rebellion, worse than witchcraft, they
pursued;

The pulpit preach'd the crime, the people
rued.

The stage was silenc'd; for the saints
would see

In fields perform'd their plotted tragedy.
But let us first reform, and then so live,

That we may teach our teachers to forgive.
Our desk be plac'd below their lofty chairs;

Ours be the practice, as the precept theirs.
The moral part at least we may divide,

Humility reward, and punish pride;
Ambition, int'rest, avarice accuse:

These are the province of the Tragic Muse.
These hast thou chosen; and the public
voice

Has equal'd thy performance with thy
choice.

Time, action, place, are so preserv'd by
thee,

That ev'n Corneille might with envy see
Th' alliance of his tripled unity.

Thy incidents, perhaps, too thick are sown;
But too much plenty is thy fault alone:

At least but two can that good crime com-
mit,

Thou in design, and Wycherley in wit.
Let thy own Gauls condemn thee, if they
dare;

Contented to be thinly regular.

Born there, but not for them, our fruitful
soil

With more increase rewards thy happy toil.
Their tongue, infeebled, is refin'd so much,
That, like pure gold, it bends at ev'ry
touch;

Our sturdy Teuton yet will art obey,
More fit for manly thought, and strengthen'd
with ally.

But whence art thou inspir'd, and thou
alone,

To flourish in an idiom not thine own?
It moves our wonder, that a foreign guest
Should overmatch the most, and match the
best.

In underpraising, thy deserts I wrong;
Here, find the first deficiency of our
tongue:

Words, once my stock, are wanting, to
commend

So great a poet and so good a friend.

EPIGRAM ON TONSON

[In the third report of the *Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts*, p. 193, there is printed the following excerpt from a letter of R. Powys to Matthew Prior, dated July 14, 1698:]

Mr. Godfrey Kneller has drawn at length the picture of your friend Jacob Tonson, which he shewed Mr. Dryden, who desired to give a touch of his pensill, and underneath it writ these 3 verses:—

With leering look, bull faced and freckled fair,
With frowy pores poisoning the ambient air,
With two left legs and Judas coloured hair.

LINES TO MRS. CREED

[Mrs. Elizabeth Creed was the granddaughter of Sir John Pickering and of Susan, sister of Erasmus Driden, the poet's father. She was born in 1642. Malone (I, 1; 341, 342) prints the following anecdote, from a manuscript note which he conjectures to have been written by a daughter of Mrs. Creed. Words in brackets were supplied by Malone. The date of the lines of course cannot be determined; they are printed in the present place for convenience.]

Conversation one day after dinner, at Mrs. Creed's, running upon the origin of names],

Mr. Dryden bowed to the good old lady, and spoke extempore the following verses:]

So much religion in your name doth dwell,
Your soul must needs with piety exel.
Thus names, like [well-wrought] pictures drawn of old,
Their owners' nature and their story told.—
Your name but half expresses; for in you
Belief and practice do together go.
My prayers shall be, while this short life endures,
These may go hand in hand with you and yours;
Till faith hereafter is in vision drownd,
And practice is with endless glory crown'd.

THE MONUMENT OF A FAIR MAIDEN LADY WHO DIED AT BATH AND IS THERE INTERR'D

[This epitaph was first printed, with title as above, in the volume of *Fables*, 1700. It is found on a mural tablet in Bath Abbey, where it is preceded by the following words:

"Here lyes the Body of Mary, third Daughter of Richard Frampton of Moreton in Dorsetshire, Esq; and of Lane his Wife, sole Daughter of S^r Francis Cottington of Pounthill in Wilts, who was born January^y Jⁿ 167th. And Dyed after Seven Weeks sickness on the 6th of Ther 1698. This Monument was Erected by Cath. Frampton, her second Sister and Executress in testimony of her Grief, Affection, and Gratitude."

The tablet is surmounted by a bust of Mary Frampton.

The text above is from a copy of the tablet, kindly furnished the present editor by the Reverend S. A. Boyd, Rector of Bath. The text of the poem follows that printed in the *Fables*.]

BELOW this marble monument is laid
All that heav'n wants of this celestial maid.
Preserve, O sacred tomb, thy trust con-
sign'd,

The mold was made on purpose for the
mind;

And she would lose, if, at the latter day,
One atom could be mix'd of other clay.

Such were the features of her heav'nly
face,

Her limbs were form'd with such harmo-
nious grace;

So faultless was the frame, as if the whole
Had been an emanation of the soul,

Which her own inward symmetry reveal'd;
And like a picture shone, in glass anneal'd;

Or like the sun eclips'd, with shaded light;
Too piercing, else, to be sustain'd by sight.

Each thought was visible that roll'd within;

As thro' a crystal case the figur'd hours
are seen.

And Heav'n did this transparent veil provide,

Because she had no guilty thought to
hide.

All white, a virgin saint, she sought the
skies;

For marriage, tho' it sullies not, it dyes. ²⁰

High tho' her wit, yet humble was her
mind;

As if she could not, or she would not find }
How much her worth transcended all her
kind.

Yet she had learn'd so much of heav'n be-
low,

That, when arriv'd, she scarce had more to
know;

But only to refresh the former hint,
And read her Maker in a fairer print:

So pious, as she had no time to spare
For human thoughts, but was confin'd to
pray'r.

Yet in such charities she pass'd the day, ³⁰
'T was wondrous how she found an hour to
pray.

A soul so calm, it knew not ebbs or flows;
Which passion could but eurl, not discom-
pose.

A female softness, with a manly mind; }
A daughter duteous, and a sister kind; }
In sickness patient, and in death resign'd. }

FABLES, ANCIENT AND MODERN

[In March, 1700 (Malone, I, 1, 327, on the authority of an advertisement in the *Flying Post*),
Tonson published a folio volume with title-page reading as follows:

FABLES

Ancient and Modern ;

Translated into VERSE,

FROM

Homer, Ovid,

Boccace, & Chaucer :

WITH

ORIGINAL POEMS.

By Mr *DRYDEN*.

Nunc ultra ad Cineres ipsius & ossa parentis
(*Haud equidem sine mente, reor, sine numine divum*)
Adsumus. Virg. *Æn.* lib. 5.

LONDON:

Printed for Jacob Tonson, within Gray's Inn Gate next
Gray's Inn Lane. MDCC.

This volume, the "last fruit off an old tree," contained, besides the material printed below, the epitaph on *The Monument of a Fair Maiden Lady* (p. 735, above) and a reprint of *Alexander's Feast*. The earliest of the new poems contained in it were probably written late in 1697 or early in 1698.

In Dryden's correspondence there are several charming references to this last great work of his pen. On February 2, 1699, he writes to his kinswoman Mrs. Steward:

"In the mean time, betwixt my intervalls of physique and other remedies which I am using for my gravell, I am still drudgeing on : always a poet, and never a good one. I pass my time

sometimes with Ovid, and sometimes with our old English poet, Chaucer; translateing such stories as best please my fancy; and intend besides them to add somewhat of my own: so that it is not impossible, but ere the summer be pass'd, I may come down to you with a volume in my hand, like a dog out of the water, with a duck in his mouth." (Malone, I, 2; 74, 75.)

In another letter, written March 4 of the same year, he tells the same correspondent:

"I am still drudging at a book of Miscellanies, which I hope will be well enough; if otherwise, threescore and seven may be pardon'd." (Ibid. I, 2; 82, 83.)

On July 14, 1690, he writes to Samuel Pepys, the diarist:

"PADRON MIO,

"I REMEMBER, last year, when I had the honour of dining with you, you were pleas'd to recommend to me the character of Chaucer's GOOD PARSON. Any desire of yours is a command to me; and accordingly I have put it into my English, with such additions and alterations as I thought fit. Having translated as many Fables from Ovid, and as many Novells from Boccace and Tales from Chaucer, as will make an indifferent large volume in folio, I intend them for the press in Michaelmass term next. In the mean time my PARSON desires the favour of being known to you, and promises, if you find any fault in his character, he will reform it. Whenever you please, he shall wait on you, and for the safer conveyance, I will carry him in my pocket; who am

My *Padrons* most obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN." (Ibid. I, 2, 84-86.)

On November 7 the poet again writes to Mrs. Steward:

"If you desire to hear any thing more of my affairs, the Earl of Dorset and your Cousin Mountague [Charles Montague, later Earl of Halifax] have both seen the two poems, to the Duchess of Ormond, and my worthy Cousin Driden; and are of opinion that I never writt better. My other friends are divided in their judgments, which to prefer; but the greater part are for those to my dear kinsman; which I have corrected with so much care, that they will now be worthy of his sight, and do neither of us any dishonour after our death." (Ibid. I, 2; 93, 94.)

On March 12, 1700, Dryden writes once more to the same person, announcing the publication of his book:

"MADAM,

"T is a week since I receiv'd the favour of a letter, which I have not yet acknowledg'd to you. About that time my new Poems were publish'd, which are not come till this day into my hands. They are a debt to you, I must confess; and I am glad, because they are so unworthy to be made a present. Your sisters, I hope, will be so kind to have them convey'd to you; that my writings may have the honour of waiting on you, which is deny'd to me. The Town encourages them with more applause than any thing of mine deserves: and particularly my Cousin Driden accepted one from me so very indulgently, that it makes me more and more in love with him." (Ibid. I, 2; 127, 128.)

Finally, on April 11, 1700, only twenty days before his death, Dryden sends to Mrs. Steward a letter beginning:

"MADAM,

"THE ladies of the town have infected you at a distance: they are all of your opinion, and like my last book of Poems better than any thing they have formerly seen of mine. I always thought my Verses to my Cousin Driden were the best of the whole; and to my comfort, the Town thinks them so; and he, which pleases me most, is of the same judgment, as appears by a noble present he has sent me, which surpris'd me, because I did not in the least expect it." (Ibid. I, 2; 129, 130.)]

TO
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF
ORMOND

MY LORD,

SOME estates are held in England by paying a fine at the change of every lord. I have enjoy'd the patronage of your family, from the time of your excellent grandfather to this present day. I have dedicated the *Lives* of Plu-

tarch to the first duke; and have celebrated the memory of your heroic father. Tho' I am very short of the age of Nestor, yet I have liv'd to a third generation of your house; and by your Grace's favor am admitted still to hold from you by the same tenure.

I am not vain enough to boast that I have deserv'd the value of so illustrious a line; but my fortune is the greater, that for three descents they have been pleas'd to distinguish my

poems from those of other men; and have accordingly made me their peculiar care. May it be permitted me to say, that as your grandfather and father were cherish'd and adorn'd with honors by two successive monarchs, so I have been esteem'd and patroniz'd by the grandfather, the father, and the son, descended from one of the most ancient, most conspicuous, and most deserving families in Europe.

'Tis true that by delaying the payment of my last fine, when it was due by your Grace's accession to the titles and patrimonies of your house, I may seem, in rigor of law, to have made a forfeiture of my claim; yet my heart has always been devoted to your service; and since you have been graciously pleas'd, by your permission of this address, to accept the tender of my duty, 'tis not yet too late to lay these poems at your feet.

The world is sensible that you worthily succeed, not only to the honors of your ancestors, but also to their virtues. The long chain of magnanimity, courage, easiness of access, and desire of doing good, even to the prejudice of your fortune, is so far from being broken in your Grace, that the precious metal yet runs pure to the newest link of it; which I will not call the last, because I hope and pray it may descend to late posterity; and your flourishing youth, and that of your excellent duchess, are happy omens of my wish.

'Tis observ'd by Livy and by others that some of the noblest Roman families retain'd a resemblance of their ancestry, not only in their shapes and features, but also in their manners, their qualities, and the distinguishing characters of their minds. Some lines were noted for a stern, rigid virtue, salvage, haughty, parsimonious, and unpopular: others were more sweet and affable, made of a more pliant paste, humble, courteous, and obliging; studious of doing charitable offices, and diffusive of the goods which they enjoy'd. The last of these is the proper and indelible character of your Grace's family. God Almighty has endued you with a softness, a beneficence, an attractive behavior winning on the hearts of others; and so sensible of their misery, that the wounds of fortune seem not inflicted on them, but on yourself. You are so ready to redress, that you almost prevent their wishes, and always exceed their expectations; as if what was yours was not your own, and not given you to possess, but to bestow on wanting merit. But this is a topic which I must cast in shades, lest I offend your modesty, which is so far from being ostentatious of the good you do that it blushes even to have it known; and therefore I must leave you to the satisfaction and testimony of your own conscience, which, tho' it be a silent panegyric, is yet the best.

You are so easy of access, that Poplicola was not more, whose doors were open'd on the outside to save the people even the common civility of asking entrance; where all were equally admitted; where nothing that was reasonable was denied; where misfortune was a powerful recommendation, and where, I can scarce forbear saying, that want itself was a powerful mediator, and was next to merit.

The history of Peru assures us that their Incas, above all their titles, esteem'd that the highest, which call'd them Lovers of the Poor: a name more glorious than the *Felix*, *Pius*, and *Augustus* of the Roman emperors; which were epithets of flattery, deserv'd by few of them, and not running in a blood, like the perpetual gentleness and inherent goodness of the Ormond family.

Gold, as it is the purest, so it is the softest and most ductile of all metals. Iron, which is the hardest, gathers rust, corrodes itself, and is therefore subject to corruption; it was never intended for coins and medals, or to bear the faces and inscriptions of the great. Indeed 'tis fit for armor, to bear off insults, and preserve the wearer in the day of battle; but the danger once repell'd, 'tis laid aside by the brave, as a garment too rough for civil conversation: a necessary guard in war, but too harsh and cumbersome in peace, and which keeps off the embraces of a more human life.

For this reason, my Lord, tho' you have courage in a heroidal degree, yet I ascribe it to you but as your second attribute: mercy, beneficence, and compassion claim precedence, as they are first in the divine nature. An intrepid courage, which is inherent in your Grace, is at best but a holiday kind of virtue, to be seldom exercis'd, and never but in cases of necessity; affability, mildness, tenderness, and a word which I would fain bring back to its original signification of virtue, I mean good-nature, are of daily use: they are the bread of mankind, and staff of life: neither sighs, nor tears, nor groans, nor curses of the vanquish'd, follow acts of compassion and of charity; but a sincere pleasure and serenity of mind in him who performs an action of mercy, which cannot suffer the misfortunes of another without redress, lest they should bring a kind of contagion along with them, and pollute the happiness which he enjoys.

Yet since the perverse tempers of mankind, since oppression on one side, and ambition on the other, are sometimes the unavoidable occasions of war; that courage, that magnanimity and resolution, which is born with you, cannot be too much commended. And here it grieves me that I am scantied in the pleasure of dwelling on many of your actions; but ἀιδούμεναι Τρώας is an expression which Tully often uses, when

he would do what he dares not, and fears the censure of the Romans.

I have sometimes been forc'd to amplify on others; but here, where the subject is so fruitful that the harvest overcomes the reaper, I am shorten'd by my chain, and can only see what is forbidden me to reach; since it is not permitted me to commend you according to the extent of my wishes, and much less is it in my power to make my commendations equal to your merits.

Yet in this frugality of your praises, there are some things which I cannot omit, without detracting from your character. You have so form'd your own education, as enables you to pay the debt you owe your country, or, more properly speaking, both your countries; because you were born, I may almost say, in purple, at the Castle of Dublin, when your grandfather was Lord Lieutenant, and have since been bred in the Court of England.

If this address had been in verse, I might have call'd you, as Claudian calls *Mercurius*, *Numen commune, gemino faciens commercia mundo*. The better to satisfy this double obligation, you have early cultivated the genius you have to arms, that when the service of Britain or Ireland shall require your courage and your conduct, you may exert them both to the benefit of either country. You began in the cabinet what you afterwards practis'd in the camp; and thus both *Lucullus* and *Cæsar* (to omit a crowd of shining Romans) form'd themselves to the war by the study of history, and by the examples of the greatest captains, both of Greece and Italy, before their time. I name those two commanders in particular, because they were better read in chronicle than any of the Roman leaders; and that *Lucullus* in particular, having only the theory of war from books, was thought fit, without practice, to be sent into the field against the most formidable enemy of Rome. Tully indeed was call'd the Learn'd Consul in derision; but then he was not born a soldier: his head was turn'd another way; when he read the tactics, he was thinking on the bar, which was his field of battle. The knowledge of warfare is thrown away on a general who dares not make use of what he knows. I commend it only in a man of courage and of resolution: in him it will direct his martial spirit, and teach him the way to the best victories, which are those that are least bloody, and which, tho' achiev'd by the hand, are manag'd by the head. Science distinguishes a man of honor from one of those athletic brutes whom undeserv'dly we call heroes. *Curst* be the poet who first honor'd with that name a mere *Ajax*, a man-killing idiot. The *Ulysses* of *Ovid* upbraids his ignorance, that he understood not the shield for

which he pleaded: there was engraven on it plans of cities, and maps of countries, which *Ajax* could not comprehend, but look'd on them as stupidly as his fellow beast, the lion. But on the other side, your Grace has given yourself the education of his rival; you have studied every spot of ground in Flanders, which for these ten years past has been the scene of battles and of sieges. No wonder if you perform'd your part with such applause on a theater which you understood so well.

If I design'd this for a poetical encomium, it were easy to enlarge on so copious a subject; but confining myself to the severity of truth, and to what is becoming me to say, I must not only pass over many instances of your military skill, but also those of your assiduous diligence in the war; and of your personal bravery, attended with an ardent thirst of honor; a long train of generosity; profuseness of doing good; a soul unsatisfied with all it has done; and an unextinguish'd desire of doing more. But all this is matter for your own historians; I am, as *Virgil* says, *spatiis exclusus inquis*.

Yet not to be wholly silent of all your charities, I must stay a little on one action, which prefer'd the relief of others to the consideration of yourself. When, in the battle of Landen, your heat of courage (a fault only pardonable to your youth) had transported you so far before your friends that they were unable to follow, much less to succor you; when you were not only dangerously, but, in all appearance, mortally wounded; when in that desperate condition you were made prisoner, and carried to *Namur*, at that time in possession of the French; then it was, my Lord, that you took a considerable part of what was remitted to you of your own revenues, and, as a memorable instance of your heroic charity, put it into the hands of Count *Guiscard*, who was governor of the place, to be distributed among your fellow prisoners. The French commander, charm'd with the greatness of your soul, accordingly consign'd it to the use for which it was intended by the donor; by which means the lives of so many miserable men were sav'd, and a comfortable provision made for their subsistence, who had otherwise perish'd, had not you been the companion of their misfortune; or rather sent by Providence, like another *Joseph*, to keep out famine from invading those whom in humility you call'd your brethren. How happy was it for those poor creatures, that your Grace was made their fellow sufferer! And how glorious for you, that you chose to want, rather than not relieve the wants of others! The heathen poet, in commending the charity of *Dido* to the Trojans, spoke like a Christian:

Non ignara mæli, miseris succurrere disco.

All men, even those of a different interest and contrary principles, must praise this action, as the most eminent for piety, not only in this degenerate age, but almost in any of the former; when men were made *de meliore luto*, when examples of charity were frequent, and when there were in being:

*Tucri pulcherrima proles,
Magnanimi heroes nati uictoribus annis.*

No envy can detract from this: it will shine in history; and, like swans, grow whiter the longer it endures; and the name of ORMOND will be more celebrated in his captivity than in his greatest triumphs.

But all actions of your Grace are of a piece, as waters keep the tenor of their fountains; your compassion is general, and has the same effect as well on enemies as friends. 'Tis so much in your nature to do good, that your life is but one continued act of placing benefits on many, as the sun is always carrying his light to some part or other of the world. And were it not that your reason guides you where to give, I might almost say that you could not help bestowing more than is consistent with the fortune of a private man, or with the will of any but an Alexander.

What wonder is it then, that, being born for a blessing to mankind, your suppos'd death in that engagement was so generally lamented thro' the nation? The concernment for it was as universal as the loss; and tho' the gratitude might be counterfeit in some, yet the tears of all were real: where every man deplor'd his private part in that calamity, and even those who had not tasted of your favors, yet built so much on the fame of your beneficence, that they bemoan'd the loss of their expectations.

This brought the untimely death of your great father into fresh remembrance; as if the same decree had pass'd on two short successive generations of the virtuous; and I repeated to myself the same verses which I had formerly applied to him:

*Odondant terris hanc tantum fata, nec ultra
Eise solum.*

But to the joy not only of all good men, but of mankind in general, the unhappy omen took not place. You are still living to enjoy the blessings and applause of all the good you have perform'd, the prayers of multitudes whom you have oblig'd, for your long prosperity, and that your power of doing generous and charitable actions may be as extended as your will; which is by none more zealously desir'd than by

Your Grace's most humble,
most obliged, and
obedient Servant,
JOHN DRYDEN.

PREFACE

'Tis with a poet, as with a man who designs to build, and is very exact, as he supposes, in casting up the cost beforehand; but, generally speaking, he is mistaken in his account, and reckons short of the expense he first intended. He alters his mind as the work proceeds, and will have this or that convenience more, of which he had not thought when he began. So has it happen'd to me; I have built a house, where I intended but a lodge; yet with better success than a certain nobleman, who, beginning with a dog kennel, never liv'd to finish the palace he had contriv'd.

From translating the first of Homer's *Iliads* (which I intended as an essay to the whole work) I proceeded to the translation of the twelfth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, because it contains, among other things, the causes, the beginning, and ending, of the Trojan war. Here I ought in reason to have stopp'd; but the speeches of Ajax and Ulysses lying next in my way, I could not balk 'em. When I had compass'd them, I was so taken with the former part of the fifteenth book, (which is the masterpiece of the whole *Metamorphoses*,) that I enjoin'd myself the pleasing task of rend'ring it into English. And now I found, by the number of my verses, that they began to swell into a little volume; which gave me an occasion of looking backward on some beauties of my author, in his former books. There occur'd to me the *Hunting of the Boar*, *Cinyras* and *Myrrha*, the good-natur'd story of *Baucis* and *Philemon*, with the rest, which I hope I have translated closely enough, and given them the same turn of verse which they had in the original; and this, I may say without vanity, is not the talent of every poet. He who has arriv'd the nearest to it, is the ingenious and learned Sandys, the best versifier of the former age; if I may properly call it by that name, which was the former part of this concluding century. For Spenser and Fairfax both flourish'd in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; great masters in our language, and who saw much farther into the beauties of our numbers than those who immediately follow'd them. Milton was the poetical son of Spenser, and Mr. Waller of Fairfax, for we have our lineal descents and clans as well as other families. Spenser more than once insinuates that the soul of Chaucer was transfus'd into his body, and that he was begotten by him two hundred years after his decease. Milton has acknowledg'd to me that Spenser was his original, and many besides myself have heard our famous Waller own that he deriv'd the harmony of his numbers from the *Godfrey of Bulloign*, which was turn'd into English by Mr. Fairfax. But to return. Hav-

ing done with Ovid for this time, it came into my mind that our old English poet, Chaucer, in many things resembled him, and that with no disadvantage on the side of the modern author, as I shall endeavor to prove when I compare them; and as I am, and always have been, studious to promote the honor of my native country, so I soon resolv'd to put their merits to the trial, by turning some of the *Canterbury Tales* into our language, as it is now refin'd; for by this means, both the poets being set in the same light, and dress'd in the same English habit, story to be compar'd with story, a certain judgment may be made betwixt them by the reader, without obtruding my opinion on him. Or, if I seem partial to my countryman and predecessor in the laurel, the friends of antiquity are not few; and besides many of the learn'd, Ovid has almost all the beaux, and the whole fair sex, his declar'd patrons. Perhaps I have assum'd somewhat more to myself than they allow me, because I have adventur'd to sum up the evidence; but the readers are the jury, and their privilege remains entire, to decide according to the merits of the cause, or, if they please, to bring it to another hearing before some other court. In the mean time, to follow the thriv of my discourse, (as thoughts, according to Mr. Hobbes, have always some connection,) so from Chaucer I was led to think on Boccace, who was not only his contemporary, but also pursued the same studies; wrote novels in prose, and many works in verse; particularly is said to have invented the octave rhyme, or stanza of eight lines, which ever since has been maintain'd by the practice of all Italian writers, who are, or at least assume the title of, heroic poets. He and Chaucer, among other things, had this in common, that they refin'd their mother tongues; but with this difference, that Dante had begun to file their language, at least in verse, before the time of Boccace, who likewise receiv'd no little help from his master Petrarch. But the reformation of their prose was wholly owing to Boccace himself, who is yet the standard of purity in the Italian tongue; tho' many of his phrases are become obsolete, as in process of time it must needs happen. Chaucer (as you have formerly been told by our learn'd Mr. Rymer) first adorn'd and amplified our barren tongue from the Provencal, which was then the most polish'd of all the modern languages; but this subject has been copiously treated by that great critic, who deserves no little commendation from us his countrymen. For these reasons of time, and resemblance of genius in Chaucer and Boccace, I resolv'd to join them in my present work; to which I have added some original papers of my own; which, whether they are equal or inferior to my other poems, an author is the most

improper judge, and therefore I leave them wholly to the mercy of the reader. I will hope the best, that they will not be condemn'd; but if they should, I have the excuse of an old gentleman, who mounting on horseback before some ladies, when I was present, got up somewhat heavily, but desir'd of the fair spectators that they would count fourscore and eight before they judg'd him. By the mercy of God, I am already come within twenty years of his number, a cripple in my limbs; but what decays are in my mind, the reader must determine. I think myself as vigorous as ever in the faculties of my soul, excepting only my memory, which is not impair'd to any great degree; and if I lose not more of it, I have no great reason to complain. What judgment I had, increases rather than diminishes; and thoughts, such as they are, come crowding in so fast upon me, that my only difficulty is to choose or to reject; to run them into verse, or to give them the other harmony of prose. I have so long studied and practic'd both, that they are grown into a habit, and become familiar to me. In short, tho' I may lawfully plead some part of the old gentleman's excuse, yet I will reserve it till I think I have greater need, and ask no grains of allowance for the faults of this my present work, but those which are given of course to human frailty. I will not trouble my reader with the shortness of time in which I writ it, or the several intervals of sickness. They who think too well of their own performances are apt to boast in their prefaces how little time their works have cost them, and what other business of more importance interfer'd; but the reader will be as apt to ask the question, why they allow'd not a longer time to make their works more perfect, and why they had so despicable an opinion of their judges as to thrust their indigested stuff upon them, as if they deserv'd no better.

With this account of my present undertaking, I conclude the first part of this discourse; in the second part, as at a second sitting, tho' I alter not the draught, I must touch the same features over again, and change the dead coloring of the whole. In general, I will only say that I have written nothing which savors of immorality or profaneness; at least, I am not conscious to myself of any such intention. If there happen to be found an irreverent expression, or a thought too wanton, they are crept into my verses thro' my inadvertency; if the searchers find any in the cargo, let them be stov'd or forfeited, like counterband goods; at least, let their authors be answerable for them, as being but imported merchandise, and not of my own manufacture. On the other side, I have endeavor'd to choose such fables, both

ancient and modern, as contain in each of them some instructive moral; which I could prove by induction, but the way is tedious, and they leap foremost into sight, without the reader's trouble of looking after them. I wish I could affirm, with a safe conscience, that I had taken the same care in all my former writings; for it must be own'd, that supposing verses are never so beautiful or pleasing, yet if they contain anything which shocks religion, or good manners, they are at best what Horace says of good numbers without good sense, *Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canore*. Thus far, I hope, I am right in court, without renouncing to my other right of self-defense, where I have been wrongfully accus'd, and my sense wiredrawn into blasphemy or bawdry, as it has often been by a religious lawyer, in a late pleading against the stage; in which he mixes truth with falsehood, and has not forgotten the old rule of calumniating strongly, that something may remain.

I resume the thrird of my discourse with the first of my translations, which was the *First Iliad* of Homer. If it shall please God to give me longer life, and moderate health, my intentions are to translate the whole *Ilias*; provided still that I meet with those encouragements from the public which may enable me to proceed in my undertaking with some cheerfulness. And this I dare assure the world beforehand, that I have found by trial Homer a more pleasing task than Virgil, (tho' I say not the translation will be less laborious.) For the Grecian is more according to my genius than the Latin poet. In the works of the two authors we may read their manners and natural inclinations, which are wholly different. Virgil was of a quiet, sedate temper; Homer was violent, impetuous, and full of fire. The chief talent of Virgil was propriety of thoughts, and ornament of words; Homer was rapid in his thoughts, and took all the liberties, both of numbers and of expressions, which his language, and the age in which he liv'd, allow'd him. Homer's invention was more copious, Virgil's more confin'd; so that if Homer had not led the way, it was not in Virgil to have begun heroic poetry; for nothing can be more evident than that the Roman poem is but the second part of the *Ilias*; a continuation of the same story, and the persons already form'd; the manners of Æneas are those of Hector super-added to those which Homer gave him. The adventures of Ulysses in the *Odysseis* are imitated in the first six books of Virgil's *Æneis*; and tho' the accidents are not the same, (which would have argued him of a servile, copying, and total barrenness of invention,) yet the seas were the same, in which both the heroes wander'd; and Dido cannot be denied to be the

poetical daughter of Calypso. The six latter books of Virgil's poem are the four and twenty *Iliads* contracted: a quarrel occasion'd by a lady, a single combat, battles fought, and a town besieg'd. I say not this in derogation to Virgil, neither do I contradict anything which I have formerly said in his just praise: for his episodes are almost wholly of his own invention; and the form which he has given to the telling makes the tale his own, even tho' the original story had been the same. But this proves, however, that Homer taught Virgil to design; and if invention be the first virtue of an epic poet, then the Latin poem can only be allow'd the second place. Mr. Hobbes, in the preface to his own bald translation of the *Ilias* (studying poetry as he did mathematics, when it was too late) — Mr. Hobbes, I say, begins the praise of Homer where he should have ended it. He tells us that the first beauty of an epic poem consists in diction, that is, in the choice of words, and harmony of numbers; now the words are the coloring of the work, which in the order of nature is last to be consider'd. The design, the disposition, the manners, and the thoughts, are all before it: where any of those are wanting or imperfect, so much wants or is imperfect in the imitation of human life; which is in the very definition of a poem. Words, indeed, like glaring colors, are the first beauties that arise and strike the sight: but if the draught be false or lame, the figures ill dispos'd, the manners obscure or inconsistent, or the thoughts unnatural, then the finest colors are but daubing, and the piece is a beautiful monster at the best. Neither Virgil nor Homer were deficient in any of the former beauties; but in this last, which is expression, the Roman poet is at least equal to the Grecian, as I have said elsewhere; supplying the poverty of his language by his musical ear, and by his diligence. But to return: our two great poets, being so different in their tempers, one choleric and sanguine, the other phlegmatic and melancholic; that which makes them excel in their several ways is that each of them has follow'd his own natural inclination, as well in forming the design as in the execution of it. The very heroes shew their authors: Achilles is hot, impatient, revengeful, *Impiger, iracundus, inextorabilis, acer* &c.; Æneas patient, considerate, careful of his people, and merciful to his enemies; ever submissive to the will of Heaven — *Quo fata trahunt retrahuntque sequamur*. I could please myself with enlarging on this subject, but am forc'd to defer it to a fitter time. From all I have said I will only draw this inference, that the action of Homer being more full of vigor than that of Virgil, according to the temper of the writer, is of consequence more pleasing to the reader. One warms you by degrees; the

other sets you on fire all at once, and never intermits his heat. 'Tis the same difference which Longinus makes betwixt the effects of eloquence in Demosthenes and Tully. One persuades; the other commands. You never cool while you read Homer, even not in the second book (a graceful flattery to his countrymen); but he hastens from the ships, and concludes not that book till he has made you an amends by the violent playing of a new machine. From thence he hurries on his action with variety of events, and ends it in less compass than two months. This vehemence of his, I confess, is more suitable to my temper; and therefore I have translated his first book with greater pleasure than any part of Virgil; but it was not a pleasure without pains. The continual agitations of the spirits must needs be a weakening of any constitution, especially in age; and many pauses are requir'd for refreshment betwixt the heats; the *Iliad* of itself being a third part longer than all Virgil's works together.

This is what I thought needful in this place to say of Homer. I proceed to Ovid and Chaucer, considering the former only in relation to the latter. With Ovid ended the golden age of the Roman tongue; from Chaucer the purity of the English tongue began. The manners of the poets were not unlike: both of them were well bred, well natur'd, amorous, and libertine, at least in their writings, it may be also in their lives. Their studies were the same, philosophy and philology. Both of them were knowing in astronomy, of which Ovid's books of the Roman feasts, and Chaucer's treatise of the Astrolabe, are sufficient witnesses. But Chaucer was likewise an astrologer, as were Virgil, Horace, Persius, and Manilius. Both writ with wonderful facility and clearness: neither were great inventors; for Ovid only copied the Grecian fables; and most of Chaucer's stories were taken from his Italian contemporaries, or their predecessors. Boccace his *Decameron* was first publish'd; and from thence our Englishman has borrow'd many of his *Canterbury Tales*; yet that of *Palamon and Arcite* was written in all probability by some Italian wit in a former age, as I shall prove hereafter. The tale of Grizild was the invention of Petrarch; by him sent to Boccace; from whom it came to Chaucer. *Troilus and Cressida* was also written by a Lombard author; but much amplified by our English translator, as well as beautified; the genius of our countrymen, in general, being rather to improve an invention, than to invent themselves; as is evident not only in our poetry, but in many of our manufactures. I find I have anticipated already, and taken up from Boccace before I come to him; but there is

so much less behind; and I am of the temper of most kings, *who love to be in debt*, are all for present money, no matter how they pay it afterwards: besides, the nature of a preface is rambling; never wholly out of the way, nor in it. This I have learn'd from the practice of honest Montaigne, and return at my pleasure to Ovid and Chaucer, of whom I have little more to say. Both of them built on the inventions of other men; yet since Chaucer had something of his own, as *The Wife of Bath's Tale*, *The Cock and the Fox*, which I have translated, and some others, I may justly give our countryman the precedence in that part; since I can remember nothing of Ovid which was wholly his. Both of them understood the manners, under which name I comprehend the passions, and, in a larger sense, the descriptions of persons, and their very habits; for an example, I see Baucis and Philemon as perfectly before me, as if some ancient painter had drawn them; and all the pilgrims in the *Canterbury Tales*, their humors, their features, and the very dress, as distinctly as if I had suppd with them at the Tabard in Southwark; yet even there too the figures of Chaucer are much more lively, and set in a better light: which tho' I have not time to prove, yet I appeal to the reader, and am sure he will clear me from partiality. The thoughts and words remain to be consider'd in the comparison of the two poets; and I have sav'd myself one half of that labor, by owning that Ovid liv'd when the Roman tongue was in its meridian, Chaucer in the dawning of our language; therefore that part of the comparison stands not on an equal foot, any more than the diction of Ennius and Ovid, or of Chaucer and our present English. The words are given up as a post not to be defended in our poet, because he wanted the modern art of fortifying. The thoughts remain to be consider'd, and they are to be measur'd only by their propriety; that is, as they flow more or less naturally from the persons describ'd, on such and such occasions. The vulgar judges, which are nine parts in ten of all nations, who call conceits and jingles wit, who see Ovid full of them, and Chaucer altogether without them, will think me little less than mad, for preferring the Englishman to the Roman: yet, with their leave, I must presume to say that the things they admire are only glittering trifles, and so far from being witty, that in a serious poem they are nauseous, because they are unnatural. Would any man who is ready to die for love describe his passion like Narcissus? Would he think of *inopem me copia fecit*, and a dozen more of such expressions, pour'd on the neck of one another, and signifying all the same thing? If this were wit, was this a time to be witty, when the poor

wretch was in the agony of death? This is just John Littlewit in *Bartholomew Fair*, who had a conceit (as he tells you) left him in his misery; a miserable conceit. On these occasions the poet should endeavor to raise pity; but instead of this, Ovid is tickling you to laugh. Virgil never made use of such machines, when he was moving you to commiserate the death of Dido: he would not destroy what he was building. Chaucer makes Areite violent in his love, and unjust in the pursuit of it; yet when he came to die, he made him think more reasonably: he repents not of his love, for that had alter'd his character; but acknowledges the injustice of his proceedings, and resigns Emilia to Palamon. What would Ovid have done on this occasion? He would certainly have made Areite witty on his death-bed. He had complain'd he was farther off from possession by being so near, and a thousand such boyisms, which Chaucer rejected as below the dignity of the subject. They who think otherwise would by the same reason prefer Lucan and Ovid to Homer and Virgil, and Martial to all four of them. As for the turn of words, in which Ovid particularly excels all poets, they are sometimes a fault, and sometimes a beauty, as they are us'd properly or improperly; but in strong passions always to be shunn'd, because passions are serious, and will admit no playing. The French have a high value for them; and I confess, they are often what they call delicate, when they are introduced with judgment; but Chaucer writ with more simplicity, and follow'd nature more closely, than to use them. I have thus far, to the best of my knowledge, been an upright judge betwixt the parties in competition, not meddling with the design nor the disposition of it; because the design was not their own, and in the disposing of it they were equal. It remains that I say somewhat of Chaucer in particular.

In the first place, as he is the father of English poetry, so I hold him in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer or the Romans Virgil. He is a perpetual fountain of good sense, learn'd in all sciences, and therefore speaks properly on all subjects: as he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off, a continence which is practis'd by few writers, and scarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace. One of our late great poets is sunk in his reputation, because he could never forgive any conceit which came in his way, but swept like a drag-net, great and small. There was plenty enough, but the dishes were ill sorted; whole pyramids of sweetmeats for boys and women, but little of solid meat for men. All this proceeded not from any want of knowledge, but of judg-

ment; neither did he want that in discerning the beauties and faults of other poets; but only indulg'd himself in the luxury of writing; and perhaps knew it was a fault, but hop'd the reader would not find it. For this reason, tho' he must always be thought a great poet, he is no longer esteem'd a good writer; and for ten impressions, which his works have had in so many successive years, yet at present a hundred books are scarcely purchas'd once a twelvemonth: for, as my last Lord Rochester said, tho' somewhat profanely, "Not being of God, he could not stand."

Chaucer follow'd Nature everywhere, but was never so bold to go beyond her; and there is a great difference of being *poeta* and *nimis poeta*, if we may believe Catullus, as much as betwixt a modest behavior and affectation. The verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not harmonious to us; but 'tis like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends, it was *auribus istius temporis accommodata*: they who liv'd with him, and some time after him, thought it musical; and it continues so even in our judgment, if compar'd with the numbers of Lydgate and Gower, his contemporaries: there is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing, tho' not perfect. 'Tis true, I cannot go so far as he who publish'd the last edition of him; for he would make us believe the fault is in our ears, and that there were really ten syllables in a verse where we find but nine: but this opinion is not worth confuting; 'tis so gross and obvious an error, that common sense (which is a rule in everything but matters of faith and revelation) must convince the reader that equality of numbers in every verse which we call heroic was either not known, or not always practis'd, in Chaucer's age. It were an easy matter to produce some thousands of his verses, which are lame for want of half a foot, and sometimes a whole one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwise. We can only say, that he liv'd in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the first. We must be children before we grow men. There was an Ennius, and in process of time a Lucilius and a Lucretius, before Virgil and Horace; even after Chaucer there was a Spenser, a Harrington, a Fairfax, before Waller and Denham were in being: and our numbers were in their nonage till these last appear'd. I need say little of his parentage, life, and fortunes; they are to be found at large in all the editions of his works. He was employ'd abroad and favor'd by Edward the Third, Richard the Second, and Henry the Fourth, and was poet, as I suppose, to all three of them. In Richard's time, I doubt, he was a little dipp'd in the rebellion of the commons, and

being brother-in-law to John of Ghant, it was no wonder if he follow'd the fortunes of that family, and was well with Henry the Fourth, when he had depos'd his predecessor. Neither is it to be admir'd, that Henry, who was a wise as well as a valiant prince, who claim'd by succession, and was sensible that his title was not sound, but was rightfully in Mortimer, who had married the heir of York; it was not to be admir'd, I say, if that great politician should be pleas'd to have the greatest wit of those times in his interests, and to be the trumpet of his praises. Augustus had given him the example, by the advice of Mæcenas, who recommended Virgil and Horace to him; whose praises help'd to make him popular while he was alive, and after his death have made him precious to posterity. As for the religion of our poet, he seems to have some little bias towards the opinions of Wycliffe, after John of Ghant his patron; somewhat of which appears in the tale of Piers Plowman. Yet I cannot blame him for inveighing so sharply against the vices of the clergy in his age; their pride, their ambition, their pomp, their avarice, their worldly interest, deserv'd the lashes which he gave them, both in that and in most of his *Canterbury Tales*: neither has his contemporary Boece spar'd them. Yet both those poets liv'd in much esteem with good and holy men in orders; for the scandal which is given by particular priests reflects not on the sacred function. Chaucer's Monk, his Canon, and his Friar, took not from the character of his Good Parson. A satirical poet is the check of the laymen on bad priests. We are only to take care that we involve not the innocent with the guilty in the same condemnation. The good cannot be too much honor'd, nor the bad too coarsely us'd: for the corruption of the best becomes the worst. When a clergyman is whipp'd, his gown is first taken off, by which the dignity of his order is secur'd: if he be wrongfully accus'd, he has his action of slander; and 'tis at the poet's peril if he transgress the law. But they will tell us that all kind of satire, tho' never so well deserv'd by particular priests, yet brings the whole order into contempt. Is then the peerage of England anything dishonor'd, when a peer suffers for his treason? If he be libel'd or any way defam'd, he has his *scandalum magnatum* to punish the offender. They who use this kind of argument seem to be conscious to themselves of somewhat which has deserv'd the poet's lash, and are less concern'd for their public capacity than for their private; at least there is pride at the bottom of their reasoning. If the faults of men in orders are only to be judg'd among themselves, they are all in some sort parties: for, since they say

the honor of their order is concern'd in every member of it, how can we be sure that they will be impartial judges? How far I may be allow'd to speak my opinion in this case, I know not; but I am sure a dispute of this nature cans'd mischief in abundance betwixt a king of England and an archbishop of Canterbury; one standing up for the laws of his land, and the other for the honor (as he call'd it) of God's Church; which ended in the murder of the prelate, and in the whipping of his Majesty from post to pillar for his penance. The learn'd and ingenious Dr. Drake has sav'd me the labor of inquiring into the esteem and reverence which the priests have had of old; and I would rather extend than diminish any part of it: yet I must needs say, that when a priest provokes me without any occasion given him, I have no reason, unless it be the charity of a Christian, to forgive him: *prior læsit* is justification sufficient in the civil law. If I answer him in his own language, self-defense, I am sure, must be allow'd me; and if I carry it farther, even to a sharp re-creation, somewhat may be indulg'd to human frailty. Yet my resentment has not wrought so far, but that I have follow'd Chaucer in his character of a holy man, and have enlarg'd on that subject with some pleasure, reserving to myself the right, if I shall think fit hereafter, to describe another sort of priests, such as are more easily to be found than the Good Parson; such as have given the last blow to Christianity in this age, by a practice so contrary to their doctrine. But this will keep cold till another time. In the mean while I take up Chaucer where I left him. He must have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive nature, because, as it has been truly observ'd of him, he has taken into the compass of his *Canterbury Tales* the various manners and humors (as we now call them) of the whole English nation, in his age. Not a single character has escap'd him. All his pilgrims are severally distinguish'd from each other; and not only in their inclinations, but in their very physiognomies and persons. Baptista Porta could not have describ'd their natures better, than by the marks which the poet gives them. The matter and manner of their tales, and of their telling, are so suited to their different educations, humors, and callings, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguish'd by their several sorts of gravity: their discourses are such as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding; such as are becoming of them, and of them only. Some of his persons are vicious, and some virtuous; some are unlearn'd, or (as Chaucer calls them) lewd, and some are learn'd. Even the ribaldry

of the low characters is different: the Reeve, the Miller, and the Cook are several men, and distinguish'd from each other, as much as the mining Lady Prioresse and the broad-speaking gap-tooth'd Wife of Bath. But enough of this: there is such a variety of game springing up before me, that I am distracted in my choice, and know not which to follow. 'Tis sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that here is God's plenty. We have our forefathers and great-grandames all before us, as they were in Chaucer's days; their general characters are still remaining in mankind, and even in England, tho' they are call'd by other names than those of Monks and Friars, and Canons, and Lady Abbesses, and Nuns: for mankind is ever the same, and nothing lost out of nature, tho' everything is alter'd. May I have leave to do myself the justice — since my enemies will do me none, and are so far from granting me to be a good poet, that they will not allow me so much as to be a Christian, or a moral man — may I have leave, I say, to inform my reader that I have confin'd my choice to such tales of Chaucer as savor nothing of immodesty. If I had desir'd more to please than to instruct, the Reeve, the Miller, the Shipman, the Merchant, the Sumner, and, above all, the Wife of Bath, in the prologue to her tale, would have procur'd me as many friends and readers, as there are beaux and ladies of pleasure in the town. But I will no more offend against good manners: I am sensible, as I ought to be, of the scandal I have given by my loose writings; and make what reparation I am able, by this public acknowledgment. If anything of this nature, or of profaneness, be crept into these poems, I am so far from defending it, that I disown it. *Totum hoc indictum volo.* Chaucer makes another manner of apology for his broad speaking, and Boccace makes the like; but I will follow neither of them. Our countryman, in the end of his characters, before the *Canterbury Tales*, thus excuses the ribaldry, which is very gross in many of his novels:

But first, I pray you of your courtesy,
That ye no arrowe it nought my villany,
Though that I plainly speak in this matter
To tellen you her words, and eke her chere:
Ne though I speak her words properly,
For this ye knowen as well as I,
Who shall tellen a tale after a man,
He mote rehearse as nye as ever he can:
Everich word of it been in his charge,
All speke he never so rudely us large.
Or else he mote tellen his tale untrue,
Or feine things, or find words new:
He may not spare, altho he were his brother,
He mote as well say o word as another.
Christ spake himself full broad in holy writ,
And well I wote no villany is it.
Eke Plato saith, who so can him rede,
The words mote been cousin to the dede.

Yet if a man should have enquir'd of Boccace or of Chaucer, what need they had of introducing such characters, where obscene words were proper in their mouths, but very undecent to be heard; I know not what answer they could have made: for that reason, such tales shall be left untold by me. You have here a specimen of Chaucer's language, which is so obsolete that his sense is scarce to be understood; and you have likewise more than one example of his unequal numbers, which were mention'd before. Yet many of his verses consist of ten syllables, and the words not much behind our present English: as for example, these two lines, in the description of the carpenter's young wife:

Winning she was, as is a jolly colt,
Long as a mast, and upright as a bolt.

I have almost done with Chaucer, when I have answer'd some objections relating to my present work. I find some people are offended that I have turn'd these tales into modern English; because they think them unworthy of my pains, and look on Chaucer as a dry, old-fashion'd wit, not worth reviving. I have often heard the late Earl of Leicester say that Mr. Cowley himself was of that opinion; who having read him over at my lord's request, declar'd he had no taste of him. I dare not advance my opinion against the judgment of so great an author; but I think it fair, however, to leave the decision to the public: Mr. Cowley was too modest to set up for a dictator; and being shock'd perhaps with his old style, never examin'd into the depth of his good sense. Chaucer, I confess, is a rough diamond, and must first be polish'd, ere he shines. I deny not, likewise, that, living in our early days of poetry, he writes not always of a piece, but sometimes mingles trivial things with those of greater moment. Sometimes also, tho' not often, he runs riot, like Ovid, and knows not when he has said enough. But there are more great wits, beside Chaucer, whose fault is their excess of conceits, and those ill sorted. An author is not to write all he can, but only all he ought. Having observ'd this redundancy in Chaucer, (as it is an easy matter for a man of ordinary parts to find a fault in one of greater,) I have not tied myself to a literal translation; but have often omitted what I judg'd unnecessary, or not of dignity enough to appear in the company of better thoughts, I have presum'd farther, in some places, and added somewhat of my own where I thought my author was deficient, and had not given his thoughts their true luster, for want of words in the beginning of our language. And to this I was the more embolden'd, because (if I may be permitted to say it of myself) I found I had a soul congenial to his, and that

I had been conversant in the same studies. Another poet, in another age, may take the same liberty with my writings; if at least they live long enough to deserve correction. It was also necessary sometimes to restore the sense of Chaucer, which was lost or mangled in the errors of the press. Let this example suffice at present; in the story of *Palamon and Arcite*, where the temple of Diana is describ'd, you find these verses, in all the editions of our author:

There saw I Dané turned unto a tree,
I mean not the goddess Diane,
But Venus daughter, which that hight Dané;

which after a little consideration I knew was to be reform'd into this sense, that Daphne, the daughter of Peneus, was turn'd into a tree. I durst not make thus bold with Ovid, lest some future Milbourne should arise, and say I varied from my author, because I understood him not.

But there are other judges, who think I ought not to have translated Chaucer into English, out of a quite contrary notion: they suppose there is a certain veneration due to his old language; and that it is little less than profanation and sacrilege to alter it. They are farther of opinion that somewhat of his good sense will suffer in this transfusion, and much of the beauty of his thoughts will infallibly be lost, which appear with more grace in their old habit. Of this opinion was that excellent person whom I mention'd, the late Earl of Leicester, who valued Chaucer as much as Mr. Cowley despis'd him. My lord dissuaded me from this attempt, (for I was thinking of it some years before his death,) and his authority prevail'd so far with me as to defer my undertaking while he liv'd, in deference to him: yet my reason was not convinc'd with what he urg'd against it. If the first end of a writer be to be understood, then as his language grows obsolete, his thoughts must grow obscure:

*Nulla renascitur quæ nunc cecidere; cadentque,
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus,
Quem penes arbitrium est et jussu et norma loquendi.*

When an ancient word for its sound and significance deserves to be reviv'd, I have that reasonable veneration for antiquity, to restore it. All beyond this is superstition. Words are not like landmarks, so sacred as never to be remov'd; customs are chang'd, and even statutes are silently repeal'd, when the reason ceases for which they were enacted. As for the other part of the argument, that his thoughts will lose of their original beauty, by the innovation of words; in the first place, not only their beauty, but their being is lost, where they are no longer understood, which is the present case. I grant that something must be lost in all transfusion, that is, in all translations; but the sense will remain, which would otherwise be lost, or at least

be maim'd, when it is scarce intelligible; and that but to a few. How few are there who can read Chaucer so as to understand him perfectly! And if imperfectly, then with less profit and no pleasure. 'Tis not for the use of some old Saxon friends that I have taken these pains with him: let them neglect my version; because they have no need of it. I made it for their sakes who understand sense and poetry as well as they, when that poetry and sense is put into words which they understand. I will go farther, and dare to add, that what beauties I lose in some places, I give to others which had them not originally; but in this I may be partial to myself; let the reader judge, and I submit to his decision. Yet I think I have just occasion to complain of them, who, because they understand Chaucer, would deprive the greater part of their countrymen of the same advantage, and hoard him up, as misers do their grandam gold, only to look on it themselves and hinder others from making use of it. In sum, I seriously protest that no man ever had, or can have, a greater veneration for Chaucer, than myself. I have translated some part of his works, only that I might perpetuate his memory, or at least refresh it, amongst my countrymen. If I have alter'd him anywhere for the better, I must at the same time acknowledge that I could have done nothing without him: *facile est inopem addere*, is no great commendation; and I am not so vain to think I have deserv'd a greater. I will conclude what I have to say of him singly, with this one remark: a lady of my acquaintance, who keeps a kind of correspondence with some authors of the fair sex in France, has been inform'd by them, that Mademoiselle de Soudry, who is as old as Sibyl, and inspir'd like her by the same God of Poetry, is at this time translating Chaucer into modern French. From which I gather that he has been formerly translated into the old Provencal (for how she should come to understand old English I know not). But the matter of fact being true, it makes me think that there is something in it like fatality; that, after certain periods of time, the fame and memory of great wits should be renew'd, as Chaucer is both in France and England. If this be wholly chance, 'tis extraordinary, and I dare not call it more, for fear of being tax'd with superstition.

Boccace comes last to be consider'd, who, living in the same age with Chaucer, had the same genius, and follow'd the same studies: both writ novels, and each of them cultivated his mother tongue. But the greatest resemblance of our two modern authors being in their familiar style, and pleasing way of relating comical adventures, I may pass it over, because I have translated nothing from Boccace of that

nature. In the serious part of poetry, the advantage is wholly on Chaucer's side; for tho' the Englishman has borrow'd many tales from the Italian, yet it appears that those of Boccace were not generally of his own making, but taken from authors of former ages, and by him only model'd; so that what there was of invention in either of them may be judg'd equal. But Chaucer has refin'd on Boccace, and has mended the stories which he has borrow'd, in his way of telling; tho' prose allows more liberty of thought, and the expression is more easy when unconfin'd by numbers. Our countryman carries weight, and yet wins the race at disadvantage. I desire not the reader should take my word, and therefore I will set two of their discourses on the same subject, in the same light, for every man to judge betwixt them. I translated Chaucer first, and, amongst the rest, pitch'd on *The Wife of Bath's Tale*; not daring, as I have said, to adventure on her prologue, because 'tis too licentious: there Chaucer introduces an old woman of mean parentage, whom a youthful knight of noble blood was forc'd to marry, and consequently loath'd her; the crone being in bed with him on the wedding night, and finding his aversion, endeavors to win his affection by reason, and speaks a good word for herself (as who could blame her?) in hope to mollify the sullen bridegroom. She takes her topics from the benefits of poverty, the advantages of old age and ugliness, the vanity of youth, and the silly pride of ancestry and titles without inherent virtue, which is the true nobility. When I had clos'd Chaucer, I return'd to Ovid, and translated some more of his fables; and by this time had so far forgotten *The Wife of Bath's Tale*, that, when I took up Boccace, unawares I fell on the same argument of preferring virtue to nobility of blood, and titles, in the story of Sigismonda; which I had certainly avoided for the resemblance of the two discourses, if my memory had not fail'd me. Let the reader weigh them both; and if he thinks me partial to Chaucer, 'tis in him to right Boccace.

I prefer in our countryman, far above all his other stories, the noble poem of *Palamon and Arcite*, which is of the epic kind, and perhaps not much inferior to the *Ilias* or the *Æneis*: the story is more pleasing than either of them, the manners as perfect, the diction as poetical, the learning as deep and various, and the disposition full as artful; only it includes a greater length of time, as taking up seven years at least; but Aristotle has left undecided the duration of the action; which yet is easily reduc'd into the compass of a year, by a narration of what preceded the return of Palamon to Athens. I had thought for the honor of our

nation, and more particularly for his, whose laurel, tho' unworthy, I have worn after him, that this story was of English growth, and Chaucer's own; but I was undeceiv'd by Boccace; for, casually looking on the end of his seventh *Giornata*, I found Dioneo (under which name he shadows himself) and Fiametta (who represents his mistress, the natural daughter of Robert, King of Naples), of whom these words are spoken: *Dioneo e Fiametta gran pezza cantarono insieme d' Arcita, e di Palamone*: by which it appears that this story was written before the time of Boccace; but, the name of its author being wholly lost, Chaucer is now become an original; and I question not but the poem has receiv'd many beauties by passing thro' his noble hands. Besides this tale, there is another of his own invention, after the manner of the Provencals, call'd *The Flower and the Leaf*; with which I was so particularly pleas'd, both for the invention and the moral, that I cannot hinder myself from recommending it to the reader.

As a corollary to this preface, in which I have done justice to others, I owe somewhat to myself: not that I think it worth my time to enter the lists with one M——, or one B——, but barely to take notice, that such men there are who have written sourrily against me, without any provocation. M——, who is in orders, pretends amongst the rest this quarrel to me, that I have fallen foul on priesthood: if I have, I am only to ask pardon of good priests, and am afraid his part of the reparation will come to little. Let him be satisfied that he shall not be able to force himself upon me for an adversary. I contemn him too much to enter into competition with him. His own translations of Virgil have answer'd his criticisms on mine. If (as they say he has declar'd in print) he prefers the version of Ogleby to mine, the world has made him the same compliment: for 'tis agreed on all hands, that he writes even below Ogleby: that, you will say, is not easily to be done; but what cannot M—— bring about? I am satisfied, however, that while he and I live together, I shall not be thought the worst poet of the age. It looks as if I had desir'd him underhand to write so ill against me; but upon my honest word I have not brib'd him to do me this service, and am wholly guiltless of his pamphlet. 'Tis true, I should be glad if I could persuade him to continue his good offices, and write such another critique on anything of mine: for I find by experience he has a great stroke with the reader, when he condemns any of my poems, to make the world have a better opinion of them. He has taken some pains with my poetry, but nobody will be persuaded to take the same with his. If I had taken to the

Church, (as he affirms, but which was never in my thoughts,) I should have had more sense, if not more grace, than to have turn'd myself out of my benefice by writing libels on my parishioners. But his account of my manners and my principles are of a piece with his cavils and his poetry; and so I have done with him for ever.

As for the City Bard, or Knight Physician, I hear his quarrel to me is that I was the author of *Abalom and Achitophel*, which, he thinks, is a little hard on his fanatic patrons in London.

But I will deal the more civilly with his two poems, because nothing ill is to be spoken of the dead; and therefore peace be to the *manes* of his *Arthurs*. I will only say that it was not for this noble knight that I drew the plan of an epic poem on King Arthur, in my preface to the translation of Juvenal. The guardian angels of kingdoms were machines too ponderous for him to manage; and therefore he rejected them, as Dares did the whirlbats of Eryx, when they were thrown before him by Entellus. Yet from that preface he plainly took his hint: for he began immediately upon the story, tho' he had the baseness not to acknowledge his benefactor, but, instead of it, to traduce me in a libel.

I shall say the less of Mr. Collier, because in many things he has tax'd me justly; and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine which can be truly argued of obscenity, profaneness, or immorality; and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no personal occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes me not to draw my pen in the defense of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one. Yet it were not difficult to prove that in many places he has perverted my meaning by his glosses, and interpreted my words into blasphemy and bawdry, of which they were not guilty. Besides that, he is too much given to horseplay in his railery, and comes to battle like a dictator from the plow. I will not say: "The zeal of God's house has eaten him up;" but I am sure it has devour'd some part of his good manners and civility. It might also be doubted whether it were altogether zeal which prompted him to this rough manner of proceeding: perhaps it became not one of his function to rake into the rubbish of ancient and modern plays; a divine might have employ'd his pains to better purpose than in the nastiness of *Plantus* and *Aristophanes*; whose examples, as they excuse not me, so it might be possibly supposed that he read them not without some pleasure. They who have written commentaries on those poets, or on *Horace*, *Juvenal*,

and *Martial*, have explain'd some vices which, without their interpretation, had been unknown to modern times. Neither has he judg'd impartially betwixt the former age and us.

There is more bawdry in one play of *Fletcher's*, call'd *The Custom of the Country*, than in all ours together. Yet this has been often acted on the stage in my remembrance. Are the times so much more reform'd now than they were five and twenty years ago? If they are, I congratulate the amendment of our morals. But I am not to prejudice the cause of my fellow poets, tho' I abandon my own defense: they have some of them answer'd for themselves, and neither they nor I can think Mr. Collier so formidable an enemy that we should shun him. He has lost ground at the latter end of the day, by pursuing his point too far, like the Prince of Condé at the battle of Seneffe: from immoral plays to no plays, *ab abusu ad usum, non valet consequentia*. But being a party, I am not to erect myself into a judge. As for the rest of those who have written against me, they are such scoundrels that they deserve not the least notice to be taken of them. B—— and M—— are only distinguish'd from the crowd by being remember'd to their infamy:

— *Demetri, teque Tigelli*
Discipulorum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.

TO HER GRACE
THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND
WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM OF
PALAMON AND ARCITE
FROM CHAUCER

MADAM,
THE hard who first adorn'd our native
tongue,
Tun'd to his British lyre this ancient song;
Which Homer might without a blush re-
hearse,
And leaves a doubtful palm in Virgil's
verse:
He match'd their beauties, where they
most excel;
Of love sung better, and of arms as well.
Vouchsafe, illustrious Ormond, to behold
What pow'r the charms of beauty had of
old;
Nor wonder if such deeds of arms were
done,
Inspir'd by two fair eyes, that sparkled
like your own.
If Chaucer by the best idea wrought,
And poets can divine each other's thought,

The fairest nymph before his eyes he set;
And then the fairest was Plantagenet;
Who three contending princes made her prize,

And rul'd the rival nations with her eyes;
Who left immortal trophies of her fame,
And to the noblest order gave the name.

Like her, of equal kindred to the throne,
You keep her conquests, and extend your own:

As when the stars, in their ethereal race,
At length have roll'd around the liquid space,
At certain periods they resume their place,

From the same point of heav'n their course advance,
And move in measures of their former dance;

Thus, after length of ages, she returns,
Restor'd in you, and the same place adorns;
Or you perform her office in the sphere,
Born of her blood, and make a new Plantonic year.

O true Plantagenet, O race divine, ³⁰
(For beauty still is fatal to the line,) Had Chaucer liv'd that angel face to view,
Sure he had drawn his Emily from you;
Or had you liv'd to judge the doubtful right,

Your noble Palamon had been the knight;
And conqu'ring Theseus from his side had sent

Your gen'rous lord, to guide the Theban government.

Time shall accomplish that; and I shall see

A Palamon in him, in you an Emily.

Already have the Fates your path prepar'd, ⁴⁰

And sure presage your future sway declar'd:

When westward, like the sun, you took your way,

And from benighted Britain bore the day,
Blue Triton gave the signal from the shore,

The ready Nereids heard, and swam before,
To smoothe the seas; a soft Etesian gale

But just inspir'd, and gently swell'd the sail;
Portunus took his turn, whose ample hand

Heav'd up the lighten'd keel, and sunk the sand,

And steer'd the sacred vessel safe to land. ⁵⁰

The land, if not restrain'd, had met your way,

Projected out a neck, and jutted to the sea.

Hibernia, prostrate at your feet, ador'd,
In you, the pledge of her expected lord,
Due to her isle; a venerable name;

His father and his grandsire known to fame:

Aw'd by that house, accustom'd to command,

The sturdy kerns in due subjection stand,
Nor hear the reins in any foreign hand.

At your approach, they crowded to the port; ⁶⁰

And scarcely landed, you create a court:
As Ormond's harbinger, to you they run;

For Venus is the promise of the sun.

The waste of civil wars, their towns destroy'd,

Pales unhonor'd, Ceres unemploy'd,
Were all forgot; and one triumphant day

Wip'd all the tears of three campaigns away.

Blood, rapines, massacres, were cheaply bought,

So mighty recompense your beauty brought.

As when the dove returning bore the mark ⁷⁰

Of earth restor'd to the long-lab'ring ark,
The relics of mankind, secure of rest,

Op'd ev'ry window to receive the guest,
And the fair bearer of the message

blest'd;

So, when you came, with loud repeated cries,

The nation took an omen from your eyes,
And God advanc'd his rainbow in the

skies, ⁸⁰

To sign inviolable peace restor'd;
The saints, with solemn shouts, proclaim'd

the new accord.

When at your second coming you appear, ⁸⁰

(For I foretell that millenary year,) The sharpen'd share shall vex the soil no more,

But earth unbidden shall produce her store;
The land shall laugh, the circling ocean

smile,

And Heav'n's indulgence bless the holy isle.
Heav'n from all ages has reserv'd for you

That happy clime which venom never knew;

Or if it had been there, your eyes alone
Have pow'r to chase all poison but their
own.

Now in this interval, which fate has
cast

Betwixt your future glories and your past,
This pause of pow'r, 't is Ireland's hour to
mourn,

While England celebrates your safe return,
By which you seem the seasons to com-
mand,

And bring our summers back to their for-
saken land.

The vanquish'd isle our leisure must
attend,

Till the fair blessing we vouchsafe to
send;

Nor can we spare you long, tho' often we
may lend.

The dove was twice employ'd abroad, be-
fore

The world was dried and she return'd no
more.

Nor dare we trust so soft a messenger,
New from her sickness, to that northern
air;

Rest here a while your luster to restore,
That they may see you as you shone be-
fore,

For yet, th' eclipse not wholly past, you
wade

Thro' some remains, and dimness of a
shade.

A subject in his prince may claim a
right,

Nor suffer him with strength impair'd to
fight;

Till force returns, his ardor we restrain,
And curb his warlike wish to cross the
main.

Now past the danger, let the learn'd be-
gin

Th' enquiry where disease could enter in;
How those malignant atoms forc'd their
way,

What in the faultless frame they found to
make their prey;

Where ev'ry element was weigh'd so
well,

That Heav'n alone, who mix'd the mass,
could tell

Which of the four ingredients could re-
bel;

And where, imprison'd in so sweet a cage,
A soul might well be pleas'd to pass an age.

And yet the fine materials made it
weak;

Porcelain, by being pure, is apt to break:
Ev'n to your breast the sickness durst

aspire;

And, forc'd from that fair temple to re-
tire,

Profanely set the holy place on fire.
In vain your lord, like young Vespasian,

mourn'd,
When the fierce flames the sanctuary
burn'd;

And I prepar'd to pay in verses rude
A most detested act of gratitude:

Ev'n this had been your elegy, which now
Is offer'd for your health, the table of my

vow.

Your angel sure our Morley's mind in-
spir'd,

To find the remedy your ill requir'd;
As once the Macedon, by Jove's decree,

Was taught to dream an herb for Ptole-
mee:

Or Heav'n, which had such over-cost be-
stow'd,

As scarce it could afford to flesh and blood,
So lik'd the frame, he would not work

anew,
To save the charges of another you.

Or by his middle science did he steer,
And saw some great contingent good ap-
pear,

Well worth a miracle to keep you here;
And, for that end, preserv'd the precious

mold,
Which all the future Ormonds was to hold;

And meditated in his better mind
An heir from you, who may redeem the

failing kind.
Blest be the pow'r which has at once re-
stor'd

The hopes of lost succession to your lord;
Joy to the first and last of each degree,

Virtue to courts, and, what I long'd to
see,

To you the Graces, and the Muse to me.
O daughter of the rose, whose cheeks
unite

The diff'rent titles of the red and white;
Who heav'n's alternate beauty well dis-
play,

The blush of morning, and the milky way;
Whose face is paradise, but fenc'd from sin:

For God in either eye has plac'd a cheru-
bin.

All is your lord's alone; ev'n absent, he
 Employs the care of chaste Penelope.
 For him you waste in tears your widow'd
 hours,
 For him your curious needle paints the
 flow'rs; ¹⁶⁰
 Such works of old imperial dames were
 taught;
 Such, for Aescanius, fair Elisa wrought.
 The soft recesses of your hours improve
 The three fair pledges of your happy love:
 All other parts of pious duty done,
 You owe your Ormond nothing but a son;
 To fill in future times his father's place,
 And wear the garter of his mother's race.

PALAMON AND ARCITE

OR, THE KNIGHT'S TALE

IN THREE BOOKS

BOOK I

IN days of old, there liv'd, of mighty fame,
 A valiant prince, and Theseus was his
 name:
 A chief, who more in feats of arms excell'd,
 The rising nor the setting sun beheld.
 Of Athens he was lord; much land he won,
 And added foreign countries to his crown.
 In Scythia with the warrior queen he
 strove,
 Whom first by force he conquer'd, then by
 love;
 He brought in triumph back the beauteous
 dame,
 With whom her sister, fair Emilia, came. ¹⁰
 With honor to his home let Theseus ride,
 With Love to friend, and Fortune for his
 guide,
 And his victorious army at his side. }
 I pass their warlike pomp, their proud
 array,
 Their shouts, their songs, their welcome on
 the way:
 But, were it not too long, I would recite }
 The feats of Amazons, the fatal fight
 Betwixt the hardy queen and hero knight;
 The town besieg'd, and how much blood it
 cost
 The female army and th' Athenian host; ²⁰
 The spousals of Hippolyta the queen;
 What tilts and turneys at the feast were
 seen;

The storm at their return, the ladies' fear:
 But these, and other things, I must forbear.
 The field is spacious I design to sow,
 With oxen far unfit to draw the plow:
 The remnant of my tale is of a length
 To tire your patience, and to waste my
 strength;
 And trivial accidents shall be forborne,
 That others may have time to take their
 turn;
 As was at first enjoin'd us by mine host— ³⁰
 That he whose tale is best, and pleases
 most,
 Should win his supper at our common cost.
 And therefore where I left, I will
 pursue
 This ancient story, whether false or true,
 In hope it may be mended with a new.
 The prince I mention'd, full of high renown,
 In this array drew near th' Athenian town;
 When in his pomp and utmost of his pride,
 Marching, he chanc'd to cast his eye aside, ⁴⁰
 And saw a choir of mourning dames, who
 lay
 By two and two across the common way:
 At his approach they rais'd a rueful cry,
 And beat their breasts, and held their hands
 on high,
 Creeping and crying, till they seiz'd at last
 His coursers' bridle, and his feet embrac'd.
 "Tell me," said Theseus, "what and
 whence you are,
 And why this funeral pageant you prepare.
 Is this the welcome of my worthy deeds,
 To meet my triumph in ill-omen'd weeds? ⁵⁰
 Or envy you my praise, and would destroy
 With grief my pleasures, and pollute my
 joy?
 Or are you injur'd, and demand relief?
 Name your request, and I will ease your
 grief."
 The most in years of all the mourning
 train
 Began; (but sounded first away for pain;)
 Then, scarce recover'd, spoke: "Nor envy
 we
 Thy great renown, nor grudge thy victory;
 'Tis thine, O king, th' afflicted to redress,
 And fame has fill'd the world with thy
 success: ⁶⁰
 We wretched women sue for that alone,
 Which of thy goodness is refus'd to none.
 Let fall some drops of pity on our grief,
 If what we beg be just, and we deserve
 relief:

For none of us, who now thy grace implore,
But held the rank of sovereign queen
before;

Till, thanks to giddy Chance, which never
bears

That mortal bliss should last for length of
years,

She cast us headlong from our high estate,
And here in hope of thy return we wait; ⁷⁰
And long have waited in the temple nigh,
Built to the gracious goddess Clemency.
But rev'rence thou the pow'r whose name
it bears,

Relieve th' oppress'd, and wipe the widows'
tears.

I, wretched I, have other fortune seen,
The wife of Capaneus, and once a queen:
At Thebes he fell; curst be the fatal day!
To make all the rest thou seest in this array,
To murder their moan, their lords in battle
lost

Before that town besieg'd by our con-
fed'rate host: ⁸⁰

But Creon, old and impious, who commands
The Theban city, and usurps the lands,
Denies the rites of fun'ral fires to those
Whose breathless bodies yet he calls his
foes.

Unburn'd, unburied, on a heap they lie;
Such is their fate, and such his tyranny;
No friend has leave to bear away the dead,
But with their lifeless limbs his hounds are
fed.

At this she shriek'd aloud; the mournful
train

Echo'd her grief, and grov'ling on the
plain, ⁹⁰

With groans, and hands upheld, to move
his mind,

Besought his pity to their helpless kind!

The prince was touch'd, his tears began
to flow,

And, as his tender heart would break in
two,

He sigh'd; and could not but their fate de-
plore,

So wretched now, so fortunate before.

Then lightly from his lofty steed he flew,
And, raising one by one the suppliant crew,
To comfort each, full solemnly he swore,
That by the faith which knights to knight-
hood bore, ¹⁰⁰

And whate'er else to chivalry belongs,
He would not cease, till he reveng'd their
wrongs;

That Greece should see perform'd what he
declar'd,

And cruel Creon find his just reward.

He said no more, but, shunning all delay,
Rode on, nor enter'd Athens on his way;
But left his sister and his queen behind,
And wav'd his royal banner in the wind:
Where in an argent field the God of War
Was drawn triumphant on his iron car; ¹¹⁰
Red was his sword, and shield, and whole
attire,

And all the godhead seem'd to glow with
fire;

Ev'n the ground glitter'd where the stand-
ard flew,

And the green grass was dyed to sanguine
hue.

High on his pointed lance his pennon bore
His Cretan fight, the conquer'd Minotaur:
The soldiers shout around with generous
rage,

And in that victory their own presage.

He prais'd their ardor, inly pleas'd to see
His host the flow'r of Grecian chivalry. ¹²⁰
All day he march'd, and all th' ensuing
night,

And saw the city with returning light.

The process of the war I need not tell,
How Theseus conquer'd, and how Creon
fell;

Or after, how by storm the walls were won,
Or how the victor sack'd and burn'd the
town;

How to the ladies he restor'd again

The bodies of their lords in battle slain;

And with what ancient rites they were in-
terr'd —

All these to fitter time shall be deferr'd. ¹³⁰
I spare the widows' tears, their woful cries,
And howling at their husbands' obsequies;
How Theseus at these fun'rals did assist,
And with what gifts the mourning dames
dismiss'd.

Thus when the victor chief had Creon
slain,

And conquer'd Thebes, he pitch'd upon the
plain

His mighty camp, and, when the day re-
turn'd,

The country wasted, and the hamlets burn'd,
And left the pillagers, to rapine bred, ¹³⁹
Without control to strip and spoil the dead.

There, in a heap of slain, among the rest
Two youthful knights they found beneath
a load oppress'd

Of slaughter'd foes, whom first to death
they sent,
The trophies of their strength, a bloody
monument.

Both fair, and both of royal blood they
seem'd,

Whom kinsmen to the crown the heralds
deem'd:

That day in equal arms they fought for
fame;

Their swords, their shields, their surcoats
were the same.

Close by each other laid, they press'd the
ground,

Their manly bosoms pierc'd with many a
grievous wound.

Nor well alive nor wholly dead they were,
But some faint signs of feeble life appear;

The wand'ring breath was on the wing to
part,

Weak was the pulse, and hardly heav'd the
heart.

These two were sisters' sons; and Arcite one,
Much fam'd in fields, with valiant Palamon.
From these their costly arms the spoilers
rent,

And softly both convey'd to Theseus' tent:
Whom, known of Creon's line, and cur'd with
care,

He to his city sent as pris'ners of the war,
Hopeless of ransom, and condemn'd to lie
In durance, doom'd a ling'ring death to die.

This done, he march'd away with war-
like sound,

And to his Athens turn'd with laurels
crown'd,

Where happy long he liv'd, much lov'd,
and more renown'd.

But in a tow'r, and never to be loos'd,
The woful captive kinsmen are enclos'd.

Thus year by year they pass, and day by
day,

Till once 'twas on the morn of cheerful
May

The young Emilia, fairer to be seen
Than the fair lily on the flow'ry green,

More fresh than May herself in blossoms
new,

For with the rosy color strove her hue,
Wak'd, as her custom was, before the day,

To do th' observance due to sprightly May:
For sprightly May commands our youth
to keep

The vigils of her night, and breaks their
sluggard sleep;

Each gentle breast with kindly warmth
she moves,

Inspires new flames, revives extinguish'd
loves.

In this remembrance Emily ere day
Arose, and dress'd herself in rich array;

Fresh as the month, and as the morning
fair:

Adown her shoulders fell her length of
hair;

A riband did the braided tresses bind,
The rest was loose, and wanton'd in the
wind.

Aurora had but newly chas'd the night,
And purpled o'er the sky with blushing
light,

When to the garden walk she took her
way,

To sport and trip along in cool of day,
And offer maiden vows in honor of the
May.

At ev'ry turn she made a little stand,
And thrust among the thorns her lily hand

To draw the rose, and ev'ry rose she drew,
She shook the stalk, and brush'd away the
dew;

Then party-color'd flow'rs of white and red
She wove, to make a garland for her head:

This done, she sung and carol'd out so
clear

That men and angels might rejoice to hear;
Ev'n wond'ring Philomel forgot to sing,

And learn'd from her to welcome in the
spring.

The tow'r, of which before was mention
made,

Within whose keep the captive knights
were laid,

Built of a large extent, and strong withal,
Was one partition of the palace wall;

The garden was enclos'd within the square
Where young Emilia took the morning air.

It happen'd Palamon, the pris'ner knight,
Restless for woe, arose before the light,

And with his jailer's leave desir'd to
breathe

An air more wholesome than the damps
beneath.

This granted, to the tow'r he took his way,
Cheer'd with the promise of a glorious day;

Then cast a languishing regard around,
And saw, with hateful eyes, the temples
crown'd

With golden spires, and all the hostile
ground.

He sigh'd, and turn'd his eyes, because he
knew

'T was but a larger jail he had in view:
Then look'd below, and from the castle's
height

Beheld a nearer and more pleasing sight;
The garden, which before he had not
seen, ²²⁰

In spring's new livery clad of white and
green,
Fresh flow'rs in wide parterres, and shady
walks between.

This view'd, but not enjoy'd, with arms
across

He stood, reflecting on his country's loss;
Himself an object of the public scorn,
And often wish'd he never had been born.
At last, (for so his destiny requir'd,)

With walking giddy, and with thinking
tir'd,

He thro' a little window cast his sight,
Tho' thick of bars, that gave a scanty
light; ²³⁰

But ev'n that glimmering serv'd him to
desery

Th' inevitable charms of Emily.

Scarce had he seen, but seiz'd with sud-
den smart,

Stung to the quick, he felt it at his heart;
Struck blind with overpowering light he
stood,

Then started back amaz'd, and cried aloud.

Young Arcite heard, and up he ran with
haste

To help his friend, and in his arms em-
brace'd;

And ask'd him why he look'd so deadly
wan,

And whence and how his change of cheer
began, ²⁴⁰

Or who had done th' offense. "But if,"
said he,

"Your grief alone is hard captivity,
For love of heav'n with patience undergo
A cureless ill, since fate will have it so:
So stood our horoscope in chains to lie,
And Saturn in the dungeon of the sky,
Or other baleful aspect, rul'd our birth,
When all the friendly stars were under
earth:

Whate'er betides, by destiny 't is done;
And better bear like men than vainly seek
to shun." ²⁵⁰

"Nor of my bonds," said Palamon again,
"Nor of unhappy planets I complain;

But when my mortal anguish caus'd my cry,
That moment I was hurt thro' either eye;
Pierc'd with a random shaft, I faint away,
And perish with insensible decay:

A glance of some new goddess gave the
wound,

Whom, like Acteon, unaware I found.

Look how she walks along yon shady
space:

Not Juno moves with more majestic
grace; ²⁶⁰

And all the Cyprian queen is in her face.

If thou art Venus, (for thy charms confess
That face was form'd in heav'n, nor art
thou less;

Disguis'd in habit, undisguis'd in shape,)
O help us captives from our chains to
escape;

But if our doom be past in bonds to lie
For life, and in a loathsome dungeon die,
Then be thy wrath appeas'd with our dis-
grace,

And shew compassion to the Theban race,
Oppress'd by tyrant pow'r!" While yet he
spoke, ²⁷⁰

Arcite on Emily had fix'd his look;
The fatal dart a ready passage found,
And deep within his heart infix'd the
wound:

So that if Palamon were wounded sore,
Arcite was hurt as much as he, or more.
Then from his inmost soul he sigh'd, and
said:

"The beauty I behold has struck me dead:
Unknowingly she strikes, and kills by
chance;

Poison is in her eyes, and death in ev'ry
glance.

O, I must ask; nor ask alone, but move ²⁸⁰
Her mind to mercy, or must die for love."

Thus Arcite: and thus Palamon replies
(Eager his tone, and ardent were his eyes):
"Speak'st thou in earnest, or in jest-
ing vein?"

"Jesting," said Arcite, "suits but ill
with pain."

"It suits far worse," said Palamon
again,

And bent his brows, "with men who honor
weigh,

Their faith to break, their friendship to
betray;

But worst with thee, of noble lineage born,
My kinsman, and in arms my brother
sworn. ²⁹⁰

Have we not plighted each our holy oath,
That one should be the common good of
both;

One soul should both inspire, and neither
prove

His fellow's hindrance in pursuit of love?
To this before the gods we gave our hands,
And nothing but our death can break the
bands.

This binds thee, then, to farther my design,
As I am bound by vow to farther thine.
Nor canst, nor dar'st thou, traitor, on the
plain

Approach my honor, or thy own maintain, ³⁰⁰
Since thou art of my council, and the friend
Whose faith I trust, and on whose care
depend.

And wouldst thou court my lady's love,
which I

Much rather than release would choose to
die?

But thou, false Arcite, never shalt obtain
Thy bad pretense; I told thee first my pain,
For first my love began ere thine was born;
Thou, as my council, and my brother sworn,
Art bound t' assist my eldership of right,
Or justly to be deem'd a perjurd knight."

Thus Palamon; but Arcite with disdain
In haughty language thus replied again: ³¹²
"Forsworn thyself: the traitor's odious
name

I first return, and then disprove thy claim.
If love be passion, and that passion nurs'd
With strong desires, I lov'd the lady first.
Canst thou pretend desire, whom zeal in-
flam'd

To worship, and a pow'r celestial nam'd?
Thine was devotion to the blest above;
I saw the woman, and desir'd her love; ³²⁰
First own'd my passion, and to thee com-
mend

Th' important secret, as my chosen friend.
Suppose (which yet I grant not) thy desire
A moment elder than my rival fire;
Can chance of seeing first thy title prove?
And know'st thou not, no law is made for
love?

Law is to things which to free choice re-
late;

Love is not in our choice, but in our fate:
Laws are but positive; love's pow'r, we see,
Is Nature's sanction, and her first decree. ³³⁰
Each day we break the bond of human laws
For love, and vindicate the common cause.
Laws for defense of civil rights are plac'd,

Love throws the fences down, and makes a
general waste:

Maids, widows, wives, without distinction
fall;

The sweeping deluge, love, comes on, and
covers all.

If then the laws of friendship I transgress,
I keep the greater, while I break the less;
And both are mad alike, since neither can
possess.

Both hopeless to be ransom'd, never more
To see the sun, but as he passes o'er. ³⁴¹

"Like Æsop's hounds contending for the
bone—

Each pleaded right, and would be lord
alone:

The fruitless fight continued all the day;
A cur came by and snatch'd the prize away.
As courtiers therefore jostle for a grant,
And when they break their friendship,
plead their want,

So thou, if fortune will thy suit advance,
Love on, nor envy me my equal chance:
For I must love, and am resolv'd to try ³⁵⁰
My fate, or failing in th' adventure die."

Great was their strife, which hourly was
renew'd,

Till each with mortal hate his rival view'd:
Now friends no more, nor walking hand in
hand;

But when they met, they made a surly stand;
And glar'd like angry lions as they pass'd,
And wish'd that ev'ry look might be their
last.

It chanc'd at length, Perithous came t'
attend

This worthy Theseus, his familiar friend:
Their love in early infancy began, ³⁶⁰
And rose as childhood ripen'd into man,
Companions of the war; and lov'd so well,
That when one died, as ancient stories
tell,

His fellow to redeem him went to hell.

But to pursue my tale; to welcome home
His warlike brother is Perithous come:
Arcite of Thebes was known in arms long
since,
And honor'd by this young Thessalian
prince.

Theseus, to gratify his friend and guest,
Who made our Arcite's freedom his re-
quest, ³⁷⁰

Restor'd to liberty the captive knight,
But on these hard conditions I recite:
That if hereafter Arcite should be found

Within the compass of Athenian ground,
By day or night, or on whate'er pretense,
His head should pay the forfeit of th'
offense.

To this Perithous for his friend agreed,
And on his promise was the pris'n'ner freed.

Unpleas'd and pensive hence he takes
his way,

At his own peril; for his life must pay. ³⁸⁰
Who now but Arcite mourns his bitter fate,
Finds his dear purchase, and repents too
late?

"What have I gain'd," he said, "in prison
pent,

If I but change my bonds for banishment?
And, banish'd from her sight, I suffer more
In freedom than I felt in bonds before;
Fore'd from her presence, and condemn'd
to live;

Unwelcome freedom, and unthank'd re-
prieve:

Heav'n is not but where Emily abides,
And where she's absent, all is hell be-
sides. ³⁹⁰

Next to my day of birth, was that accurst
Which bound my friendship to Perithous
first:

Had I not known that prince, I still had
been

In bondage, and had still Emilia seen;
For tho' I never can her grace deserve,
'T is recompense enough to see and serve.
O Palamon, my kinsman and my friend,
How much more happy fates thy love
attend!

Thine is th' adventure; thine the victory:
Well has thy fortune turn'd the dice for
thee: ⁴⁰⁰

Thou on that angel's face may'st feed thy
eyes—

In prison, no; but blissful paradise!
Thou daily see'st that sun of beauty shine,
And lov'st at least in love's extremest
line.

I mourn in absence, love's eternal night;
And who can tell but since thou hast her
sight,

And art a comely, young, and valiant
knight,

Fortune (a various pow'r) may cease to
frown,

And by some ways unknown thy wishes
crown?

But I, the most forlorn of humankind, ⁴¹⁰
Nor help can hope, nor remedy can find;

But doom'd to drag my loathsome life in
care,

For my reward, must end it in despair.
Fire, water, air, and earth, and force of
fates,

That governs all, and Heav'n that all cre-
ates,

Nor art, nor Nature's hand can ease my
grief;

Nothing but death, the wretch's last relief:
Then farewell youth, and all the joys that
dwell

With youth and life, and life itself, farewell!

"But why, alas! do mortal men in vain ⁴²⁰
Of Fortune, Fate, or Providence complain?
God gives us what he knows our wants
require,

And better things than those which we
desire:

Some pray for riches; riches they obtain;
But, watch'd by robbers, for their wealth
are slain:

Some pray from prison to be freed; and
come,

When guilty of their vows, to fall at home;
Murder'd by those they trusted with their
life,

A favor'd servant, or a bosom wife.

Such dear-bought blessings happen ev'ry
day, ⁴³⁰

Because we know not for what things to
pray.

Like drunken sots about the streets we
roam:

Well knows the sot he has a certain home;
Yet knows not how to find th' uncertain
place,

And blunders on, and staggers ev'ry pace.
Thus all seek happiness; but few can find,
For far the greater part of men are blind.

This is my case, who thought our utmost
good

Was in one word of freedom understood:
The fatal blessing came; from prison free,
I starve abroad, and lose the sight of
Emily." ⁴⁴¹

Thus Arcite; but if Arcite thus deplore
His sufferings, Palamon yet suffers more.
For when he knew his rival freed and gone,
He swells with wrath; he makes outrageous
moan:

He frets, he fumes, he stares, he stamps
the ground;

The hollow tow'r with clamors rings
around.

With briny tears he bath'd his fetter'd feet,
And dropp'd all o'er with agony of sweat.
"Alas!" he cried, "I, wretch, in prison
pine," 450

Too happy rival, while the fruit is thine.
Thou liv'st at large, thou draw'st thy native air,

Pleas'd with thy freedom, proud of my despair:

Thou may'st, since thou hast youth and courage join'd,

A sweet behavior and a solid mind,
Assemble ours, and all the Theban race,
To vindicate on Athens thy disgrace;
And after (by some treaty made) possess
Fair Emily, the pledge of lasting peace.
So thine shall be the beauteous prize,
while I 460

Must languish in despair, in prison die.
Thus all th' advantage of the strife is thine;

Thy portion double joys, and double sorrows mine."

The rage of jealousy then fir'd his soul,
And his face kindled like a burning coal:
Now cold despair, succeeding in her stead,
To livid paleness turns the glowing red.
His blood, scarce liquid, creeps within his veins,

Like water which the freezing wind constrains.

Then thus he said: "Eternal deities, 470
Who rule the world with absolute decrees,
And write whatever time shall bring to pass,

With pens of adamant, on plates of brass;
What is the race of humankind your care
Beyond what all his fellow creatures are?
He with the rest is liable to pain,
And like the sheep, his brother beast, is slain.

Cold, hunger, prisons, ills without a cure,
All these he must, and guiltless oft, endure:
Or does your justice, pow'r, or prescience fail;

When the good suffer, and the bad prevail?
What worse to wretched virtue could befall,
If Fate or giddy Fortune govern'd all?

Nay, worse than other beasts is our estate;
Them, to pursue their pleasures, you create;
We, bound by harder laws, must curb our will,

And your commands, not our desires, fulfil:
Then, when the creature is unjustly slain,
Yet after death at least he feels no pain;

But man in life surcharg'd with woe before,
Not freed when dead, is doomed to suffer more. 491

A serpent shoots his sting at unaware;
An ambush'd thief forelays a traveler:
The man lies murder'd, while the thief and snake,

One gains the thickets, and one thrids the brake.

This let divines decide; but well I know,
Just, or unjust, I have my share of woe,
Thro' Saturn seated in a luckless place,
And Juno's wrath, that persecutes my race;
Or Mars and Venus, in a quartil, move 500
My pangs of jealousy for Areite's love."

Let Palamon oppress'd in bondage mourn,
While to his exil'd rival we return.

By this, the sun, declining from his height,
The day had shorten'd to prolong the night.
The lengthen'd night gave length of misery,
Both to the captive lover and the free;
For Palamon in endless prison mourns,
And Areite forfeits life if he returns: 505
The banish'd never hopes his love to see,
Nor hopes the captive lord his liberty.

'Tis hard to say who suffers greater pains:
One sees his love, but cannot break his chains;

One free, and all his motions uncontroll'd.
Beholds whate'er he would, but what he would behold.

Judge as you please, for I will haste to tell
What fortune to the banish'd knight befell.

When Areite was to Thebes return'd again,

The loss of her he lov'd renew'd his pain;
What could be worse, than never more to see 520

His life, his soul, his charming Emily?
He rav'd with all the madness of despair,
He roar'd, he beat his breast, he tore his hair;
Dry sorrow in his stupid eyes appears,
For, wanting nourishment, he wanted tears:
His eyeballs in their hollow sockets sink,
Bereft of sleep; he loathes his meat and drink.

He withers at his heart, and looks as wan
As the pale specter of a murder'd man:
That pale turns yellow, and his face receives 530

The faded hue of sapless boxen leaves.
In solitary groves he makes his moan,
Walks early out, and ever is alone;
Nor, mix'd in mirth, in youthful pleasure shares,

But sighs when songs and instruments he hears.

His spirits are so low, his voice is drown'd,
He hears as from afar, or in a swoond,
Like the deaf murmurs of a distant sound:
Uncomb'd his locks, and squalid his attire,
Unlike the trim of love and gay desire;
But full of museful mopings, which presage
The loss of reason, and conclude in rage.

This when he had endured a year and more,
Now wholly chang'd from what he was before,

It happen'd once that slumb'ring as he lay,
He dreamt (his dream began at break of day)

That Hermes o'er his head in air appear'd,
And with soft words his drooping spirits cheer'd:

His hat, adorn'd with wings, disclos'd the god,
And in his hand he bore the sleep-compelling rod;

Such as he seem'd, when, at his sire's command,
On Argus' head he laid the snaky wand.

"Arise," he said, "to conquer Athens go,
There Fate appoints an end of all thy woe."
The fright awaken'd Arcite with a start;
Against his bosom bound his heaving heart;

But soon he said, with scarce-recover'd breath:

"And thither will I go, to meet my death,
Sure to be slain; but death is my desire,
Since in Emilia's sight I shall expire."
By chance he spied a mirror while he spoke,
And gazing there beheld his alter'd look;
Wond'ring, he saw his features and his hue
So much were chang'd, that scarce himself he knew.

A sudden thought then starting in his mind:
"Since I in Arcite cannot Arcite find,
The world may search in vain with all their eyes,

But never penetrate thro' this disguise.
Thanks to the change which grief and sickness give,

In low estate I may securely live,
And see unknown my mistress day by day."
He said, and cloth'd himself in coarse array,
A lab'ring hind in shew; then forth he went,
And to th' Athenian tow'rs his journey bent.

One squire attended in the same disguise,

Made conscious of his master's enterprise.
Arriv'd at Athens, soon he came to court,
Unknown, unquestion'd, in that thick resort:
Proff'ring for hire his service at the gate,
To drudge, draw water, and to run or wait.

So fair befell him, that for little gain
He serv'd at first Emilia's chamberlain;
And, watchful all advantages to spy,
Was still at hand, and in his master's eye;
And as his bones were big, and sinews strong,
Refus'd no toil that could to slaves belong;
But from deep wells with engines water drew,

And us'd his noble hands the wood to hew.
He pass'd a year at least attending thus
On Emily, and call'd Philostratus.

So never was there man of his degree
So much esteem'd, so well belov'd as he.

So gentle of condition was he known,
That thro' the court his courtesy was blown:

All think him worthy of a greater place,
And recommend him to the royal grace;
That, excreis'd within a higher sphere,
His virtues more conspicuous might appear.

Thus by the general voice was Arcite
prais'd,

And by great Theseus to high favor rais'd;
Among his menial servants first enroll'd,
And largely entertain'd with sums of gold:
Besides what secretly from Thebes was sent,
Of his own income and his annual rent.

This well employ'd, he purchas'd friends
and fame,

But cautiously conceal'd from whence it came.

Thus for three years he liv'd with large increase,

In arms of honor, and esteem in peace;
To Theseus' person he was ever near,
And Theseus for his virtues held him dear.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK

PALAMON AND ARCITE

OR, THE KNIGHT'S TALE

BOOK II

WHILE Arcite lives in bliss, the story turns
Where hopeless Palamon in prison mourns.
For six long years immur'd, the captive knight

Had dragg'd his chains and scarcely seen
the light:

Lost liberty and love at once he bore;
His prison pain'd him much, his passion more;

Nor dares he hope his fetters to remove,
Nor ever wishes to be free from love.

But when the sixth revolving year was run,

And May within the Twins receiv'd the sun — ¹⁰

Were it by chance or forceful destiny,
Which forms in causes first whate'er shall be —

Assisted by a friend, one moonless night,
This Palamon from prison took his flight:
A pleasant beverage he prepar'd before
Of wine and honey mix'd, with added store
Of opium; to his keeper this he brought,
Who swallow'd unaware the sleepy draught,
And snor'd secure till morn, his senses bound ¹⁹

In slumber, and in long oblivion drown'd.
Short was the night, and careful Palamon
Sought the next covert ere the rising sun.
A thick-spread forest near the city lay,
To this with lengthen'd strides he took his way

(For far he could not fly, and fear'd the day).

Safe from pursuit, he meant to shun the light,

Till the brown shadows of the friendly night

To Thebes might favor his intended flight.

When to his country come, his next design

Was all the Theban race in arms to join, ³⁰

And war on Theseus, till he lost his life,

Or won the beauteous Emily to wife.

Thus while his thoughts the ling'ring day beguile,

To gentle Arcite let us turn our style;

Who little dreamt how nigh he was to care,
Till treacherous Fortune caught him in the snare.

The morning lark, the messenger of day,
Saluted in her song the morning gray;

And soon the sun arose with beams so bright,

That all th' horizon laugh'd to see the joyous sight: ⁴⁰

He with his tepid rays the rose renews,

And licks the dropping leaves, and dries the dews;

When Arcite left his bed, resolv'd to pay

Observance to the mouth of merry May.

Forth on his fiery steed betimes he rode,

That scarcely prints the turf on which he trod:

At ease he seem'd, and, prancing o'er the plains,

Turn'd only to the grove his horse's reins,
The grove I nam'd before; and, lighting there,

A woodbind garland sought to crown his hair; ⁵⁰

Then turn'd his face against the rising day,

And rais'd his voice to welcome in the May:
"For thee, sweet month, the groves green liv'ries wear,

If not the first, the fairest of the year;
For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours,

And Nature's ready pencil paints the flow'rs:

When thy short reign is past, the fev'rish sun

The sultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly on.

So may thy tender blossoms fear no blight,
Nor goats with venom'd teeth thy tendrils bite, ⁶⁰

As thou shalt guide my wand'ring feet to find

The fragrant greens I seek, my brows to bind."

His vows address'd, within the grove he stray'd,

Till Fate, or Fortune, near the place convey'd

His steps where secret Palamon was laid.
Full little thought of him the gentle knight,

Who, flying death, had there conceal'd his flight,

In brakes and brambles hid, and shunning mortal sight.

And less he knew him for his hated foe,
But fear'd him as a man he did not know.

But as it has been said of ancient years, ⁷¹
That fields are full of eyes, and woods have ears;

For this the wise are ever on their guard,
For, unforeseen, they say, is unprepar'd.

Uneautious Arcite thought himself alone,
And less than all suspected Palamon,

Who list'ning heard him, while he search'd the grove,

And loudly sung his roundelay of love:
But on the sudden stopp'd, and silent stood,

As lovers often muse, and change their mood; ⁸⁰

Now high as heav'n, and then as low as hell;
Now up, now down, as buckets in a well;
For Venus, like her day, will change her cheer,

And seldom shall we see a Friday clear.
Thus Arcite having sung, with alter'd hue
Sunk on the ground, and from his bosom drew

A desp'rate sigh, accusing Heav'n and Fate,
And angry Juno's unrelenting hate.

"Curst be the day when first I did appear;

Let it be blotted from the calendar, ⁹⁰
Lest it pollute the month, and poison all
the year.

Still will the jealous queen pursue our race?

Cadmus is dead, the Theban city *was* :

Yet ceases not her hate; for all who come
From Cadmus are involv'd in Cadmus'
doom.

I suffer for my blood: unjust decree !

That punishes another's crime on me.

In mean estate I serve my mortal foe,
The man who caus'd my country's overthrow.

This is not all; for Juno, to my shame, ¹⁰⁰
Has forc'd me to forsake my former
name;

Arcite I was, Philostratus I am.

That side of heav'n is all my enemy:

Mars ruin'd Thebes; his mother ruin'd me.

Of all the royal race remains but one

Beside myself, th' unhappy Palamon,

Whom Theseus holds in bonds, and will
not free;

Without a crime, except his kin to me.

Yet these, and all the rest, I could endure;

But love's a malady without a cure: ¹¹⁰

Fierce Love has pierc'd me with his fiery
dart;

He fries within, and hisses at my heart.

Your eyes, fair Emily, my fate pursue;

I suffer for the rest, I die for you.

Of such a goddess no time leaves record,

Who burn'd the temple where she was
ador'd:

And let it burn, I never will complain,

Pleas'd with my suff'rings, if you knew my
pain." ¹¹⁸

At this a sickly qualm his heart assail'd,
His ears ring inward, and his senses fail'd.
No word miss'd Palamon of all he spoke;
But soon to deadly pale he chang'd his look:
He trembled ev'ry limb, and felt a smart,
As if cold steel had glid'd thro' his heart;

Nor longer stay'd, but, starting from his
place,

Discover'd stood, and shew'd his hostile
face:

"False traitor Arcite, traitor to thy blood,

Bound by thy sacred oath to seek my good,

Now art thou found forsworn, for Emily;

And dar'st attempt her love, for whom I die.

So hast thou cheated Theseus with a wife,

Against thy vow, returning to beguile ¹²³

Under a borrow'd name: as false to me,

So false thou art to him who set thee free.

But rest assur'd, that either thou shalt die,

Or else renounce thy claim in Emily:

For, tho' unarm'd I am, and (freed by
chance)

Am here without my sword or pointed lance,
Hope not, base man, unquestion'd hence to
go,

For I am Palamon, thy mortal foe." ¹⁴⁰

Arcite, who heard his tale, and knew the
man,

His sword unsheath'd, and fiercely thus
began:

"Now by the gods who govern heav'n
above,

Wert thou not weak with hunger, mad
with love,

That word had been thy last, or in this grove

This hand should force thee to renounce
thy love.

The surety which I gave thee, I defy: }

Fool, not to know that love endures not tie, }

And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.

Know, I will serve the fair in thy despite;

But, since thou art my kinsman, and a
knight, ¹⁵¹

Here, have my faith, to-morrow in this
grove

Our arms shall plead the titles of our love:

And Heav'n so help my right, as I alone

Will come, and keep the cause and quarrel
both unknown,

With arms of proof both for myself and
thee:

Choose thou the best, and leave the worst
to me.

And, that at better ease thou may'st abide,
Bedding and clothes I will this night pro-
vide,

And needful sustenance, that thou may'st
be ¹⁶⁰

A conquest better won, and worthy me."

His promise Palamon accepts; but pray'd,
To keep it better than the first he made.

Thus fair they parted till the morrow's
dawn,
For each had laid his plighted faith to
pawn.

O Love! thou sternly dost thy pow'r
maintain,
And wilt not bear a rival in thy reign:
Tyrants and thou all fellowship disdain.
This was in Arcite prov'd, and Palamon:
Both in despair, yet each would love alone.
Arcite return'd, and, as in honor tied, ¹⁷¹
His foe with bedding and with food supplied;

Then, ere the day, two suits of armor
sought,
Which borne before him on his steed he
brought:

Both were of shining steel, and wrought
so pure
As might the strokes of two such arms
endure.

Now, at the time, and in th' appointed
place,

The challenger and challeng'd, face to face,
Approach; each other from afar they knew,
And from afar their hatred chang'd their
hue. ¹⁸⁰

So stands the Thracian herdsman with his
spear,

Full in the gap, and hopes the hunted bear,
And hears him rustling in the wood, and
sees

His course at distance by the bending trees,
And thinks: "Here comes my mortal
enemy,

And either he must fall in fight, or I."

This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his dart;
A gen'rous chillness seizes ev'ry part;
The veins pour back the blood, and fortify
the heart.

Thus pale they meet; their eyes with fury
burn; ¹⁹⁰

None greets, for none the greeting will
return;

But in dumb surliness, each arm'd with care
His foe profess'd, as brother of the war:

Then both, no moment lost, at once advance
Against each other, arm'd with sword and
lance:

They lash, they foin, they pass, they strive
to bore

Their corslets, and the thinnest parts ex-
plore.

Thus two long hours in equal arms they
stood,

And, wounded, wound; till both were bath'd
in blood;

And not a foot of ground had either got, ²⁰⁰
As if the world depended on the spot.

Fell Arcite like an angry tiger far'd,
And like a lion Palamon appear'd:

Or, as two boars, whom love to battle draws,
With rising bristles, and with frothy jaws—
Their adverse breasts with tusks oblique
they wound;

With grunts and groans the forest rings
around—

So fought the knights, and fighting must
abide,

Till Fate an umpire sends their diff'rence to
decide. ²⁰⁹

The pow'r that ministers to God's decrees,
And executes on earth what Heav'n foresees,
Call'd Providence, or Chance, or Fatal
Sway,

Comes with resistless force, and finds or
makes her way.

Nor kings, nor nations, nor united pow'r,
One moment can retard th' appointed hour,
And some one day, some wondrous chance
appears,

Which happen'd not in centuries of years:
For sure, whate'er we mortals hate, or love,

Or hope, or fear, depends on pow'rs above;
They move our appetites to good or ill, ²²⁰
And by foresight necessitate the will.

In Theseus this appears; whose youthful joy
Was beasts of chase in forests to destroy:

This gentle knight, inspir'd by jolly May,
Forsook his easy couch at early day,
And to the wood and wilds pursued his
way.

Beside him rode Hippolyta the queen,
And Emily attir'd in lively green,
With horns, and hounds, and all the tuneful
cry,

To hunt a royal hart within the covert
nigh; ²³⁰

And as he follow'd Mars before, so now
He serves the goddess of the silver bow.

The way that Theseus took was to the wood
Where the two knights in cruel battle stood:
The laund on which they fought, th' ap-
pointed place

In which th' uncoupled hounds began the
chase.

Thither forthright he rode to rouse the prey,
That shaded by the fern in harbor lay;
And thence dislodg'd, was wont to leave the
wood ²³⁹

For open fields, and cross the crystal flood.
 Approach'd, and looking underneath the sun,
 He saw proud Arcite and fierce Palamon
 In mortal battle doubling blow on blow:
 Like lightning flam'd their fauchions to and
 fro,

And shot a dreadful gleam; so strong they
 strook,
 There seem'd less force requir'd to fell an
 oak.

He gaz'd with wonder on their equal might,
 Look'd eager on, but knew not either
 knight:

Resolv'd to learn, he spur'd his fiery steed
 With goring rowels to provoke his speed.
 The minute ended that began the race, ²⁵¹
 So soon he was betwixt 'em on the place;
 And with his sword unsheath'd, on pain of
 life

Commands both combatants to cease their
 strife:

Then with imperious tone pursues his
 threat:

"What are you? why in arms together met?
 How dares your pride presume against my
 laws,

As in a listed field to fight your cause?
 Unask'd the royal grant; no marshal by,
 Asknightly rites require; nor judge to try?"

Then Palamon, with scarce recover'd
 breath, ²⁶¹

Thus hasty spoke: "We both deserve the
 death,

And both would die; for, look the world
 around,

A pair so wretched is not to be found.
 Our life's a load; encumber'd with the
 charge,

We long to set th' imprison'd soul at large.
 Now, as thou art a sovereign judge, decree
 The rightful doom of death to him and
 me;

Let neither find thy grace, for grace is
 cruelty. ²⁶⁹

Me first, O kill me first, and cure my woe;
 Then sheathe the sword of justice on my foe:
 Or kill him first; for when his name is
 heard,

He foremost will receive his due reward.
 Arcite of Thebes is he; thy mortal foe,
 On whom thy grace did liberty bestow,
 But first contracted, that, if ever found
 By day or night upon th' Athenian ground,
 His head should pay the forfeit: see re-
 turn'd

The perjurd knight, his oath and honor
 scorn'd. ²⁷⁹

For this is he, who, with a borrow'd name,
 And proffer'd service, to thy palace came,
 Now call'd Philostratus: retain'd by thee,
 A traitor trusted, and in high degree,
 Aspiring to the bed of beauteous Emily.
 My part remains; from Thebes my birth I
 own,

And call myself th' unhappy Palamon.
 Think me not like that man; since no dis-
 grace

Can force me to renounce the honor of my
 race.

Know me for what I am: I broke thy chain,
 Nor promis'd I thy pris'ner to remain: ²⁹⁰
 The love of liberty with life is giv'n,
 And life itself th' inferior gift of Heav'n.
 Thus without crime I fled; but farther know,
 I, with this Arcite, am thy mortal foe:
 Then give me death, since I thy life pur-
 sue;

For safeguard of thyself, death is my due.
 More wouldst thou know? I love bright
 Emily,

And, for her sake, and in her sight, will
 die.

But kill my rival too, for he no less
 Deserves; and I thy righteous doom will
 bless, ³⁰⁰
 Assur'd that what I lose he never shall
 possess."

To this replied the stern Athenian prince,
 And sourly smil'd: "In owning your offense
 You judge yourself; and I but keep record
 In place of law, while you pronounce the
 word.

Take your desert, the death you have de-
 creed;

I seal your doom and ratify the deed:
 By Mars, the patron of my arms, you die."

He said; dumb sorrow seiz'd the standers-
 by.

The queen, above the rest, by nature good,
 (The pattern form'd of perfect woman-
 hood,) ³¹¹

For tender pity wept: when she began,
 Thro' the bright choir th' infectious virtue
 ran.

All dropp'd their tears, ev'n the contended
 maid;

And thus among themselves they softly
 said:

"What eyes can suffer this unworthy
 sight!

Two youths of royal blood, renown'd in fight,

The mastership of heav'n in face and mind,
And lovers, far beyond their faithless kind:
See their wide streaming wounds; they
neither came ³²⁰

From pride of empire, nor desire of fame.
Kings fight for kingdoms, madmen for ap-
plause;

But love for love alone; that crowns the
lover's cause."

This thought, which ever bribes the beau-
teous kind,

Such pity wrought in ev'ry lady's mind,
They left their steeds, and, prostrate on the
place,

From the fierce king implor'd th' offenders'
grace.

He paus'd a while, stood silent in his mood,
(For yet his rage was boiling in his blood;)
But soon his tender mind th' impression
felt; ³³⁰

(As softest metals are not slow to melt,
And pity soonest runs in gentle minds:)
Then reasons with himself; and first he finds
His passion cast a mist before his sense,
And either made or magnified th' offense.
Offense! of what? to whom? who judg'd
the cause?

The prison'r freed himself by nature's laws:
Born free, he sought his right: the man he
freed

Was perjurd, but his love excus'd the deed.
Thus pond'ring, he look'd under with his
eyes ³⁴⁰

And saw the women's tears, and heard their
cries;

Which mov'd compassion more: he shook
his head,

And softly sighing to himself he said:

"Curse on th' unpard'ning prince, whom
tears can draw

To no remorse; who rules by lions' law;
And deaf to pray'rs, by no submission
bow'd,

Rends all alike; the penitent and proud!"

At this, with look serene, he rais'd his
head;

Reason resum'd her place, and passion fled:
Then thus aloud he spoke: "The pow'r of
Love, ³⁵⁰

In earth, and seas, and air, and heav'n
above,

Rules, unresisted, with an awful nod;
By daily miracles declar'd a god:

He blinds the wise, gives eyesight to the
blind,

And molds and stamps anew the lover's
mind.

Behold that Arcite, and this Palamon,
Freed from my fetters, and in safety gone —

What hinder'd either in their native soil
At ease to reap the harvest of their toil?

But Love, their lord, did otherwise ordain,
And brought 'em in their own despite again,

To suffer death deserv'd; for well they
know, ³⁶⁰

'T is in my pow'r, and I their deadly foe.
The proverb holds, that to be wise and love,

Is hardly granted to the gods above.
See how the madmen bleed! behold the gains

With which their master, Love, rewards
their pains.

For sev'n long years, on duty ev'ry day,
Lo their obedience, and their monarch's pay!

Yet, as in duty bound, they serve him on;
And, ask the fools, they think it wisely done;

Nor ease, nor wealth, nor life itself regard,
For 't is their maxim, love is love's reward.

This is not all; the fair, for whom they
strove, ³⁷⁴

Nor knew before, nor could suspect their love,
Nor thought, when she beheld the fight
from far,

Her beauty was th' occasion of the war.
But sure a gen'ral doom on man is pass'd,

And all are fools and lovers, first or last:
This, both by others and myself, I know, ³⁸⁰

For I have serv'd their sovereign, long ago;
Oft have been caught within the winding
train

Of female snares, and felt the lover's
pain,

And learn'd how far the god can human
hearts constrain.

To this remembrance, and the pray'rs of
those

Who for th' offending warriors interpose,
I give their forfeit lives; on this accord,

To do me homage as their sov'reign lord;
And as my vassals, to their utmost might,

Assist my person, and assert my right." ³⁹⁰

This freely sworn, the knights their grace
obtain'd;

Then thus the king his secret thoughts ex-
plain'd:

"If wealth, or honor, or a royal race,
Or each, or all, may win a lady's grace,

Then either of you knights may well de-
serve

A princess born; and such is she you serve;
For Emily is sister to the crown,
And but too well to both her beauty known:
But should you combat till you both were
dead,

Two lovers cannot share a single bed. 400
As therefore both are equal in degree,
The lot of both be left to destiny.
Now hear th' award, and happy may it prove
To her, and him who best deserves her love.
Depart from hence in peace, and, free as air,
Search the wide world, and where you
please repair;

But on the day when this returning sun
To the same point thro' ev'ry sign has run,
Then each of you his hundred knights shall
bring,
In royal lists, to fight before the king; 410
And then the knight, whom fate or happy
chance

Shall with his friends to victory advance,
And grace his arms so far in equal fight,
From out the bars to force his opposite,
Or kill, or make him recreant on the plain,
The prize of valor and of love shall gain;
The vanquish'd party shall their claim
release,

And the long jars conclude in lasting peace.
The charge be mine t' adorn the chosen
ground,

The theater of war, for champions so re-
nown'd; 420

And take the patron's place of either
knight,

With eyes impartial to behold the fight;
And Heav'n of me so judge as I shall
judge aright. }

If both are satisfied with this accord,
Swear by the laws of knighthood on my
sword."

Who now but Palamon exults with joy?
And ravish'd Arcite seems to touch the sky:
The whole assembled troop was pleas'd as
well,

Extoll'd th' award, and on their knees
they fell

To bless the gracious king. The knights,
with leave 430

Departing from the place, his last com-
mands receive;

On Emily with equal ardor look,
And from her eyes their inspiration took;
From thence to Thebes' old walls pursue
their way,

Each to provide his champions for the day.

It might be deem'd, on our historian's
part,

Or too much negligence, or want of art,
If he forgot the vast magnificence
Of royal Theseus, and his large expense.
He first enclos'd for lists a level ground,
The whole circumference a mile around: 441
The form was circular; and all without
A trench was sunk, to moat the place about.
Within an amphitheater appear'd,
Rais'd in degrees; to sixty paces rear'd:
That when a man was plac'd in one de-
gree,

Height was allow'd for him above to see.

Eastward was built a gate of marble
white;

The like adorn'd the western opposite.

A nobler object than this fabric was, 450
Rome never saw; nor of so vast a space:
For, rich with spoils of many a conquer'd
land,

All arts and artists Theseus could com-
mand;

Who sold for hire, or wrought for better
fame;

The master painters and the carvers came.

So rose within the compass of the year

An age's work, a glorious theater.

Then o'er its eastern gate was rais'd above

A temple, sacred to the Queen of Love:

An altar stood below; on either hand 460

A priest with roses crown'd, who held a
myrtle wand.

The dome of Mars was on the gate op-
pos'd,

And on the north a turret was enclos'd,

Within the wall, of alabaster white,

And crimson coral, for the Queen of Night,

Who takes in sylvan sports her chaste
delight. }

Within these oratories might you see

Rich carvings, portraitures, and imagery,

Where ev'ry figure to the life express'd

The godhead's pow'r to whom it was ad-
dress'd. 470

In Venus' temple, on the sides were seen

The broken slumbers of inamor'd men,

Pray'rs that ev'n spoke, and pity seem'd
to call,

And issuing sighs that smok'd along the
wall;

Complaints, and hot desires, the lover's
hell,

And scalding tears that wore a channel
where they fell:

And all around were nuptial bonds, the
ties
Of love's assurance, and a train of lies,
That, made in lust, conclude in perjuries.
Beauty, and Youth, and Wealth, and Lux-
ury,

And sprightly Hope, and short-enduring
Joy;

And Sorceries to raise th' infernal pow'rs,
And Sigils fram'd in planetary hours;
Expense, and Afterthought, and idle Care,
And Doubts of motley hue, and dark De-
spair;

Suspicious, and fantastical Surmise,
And Jealousy suffus'd, with jaundice in her
eyes,

Discoloring all she view'd, in tawny dress'd,
Down-look'd, and with a cuckow on her fist.

Oppos'd to her, on t'other side, advance
The costly feast, the carol, and the dance,

Minstrels, and music, poetry, and play,
And balls by night, and tournaments by day.
All these were painted on the wall, and
more,

With acts and monuments of times before,
And others added by prophetic doom,

And lovers yet unborn, and loves to come:
For there th' Idalian mount, and Citheron,

The court of Venus, was in colors drawn.
Before the palace gate, in careless dress, 500

And loose array, sat portress Idleness;
There, by the fount, Narcissus pin'd
alone;

There Samson was, with wiser Solomon,
And all the mighty names by love un-
done.

Medea's charms were there, Circean feasts,
With bowls that turn'd inamor'd youth to
beasts.

Here might be seen that beauty, wealth,
and wit,

And prowess, to the pow'r of love submit:
The spreading snare for all mankind is
laid;

And lovers all betray, and are betray'd. 510
The goddess' self some noble hand had
wrought;

Smiling she seem'd, and full of pleasing
thought:

From ocean as she first began to rise,
And smooth'd the ruffled seas, and clear'd
the skies;

She trode the brine all bare below the breast,
And the green waves but ill conceal'd the
rest.

A lute she held, and on her head was seen
A wreath of roses red and myrtles green;
Her turtles fann'd the buxom air above;
And, by his mother, stood an infant Love,
With wings unfledg'd; his eyes were
banded o'er;

His hands a bow, his back a quiver bore,
Supplied with arrows bright and keen, a
deadly store.

But in the dome of mighty Mars the red
With different figures all the sides were
spread;

This temple, less in form, with equal grace,
Was imitative of the first in Thrace:

For that cold region was the lov'd abode
And sov'reign mansion of the warrior god.

The landscape was a forest wide and bare,
Where neither beast nor humankind repair;

The fowl that scent afar the borders fly,
And shun the bitter blast, and wheel about
the sky.

A cake of scurf lies baking on the ground,
And prickly stubs, instead of trees, are
found;

Or woods with knots and knares deform'd
and old;

Headless the most, and hideous to behold:
A rattling tempest thro' the branches went,

That stripp'd 'em bare, and one sole way
they bent.

Heav'n froze above, severe; the clouds con-
geal,

And thro' the crystal vault appear'd the
standing hail.

Such was the face without: a mountain
stood

Threat'ning from high, and overlook'd the
wood;

Beneath the low'ring brow, and on a bent,
The temple stood of Mars armipotent:

The frame of burnish'd steel, that cast a
glare

From far, and seem'd to thaw the freezing
air.

A strait, long entry to the temple led,
Blind with high walls, and horror over
head:

Thence issued such a blast and hollow roar,
As threaten'd from the hinge to heave the
door.

In thro' that door, a northern light there
shone;

'T was all it had, for windows there were
none.

The gate was adamant; eternal frame!

Which, hew'd by Mars himself, from Indian
quarries came,
The labor of a god; and all along
Tough iron plates were clench'd to make it
strong.

A tun about was ev'ry pillar there;
A polish'd mirror shone not half so clear.
There saw I how the secret felon wrought,
And treason lab'ring in the traitor's
thought, ⁵⁶¹
And midwife Time the ripen'd plot to
murder brought.

There the red Anger dar'd the pallid Fear;
Next stood Hypocrisy, with holy leer;
Soft smiling, and demurely looking down,
But hid the dagger underneath the gown:
Th' assassinating wife, the household fiend;
And, far the blackest there, the traitor-
friend.

Ont'other side there stood Destruction bare;
Unpunish'd Rapine, and a waste of war;
Contest, with sharpen'd knives, in cloisters
drawn, ⁵⁷¹

And all with blood bespread the holy lawn.
Loud menaces were heard, and foul dis-
grace,

And bawling infamy, in language base;
Till sense was lost in sound, and silence
fled the place.

The slayer of himself yet saw I there;
The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair:
With eyes half clos'd and gaping mouth he
lay,

And grim, as when he breath'd his sullen
soul away. ⁵⁷⁹

In midst of all the dome Misfortune sat,
And gloomy Discontent, and fell Debate,
And Madness laughing in his ireful mood,
And arm'd complaint on theft, and cries
of blood.

There was the murder'd corpse, in covert laid,
And violent death in thousand shapes dis-
play'd;

The city to the soldier's rage resign'd;
Successless wars, and poverty behind;
Ships burnt in fight, or forc'd on rocky shores,
And the rash hunter strangled by the boars;
The newborn babe by nurses overlaid; ⁵⁹⁰
And the cook caught within the raging fire
he made.

All ills of Mars his nature, flame, and steel;
The gasping charioteer, beneath the wheel
Of his own car; the ruin'd house that falls
And intercepts her lord betwixt the walls;
The whole division that to Mars pertains,

All trades of death that deal in steel for
gains,

Were there: the butcher, armorer, and
smith,

Who forges sharpen'd fauchions, or the
scythe. ⁵⁹⁹

The scarlet conquest on a tow'r was plac'd,
With shouts and soldiers' acclamations
grac'd;

A pointed sword hung threat'ning o'er his
head,

Sustain'd but by a slender twine of thread.
There saw I Mars his ides, the Capitol,

The seer in vain foretelling Cæsar's fall;
The last triumphs, and the wars they move,

And Antony, who lost the world for love.
These, and a thousand more, the fane adorn;

Their fates were painted ere the men were
born,

All copied from the heav'n's, and ruling
force ⁶¹⁰

Of the red star, in his revolving course.
The form of Mars high on a chariot stood,

All sheath'd in arms, and gruffly look'd the
god;

Two geomantic figures were display'd
Above his head, a * warrior * Rubens
and a maid, & Puella.

One when direct and one when retro-
grade.

Tir'd with deformities of death, I haste
To the third temple of Diana chaste.

A sylvan scene with various greens was
drawn,

Shades on the sides, and on the midst a
lawn: ⁶²⁰

The silver Cynthia, with her nymphs around,
Pursued the flying deer, the woods with
horns resound;

Calisto there stood manifest of shame,
And, turn'd a bear, the northern star be-
came;

Her son was next, and by peculiar grace
In the cold circle held the second place;

The stag Actæon in the stream had spied
The naked huntress, and, for seeing, died;

His hounds, unknowing of his change, pur-
sue ⁶³⁰

The chase, and their mistaken master slew.
Peneian Daphne too was there to see,

Apollo's love before, and now his tree.
Th' adjoining fane th' assembled Greeks
express'd,

And hunting of the Caledonian beast:
(Enides' valor, and his envied prize;

The fatal pow'r of Atalanta's eyes;
 Diana's vengeance on the victor shown;
 The murd'ress mother, and consuming son;
 The Volscian queen extended on the plain;
 The treason punish'd, and the traitor slain.
 The rest were various huntings, well de-

sign'd, ⁶⁴¹
 And salvage beasts destroy'd, of ev'ry kind.
 The graceful goddess was array'd in
 green;

About her feet were little beagles seen,
 That watch'd with upward eyes the mo-
 tions of their queen.

Her legs were buskin'd, and the left
 before

In act to shoot; a silver bow she bore,
 And at her back a painted quiver wore.

She trod a waxing moon, that soon would
 wane, ⁶⁴⁹

And, drinking borrow'd light, be fill'd again;
 With downcast eyes, as seeming to survey
 The dark dominions, her alternate sway.
 Before her stood a woman in her throes,
 And call'd Lucina's aid her burden to dis-

close.
 All these the painter drew with such com-
 mand,

That Nature snatch'd the pencil from his
 hand,

Asham'd and angry that his art could feign
 And mend the tortures of a mother's pain.
 Theseus beheld the fanes of ev'ry god,
 And thought his mighty cost was well be-
 stow'd. ⁶⁶⁰

So princes now their poets should regard;
 But few can write, and fewer can reward.

The theater thus rais'd, the lists enclos'd,
 And all with vast magnificence dispos'd,
 We leave the monarch pleas'd, and haste to
 bring

The knights to combat, and their arms to
 sing.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK

PALAMON AND ARCITE

OR, THE KNIGHT'S TALE

BOOK III

THE day approach'd when Fortune should
 decide

Th' important enterprise, and give the bride;
 For now the rivals round the world had
 sought,

And each his number, well appointed,
 brought.

The nations, far and near, contend in choice,
 And send the flow'r of war by public voice;
 That after, or before, were never known
 Such chiefs, as each an army seem'd alone.
 Beside the champions, all of high degree
 Who knighthood lov'd, and deeds of chiv-

alry, ¹⁰
 Throng'd to the lists, and envied to be-
 hold

The names of others, not their own, in-
 roll'd.

Nor seems it strange; for ev'ry noble
 knight

Who loves the fair, and is endued with
 might,

In such a quarrel would be proud to fight.
 There breathes not scarce a man on British
 ground

(An isle for love and arms of old renown'd)
 But would have sold his life to purchase
 fame,

To Palamon or Arcite sent his name;
 And had the land selected of the best, ²⁰
 Half had come hence, and let the world
 provide the rest.

A hundred knights with Palamon there
 came,

Approv'd in fight, and men of mighty name;
 Their arms were sev'ral, as their nations
 were,

But furnish'd all alike with sword and spear.
 Some wore coat armor, imitating scale;
 And next their skins were stubborn shirts of
 mail.

Some wore a breastplate and a light jup-
 pon,

Their horses cloth'd with rich caparison:
 Some for defense would leathern bucklers
 use, ³⁰

Of folded hides; and others shields of Puce.
 One hung a poleax at his saddlebow,
 And one a heavy mace to stun the foe;
 One for his legs and knees provided well,
 With jambeux arm'd, and double plates of
 steel;

This on his helmet wore a lady's glove,
 And that a sleeve embroider'd by his love.

With Palamon, above the rest in place,
 Lyeurgus came, the surly king of Thrace;
 Black was his beard, and manly was his
 face; ⁴⁰

The balls of his broad eyes roll'd in his
 head,

And glar'd betwixt a yellow and a red:
 He look'd a lion with a gloomy stare,
 And o'er his eyebrows hung his matted
 hair;
 Big-bon'd, and large of limbs, with sinews
 strong,
 Broad-shoulder'd, and his arms were round
 and long.
 Four milk-white bulls (the Thracian use of
 old)
 Were yok'd to draw his ear of burnish'd
 gold.
 Upright he stood, and bore aloft his shield,
 Conspicuous from afar, and overlook'd the
 field.⁵⁰
 His surcoat was a bearskin on his back;
 His hair hung long behind, and glossy
 raven-black.
 His ample forehead bore a coronet
 With sparkling diamonds and with rubies
 set.
 Ten brace, and more, of greyhounds, }
 snowy fair,
 And tall as stags, ran loose, and cours'd }
 around his chair,
 A match for pards in flight, in grappling, }
 for the bear;
 With golden muzzles all their mouths were
 bound,
 And collars of the same their necks sur-
 round.
 Thus thro' the fields Lyeurgus took his way;
 His hundred knights attend in pomp and
 proud array.⁶⁰
 To match this monarch, with strong Arcite
 came
 Emetrus, King of Inde, a mighty name,
 On a bay courser, goodly to behold,
 The trappings of his horse emboss'd with
 barb'rous gold.
 Not Mars bestrode a steed with greater
 grace;
 His surcoat o'er his arms was cloth of
 Thrace,
 Adorn'd with pearls, all orient, round, and
 great;
 His saddle was of gold, with emeralds set;
 His shoulders large a mantle did attire,⁷⁰
 With rubies thick, and sparkling as the
 fire;
 His amber-color'd locks in ringlets run,
 With graceful negligence, and shone against
 the sun.
 His nose was aquiline, his eyes were blue,
 Ruddy his lips, and fresh and fair his hue;

Some sprinkled freckles on his face were
 seen,
 Whose dusk set off the whiteness of the
 skin.
 His awful presence did the crowd surprise,
 Nor durst the rash spectator meet his eyes;
 Eyes that confess'd him born for kingly
 sway,⁸⁰
 So fierce, they flash'd intolerable day.
 His age in nature's youthful prime appear'd,
 And just began to bloom his yellow beard.
 Whene'er he spoke, his voice was heard
 around,
 Loud as a trumpet, with a silver sound:
 A laurel wreath'd his temples, fresh, and
 green;
 And myrtle sprigs, the marks of love, were
 mix'd between.
 Upon his fist he bore, for his delight,
 An eagle well reclaim'd, and lily-white.
 His hundred knights attend him to the
 war,⁹⁰
 All arm'd for battle; save their heads were
 bare.
 Words and devices blaz'd on ev'ry shield,
 And pleasing was the terror of the field.
 For kings, and dukes, and barons you
 might see,
 Like sparkling stars, tho' diff'rent in
 degree,
 All for th' increase of arms, and love of
 chivalry.
 Before the king tame leopards led the way,
 And troops of lions innocently play.
 So Bacchus thro' the conquer'd Indies rode,
 And beasts in gambols frisk'd before their
 honest god.¹⁰⁰
 In this array the war of either side
 Thro' Athens pass'd with military pride.
 At prime, they enter'd on the Sunday morn;
 Rich tap'stry spread the streets, and flow'rs
 the posts adorn.
 The town was all a jubilee of feasts;
 So Theseus will'd, in honor of his guests:
 Himself with open arms the kings embrac'd,
 Then all the rest in their degrees were
 grac'd.
 No harbinger was needful for the night,
 For ev'ry house was proud to lodge a
 knight.¹¹⁰
 I pass the royal treat, nor must relate
 The gifts bestow'd, nor how the champions
 sate:
 Wh'rst, who last, or how the knights
 dress'd

Their vows, or who was fairest at the feast;

Whose voice, whose graceful dance did most surprise;

Soft am'rous sighs, and silent love of eyes.
The rivals call my Muse another way,
To sing their vigils for th' ensuing day.

'T was ebbing darkness, past the noon of night;

And Phosphor, on the confines of the light,
Promis'd the sun; ere day began to spring,

The tuneful lark already stretch'd her wing,

And, flick'ring on her nest, made short essays to sing;

When wakeful Palamon, preventing day,
Took to the royal lists his early way,
To Venus at her fane, in her own house,
to pray.

There, falling on his knees before her shrine,

He thus implor'd with pray'rs her pow'r divine:

"Creator Venus, genial pow'r of love,
The bliss of men below and gods above!
Beneath the sliding sun thou runn'st thy race,

Dost fairest shine, and best become thy place;

For thee the winds their eastern blasts forbear,

Thy month reveals the spring, and opens all the year.

Thee, goddess, thee the storms of winter fly,

Earth smiles with flow'rs renewing, laughs the sky,

And birds to lays of love their tuneful notes apply.

For thee the lion loathes the taste of blood,
And roaring hunts his female thro' the wood;

For thee the bulls rebellow thro' the groves,

And tempt the stream, and snuff their absent loves.

'T is thine, whate'er is pleasant, good, or fair;

All nature is thy province, life thy care:
Thou mad'st the world, and dost the world repair.

Thou gladder of the mount of Cytheron,
Increase of Jove, companion of the sun;
If e'er Adonis touch'd thy tender heart,

Have pity, goddess, for thou know'st the smart.

Alas! I have not words to tell my grief;
To vent my sorrow would be some relief;
Light suff'rings give us leisure to complain;
We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain.

O goddess, tell thyself what I would say;
Thou know'st it, and I feel too much to pray.

So grant my suit, as I enforce my might,
In love to be thy champion and thy knight;
A servant to thy sex, a slave to thee,
A foe profess'd to barren chastity.
Nor ask I fame or honor of the field,
Nor choose I more to vanquish than to yield:

In my divine Emilia make me blest,
Let Fate, or partial Chance, dispose the rest:
Find thou the manner, and the means prepare;

Possession, more than conquest, is my care.

Mars is the warrior's god; in him it lies,
On whom he favors to confer the prize:
With smiling aspect you serenely move
In your fifth orb, and rule the realm of love.
The Fates but only spin the coarser clue,
The finest of the wool is left for you.
Spare me but one small portion of the twine,

And let the sisters cut below your line:
The rest among the rubbish may they sweep,

Or add it to the yarn of some old miser's heap.

But, if you this ambitious pray'r deny,
(A wish, I grant, beyond mortality,)
Then let me sink beneath proud Arcite's arms,
And I once dead, let him possess her charms."

Thus ended he; then with observance due

The sacred incense on her altar threw:
The curling smoke mounts heavy from the fires;

At length it catches flame, and in a blaze expires;

At once the gracious goddess gave the sign;
Her statue shook, and trembled all the shrine.

Pleas'd Palamon the tardy omen took:
For, since the flames pursued the trailing smoke,

He knew his boon was granted, but the
 day
 To distance driv'n, and joy adjourn'd with
 long delay.
 Now morn with rosy light had streak'd
 the sky:
 Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily; ¹⁹⁰
 Address'd her early steps to Cynthia's fane,
 In state attended by her maiden train,
 Who bore the vests that holy rites require,
 Incense, and od'rous gums, and cover'd fire.
 The pleteous horns with pleasant mead
 they crown,
 Nor wanted aught besides in honor of the
 moon.
 Now while the temple smok'd with hallow'd
 steam,
 They wash the virgin in a living stream:
 The secret ceremonies I conceal,
 Uncouth, perhaps unlawful to reveal; ²⁰⁰
 But such they were as pagan use requir'd,
 Perform'd by women when the men retir'd,
 Whose eyes profane their chaste mysterious
 rites
 Might turn to scandal, or obscene de-
 lights.
 Well-meanners think no harm; but for the
 rest,
 Things sacred they pervert, and silence is
 the best.
 Her shining hair, uncomb'd, was loosely
 spread;
 A crown of mastless oak adorn'd her head.
 When, to the shrine approach'd, the spot-
 less maid
 Had kindling fires on either altar laid, ²¹⁰
 (The rites were such as were observ'd of
 old,
 By Statius in his Theban story told.)
 Then, kneeling with her hands across her
 breast,
 Thus lowly she preferr'd her chaste re-
 quest:
 "O goddess, haunter of the woodland
 green,
 To whom both heav'n and earth and seas
 are seen;
 Queen of the nether skies, where half the
 year
 Thy silver beams descend, and light the
 gloomy sphere;
 Goddess of maids, and conscious of our
 hearts,
 So keep me from the vengeance of thy darts,
 (Which Niobe's devoted issue felt, ²²¹

When hissing thro' the skies the feather'd
 deaths were dealt;)
 As I desire to live a virgin life,
 Nor know the name of mother or of wife.
 Thy votress from my tender years I am,
 And love, like thee, the woods and sylvan
 game.
 Like death, thou know'st, I loathe the
 nuptial state,
 And man, the tyrant of our sex, I hate —
 A lowly servant, but a lofty mate;
 Where love is duty on the female side; ²³⁰
 On thine mere sensual gust, and sought
 with surly pride.
 Now by thy triple shape, as thou art seen
 In heav'n, earth, hell, and ev'rywhere a
 queen,
 Grant this my first desire: let discord
 cease,
 And make betwixt the rivals lasting peace;
 Quench their hot fire, or far from me re-
 move
 The flame, and turn it on some other love;
 Or, if my frowning stars have so decreed,
 That one must be rejected, one succeed,
 Make him my lord, within whose faithful
 breast ²⁴⁰
 Is fix'd my image, and who loves me best.
 But, O, ev'n that avert; I choose it not,
 But take it as the least unhappy lot.
 A maid I am, and of thy virgin train;
 O let me still that spotless name retain!
 Frequent the forests, thy chaste will obey,
 And only make the beasts of chase my
 prey!"

The flames ascend on either altar clear,
 While thus the blameless maid address'd
 her pray'r.
 When lo! the burning fire that shone so
 bright ²⁵⁰
 Flew off, all sudden, with extinguish'd light,
 And left one altar dark, a little space;
 Which turn'd self-kindled, and renew'd
 the blaze:
 That other victor flame a moment stood,
 Then fell, and lifeless left th' extinguish'd
 wood;
 For ever lost, th' irrevocable light
 Forsook the black'ning coals, and sunk to
 night:
 At either end it whistled as it flew,
 And as the brands were green, so dropp'd
 the dew,
 Infected as it fell with sweat of sanguine
 hue. ²⁶⁰

The maid from that ill omen turn'd her eyes,
 And with loud shrieks and clamors rent the skies,
 Nor knew what signified the boding sign,
 But found the pow'rs displeas'd, and fear'd the wrath divine.
 Then shook the sacred shrine, and sudden light
 Sprung thro' the vaulted roof, and made the temple bright.
 The pow'r, behold ! the pow'r in glory shone,
 By her bent bow and her keen arrows known;
 The rest, a huntress issuing from the wood,
 Reclining on her cornel spear she stood: ²⁷⁰
 Then gracious thus began: "Dismiss thy fear,
 And Heav'n's unchang'd decrees attentive hear:
 More pow'rful gods have torn thee from my side,
 Unwilling to resign, and doom'd a bride.
 The two contending knights are weigh'd above;
 One Mars protects, and one the Queen of Love:
 But which the man, is in the Thund'r'er's breast —
 This he pronounc'd, 'Tis he who loves thee best.'
 The fire that, once extinct, reviv'd again,
 Foreshevs the love allotted to remain: ²⁸⁰
 Farewell!" she said, and vanish'd from the place;
 The sheaf of arrows shook, and rattled in the case.
 Aghast at this the royal virgin stood,
 Disclaim'd, and now no more a sister of the wood;
 But to the parting goddess thus she pray'd:
 "Propitious still be present to my aid,
 Nor quite abandon your once favor'd maid."
 Then sighing she return'd; but smil'd betwixt,
 With hopes, and fears, and joys with sorrows mix'd.
 The next returning planetary hour ²⁹⁰
 Of Mars, who shar'd the heptarchy of pow'r,
 His steps bold Arcite to the temple bent,
 T'adore with pagan rites the pow'r armpotent;
 Then prostrate, low before his altar lay,

And rais'd his manly voice, and thus began to pray:
 "Strong God of Arms, whose iron scepter sways
 The freezing North, and Hyperborean seas,
 And Seythian colds, and Thracia's wintry coast,
 Where stand thy steeds, and thou art honor'd most —
 There most; but ev'rywhere thy pow'r is known, ³⁰⁰
 The fortune of the fight is all thy own:
 Terror is thine, and wild amazement, flung
 From out thy chariot, withers ev'n the strong;
 And disarray and shameful rout ensue,
 And force is added to the fainting crew.
 Acknowledg'd as thou art, accept my pray'r,
 If aught I have achiev'd deserve thy care;
 If to my utmost pow'r with sword and shield
 I dar'd the death, unknowing how to yield,
 And falling in my rank, still kept the field: ³¹⁰
 Then let my arms prevail, by thee sustain'd,
 That Emily by conquest may be gain'd.
 Have pity on my pains; nor those unknown
 To Mars, which, when a lover, were his own.
 Venus, the public care of all above,
 Thy stubborn heart has soften'd into love:
 Now, by her blandishments and pow'rful charms,
 When yielded she lay curling in thy arms,
 Ev'n by thy shame, if shame it may be call'd,
 When Vulcan had thee in his net intrall'd;
 (O envied ignominy, sweet disgrace, ³²⁰
 When ev'ry god that saw thee wish'd thy place !)
 By those dear pleasures, aid my arms in fight,
 And make me conquer in my patron's right:
 For I am young, a novice in the trade,
 The fool of love, unpractic'd to persuade;
 And want the soothing arts that catch the fair,
 But, caught myself, lie struggling in the snare:
 And she I love, or laughs at all my pain,
 Or knows her worth too well; and pays me with disdain. ³³⁰

For sure I am, unless I win in arms,
To stand excluded from Emilia's charms;
Nor can my strength avail, unless, by thee
Endued with force, I gain the victory:
Then for the fire which warm'd thy gen'rous
heart,

Pity thy subject's pains, and equal smart.
So be the morrow's sweat and labor mine,
The palm and honor of the conquest thine:
Then shall the war, and stern debate, and
strife

Immortal, be the bus'ness of my life; 340
And in thy fane, the dusty spoils among,
High on the burnish'd roof, my banner shall
be hung;

Rank'd with my champions' bucklers, and
below,

With arms revers'd, th' achievements of
my foe:

And while these limbs the vital spirit feeds,
While day to night, and night to day
succeeds,

Thy smoking altar shall be fat with food
Of incense, and the grateful steam of blood;
Burnt offerings morn and ev'ning shall be
thine,

And fires eternal in thy temple shine. 350
This bush of yellow beard, this length of
hair,

Which from my birth inviolate I bear,
Guiltless of steel, and from the razor free,
Shall fall a plenteous crop, reserv'd for
thee.

So may my arms with victory be blest,
I ask no more; let fate dispose the rest."

The champion ceas'd; there follow'd in
the close

A hollow groan; a murmur'ing wind arose;
The rings of ir'n that on the doors were
hung 359

Sent out a jarring sound, and harshly rung:
The bolted gates flew open at the blast;
The storm rush'd in, and Arcite stood
aghast:

The flames were blown aside, yet shone
they bright,
Fann'd by the wind, and gave a ruffled
light.

Then from the ground a scent began to
rise,

Sweet smelling, as accepted sacrifice.
This omen pleas'd, and, as the flames aspire,
With od'rous incense Arcite heaps the fire;
Nor wanted hymns to Mars, or heathen
charms.

At length the nodding statue clash'd his
arms, 370

And, with a sullen sound and feeble cry,
Half sunk, and half pronounc'd the word of
victory.

For this, with soul devout, he thank'd the
god;

And, of success secure, return'd to his
abode.

These vows, thus granted, rais'd a strife
above,

Betwixt the God of War and Queen of
Love.

She, granting first, had right of time to plead;
But he had granted too, nor would recede.
Jove was for Venus; but he fear'd his wife,
And seem'd unwilling to decide the strife; 380
Till Saturn from his leaden throne arose,
And found a way the diff'rence to compose:
Tho', sparing of his grace, to mischief bent,
He seldom does a good with good intent.
Wayward, but wise; by long experience
taught,

To please both parties, for ill ends, he
sought:

For this advantage age from youth has won,
As not to be outridden, tho' outrun.

By fortune he was now to Venus trin'd,
And with stern Mars in Capricorn was
join'd: 390

Of him disposing in his own abode,
He sooth'd the goddess, while he gull'd
the god:

"Cease, daughter, to complain, and stint
the strife:

Thy Palamon shall have his promis'd wife;
And Mars, the lord of conquest, in the
fight

With palm and laurel shall adorn his knight.
Wide is my course, nor turn I to my place
Till length of time, and move with tardy
pace.

Man feels me, when I press th' ethereal
plains; 399

My hand is heavy, and the wound remains.
Mine is the shipwreck in a wat'ry sign;
And in an earthy, the dark dungeon mine.
Cold shivering agues, melancholy care,
And bitter blasting winds, and poison'd air,
Are mine, and wilful death, resulting from
despair.

The throttling quinsy 't is my star appoints,
And rheumatisms I send to rack the joints:
When churls rebel against their native
prince,

I arm their hands, and furnish the pretense;

And, housing in the Lion's hateful sign, ⁴¹⁰
Bought senates, and deserting troops are mine.

Mine is the privy pois'ning; I command
Unkindly seasons and ungrateful land.

By me kings' palaces are push'd to ground,
And miners crush'd beneath their mines are found.

'T was I slew Samson, when the pillar'd hall

Fell down and crush'd the many with the fall.

My looking is the sire of pestilence,
That sweeps at once the people and the prince.

Now weep no more, but trust thy grand-sire's art; ⁴²⁰

Mars shall be pleas'd, and thou perform thy part.

'T is ill, tho' diff'rent your complexions are,
The family of heav'n for men should war."
Th' expedient pleas'd, where neither lost his right;

Mars had the day, and Venus had the night.
The management they left to Chronos' care;
Now turn we to th' effect, and sing the war.

In Athens all was pleasure, mirth, and play, ⁴²⁸

All proper to the spring and sprightly May;
Which ev'ry soul inspir'd with such delight,
'T was justing all the day, and love at night.
Heav'n smil'd, and gladdened was the heart of man,

And Venus had the world as when it first began.

At length in sleep their bodies they compose,

And dreamt the future fight, and early rose.

Now scarce the dawning day began to spring,

As at a signal giv'n, the streets with clamors ring:

At once the crowd arose; confus'd and high,

Ev'n from the heav'n was heard a shouting cry;

For Mars was early up, and rous'd the sky. ⁴⁴⁰

The gods came downward to behold the wars,

Sharpening their sights, and leaning from their stars.

The neighing of the gen'rous horse was heard,

For battle by the busy groom prepar'd;
Rustling of harness, rattling of the shield,
Clatt'ring of armor, furbish'd for the field.
Crowds to the castle mounted up the street,
Batt'ring the pavement with their coursers' feet:

The greedy sight might there devour the gold ⁴⁴⁹

Of glitt'ring arms, too dazzling to behold;
And polish'd steel, that cast the view aside,
And crested morions, with their plummy pride.

Knights, with a long retinue of their squires,
In gaudy liv'ries march, and quaint attires.
One lac'd the helm, another held the lance;
A third the shining buckler did advance.

The courser paw'd the ground with restless feet,

And snorting foam'd, and champ'd the golden bit.

The smiths and armorers on palfreys ride, }
Files in their hands, and hammers at }
their side, ⁴⁶⁰

And nails for loosen'd spears, and thongs for shields provide.

The yeomen guard the streets, in seemly bands;

And clowns come crowding on with cudgels in their hands.

The trumpets, next the gate, in order plac'd,

Attend the sign to sound the martial blast;
The palace yard is fill'd with floating tides,
And the last comers bear the former to the sides.

The throng is in the midst; the common crew

Shut out, the hall admits the better few.
In knots they stand, or in a rank they walk,

Serious in aspect, earnest in their talk: ⁴⁷¹
Factions, and fav'ring this or t'other side,

As their strong fancies and weak reason guide.

Their wagers back their wishes; numbers hold

With the fair freckled king, and beard of gold:

So vig'rous are his eyes, such rays they cast,
So prominent his eagle's beak is plac'd.

But most their looks on the black monarch bend,

His rising muscles and his brawn commend;

His double-biting ax, and beamy spear, ⁴⁸⁰
 Each asking a gigantic force to rear.
 All spoke as partial favor mov'd the mind;
 And, safe themselves, at others' cost divin'd.

Wak'd by the cries, th' Athenian chief
 arose,

The knightly forms of combat to dispose;
 And passing thro' th' obsequious guards, he
 sate

Conspicuous on a throne, sublime in state;
 There for the two contending knights he
 sent:

Arm'd *cap-a-pe*, with rev'rence low they
 bent;

He smil'd on both, and with superior look
 Alike their offer'd adoration took. ⁴⁹¹

The people press on ev'ry side to see
 Their awful prince and hear his high de-
 cree.

Then, signing to the heralds with his hand,
 They gave his orders from their lofty stand.
 Silence is thrice enjoind'; then thus aloud
 The king at arms bespeaks the knights and
 list'ning crowd:

"Our sovereign lord has ponder'd in his
 mind

The means to spare the blood of gentle kind;
 And of his grace, and inborn clemency, ⁵⁰⁰

He modifies his first severe decree;
 The keener edge of battle to rebate,

The troops for honor fighting, not for hate.
 He wills, not death should terminate their
 strife;

And wounds, if wounds ensue, be short of
 life;

But issues, ere the fight, his dread com-
 mand,

That slings afar, and poniards hand to hand,
 Be banish'd from the field; that none shall
 dare

With shorten'd sword to stab in closer war;
 But in fair combat fight with manly
 strength, ⁵¹⁰

Nor push with biting point, but strike at
 length.

The turney is allow'd but one career
 Of the tough ash, with the sharp-grinded
 spear;

But knights unhors'd may rise from off the
 plain,

And fight on foot their honor to regain;
 Nor, if at mischief taken, on the ground
 Be slain, but pris'ners to the pillar bound,
 At either barrier plac'd; nor, captives made,
 Be freed, or arm'd anew the fight invade.

The chief of either side, bereft of life, ⁵²⁰
 Or yielded to his foe, concludes the strife.

Thus dooms the lord: now valiant knights
 and young,

Fight each his fill with swords and maces
 long."

The herald ends; the vaulted firmament
 With loud acclaims and vast applause is
 rent:

"Heav'n guard a prince so gracious and so
 good,

So just, and yet so provident of blood!"
 This was the gen'ral cry. The trumpets
 sound,

And warlike symphony is heard around.
 The marching troops thro' Athens take
 their way, ⁵³⁰

The great earl-marshal orders their array.
 The fair from high the passing pomp be-
 hold;

A rain of flow'rs is from the windows roll'd.
 The casements are with golden tissue
 spread,

And horses' hoofs, for earth, on silken
 tap'stry tread.

The king goes midmost, and the rivals ride
 In equal rank, and close his either side.

Next after these, there rode the royal wife,
 With Emily, the cause and the reward of
 strife.

The following cavalcade, by three and
 three, ⁵⁴⁰

Proceed by titles marshal'd in degree.
 Thus thro' the southern gate they take their
 way,

And at the lists arriv'd ere prime of day.
 There, parting from the king, the chiefs
 divide,

And wheeling east and west, before their
 many ride.

Th' Athenian monarch mounts his throne
 on high,

And after him the queen and Emily;
 Next these, the kindred of the crown are
 grac'd

With nearer seats, and lords by ladies
 plac'd.

Scarcely were they seated, when with clamors
 loud ⁵⁵⁰

In rush'd at once a rude promiscuous crowd;
 The guards, and then each other overbare,
 And in a moment throng the spacious
 theater.

Now chang'd the jarring noise to whispers
 low,

As winds forsaking seas more softly blow;
When, at the western gate, on which the
car

Is plac'd aloft, that bears the God of War,
Proud Arcite, ent'ring arm'd before his
train,

Stops at the barrier, and divides the plain.
Red was his banner, and display'd abroad
The bloody colors of his patron god. ⁵⁶¹

At that self moment enters Palamon
The gate of Venus and the rising Sun;
Way'd by the wanton winds, his banner
flies,

All maiden white, and shares the people's
eyes.

From east to west, look all the world
around,

Two troops so match'd were never to be
found;

Such bodies built for strength, of equal age,
In stature siz'd; so proud an equipage:
The nicest eye could no distinction make,
Where lay th' advantage, or what side to
take. ⁵⁷¹

Thus rang'd, the herald for the last
proclaims

A silence, while they answer'd to their
names:

For so the king decreed, to shun with care
The fraud of musters false, the common
bane of war.

The tale was just, and then the gates were
clos'd;

And chief to chief, and troop to troop
oppos'd.

The heralds last retir'd, and loudly cried:
"The fortune of the field be fairly tried!"

At this, the challenger with fierce defy
His trumpet sounds; the challeng'd makes
reply: ⁵⁸¹

With clangor rings the field, resounds the
vaulted sky.

Their vizors clos'd, their lances in the rest,
Or at the helmet pointed, or the crest,
They vanish from the barrier, speed the
race,

And spurring see decrease the middle space.
A cloud of smoke envelops either host,
And all at once the combatants are lost:
Darkling they join adverse, and shock un-
seen,

Courasers with courasers jousting, men with
men; ⁵⁹⁰

As lab'ring in eclipse, a while they stay,
Till the next blast of wind restores the day.

They look anew; the beauteous form of
fight

Is chang'd, and war appears a grisly sight.
Two troops in fair array one moment
show'd,

The next, a field with fallen bodies strow'd:
Not half the number in their seats are
found;

But men and steeds lie grov'ling on the
ground.

The points of spears are stuck within the
shield,

The steeds without their riders scour the
field. ⁶⁰⁰

The knights, unhors'd, on foot renew the
fight;

The glitt'ring fauchions cast a gleaming
light:

Hauberks and helms are hew'd with many
a wound;

Out spins the streaming blood and dyes the
ground.

The mighty maces with such haste de-
scend,

They break the bones, and make the solid
armor bend.

This thrusts amid the throng with furious
force;

Down goes, at once, the horseman and the
horse:

That courser stumbles on the fallen steed,
And, flound'ring, throws the rider o'er his
head. ⁶¹⁰

One rolls along, a football to his foes;
One with a broken truncheon deals his
blows.

This halting, this disabled with his wound,
In triumph led, is to the pillar bound,

Where by the king's award he must abide;
There goes a captive led on t'other side.

By fits they cease; and, leaning on the
lance,

Take breath a while, and to new fight ad-
vance.

Full oft the rivals met, and neither
spar'd ⁶¹⁹

His utmost force, and each forgot to ward.

The head of this was to the saddle bent,
That other backward to the crupper sent:

Both were by turns unhors'd; the jealous
blows

Fall thick and heavy, when on foot they
close.

So deep their fauchions bite, that ev'ry
stroke

Piere'd to the quick; and equal wounds
they gave and took.

Borne far asunder by the tides of men,
Like adamant and steel they meet again.

So when a tiger sucks the bullock's
blood, ⁶²⁹
A famish'd lion issuing from the wood
Roars lordly fierce, and challenges the
food.

Each claims possession, neither will obey,
But both their paws are fasten'd on the
prey;

They bite, they tear; and while in vain
they strive,

The swains come arm'd between, and both
to distance drive.

At length, as Fate foredoom'd, and all
things tend

By course of time to their appointed end;
So when the sun to west was far declin'd,
And both afresh in mortal battle join'd,
The strong Emetrius came in Arcite's aid,
And Palamon with odds was overlaid: ⁶⁴¹
For, turning short, he struck with all his
might

Full on the helmet of th' unwary knight.
Deep was the wound; he stagger'd with
the blow

And turn'd him to his unexpected foe;
Whom with such force he struck, he fell'd
him down,

And cleft the circle of his golden crown.
But Arcite's men, who now prevail'd in
fight,

Twice ten at once surround the single
knight:

O'erpower'd at length, they force him to
the ground, ⁶⁵⁰

Unyielded as he was, and to the pillar
bound;

And King Lycurgus, while he fought in
vain

His friend to free, was tumbled on the
plain.

Who now laments but Palamon, com-
pell'd

No more to try the fortune of the field!
And, worse than death, to view with hate-
ful eyes

His rival's conquest, and renounce the
prize!

The royal judge on his tribunal plac'd,
Who had beheld the fight from first to last,
Bade cease the war; pronouncing from on
high, ⁶⁶⁰

Arcite of Thebes had won the beauteous
Emily.

The sound of trumpets to the voice
replied,
And round the royal lists the heralds
cried:

"Arcite of Thebes has won the beauteous
bride."

The people rend the skies with vast
applause:

All own the chief, when Fortune owns the
cause.

Arcite is own'd ev'n by the gods above,
And conquer'g Mars insults the Queen of
Love:

So laugh'd he, when the rightful Titan
fail'd,

And Jove's usurping arms in heav'n pre-
vail'd. ⁶⁷⁰

Laugh'd all the pow'rs who favor tyranny;
And all the standing army of the sky.

But Venus with dejected eyes appears,
And weeping on the lists distill'd her tears;
Her will refus'd, which grieves a woman
most,

And, in her champion foil'd, the cause of
Love is lost:

Till Saturn said: "Fair daughter, now be
still,

The blust'ring fool has satisfied his will;
His boon is giv'n; his knight has gain'd the
day,

But lost the prize — th' arrears, are yet to
pay. ⁶⁸⁰

Thy hour is come, and mine the care shall
be

To please thy knight, and set thy promise
free."

Now while the heralds run the lists
around,

And "Arcite, Arcite," heav'n and earth
resound;

A miracle (nor less it could be call'd)
Their joy with unexpected sorrow pall'd.

The victor knight had laid his helm aside,
Part for his ease, the greater part for pride.
Bareheaded, popularly low he bow'd,

And paid the salutations of the crowd; ⁶⁹⁰
Then, spurring at full speed, ran endlong on
Where Theseus sat on his imperial throne;

Furious he drove, and upward cast his eye,
Where next the queen was plac'd his

Emily;

Then passing, to the saddlebow he bent —
A sweet regard the gracious virgin lent;

(For women, to the brave an easy prey,
Still follow Fortune, where she leads the way.)

Just then, from earth sprung out a flashing fire,

By Pluto sent, at Saturn's bad desire; ⁷⁰⁰
The startling steed was seiz'd with sudden fright,

And, bounding, o'er the pommel cast the knight:

Forward he flew, and pitching on his head,
He quiver'd with his feet, and lay for dead.

Black was his count'nance in a little space,
For all the blood was gather'd in his face.

Help was at hand: they rear'd him from the ground,

And from his cumbrous arms his limbs unbound;

Then lanc'd a vein, and watch'd returning breath;

It came, but clogg'd with symptoms of his death. ⁷¹⁰

The saddlebow the noble parts had press'd,
All bruis'd and mortified his manly breast.

Him still entranc'd, and in a litter laid,
They bore from field, and to his bed convey'd.

At length he wak'd, and with a feeble cry,
The word he first pronounc'd was Emily.

Meantime the king, tho' inwardly he mourn'd,

In pomp triumphant to the town return'd,
Attended by the chiefs, who fought the field;

(Now friendly mix'd, and in one troop compell'd;) ⁷²⁰

Compos'd his looks to counterfeited cheer,
And bade them not for Arcite's life to fear.
But that which gladdened all the warrior train,

Tho' most were sorely wounded, none were slain.

The surgeons soon despoil'd 'em of their arms,

And some with salves they cure, and some with charms;

Foment the bruises, and the pains assuage,
And heal their inward hurts with sov'reign draughts of sage.

The king in person visits all around, ⁷²⁹
Comforts the sick, congratulates the sound;
Honors the princely chiefs, rewards the rest,
And holds for thrice three days a royal feast.

None was disgrac'd; for falling is no shame,

And cowardice alone is loss of fame.
The vent'rous knight is from the saddle thrown;

But 't is the fault of Fortune, not his own.
If crowds and palms the conqu'ring side adorn,

The victor under better stars was born:
The brave man seeks not popular applause,
Nor, overpow'r'd with arms, deserts his cause; ⁷⁴⁰

Unsham'd, tho' foil'd, he does the best he can;

Force is of brutes, but honor is of man.

Thus Theseus smil'd on all with equal grace;

And each was set according to his place.
With ease were reconcil'd the differing parts,

For envy never dwells in noble hearts.
At length they took their leave, the time

expir'd,

Well pleas'd, and to their sev'ral homes retir'd.

Meanwhile the health of Arcite still impairs;

From bad proceeds to worse, and mocks the leeches' cares: ⁷⁵⁰

Swoln is his breast, his inward pains increase;

All means are us'd, and all without success.

The clotted blood lies heavy on his heart,
Corrupts, and there remains in spite of art:

Nor breathing veins, nor cupping will prevail;

All outward remedies and inward fail.
The mold of Nature's fabric is destroy'd,

Her vessels compos'd, her virtue void;
The bellows of his lungs begins to swell:

All out of frame is ev'ry secret cell, ⁷⁶⁰
Nor can the good receive, nor bad expel.

Those breathing organs, thus within oppress'd,

With venom soon distend the sinews of his breast.

Naught profits him to save abandon'd life,
Nor vomit's upward aid, nor downward laxative.

The midmost region batter'd and destroy'd,
When nature cannot work, th' effect of art

is void:

For physic can but mend our crazy state,
Patch an old building, not a new create.

Arcite is doom'd to die in all his pride;
Must leave his youth, and yield his beau-
teous bride, 771
Gain'd hardly, against right, and unen-
joy'd.
When 't was declar'd all hope of life was
past,
Conscience, that of all physic works the
last,

Caus'd him to send for Emily in haste.
With her, at his desire, came Palamon;
Then, on his pillow rais'd, he thus begun:

"No language can express the smallest
part

Of what I feel, and suffer in my heart, 779
For you, whom best I love and value most;
But to your service I bequeath my ghost;
Which from this mortal body when untied,
Unseen, unheard, shall hover at your side;
Nor fright you waking, nor your sleep of-
fend,

But wait officious, and your steps attend.
How I have lov'd, excuse my falt'ring
tongue,

My spirit's feeble, and my pains are strong:
This I may say, I only grieve to die,
Because I lose my charming Emily:

To die, when Heav'n had put you in my
pow'r, 790

Fate could not choose a more malicious
hour!

What greater curse could envious Fortune
give,

Than just to die, when I began to live!
Vain men, how vanishing a bliss we crave,
Now warm in love, now with'ring in the
grave!

Never, O never more to see the sun!
Still dark, in a damp vault, and still alone!
This fate is common; but I lose my breath
Near bliss, and yet not blest before my
death. 799

Farewell; but take me dying in your arms,
'T is all I can enjoy of all your charms:
This hand I cannot but in death resign;
Ah, could I live! but while I live 't is mine.
I feel my end approach, and thus embrac'd,
Am pleas'd to die; but hear me speak my
last.

Ah, my sweet foe, for you, and you alone,
I broke my faith with injur'd Palamon.
But love the sense of right and wrong
confounds,

Strong love and proud ambition have no
bounds.

And much I doubt, should Heav'n my life
prolong, 810

I should return to justify my wrong:
For while my former flames remain within,
Repentance is but want of pow'r to sin.
With mortal hatred I pursued his life;
Nor he, nor you, were guilty of the strife;
Nor I, but as I lov'd: yet all combin'd,
Your beauty and my impotence of mind,
And his concurrent flame, that blew my
fire;

For still our kindred souls had one desire.
He had a moment's right in point of time;
Had I seen first, then his had been the
crime. 821

Fate made it mine, and justified his right;
Nor holds this earth a more deserving
knight,

For virtue, valor, and for noble blood,
Truth, honor, all that is compris'd in good;
So help me Heav'n, in all the world is none
So worthy to be lov'd as Palamon.

He loves you too, with such a holy fire,
As will not, cannot, but with life expire:
Our vow'd affections both have often tried,
Nor any love but yours could ours divide.

Then, by my love's inviolable band, 832
By my long suff'ring, and my short com-
mand,

If e'er you plight your vows when I am
gone,

Have pity on the faithful Palamon."

This was his last; for Death came on
amain,

And exercis'd below his iron reign;
Then upward to the seat of life he goes:
Sense fled before him; what he touch'd he
froze.

Yet could he not his closing eyes withdraw,
Tho' less and less of Emily he saw: 841
So, speechless, for a little space he lay;
Then grasp'd the hand he held, and sigh'd
his soul away.

But whither went his soul, let such re-
late

Who search the secrets of the future state:
Divines can say but what themselves be-
lieve;

Strong proofs they have, but not demon-
strative:

For, were all plain, then all sides must
agree,

And faith itself be lost in certainty.
To live uprightly then is sure the best, 850
To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.

The soul of Arcite went where heathens go,
Who better live than we, tho' less they know.

In Palamon a manly grief appears;
Silent, he wept, asham'd to shew his tears:
Emilia shriek'd but once, and then, oppress'd

With sorrow, sunk upon her lover's breast:
Till Theseus in his arms convey'd with care,

Far from so sad a sight, the swooning fair.
'T were loss of time her sorrow to relate;
Ill bears the sex a youthful lover's fate,
When just approaching to the nuptial state.

But like a low-hung cloud, it rains so fast,
That all at once it falls, and cannot last.
The face of things is chang'd, and Athens now,

That laugh'd so late, becomes the scene of woe:

Matrons and maids, both sexes, ev'ry state,
With tears lament the knight's untimely fate.

Not greater grief in falling Troy was seen
For Hector's death; but Hector was not then.

Old men with dust deform'd their hoary hair;

The women beat their breasts, their cheeks they tear.

"Why wouldst thou go," with one consent they cry,

"When thou hadst gold enough, and Emily?"

Theseus himself, who should have cheer'd the grief

Of others, wanted now the same relief;
Old Ægeus only could revive his son,
Who various changes of the world had known,

And strange vicissitudes of human fate,
Still alt'ring, never in a steady state;
Good after ill, and, after pain, delight;
Alternate like the scenes of day and night.
Since ev'ry man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal mind, what happens, let us bear,

Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond our care.

Like pilgrims to th' appointed place we tend;

The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.

Ev'n kings but play; and when their part is done,

Some other, worse or better, mount the throne.

With words like these the crowd was satisfied,

And so they would have been, had Theseus died.

But he, their king, was lab'ring in his mind,

A fitting place for fun'ral pomps to find,
Which were in honor of the dead design'd.

And after long debate, at last he found
(As love itself had mark'd the spot of ground)

That grove for ever green, that conscious laund,

Where he with Palamon fought hand to hand:

That, where he fed his amorous desires
With soft complaints, and felt his hottest fires,

There other flames might waste his earthly part,

And burn his limbs, where love had burn'd his heart.

This once resolv'd, the peasants were enjoin'd

Sear wood, and firs, and dodder'd oaks to find.

With sounding axes to the grove they go,
Fell, split, and lay the fuel on a row,

Vulcanian food: a bier is next prepar'd,
On which the lifeless body should be rear'd,

Cover'd with cloth of gold, on which was laid

The corpse of Arcite, in like robes array'd.
White gloves were on his hands, and on his head

A wreath of laurel, mix'd with myrtle, spread.

A sword keen-edg'd within his right he held,

The warlike emblem of the conquer'd field:
Bare was his manly visage on the bier;

Menac'd his count'nance, ev'n in death severe.

Then to the palace hall they bore the knight,

To lie in solemn state, a public sight.
Groans, cries, and howlings fill the crowded place,

And unaffected sorrow sat on ev'ry face.

Sad Palamon above the rest appears,
 In sable garments, dew'd with gushing tears:
 His auburn locks on either shoulder flow'd,
 Which to the fun'ral of his friend he vow'd:
 But Emily, as chief, was next his side,
 A virgin widow, and a *Mourning Bride*.
 And that the princely obsequies might be
 Perform'd according to his high degree,
 The steed that bore him living to the

fight ⁹³⁰

Was trapp'd with polish'd steel, all shin-
 ing bright,
 And cover'd with th' achievements of the
 knight.

The riders rode abreast, and one his shield,
 His lance of cornel wood another held;
 The third his bow, and, glorious to behold,
 The costly quiver, all of burnish'd gold.
 The noblest of the Grecians next appear,
 And, weeping, on their shoulders bore the
 bier;

With sober pace they march'd, and often
 stay'd,

And thro' the master-street the corpse
 convey'd. ⁹⁴⁰

The houses to their tops with black were
 spread,

And ev'n the pavements were with mourn-
 ing hid.

The right side of the pall old Ægeus kept,
 And on the left the royal Theseus wept;
 Each bore a golden bowl, of work di-
 vine,

With honey fill'd, and milk, and mix'd with
 ruddy wine.

Then Palamon, the kinsman of the slain,
 And after him appear'd th' illustrious train:

To grace the pomp, came Emily the bright,
 With cover'd fire, the fun'ral pile to light.

With high devotion was the service made,
 And all the rites of pagan honor paid: ⁹⁵²

So lofty was the pile, a Parthian bow,
 With vigor drawn, must send the shaft
 below.

The bottom was full twenty fathom broad,
 With crackling straw beneath in due pro-
 portion strow'd.

The fabric seem'd a wood of rising green,
 With sulphur and bitumen cast between,
 To feed the flames: the trees were unc-
 tuous fir,

And mountain-ash, the mother of the
 spear; ⁹⁶⁰

The mourner yew and builder oak were
 there;

The beech, the swimming alder, and the
 plane,
 Hard box, and linden of a softer grain,
 And laurels, which the gods for conqu'r-
 ing chiefs ordain.

How they were rank'd shall rest untold by
 me,

With nameless Nymphs that liv'd in ev'ry
 tree;

Nor how the Dryads and the woodland train,
 Disherited, ran howling o'er the plain;

Nor how the birds to foreign seats repair'd,
 Or beasts, that bolted out, and saw the
 forest bar'd; ⁹⁷⁰

Nor how the ground, now clear'd, with
 ghastly fright

Beheld the sudden sun, a stranger to the
 light.

The straw, as first I said, was laid be-
 low:

Of chips and sear wood was the second row;
 The third of greens and timber newly fell'd;

The fourth high stage the fragrant odors
 held,

And pearls, and precious stones, and rich
 array,

In midst of which, embalm'd, the body lay.
 The service sung, the maid, with mourning
 eyes,

The stubble fir'd; the smold'ring flames
 arise: ⁹⁸⁰

This office done, she sunk upon the ground;
 But what she spoke, recover'd from her
 swoond,

I want the wit in moving words to dress;
 But by themselves the tender sex may
 guess.

While the devouring fire was burning fast,
 Rich jewels in the flame the wealthy cast;

And some their shields, and some their
 lances threw,

And gave the warrior's ghost a warrior's
 due.

Full bowls of wine, of honey, milk, and
 blood,

Were pour'd upon the pile of burning
 wood, ⁹⁹⁰

And hissing flames receive, and hungry
 lick the food.

Then thrice the mounted squadrons ride
 around

The fire, and Arcite's name they thrice re-
 sound:

"Hail, and farewell!" they shouted thrice
 again,

Thrice facing to the left, and thrice they
 turn'd again;
 Still as they turn'd, they beat their clat-
 t'ring shields;
 The women mix their cries; and clamor
 fills the fields.
 The warlike wakes continued all the night,
 And fun'ral games were play'd at new re-
 turning light:
 Who naked wrestled best, besmear'd with
 oil, ¹⁰⁰⁰
 Or who with gauntlets gave or took the
 foil,
 I will not tell you, nor would you attend;
 But briefly haste to my long story's end.
 I pass the rest; the year was fully
 mourn'd,
 And Palamon long since to Thebes return'd:
 When, by the Grecians' general consent,
 At Athens Theseus held his parliament.
 Among the laws that pass'd it was decreed,
 That conquer'd Thebes from bondage should
 be freed; ¹⁰⁰⁰
 Reserving homage to th' Athenian throne,
 To which the sov'reign summon'd Palamon.
 Unknowing of the cause, he took his way,
 Mournful in mind, and still in black array.
 The monarch mounts the throne, and,
 plac'd on high,
 Commands into the court the beauteous
 Emily:
 So call'd, she came; the senate rose, and
 paid
 Becoming rev'rence to the royal maid.
 And first, soft whispers thro' th' assembly
 went;
 With silent wonder then they watch'd th'
 event: ¹⁰¹⁹
 All hush'd, the king arose with awful grace;
 Deep thought was in his breast, and coun-
 sel in his face.
 At length he sigh'd; and having first pre-
 par'd
 Th' attentive audience, thus his will de-
 clar'd:
 "The Cause and Spring of motion, from
 above,
 Hung down on earth the golden chain of
 love:
 Great was th' effect, and high was his in-
 tent,
 When peace among the jarring seeds he
 sent.
 Fire, flood, and earth, and air by this were
 bound,

And love, the common link, the new crea-
 tion crown'd.
 The chain still holds; for, tho' the forms
 decay, ¹⁰³⁰
 Eternal matter never wears away.
 The same First Mover certain bounds has
 plac'd,
 How long those perishable forms shall last;
 Nor can they last beyond the time assign'd
 By that all-seeing, and all-making mind:
 Shorten their hours they may, for will is
 free,
 But never pass th' appointed destiny.
 So men oppress'd, when weary of their
 breath,
 Throw off the burden, and suborn their
 death.
 Then, since those forms begin, and have
 their end, ¹⁰⁴⁰
 On some unalter'd cause they sure depend:
 Parts of the whole are we; but God the
 whole,
 Who gives us life and animating soul.
 For nature cannot from a part derive
 That being which the whole can only give:
 He perfect, stable; but imperfect we,
 Subject to change, and diff'rent in degree;
 Plants, beasts, and man; and as our organs
 are,
 We more or less of his perfection share.
 But by a long descent, th' ethereal fire
 Corrupts; and forms, the mortal part, ex-
 pire: ¹⁰⁵¹
 As he withdraws his virtue, so they pass,
 And the same matter makes another mass.
 This law th' Omniscient Pow'r has pleas'd
 to give,
 That ev'ry kind should by succession live:
 That individuals die, his will ordains;
 The propagated species still remains.
 The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,
 Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow de-
 grees;
 Three centuries he grows, and three he
 stays, ¹⁰⁶⁰
 Supreme in state, and in three more decays:
 So wears the paving pebble in the street,
 And towns and tow'rs their fatal periods
 meet;
 So rivers, rapid once, now naked lie,
 Forsaken of their springs, and leave their
 channels dry.
 So man, at first a drop, dilates with heat;
 Then, form'd, the little heart begins to
 beat;

Secret he feeds, unknowing, in the cell;
At length, for hatching ripe, he breaks the
shell,

And struggles into breath, and cries for aid;
Then, helpless, in his mother's lap is laid.
He creeps, he walks, and issuing into man,
Grudges their life, from whence his own
began;

Reckless of laws, affects to rule alone,
Anxious to reign, and restless on the throne:
First vegetive, then feels, and reasons last;
Rich of three souls, and lives all three to
waste.

Some thus; but thousands more in flow'r
of age:

For few arrive to run the latter stage.
Sunk in the first, in battle some are slain,
And others whelm'd beneath the stormy
main.

What makes all this, but Jupiter the king,
At whose command we perish, and we
spring?

Then 't is our best, since thus ordain'd to die,
To make a virtue of necessity;
Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain;
The bad grows better, which we well sus-
tain:

And could we choose the time, and choose
aright,

'T is best to die, our honor at the height.
When we have done our ancestors no
shame,

But serv'd our friends, and well secur'd our
fame;

Then should we wish our happy life to
close,

And leave no more for fortune to dispose:
So should we make our death a glad relief
From future shame, from sickness, and
from grief;

Enjoying while we live the present hour,
And dying in our excellence and flow'r.

Then round our deathbed ev'ry friend
should run,

And joy us of our conquest, early won;
While the malicious world with envious
tears

Should grudge our happy end, and wish it
theirs.

Since then our Arcite is with honor dead,
Why should we mourn, that he so soon is
freed,

Or call untimely what the gods decreed?
With grief as just, a friend may be de-
plor'd,

From a foul prison to free air restor'd.
Ought he to thank his kinsman or his wife,
Could tears recall him into wretched life!
Their sorrow hurts themselves; on him is
lost;

And, worse than both, offends his happy
ghost.

What then remains, but, after past annoy,
To take the good vicissitude of joy?

To thank the gracious gods for what they
give,

Possess our souls, and while we live, to
live?

Ordain we then two sorrows to combine,
And in one point th' extremes of grief to
join;

That thence resulting joy may be renew'd,
As jarring notes in harmony conclude.

Then I propose that Palamon shall be
In marriage join'd with beauteous Emily;
For which already I have gain'd th' assent
Of my free people in full parliament.

Long love to her has borne the faithful
knight,

And well deserv'd, had Fortune done him
right:

'T is time to mend her fault, since Emily
By Arcite's death from former vows is free.

If you, fair sister, ratify th' accord,
And take him for your husband and your
lord,

'T is no dishonor to confer your grace
On one descended from a royal race;

And were he less, yet years of service past
From grateful souls exact reward at last:

Pity is Heav'n's and yours; nor can she find
A throne so soft as in a woman's mind."

He said; she blush'd; and, as o'eraw'd
by night,

Seem'd to give Theseus what she gave the
knight.

Then, turning to the Theban, thus he said:
"Small arguments are needful to persuade
Your temper to comply with my com-
mand;"

And speaking thus, he gave Emilia's hand.
Smil'd Venus, to behold her own true
knight

Obtain the conquest, tho' he lost the fight;
And bless'd with nuptial bliss the sweet
laborious night.

Eros and Anteros, on either side,
One fir'd the bridegroom, and one warm'd
the bride;

And long-attending Hymen from above

Shower'd on the bed the whole Idalian grove.
 All of a tenor was their after life,
 No day discolor'd with domestic strife;
 No jealousy, but mutual truth believ'd,
 Secure repose, and kindness undeceiv'd.
 Thus Heav'n, beyond the compass of his
 thought,
 Sent him the blessing he so dearly bought.
 So may the Queen of Love long duty
 bless,
 And all true lovers find the same success.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK

TO MY HONOR'D KINSMAN,
 JOHN DRIDEN, OF CHESTER-
 TON, IN THE COUNTY OF
 HUNTINGDON, ESQUIRE

How blest is he, who leads a country life,
 Unvex'd with anxious cares, and void of
 strife!

Who, studying peace and shunning civil
 rage,

Enjoy'd his youth, and now enjoys his age:
 All who deserve his love, he makes his own;
 And, to be lov'd himself, needs only to be
 known.

Just, good, and wise, contending neigh-
 bors come,
 From your award to wait their final doom;
 And, foes before, return in friendship
 home.

Without their cost, you terminate the
 cause,

And save th' expense of long litigious laws:
 Where suits are travers'd, and so little won,
 That he who conquers is but last undone.

Such are not your decrees; but so de-
 sign'd,

The sanction leaves a lasting peace be-
 hind:

Like your own soul, serene; a pattern of
 your mind.

Promoting concord, and composing strife,
 Lord of yourself, uncumber'd with a wife;
 Where, for a year, a month, perhaps a
 night,

Long penitence succeeds a short delight: 20
 Minds are so hardly match'd, that ev'n the
 first,

Tho' pair'd by Heav'n, in Paradise were
 curst.

For man and woman, tho' in one they grow,
 Yet, first or last, return again to two.

He to God's image, she to his was made;
 So, farther from the fount, the stream at
 random stray'd.

How could he stand, when, put to double
 pain,

He must a weaker than himself sustain!
 Each might have stood perhaps, but each
 alone;

Two wrestlers help to pull each other
 down.

Not that my verse would blennish all }
 the fair;

But yet if *some* be bad, 't is wisdom to be-
 ware;

And better shun the bait than struggle }
 in the snare.

Thus have you shunn'd, and shun, the mar-
 ried state,

Trusting as little as you can to fate.

No porter guards the passage of your
 door,

T' admit the wealthy, and exclude the poor;
 For God, who gave the riches, gave the
 heart,

To sanctify the whole, by giving part.

Heav'n, who foresaw the will, the means
 has wrought,

And to the second son a blessing brought; 40
 The first-begotten had his father's share,
 But you, like Jacob, are Rebecca's heir.

So may your stores and fruitful fields
 increase;

And ever be you blest, who live to bless.
 As Ceres sow'd, where'er her chariot flew;
 As Heav'n in desarts rain'd the bread of
 dew;

So free to many, to relations most,
 You feed with manna your own Israel host.

With crowds attended of your ancient
 race,

You seek the champion sports or sylvan
 chase;

With well-breath'd beagles you surround
 the wood,

Ev'n then industrious of the common good;
 And often have you brought the wily fox
 To suffer for the firstlings of the flocks;
 Chas'd ev'n amid the folds, and made to
 bleed,

Like felons, where they did the murd'rous
 deed.

This fiery game your active youth main-
 tain'd,

Not yet by years extinguish'd, tho' re-
 strain'd:

You season still with sports your serious
hours;

For age but tastes of pleasures, youth de-
vours.

The hare in pastures or in plains is found,
Emblem of human life, who runs the round;
And after all his wand'ring ways are
done,

His circle fills and ends where he begun,
Just as the setting meets the rising sun.

Thus princes ease their cares; but hap-
pier he

Who seeks not pleasure thro' necessity,
Than such as once on slipp'ry thrones were
plac'd;

And chasing, sigh to think themselves are
chas'd.

So liv'd our sires, ere doctors learn'd to
kill,

And multiplied with theirs the weekly bill.
The first physicians by debauch were made;
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade.
Pity the gen'rous kind their cares bestow
To search forbidden truths; (a sin to know:)
To which if human science could attain,
The doom of death, pronounc'd by God,
were vain.

In vain the leech would interpose delay;
Fate fastens first, and vindicates the prey.
What help from art's endeavors can we
have?

Gibbons but guesses, nor is sure to save;
But Maurus sweeps whole parishes, and
peoples ev'ry grave;

And no more mercy to mankind will use,
Than when he robb'd and murder'd Maro's
Muse.

Wouldst thou be soon dispatch'd, and per-
ish whole?

Trust Maurus with thy life, and M-lb-rne
with thy soul.

By chase our long-liv'd fathers earn'd
their food;

Toil strung the nerves and purified the
blood:

But we, their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and
ten.

Better to hunt in fields for health un-
bought

Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend.

The tree of knowledge, once in Eden
plac'd,

Was easy found, but was forbid the taste:
O had our grandsire walk'd without his
wife,

He first had sought the better plant of life!
Now, both are lost; yet, wand'ring in the
dark,

Physicians, for the tree, have found the
bark.

They, lab'ring for relief of humankind,
With sharpen'd sight some remedies may
find;

Th' apothecary train is wholly blind.
From files a random recipe they take,
And many deaths of one prescription make.

Garth, gen'rous as his Muse, prescribes and
gives;

The shopman sells, and by destruction lives:
Ungrateful tribe! who, like the viper's
brood,

From medicine issuing, suck their mother's
blood!

Let these obey, and let the learn'd pre-
scribe,

That men may die without a double bribe:
Let them but under their superiors kill,
When doctors first have sign'd the bloody
bill;

He escapes the best, who, nature to repair,
Draws physic from the fields, in draughts
of vital air.

You hoard not health for your own pri-
vate use,

But on the public spend the rich produce;
When, often urg'd, unwilling to be great,
Your country calls you from your lov'd
retreat,

And sends to senates, charg'd with com-
mon care,

Which none more shuns, and none can bet-
ter bear.

Where could they find another form'd so
fit,

To poise with solid sense a sprightly wit?
Were these both wanting, (as they both
abound,)

Where could so firm integrity be found?
Well-born, and wealthy, wanting no sup-
port,

You steer betwixt the country and the
court;

Nor gratify whate'er the great desire,
Nor grudging give what public needs re-
quire.

Part must be left, a fund when foes invade;
And part employ'd to roll the wat'ry trade:

Ev'n Canaan's happy land, when worn with
toil,
Requir'd a sabbath year to mend the meager
soil.

Good senators (and such are you) so give,
That kings may be supplied, the people
thrive.

And he, when want requires, is truly wise,
Who slights not foreign aids, nor over-
buys,
But on our native strength, in time of
need, relies.

Munster was bought, we boast not the
success;

Who fights for gain, for greater makes his
peace.

Our foes, compell'd by need, have peace
embrac'd;

The peace both parties want is like to last:
Which if secure, securely we may trade;
Or, not secure, should never have been
made.

Safe in ourselves, while on ourselves we
stand,

The sea is ours, and that defends the land.
Be, then, the naval stores the nation's care,
New ships to build, and batter'd to repair.

Observe the war, in ev'ry annual course;
What has been done was done with British
force:

Namur subdued is England's palm alone;
The rest besieg'd, but we constrain'd the
town:

We saw th' event that follow'd our success;
France, tho' pretending arms, pursued the
peace;

Oblig'd, by one sole treaty, to restore
What twenty years of war had won before.
Enough for Europe has our Albion fought:
Let us enjoy the peace our blood has
bought.

When once the Persian king was put to
flight,

The weary Macedons refus'd to fight,
Themselves their own mortality confess'd,
And left the son of Jove to quarrel for the
rest.

Ev'n victors are by victories undone;
Thus Hannibal, with foreign laurels won,
To Carthage was recall'd, too late to keep
his own.

While sore of battle, while our wounds are
green,

Why should we tempt the doubtful die
again?

In wars renew'd, uncertain of success;
Sure of a share, as umpires of the peace. ¹⁷⁰
A patriot both the king and country
serves;

Prerogative and privilege preserves:
Of each our laws the certain limit show;
One must not ebb, nor t'other overflow.
Betwixt the prince and parliament we
stand;

The barriers of the state on either hand:
May neither overflow, for then they
drown the land!

When both are full, they feed our blest
abode;

Like those that water'd once the paradise
of God.

Some overpoise of sway by turns they
share;

In peace the people, and the prince in
war:

Consuls of mod'rate pow'r in calms were
made;

When the Gauls came, one sole dictator
sway'd.

Patriots, in peace, assert the people's
right;

With noble stubbornness resisting might:
No lawless mandates from the court re-
ceive,

Nor lend by force, but in a body give.
Such was your gen'rous grandsire; free to
grant

In parliaments that weigh'd their prince's
want:

But so tenacious of the common cause, ¹⁸⁰
As not to lend the king against his laws;

And, in a loathsome dungeon doom'd to
lie,

In bonds retain'd his birthright liberty,
And sham'd oppression, till it set him
free.

O true descendant of a patriot line,
Who, while thou shar'st their luster, lend'st
'em thine,

Vouchsafe this picture of thy soul to see;
'T is so far good, as it resembles thee.

The beauties to th' original I owe; ¹⁹⁹
Which when I miss, my own defects I show:

Nor think the kindred Muses thy disgrace;
A poet is not born in ev'ry race.

Two of a house few ages can afford;
One to perform, another to record.

Praiseworthy actions are by thee embrac'd;
And 'tis my praise, to make thy praises
last.

For ev'n when death dissolves our human
 frame,
 The soul returns to heav'n, from whence
 it came;
 Earth keeps the body, verse preserves the
 fame.

MELEAGER AND ATALANTA

OUT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK OF OVID'S
 METAMORPHOSES

CONNECTION TO THE FORMER STORY

Ovid, having told how Theseus had freed Athens from the tribute of children which was impos'd on them by Minos, King of Creta, by killing the Minotaur, here makes a digression to the story of Meleager and Atalanta, which is one of the most artificial connections in all the *Metamorphoses*: for he only says that Theseus obtain'd such honor from that combat that all Greece had recourse to him in their necessities; and, amongst others, Calydon, tho' the hero of that country, Prince Meleager, was then living.

FROM him the Calydonians sought relief,
 Tho' valiant Meleagrus was their chief.
 The cause, a boar, who ravag'd far and
 near,
 Of Cynthia's wrath th' avenging minister.
 For Cæneus, with autumnal plenty blest,
 By gifts to Heav'n his gratitude express'd:
 Cull'd sheafs, to Ceres; to Lyæus, wine; }
 To Pan and Pales, offer'd sheep and kine; }
 And fat of olives, to Minerva's shrine. }
 Beginning from the rural gods, his hand¹⁰
 Was lib'ral to the pow'rs of high command:
 Each deity in ev'ry kind was blest,
 Till at Diana's fane th' invidious honor
 ceas'd.

Wrath touches ev'n the gods; the Queen
 of Night,
 Fir'd with disdain, and jealous of her right:
 "Unhonor'd tho' I am, at least," said she,
 "Not unreveng'd that impious act shall be."
 Swift as the word, she sped the boar away,
 With charge on those devoted fields to prey.
 No larger bulls th' Egyptian pastures feed:
 And none so large Sicilian meadows breed:
 His eyeballs glare with fire, suffus'd with
 blood;²²
 His neck shoots up a thickset thorny wood;
 His bristled back a trench impal'd appears,

And stands erected, like a field of spears.
 Froth fills his chaps, he sends a grunting
 sound,
 And part he churns, and part befoams the
 ground.
 For tusks with Indian elephants he strove,
 And Jove's own thunder from his mouth
 he drove.
 He burns the leaves; the scorching blast
 invades³⁰
 The tender corn, and shrivels up the blades:
 Or, suff'ring not their yellow beards to
 rear,
 He tramples down the spikes, and intercepts
 the year.
 In vain the barns expect their promis'd
 load;
 Nor barns at home, nor reeks are heap'd
 abroad:
 In vain the hinds the threshing-floor pre-
 pare,
 And exercise their flails in empty air.
 With olives ever green the ground is
 strow'd,
 And grapes ungather'd shed their gen'rous
 blood.
 Amid the fold he rages, nor the sheep⁴⁰
 Their shepherds, nor the grooms their bulls
 can keep.

From fields to walls the frighted rabble
 run,
 Nor think themselves secure within the
 town;
 Till Meleagros, and his chosen crew,
 Contemn the danger, and the praise pursue.
 Fair Leda's twins—in time to stars de-
 creed—
 One fought on foot, one curb'd the fiery
 steed;
 Then issued forth fam'd Jason after these,
 Who mann'd the foremost ship that sail'd
 the seas;
 Then Theseus, join'd with bold Perithous,
 came,⁵⁰
 A single concord in a double name:
 The Thestian sons, Idas who swiftly ran,
 And Cæneus, once a woman, now a man.
 Lynceus, with eagle's eyes, and lion's heart;
 Leucippus, with his never-erring dart:
 Acastus, Phileus, Phoenix, Telamon, }
 Echion, Lelex, and Eurytion, }
 Achilles' father, and great Phœbus' son; }
 Dryas the fierce, and Hippasus the strong,
 With twice old Iolas, and Nestor then but
 young;⁶⁰

Laertes active, and Aeneas bold;
Mopsus the sage, who future things fore-
told,
And *t'other seer yet by his wife *Amphi-
unsold. *Amphi-
araus.

A thousand others of immortal fame;
Among the rest fair Atalanta came,
Grace of the woods: a diamond buckle
bound

Her vest behind, that else had flow'd upon
the ground,

And shew'd her buskin'd legs; her head was
bare,

But for her native ornament of hair,
Which in a simple knot was tied above: ⁷⁰
Sweet negligence! unheeded bait of love!
Her sounding quiver on her shoulder tied,
One hand a dart, and one a bow supplied.
Such was her face, as in a nymph dis-
play'd

A fair fierce boy, or in a boy betray'd
The blushing beauties of a modest maid.
The Calydonian chief at once the dame
Beheld, at once his heart receiv'd the flame,
With heav'n's averse. "O happy youth," he
cried,

"For whom thy fates reserve so fair a
bride!" 80

He sigh'd, and had no leisure more to say;
His honor call'd his eyes another way,
And forc'd him to pursue the now neg-
lected prey.

There stood a forest on a mountain's brow,
Which overlook'd the shaded plains below.
No sounding ax presum'd those trees to
bite;

Coeval with the world, a venerable sight.
The heroes there arriv'd, some spread
around

The toils, some search the footsteps on
the ground,
Some from the chains the faithful dogs
unbound. 90

Of action eager, and intent in thought,
The chiefs their honorable danger sought.
A valley stood below; the common drain
Of waters from above, and falling rain:
The bottom was a moist and marshy ground,
Whose edges were with bending osiers
crown'd;

The knotty bulrush next in order stood,
And all within of reeds a trembling wood.

From hence the boar was rous'd, and
sprung amain, 99
Like lightning sudden, on the warrior train;

Beats down the trees before him, shakes
the ground;
The forest echoes to the crackling sound;
Shout the fierce youth, and clamors ring
around.

All stood with their protended spears pre-
par'd;

With broad steel heads the brandish'd
weapons glar'd.

The beast impetuous with his tusks aside
Deals glancing wounds; the fearful dogs
divide:

All spend their mouth aloof, but none
abide.

Echion threw the first, but miss'd his mark,
And stuck his boar-spear on a maple's bark.
Then Jason; and his javelin seem'd to take,
But fail'd with overforce, and whizz'd above
his back. 112

Mopsus was next; but, ere he threw, ad-
dress'd

To Phœbus thus: "O patron, help thy
priest;

If I adore, and ever have ador'd
Thy pow'r divine, thy present aid afford;
That I may reach the beast." The god
allow'd

His pray'r, and, smiling, gave him what he
could:

He reach'd the savage, but no blood he
drew;

Dian unarm'd the javelin as it flew. 120
This chaf'd the boar, his nostrils flames
expire,

And his red eyeballs roll with living fire.
Whirl'd from a sling, or from an engine
thrown,

Amid the foes, so flies a mighty stone,
As flew the beast; the left wing put to
flight,

The chiefs o'erborne, he rushes on the right.
Empalamos and Pelagon he laid

In dust, and next to death, but for their
fellows' aid.

Onesimus far'd worse, prepar'd to fly; 129
The fatal fang drove deep within his thigh,
And cut the nerves; the nerves no more
sustain

The bulk; the bulk unpropp'd falls head-
long on the plain.

Nestor had fail'd the fall of Troy to see;
But, leaning on his lance, he vaulted on a
tree;

Then gath'ring up his feet, look'd down
with fear,

And thought his monstrous foe was still too near.

Against a stump his tusk the monster grinds,

And in the sharpen'd edge new vigor finds;
Then, trusting to his arms, young Othrys found,

And ranch'd his hips with one continued wound. ¹⁴⁰

Now Leda's twins, the future stars, appear;
White were their habits, white their horses were;

Conspicuous both, and both in act to throw,
Their trembling lances brandish'd at the foe:
Nor had they miss'd; but he to thickets fled,
Conceal'd from aiming spears, not perversive to the steed.

But Telamon rush'd in, and happ'd to meet
A rising root, that held his fasten'd feet;
So down he fell; whom, sprawling on the ground,

His brother from the wooden gyves unbound. ¹⁵⁰

Meantime the virgin huntress was not slow

T' expel the shaft from her contracted bow:
Beneath his ear the fasten'd arrow stood,
And from the wound appear'd the trickling blood.

She blush'd for joy; but Meleagros rais'd
His voice with loud applause, and the fair archer prais'd.

He was the first to see, and first to show
His friends the marks of the successful blow.

"Nor shall thy valor want the praises due,"
He said; a virtuous envy seiz'd the crew.

They shout; the shouting animates their hearts, ¹⁶¹

And all at once employ their thronging darts;

But out of order thrown, in air they join;
And multitude makes frustrate the design.
With both his hands the proud Ancæus takes,

And flourishes his double-biting ax;
Then forward to his fate, he took a stride
Before the rest, and to his fellows cried:
"Give place, and mark the difference, if you can,

Between a woman warrior and a man. ¹⁷⁰

The boar is doom'd; nor, tho' Diana lend
Her aid, Diana can her beast defend."

Thus boasted he; then stretch'd, on tiptoe stood,

Secure to make his empty promise good.
But the more wary beast prevents the blow,
And upward rips the groin of his audacious foe.

Ancæus falls; his bowels from the wound
Rush out, and clotter'd blood distains the ground.

Perithous, no small portion of the war,
Press'd on, and shook his lance; to whom from far ¹⁸⁰

Thus Theseus cried: "O stay, my better part,

My more than mistress; of my heart, the heart:

The strong may fight aloof; Ancæus tried.
His force too near, and by presuming died."
He said, and, while he spake, his javelin threw:

Hissing in air th' unerring weapon flew;
But on an arm of oak, that stood betwixt
The marksman and the mark, his lance he fix'd.

Once more bold Jason threw, but fail'd }
to wound

The boar, and slew an undeserving }
hound; ¹⁹⁰

And thro' the dog the dart was nail'd to }
ground.

Two spears from Meleager's hand were sent,

With equal force, but various in th' event:
The first was fix'd in earth, the second stood
On the boar's bristled back, and deeply drank his blood.

Now while the tortur'd salvage turns around,

And flings about his foam, impatient of the wound,

The wound's great author, close at hand, provokes

His rage, and plies him with redoubled strokes;

Wheels as he wheels, and with his pointed dart ²⁰⁰

Explores the nearest passage to his heart.
Quick and more quick he spins in giddy gires,

Then falls, and in much foam his soul expires.

This act with shouts heav'n-high the friendly band

Applaud, and strain in theirs the victor hand.

Then all approach the slain with vast surprise,

Admire on what a breadth of earth he lies;
And, scarce secure, reach out their spears
afar,

And blood their points, to prove their part-
nership of war.

But he, the conqu'ring chief, his foot
impress'd ²¹⁰

On the strong neck of that destructive beast;
And, gazing on the nymph with ardent eyes,
"Accept," said he, "fair Nonacrine, my
prize;

And, tho' inferior, suffer me to join
My labors, and my part of praise, with
thine."

At this presents her with the tusky head
And chine, with rising bristles roughly
spread.

Glad, she receiv'd the gift; and seem'd to
take

With double pleasure, for the giver's sake.
The rest were seiz'd with sullen discontent,
And a deaf murmur thro' the squadron went:
All envied; but the Thestyan brethren
show'd ²²³

The least respect, and thus they vent their
spleen aloud:

"Lay down those honor'd spoils, nor think
to share,

Weak woman as thou art, the prize of war:
Ours is the title, thine a foreign claim,
Since Meleagros from our lineage came.

Trust not thy beauty; but restore the prize,
Which he, besotted on that face and eyes,
Would rend from us." At this, inflam'd
with spite, ²³⁰

From her they snatch the gift, from him the
giver's right.

But soon th' impatient prince his fauchion
drew,

And cried: "Ye robbers of another's due,
Now learn the diff'rence, at your proper
cost,

Betwixt true valor and an empty boast."
At this advanc'd, and, sudden as the word,
In proud Plexippus' bosom' plung'd the
sword:

Toxeus amaz'd, and with amazement slow,
Or to revenge, or ward the coming blow,
Stood doubting; and, while doubting thus
he stood, ²⁴⁰

Receiv'd the steel bath'd in his brother's
blood.

Pleas'd with the first, unknown the second
news,

Althæa to the temples pays their dues

For her son's conquest; when at length
appear

Her grisly brethren stretch'd upon the
bier.

Pale at the sudden sight, she chang'd her
cheer,

And with her cheer her robes; but hearing
tell

The cause, the manner, and by whom they
fell,

'T was grief no more, or grief and rage were
one ²⁴⁹

Within her soul; at last 't was rage alone;
Which burning upwards in succession dries
The tears that stood consid'ring in her eyes.

There lay a log unlighted on the hearth:
When she was lab'ring in the throes of birth
For th' unborn chief, the Fatal Sisters came,
And rais'd it up, and toss'd it on the flame:
Then on the rock a scanty measure place
Of vital flax, and turn'd the wheel apace;
And turning sung: "To this red brand and
thee,

O newborn babe, we give an equal des-
tiny:" ²⁶⁰

So vanish'd out of view. The frighted dame
Sprung hasty from her bed, and quench'd
the flame:

The log, in secret lock'd, she kept with care;
And that, while thus preserv'd, preserv'd
her heir.

This brand she now produc'd; and first she
strows

The hearth with heaps of chips, and after
blows;

Thrice heav'd her hand, and heav'd, she
thrice repress'd:

The sister and the mother long contest,
Two doubtful titles in one tender breast;
And now her eyes and cheeks with fury
glow, ²⁷⁰

Now pale her cheeks, her eyes with pity flow;
Now low'ring looks presage approaching
storms,

And now prevailing love her face reforms.
Resolv'd, she doubts again; the tears she
dried

With burning rage are by new tears sup-
plied;

And as a ship, which winds and waves
assail,

Now with the current drives, now with
the gale,

Both opposite, and neither long prevail—
She feels a double force; by turns obeys

Th' imperious tempest, and th' impetuous
seas: 280

So fares Althæa's mind; she first relents
With pity, of that pity then repents.
Sister and mother long the scales divide,
But the beam nodded on the sister's side.
Sometimes she softly sigh'd, then roar'd
aloud;

But sighs were stifled in the cries of blood.
The pious impious wretch at length de-
creed,

To please her brother's ghost, her son should
bleed;

And when the fun'ral flames began to rise,
"Receive," she said, "a sister's sacri-
fice: 290

A mother's bowels burn." High in her hand,
Thus while she spoke, she held the fatal
brand;

Then thrice before the kindled pile she
bow'd,

And the three Furies thrice invok'd aloud:
"Come, come, revenging sisters, come and
view

A sister paying her dead brothers' due:
A crime I punish, and a crime commit;
But blood for blood, and death for death is
fit;

Great crimes must be with greater crimes
repaid,

And second funerals on the former laid. 300
Let the whole household in one ruin fall,
And may Diana's curse o'ertake us all.
Shall fate to happy (Æneus still allow
One son, while Thestius stands depriv'd
of two?

Better three lost, than one unpunish'd go. }
Take then, dear ghosts, (while yet, admitted
new

In hell, you wait my duty,) take your due;
A costly off'ring on your tomb is laid,
When with my blood the price of yours is
paid.

"Ah! whither am I hurried? Ah! for-
give, 310

Ye shades, and let your sister's issue live;
A mother cannot give him death; tho' he
Deserves it, he deserves it not from me.

"Then shall th' unpunish'd wretch insult
the slain?

Triumphant live? nor only live, but reign?
While you, thin shades, the sport of winds,
are toss'd

O'er dreary plains, or dread the burning
coast.

I cannot, cannot bear; 't is past, 't is done;
Perish this impious, this detested son;
Perish his sire, and perish I withal; 320
And let the house's heir and the hop'd king-
dom fall.

"Where is the mother fled, her pious love,
And where the pains with which ten months
I strove!

Ah! hadst thou died, my son, in infant years,
Thy little hearse had been bedew'd with
tears.

"Thou liv'st by me; to me thy breath
resign;

Mine is the merit, the demerit thine.
Thy life by double title I require,
Once giv'n at birth, and once preserv'd from
fire: 329

One murder pay, or add one murder more,
And me to them who fell by thee restore.

"I would, but cannot: my son's image
stands

Before my sight; and now their angry hands
My brothers hold, and vengeance these
exact;

This pleads compassion, and repents the fact.
"He pleads in vain, and I pronounce his
doom:

My brothers, tho' unjustly, shall o'ercome.
But having paid their injur'd ghosts their
due,

My son requires my death, and mine shall
his pursue." 339

At this, for the last time she lifts her hand,
Averts her eyes, and half unwilling drops
the brand.

The brand, amid the flaming fuel thrown,
Or drew, or seem'd to draw, a dying groan;
The fires themselves but faintly lick'd their
prey,

Then loath'd their impious food, and would
have shrunk away.

Just then the hero cast a doleful cry,
And in those absent flames began to fry:
The blind contagion rag'd within his veins,
But he with manly patience bore his pains;
He fear'd not fate, but only griev'd to die
Without an honest wound, and by a death
so dry.

"Happy Anceus," thrice aloud he cried,
"With what becoming fate in arms he
died!" 351

Then call'd his brothers, sisters, sire, around,
And her to whom his nuptial vows were
bound;

Perhaps his mother; a long sigh he drew,

And his voice failing, took his last adieu:
For, as the flames augment, and as they stay
At their full height, then languish to decay;
They rise, and sink by fits; at last they soar
In one bright blaze, and then descend no
more: ³⁶¹

Just so his inward heats, at height, impair,
Till the last burning breath shoots out the
soul in air.

Now lofty Calydon in ruins lies;
All ages, all degrees unluce their eyes; }
And heav'n and earth resound with mur- }
murs, groans, and cries.

Matrons and maidens beat their breasts,
and tear

Their habits, and root up their scatter'd
hair.

The wretched father, father now no more,
With sorrow sunk, lies prostrate on the
floor; ³⁷⁰

Deforms his hoary locks with dust obscene,
And curses age, and loathes a life prolong'd
with pain.

By steel her stubborn soul his mother freed,
And punish'd on herself her impious deed.

Had I a hundred tongues, a wit so large
As could their hundred offices discharge;

Had Phœbus all his Helicon bestow'd,
In all the streams inspiring all the god;

Those tongues, that wit, those streams, that
god in vain

Would offer to describe his sisters' pain. ³⁸⁰
They beat their breasts with many a bruising
blow,

Till they turn'd livid, and corrupt the snow.
The corpse they cherish, while the corpse
remains,

And exercise and rub with fruitless pains;
And when to fun'ral flames 't is borne away,

They kiss the bed on which the body lay:
And when those fun'ral flames no longer
burn,

(The dust compos'd within a pious urn,)
Ev'n in that urn their brother they confess,

And hug it in their arms, and to their
bosoms press. ³⁹⁰

His tomb is rais'd; then, stretch'd along
the ground,

Those living monuments his tomb surround:
Ev'n to his name, inscrib'd, their tears they
pay,

Till tears and kisses wear his name away.
But Cynthia now had all her fury spent,

Not with less ruin than a race content:
Excepting Gorge, perish'd all the seed,

And *her whom Heav'n for Hercules *Deja-
decreed. nira.

Satiate at last, no longer she pursued ³⁹⁹
The weeping sisters; but with wings endued,
And horny beaks, and sent to flit in air;
Who yearly round the tomb in feather'd
flocks repair.

SIGISMONDA AND GUISCARDO

FROM BOCCACE

WHILE Norman Tancred in Salerno
reign'd,

The title of a gracious prince he gain'd;
Till, turn'd a tyrant in his latter days,

He lost the luster of his former praise;
And, from the bright meridian where he
stood

Descending, dipp'd his hands in lovers'
blood.

This prince, of Fortune's favor long pos-
sess'd,

Yet was with one fair daughter only blest;
And blest he might have been with her
alone:

But O! how much more happy had he none! ⁹
She was his care, his hope, and his de-
light,

Most in his thought, and ever in his sight:
Next, nay beyond his life, he held her dear;

She liv'd by him, and now he liv'd in her.
For this, when ripe for marriage, he delay'd

Her nuptial bands, and kept her long a
maid,

As envying any else should share a part
Of what was his, and claiming all her heart.

At length, as public decency requir'd,
And all his vassals eagerly desir'd, ²⁰

With mind averse, he rather underwent
His people's will than gave his own consent.

So was she torn as from a lover's side,
And made almost in his despite a bride.

Short were her marriage joys, for in the
prime

Of youth her lord expir'd before his time;
And, to her father's court in little space

Restor'd anew, she held a higher place;
More lov'd, and more exalted into grace. }

This princess, fresh and young, and fair and
wise, ³⁰

The worship'd idol of her father's eyes,
Did all her sex in ev'ry grace exceed,

And had more wit beside than women need.

Youth, health, and ease, and most an
 amorous mind,
 To second nuptials had her thoughts inclin'd;
 And former joys had left a secret sting
 behind.

But, prodigal in ev'ry other grant,
 Her sire left unsupplied her only want;
 And she, betwixt her modesty and pride,
 Her wishes, which she could not help, would
 hide.

Resolv'd at last to lose no longer time,
 And yet to please herself without a crime,
 She cast her eyes around the court, to find
 A worthy subject suiting to her mind,
 To him in holy nuptials to be tied,
 A seeming widow, and a secret bride.
 Among the train of courtiers, one she found
 With all the gifts of bounteous nature
 crown'd,

Of gentle blood; but one whose niggard fate
 Had set him far below her high estate. 50
 Guiscard his name was call'd, of blooming
 age,

Now squire to Tancred, and before his
 page:

To him, the choice of all the shining crowd,
 Her heart the noble Sigismonda vow'd.

Yet hitherto she kept her love conceal'd,
 And with close glances ev'ry day beheld
 The graceful youth; and ev'ry day increas'd
 The raging fire that burn'd within her
 breast.

Some secret charm did all his acts attend,
 And what his fortune wanted, hers could
 mend; 60

Till, as the fire will force its outward way,
 Or, in the prison pent, consume the prey;
 So long her earnest eyes on his were set,
 At length their twisted rays together met;
 And he, surpris'd with humble joy, survey'd
 One sweet regard, shot by the royal maid:
 Not well assur'd, while doubtful hopes he
 nurs'd,

A second glance came gliding like the first;
 And he, who saw the sharpness of the dart,
 Without defense receiv'd it in his heart. 70
 In public tho' their passion wanted speech,
 Yet mutual looks interpreted for each;
 Time, ways, and means of meeting were
 denied;

But all those wants ingenious Love supplied.
 Th' inventive god, who never fails his part,
 Inspires the wit when once he warms the
 heart.

When Guiscard next was in the circle
 seen,

Where Sigismonda held the place of queen,
 A hollow cane within her hand she brought,
 But in the concave had enclos'd a note. 80
 With this she seem'd to play, and, as in
 sport,

Toss'd to her love, in presence of the court:
 "Take it," she said, "and when your needs
 require,

This little brand will serve to light your
 fire."

He took it with a bow, and soon divin'd
 The seeming toy was not for naught design'd;

But when retir'd, so long with curious eyes
 He view'd the present, that he found the
 prize.

Much was in little writ; and all convey'd }
 With cautious care, for fear to be betray'd }
 By some false confident, or fav'rite maid. }
 The time, the place, the manner how to
 meet, 92

Were all in punctual order plainly writ;
 But since a trust must be, she thought it
 best

To put it out of laymen's pow'r at least;
 And for their solemn vows prepar'd a
 priest.

Guiscard (her secret purpose understood)
 With joy prepar'd to meet the coming good;
 Nor pains nor danger was resolv'd to spare,
 But use the means appointed by the fair. 100

Near the proud palace of Salerno stood
 A mount of rough ascent, and thick with
 wood.

Thro' this a cave was dug with vast expense;
 The work it seem'd of some suspicious
 prince,

Who, when abusing pow'r with lawless
 might,

From public justice would secure his flight.
 The passage made by many a winding way
 Reach'd ev'n the room in which the tyrant
 lay,

Fit for his purpose; on a lower floor 109
 He lodg'd, whose issue was an iron door;
 From whence, by stairs descending to the
 ground,

In the blind grot a safe retreat he found.
 Its outlet ended in a brake o'ergrown
 With brambles, chok'd by time, and now
 unknown.

A rift there was, which from the mountain's
 height

Convey'd a glimm'ring and malignant light,
A breathing place to draw the damps away,
A twilight of an intercepted day.
The tyrant's den, whose use tho' lost to
fame,

Was now th' apartment of the royal dame;
The cavern, only to her father known,
By him was to his darling daughter shown.

Neglected long she let the secret rest,
Till love recall'd it to her lab'ring breast,
And hinted as the way by Heav'n design'd,
The teacher, by the means he taught, to
blind.

What will not women do, when need inspires
Their wit, or love their inclination fires!
Tho' jealousy of state th' invention found,
Yet love refin'd upon the former ground.
That way the tyrant had reserv'd, to fly
Pursuing hate, now serv'd to bring two
lovers nigh.

The dame, who long in vain had kept
the key,
Bold by desire, explor'd the secret way;
Now tried the stairs, and, wading thro' the
night,
Search'd all the deep recess, and issued into
light.

All this her letter had so well explain'd,
Th' instructed youth might compass what
remain'd;

The cavern mouth alone was hard to find,
Because the path, disus'd, was out of mind:
But in what quarter of the copse it lay,
His eye by certain level could survey.
Yet (for the wood perplex'd with thorns he
knew)

A frock of leather o'er his limbs he drew;
And thus provided, search'd the brake
around,

Till the chok'd entry of the cave he found.

Thus, all prepar'd, the promis'd hour
arriv'd,

So long expected, and so well contriv'd:
With love to friend, th' impatient lover went,
Fenc'd from the thorns, and trod the deep
descent.

The conscious priest, who was suborn'd be-
fore,

Stood ready posted at the postern door;
The maids in distant rooms were sent to rest,
And nothing wanted but th' invited guest.
He came, and knocking thrice, without
delay,

The longing lady heard, and turn'd the key;
At once invaded him with all her charms,

And the first step he made was in her arms.
The leathern outside, boist'rous as it was,
Gave way, and bent beneath her strict em-
brace;

On either side the kisses flew so thick,
That neither he nor she had breath to speak.
The holy man, amaz'd at what he saw,
Made haste to sanctify the bliss by law,
And mutter'd fast the matrimony o'er,
For fear committed sin should get before.
His work perform'd, he left the pair alone,
Because he knew he could not go too soon;
His presence odious, when his task was
done.

What thoughts he had beseems not me to
say;

Tho' some surmise he went to fast and
pray,
And needed both to drive the tempting
thoughts away.

The foe once gone, they took their full
delight;

'T was restless rage and tempest all the
night;

For greedy love each moment would em-
ploy,

And grudg'd the shortest pauses of their joy.

Thus were their loves auspiciously begun,
And thus with secret care were carried on;
The stealth itself did appetite restore,
And look'd so like a sin, it pleas'd the more.

The cave was now become a common way;
The wicket, often open'd, knew the key:
Love rioted secure, and, long enjoy'd,
Was ever eager, and was never cloy'd.

But as extremes are short, of ill and good,
And tides at highest mark reorgate the flood;
So Fate, that could no more improve their
joy,

Took a malicious pleasure to destroy.

Tancred, who fondly lov'd, and whose de-
light

Was plac'd in his fair daughter's daily sight,
Of custom, when his state affairs were done,
Would pass his pleasing hours with her
alone;

And, as a father's privilege allow'd,
Without attendance of th' officious crowd.

It happen'd once, that when in heat of day
He tried to sleep, as was his usual way,
The balmy slumber fled his wakeful eyes,
And forc'd him, in his own despite, to rise.
Of sleep forsaken, to relieve his care,
He sought the conversation of the fair;
But with her train of damsels she was gone,

In shady walks the scorching heat to shun.
He would not violate that sweet recess,
And found besides a welcome heaviness
That seiz'd his eyes; and slumber, which
forgot,

When call'd before, to come, now came un-
sought.

From light retir'd, behind his daughter's
bed,

He for approaching sleep compos'd his head;
A chair was ready, for that use design'd,
So quilted, that he lay at ease reclin'd; ²¹⁰
The curtains closely drawn, the light to
screen,

As if he had contriv'd to lie unseen:
Thus cover'd with an artificial night,
Sleep did his office soon, and seal'd his sight.

With Heav'n averse, in this ill-omen'd
hour

Was Guiscard summon'd to the secret bow'r,
And the fair nymph, with expectation fir'd,
From her attending damsels was retir'd:
For, true to love, she measur'd time so right,

As not to miss one moment of delight. ²²⁰
The garden, seated on the level floor,
She left behind, and, locking ev'ry door,
Thought all secure; but little did she know,
Blind to her fate, she had inclos'd her foe.
Attending Guiscard, in his leathern frock,
Stood ready, with his thrice-repeated
knock:

Thrice with a doleful sound the jarring
grate

Rung deaf, and hollow, and presag'd their
fate.

The door unlock'd, to known delight they
haste,

And, panting, in each other's arms em-
brace'd, ²³⁰

Rush to the conscious bed, a mutual freight,
And heedless press it with their wonted
weight.

The sudden bound awak'd the sleeping
sire,

And shew'd a sight no parent can desire;
His opening eyes at once with odious view
The love discover'd, and the lover knew.
He would have cried; but, hoping that he
dreamt,

Amazement tied his tongue, and stopp'd th'
attempt.

Th' ensuing moment all the truth declar'd,
But now he stood collected and prepar'd;
For malice and revenge had put him on
his guard. ²⁴¹

So, like a lion that unheeded lay,
Dissembling sleep, and watchful to betray,
With inward rage he meditates his prey.
The thoughtless pair, indulging their de-
sires,

Alternate kindled, and then quench'd their
fires;

Nor thinking in the shades of death they
play'd,

Full of themselves, themselves alone sur-
vey'd,

And, too secure, were by themselves
betray'd.

Long time dissolv'd in pleasure thus they
lay, ²⁵⁰

Till nature could no more suffice their play;
Then rose the youth, and thro' the cave
again

Return'd; the princess mingled with her
train.

Resolv'd his unripe vengeance to defer,
The royal spy, when now the coast was
clear,

Sought not the garden, but retir'd unseen,
To brood in secret on his gather'd spleen,
And methodize revenge: to death he
griev'd;

And, but he saw the crime, had scarce be-
liev'd.

Th' appointment for th' ensuing night
he heard, ²⁶⁰

And therefore in the cavern had prepar'd
Two brawny yeoman of his trusty guard.

Scarce had unwary Guiscard set his foot
Within the farthest entrance of the grot,
When these in secret ambush ready lay,
And rushing on the sudden seiz'd the prey.

Encumber'd with his frock, without de-
fense,

An easy prize, they led the pris'ner
thence,

And, as commanded, brought before the
prince.

The gloomy sire, too sensible of wrong ²⁷⁰
To vent his rage in words, restrain'd his
tongue,

And only said: "Thus servants are pre-
fer'd,"

And, trusted, thus their sov'reigns they
reward.

Had I not seen, had not these eyes receiv'd
Too clear a proof, I could not have be-
liev'd."

He paus'd and chok'd the rest. The
youth, who saw

His forfeit life abandon'd to the law,
The judge th' accuser, and th' offense to him
Who had both pow'r and will t' avenge the
crime,

No vain defense prepar'd, but thus replied:
"The faults of Love by Love are justified:
With unresisted might the monarch reigns,
He levels mountains, and he raises plains;
And, not regarding difference of degree,
Abas'd your daughter, and exalted me."

This bold return with seeming patience
heard,

The pris'n'r was remitted to the guard.
The sullen tyrant slept not all the night,
But, lonely walking by a winking light,
Sobb'd, wept, and groan'd, and beat his
wither'd breast,

But would not violate his daughter's rest;
Who long expecting lay, for bliss prepar'd,
List'n'g for noise, and griev'd that none
she heard;

Off rose, and oft in vain employ'd the key,
And oft accus'd her lover of delay;
And pass'd the tedious hours in anxious
thoughts away.

The morrow came, and at his usual hour
Old Tancréd visited his daughter's bow'r;
Her cheek (for such his custom was) he
kiss'd,

Then bless'd her kneeling, and her maids
dismiss'd.

The royal dignity thus far maintain'd,
Now left in private, he no longer feign'd;
But all at once his grief and rage appear'd,
And floods of tears ran trickling down his
beard.

"O Sigismonda," he began to say:
Thrice he began, and thrice was forc'd to
stay,
Till words with often trying found their
way:

"I thought, O Sigismonda, (but how blind
Are parents' eyes, their children's faults to
find !)

Thy virtue, birth, and breeding were above
A mean desire, and vulgar sense of love;
Nor less than sight and hearing could
convince

So fond a father, and so just a prince,
Of such an unforeseen and unbelov'd
offense.

Then what indignant sorrow must I have,
To see thee lie subjected to my slave !
A man so smelling of the people's lee,
The court receiv'd him first for charity;

And since with no degree of honor grac'd,
But only suffer'd where he first was plac'd:
A grov'ling insect still, and so design'd
By Nature's hand, nor born of noble kind;
A thing, by neither man nor woman priz'd,
And scarcely known enough to be despis'd.
To what has Heav'n reserv'd my age ? Ah !

why
Should man, when Nature calls, not choose
to die,

Rather than stretch the span of life, to find
Such ills as Fate has wisely cast behind,
For those to feel, whom fond desire to live
Makes covetous of more than life can give !
Each has his share of good; and when 't is
gone,

The guest, tho' hungry, cannot rise too soon.
But I, expecting more, in my own wrong
Protracting life, have liv'd a day too long.

If yesterday could be recall'd again,
Ev'n now would I conclude my happy reign;
But 't is too late, my glorious race is run,
And a dark cloud o'ertakes my setting sun.
Hadst thou not lov'd, or loving sav'd the
shame,

If not the sin, by some illustrious name,
This little comfort had reliev'd my mind,
"T was frailty, not unusual to thy kind;
But thy low fall beneath thy royal blood
Shews downward appetite to mix with mud.
Thus not the least excuse is left for thee,
Nor the least refuge for unhappy me.

"For him I have resolv'd: whom by sur-
prise

I took, and scarce can call it in disguise;
For such was his attire, as, with intent
Of nature, suited to his mean descent.
The harder question yet remains behind,
What pains a parent and a prince can find
To punish an offense of this degenerate
kind.

"As I have lov'd, and yet I love thee,
more

Than ever father lov'd a child before;
So that indulgence draws me to forgive:
Nature, that gave thee life, would have
thee live.

But, as a public parent of the state,
My justice, and thy crime, requires thy
fate.

Fain would I choose a middle course to
steer;

Nature's too kind, and justice too severe:
Speak for us both, and to the balance bring,
On either side, the father and the king.

Heav'n knows, my heart is bent to favor thee;

Make it but scanty weight, and leave the rest to me."

Here stopping with a sigh, he pour'd a flood

Of tears, to make his last expression good.

She, who had heard him speak, nor saw alone ³⁶⁸

The secret conduct of her love was known,

But he was taken who her soul possess'd,

Felt all the pangs of sorrow in her breast:

And little wanted, but a woman's heart,

With cries and tears, had testified her smart;

But inborn worth, that fortune can control,

New strung, and stiffer bent her softer soul;

The heroine assum'd the woman's place,

Confirm'd her mind, and fortified her face.

Why should she beg, or what could she pretend,

When her stern father had condemn'd her friend?

Her life she might have had; but her despair ³⁸⁰

Of saving his had put it past her care: Resolv'd on fate, she would not lose her breath,

But, rather than not die, solicit death.

Fix'd on this thought, she not, as women use,

Her fault by common frailty would excuse;

But boldly justified her innocence,

And, while the fact was own'd, denied th' offense:

Then with dry eyes, and with an open look,

She met his glance midway, and then undaunted spoke: ³⁸⁹

"Tancred, I neither am dispos'd to make

Request for life, nor offer'd life to take;

Much less deny the deed; but least of all

Beneath pretended justice weakly fall.

My words to sacred truth shall be confin'd,

My deeds shall shew the greatness of my mind.

That I have lov'd, I own; that still I love,

I call to witness all the pow'rs above.

Yet more I own: to Guiscard's love I give

The small remaining time I have to live;

And if beyond this life desire can be, ⁴⁰⁰

Not fate itself shall set my passion free.

"This first avow'd; nor folly warp'd my mind,

Nor the frail texture of the female kind

Betray'd my virtue; for too well I knew

What honor was, and honor had his due: Before the holy priest my vows were tied;

So came I not a strumpet, but a bride.

This for my fame, and for the public voice:

Yet more, his merits justified my choice;

Which had they not, the first election thine,

That bond dissolv'd, the next is freely mine. ⁴¹¹

Or, grant I err'd, (which yet I must deny,)

Had parents pow'r ev'n second vows to tie,

Thy little care to mend my widow'd nights

Has forced me to recourse of marriage

rites, To fill an empty side, and for ow known delights.

What have I done in this, deserving blame?

State laws may alter; nature's are the same:

Those are usurp'd on helpless women,

Made without our consent, and to bring

pow'r to bind. ⁴²⁰

"Thou, Tancred, better shouldst have understood,

That as thy father gave thee flesh and blood,

So gav'st thou me: not from the quarry hew'd,

But of a softer mold, with sense endued;

Ev'n softer than thy own, of suppler kind,

More exquisite of taste, and more than man

refin'd. Nor need'st thou by thy daughter to be told,

Tho' now thy sprightly blood with age be cold,

Thou hast been young; and canst remember still,

That when thou hadst the pow'r, thou hadst the will; ⁴³⁰

And from the past experience of thy fires

Canst tell with what a tide our strong de-

sires

Come rushing on in youth, and what their

rage requires.

"And grant thy youth was exercis'd in arms,

When love no leisure found for softer charms;

My tender age in luxury was train'd,

With idle ease and pageants entertain'd;

My hours my own, my pleasures unre-

strain'd.

So bred, no wonder if I took the bent

That seem'd ev'n warrant'd by thy con-

sent; ⁴⁴⁰

For, when the father is too fondly kind,

Such seed he sows, such harvest shall he find.

Blame then thyself, as reason's law requires,
(Since nature gave, and thou foment'st my
fires.)

If still those appetites continue strong,
Thou may'st consider I am yet but young:
Consider too that, having been a wife,
I must have tasted of a better life,
And am not to be blam'd, if I renew,
By lawful means, the joys which then I
knew.

Where was the crime, if pleasure I procur'd,
Young, and a woman, and to bliss inur'd?
That was my case, and this is my defense:
I pleas'd myself, I shunn'd incontinence,
And, urg'd by strong desires, indulg'd my
sense.

"Left to myself, I must avow, I strove
From public shame to screen my secret
love,

And, well acquainted with thy native
pride,
Endeavor'd, what I could not help, to hide;
For which a woman's wit an easy way
supplied.

How this, so well contriv'd, so closely laid,
Was known to thee, or by what chance be-
tray'd,

Is not my care; to please thy pride alone,
I could have wish'd it had been still un-
known.

"Nor took I Guiscard by blind fancy led,
Or hasty choice, as many women wed;
But with deliberatè care, and ripen'd
thought,

At leisure first design'd, before I wrought:
On him I rested, after long debate,
And not without consid'ring, fix'd my fate.
His flame was equal, tho' by mine inspir'd;
(For so the diff'rence of our birth requir'd;)
Had he been born like me, like me his love
Had first begun what mine was forc'd to
move:

But thus beginning, thus we persevere;
Our passions yet continue what they were,
Nor length of trial makes our joys the
less sincere.

"At this my choice, tho' not by thine al-
low'd,

(Thy judgment herding with the common
crowd,)

Thou tak'st unjust offense; and, led by them,
Dost less the merit than the man esteem.
Too sharply, Tancred, by thy pride betray'd,
Hast thou against the laws of kind inveigh'd;
For all th' offense is in opinion plac'd,

Which deems high birth by lowly choice
debas'd.

This thought alone with fury fires thy breast,
(For holy marriage justifies the rest,)

That I have sunk the glories of the state,
And mix'd my blood with a plebeian mate;
In which I wonder thou shouldst oversee
Superior causes, or impute to me
The fault of Fortune, or the Fates' decree.
Or call it Heav'n's imperial pow'r alone,
Which moves on springs of justice, tho' un-
known;

Yet this we see, tho' order'd for the best,
The bad exalted, and the good oppress'd;
Permitted laurels grace the lawless brow,
Th' unworthy rais'd, the worthy cast below.

"But, leaving that, search we the secret
springs,

And backward trace the principles of things:
There shall we find, that when the world
began,

One common mass compos'd the mold of
man;

One paste of flesh on all degrees bestow'd,
And kneaded up alike with moist'ning blood.
The same Almighty Pow'r inspir'd the
frame

With kindled life, and form'd the souls the
same:

The faculties of intellect and will
Dispens'd with equal hand, dispos'd with
equal skill;
Like liberty indulg'd, with choice of good
or ill.

Thus born alike, from virtue first began
The diff'rence that distinguish'd man from
man:

He claim'd no title from descent of blood,
But that which made him noble made him
good;

Warm'd with more particles of heav'nly
flame,

He wing'd his upward flight, and soar'd
to fame,

The rest remain'd below, a tribe without
a name.

"This law, tho' custom now diverts the
course,

As nature's institute, is yet in force;
Uncancel'd, tho' disus'd: and he, whose
mind

Is virtuous, is alone of noble kind;
Tho' poor in fortune, of celestial race;
And he commits the crime, who calls him
base.

"Now lay the line, and measure all thy court

By inward virtue, not external port;
And find whom justly to prefer above
The man on whom my judgment plac'd my love:

So shalt thou see his parts and person shine;
And thus compar'd, the rest a base degen'rate line.

Nor took I, when I first survey'd thy court,
His valor, or his virtues, on report; ⁵³⁰
But trusted what I ought to trust alone,
Relying on thy eyes, and not my own.
Thy praise (and thine was then the public voice)

First recommended Guiscard to my choice:
Directed thus by thee, I look'd, and found
A man, I thought, deserving to be crown'd;
First by my father pointed to my sight,
Nor less conspicuous by his native light;
His mind, his mien, the features of his face
Excelling all the rest of human race. ⁵⁴⁰
These were thy thoughts, and thou couldst judge aright,

Till int'rest made a jaundice in thy sight.

"Or should I grant thou didst not rightly see;

Then thou wert first deceiv'd, and I deceiv'd by thee.

But if thou shalt allege, thro' pride of mind,

Thy blood with one of base condition join'd,
'Tis false; for 't is not baseness to be poor;
His poverty augments thy crime the more;
Upbraids thy justice with the scant regard
Of worth: whom princes praise, they should reward. ⁵⁵⁰

Are these the kings intrusted by the crowd
With wealth, to be dispens'd for common good?

The people sweat not for their king's delight,
T' enrich a pimp, or raise a parasite:

Theirs is the toil; and he who well has serv'd

His country, has his country's wealth de-serv'd.

"Ev'n mighty monarchs oft are meanly born,

And kings by birth to lowest rank return;
All subject to the pow'r of giddy chance,
For fortune can depress, or can advance: ⁵⁶⁰
But true nobility is of the mind,
Not giv'n by chance, and not to chance re-sign'd.

"For the remaining doubt of thy decree,

What to resolve, and how dispose of me,
Be warn'd to cast that useless care aside;
Myself alone will for myself provide.

If in thy doting and decrepit age,
Thy soul, a stranger in thy youth to rage,
Begins in cruel deeds to take delight,
Gorge with my blood thy barb'rous appetite, ⁵⁷⁰

For I so little am dispos'd to pray

For life, I would not cast a wish away.

Such as it is, th' offense is all my own;

And what to Guiscard is already done;

Or to be done, is doom'd by thy decree;

That, if not executed first by thee,

Shall on my person be perform'd by me. }

"Away! with women weep, and leave me here,

Fix'd like a man, to die without a tear; ⁵⁷⁹

Or save, or slay us both this present hour—

'T is all that fate has left within thy pow'r."

She said; nor did her father fail to find,

In all she spoke, the greatness of her mind;

Yet thought she was not obstinate to die,

Nor deem'd the death she promis'd was so nigh.

Secure in this belief, he left the dame,

Resolv'd to spare her life and save her shame;

But that detested object to remove,
To wreak his vengeance, and to cure her love.

Intent on this, a secret order sign'd ⁵⁹⁰
The death of Guiscard to his guards enjoin'd;

Strangling was chosen, and the night the time,

A mute revenge, and blind as was the crime.
His faithful heart, a bloody sacrifice,

Torn from his breast, to glut the tyrant's eyes,

Clos'd the severe command: for (slaves to pay)

What kings decree, the soldier must obey:
Wag'd against foes; and, when the wars are o'er,

'T is only to maintain despotic pow'r;
Dang'rous to freedom, and desir'd alone ⁶⁰⁰

By kings who seek an arbitrary throne.
Such were these guards; as ready to have slain

The prince himself, allur'd with greater gain:

So was the charge perform'd with better will,

By men inur'd to blood and exercis'd in ill.

Now, tho' the sullen sire had eas'd his
mind,
The pomp of his revenge was yet behind,
A pomp prepar'd to grace the present he
design'd.

A goblet rich with gems and rough with
gold,
Of depth and breadth the precious pledge
to hold,

With cruel care he chose: the hollow part
Inclos'd, the lid conceal'd the lover's heart.
Then of his trusted mischiefs one he sent,
And bade him with these words the gift
present:

"Thy father sends thee this to cheer thy
breast,
And glad thy sight with what thou lov'st the
best;
As thou hast pleas'd his eyes and joy'd his
mind
With what he lov'd the most of human-
kind."

Ere this the royal dame, who well had
weigh'd
The consequence of what her sire had said,
Fix'd on her fate, against th' expected hour,
Procur'd the means to have it in her pow'r.
For this she had distill'd, with early care,
The juice of simples friendly to despair,
A magazine of death, and thus prepar'd,
Secure to die, the fatal message heard:
Then smil'd severe, nor with a troubled
look

Or trembling hand the fun'ral present took;
Ev'n kept her count'nance, when the lid
remov'd

Disclos'd the heart, unfortunately lov'd.
She needed not be told within whose breast
It lodg'd; the message had explain'd the
rest.

Or not amaz'd, or hiding her surprise,
She sternly on the bearer fix'd her eyes;
Then thus: "Tell Tancréd, on his daughter's
part,

The gold, tho' precious, equals not the
heart:
But he did well to give his best; and I,
Who wish'd a worthier urn, forgive his
poverty."

At this she curb'd a groan, that else had
come,
And pausing, view'd the present in the
tomb;

Then, to the heart ador'd devoutly glud
Her lips, and raising it, her speech renew'd:

"Ev'n from my day of birth, to this, the
bound

Of my unhappy being, I have found
My father's care and tenderness express'd;
But this last act of love excels the rest:
For this so dear a present, bear him back
The best return that I can live to make."

The messenger dispatch'd, again she
view'd

The lov'd remains, and sighing thus pur-
sued:

"Source of my life, and lord of my desires,
In whom I liv'd, with whom my soul ex-
pires!

Poor heart, no more the spring of vital heat,
Curst be the hands that tore thee from thy
seat!

The course is finish'd which thy fates de-
creed,

And thou from thy corporeal prison freed:
Soon hast thou reach'd the goal with mended
pace,

A world of woes dispatch'd in little space.
Fore'd by thy worth, thy foe, in death be-
come

Thy friend, has lodg'd thee in a costly tomb.
There yet remain'd thy fun'ral exequies,
The weeping tribute of thy widow's eyes,
And those, indulgent Heav'n has found the
way

That I, before my death, have leave to pay.
My father ev'n in cruelty is kind,
Or Heav'n has turn'd the malice of his
mind

To better uses than his hate design'd;
And made th' insult, which in his gift ap-
pears,

The means to mourn thee with my pious
tears;

Which I will pay thee down, before I go,
And save myself the pains to weep below,
If souls can weep. Tho' once I meant to
meet

My fate with face unmov'd, and eyes un-
wet,

Yet since I have thee here in narrow room,
My tears shall set thee first afloat within
thy tomb:

Then (as I know thy spirit hovers nigh)
Under thy friendly conduct will I fly
To regions unexplor'd, secure to share
Thy state; nor hell shall punishment ap-
pear;

And heav'n is double heav'n, if thou art
there."

She said: her brimful eyes, that ready stood,
 And only wanted will to weep a flood,
 Releas'd their wat'ry store, and pour'd
 amain,
 Like clouds low hung, a sober show'r of
 rain;
 Mute solemn sorrow, free from female
 noise,
 Such as the majesty of grief destroys;
 For, bending o'er the cup, the tears she
 shed
 Seem'd by the posture to discharge her head,
 O'erfill'd before; and oft (her mouth ap-
 plied
 To the cold heart) she kiss'd at once and
 cried. ⁶⁹⁰
 Her maids, who stood amaz'd, nor knew
 the cause
 Of her complaining, nor whose heart it was;
 Yet all due measures of her mourning kept,
 Did office at the dirge, and by infection
 wept;
 And oft enquir'd th' occasion of her grief,
 (Unanswer'd but by sighs,) and offer'd vain
 relief.
 At length, her stock of tears already shed,
 She wip'd her eyes, she rais'd her drooping
 head,
 And thus pursued: "O ever faithful heart,
 I have perform'd the ceremonial part, ⁷⁰⁰
 The decencies of grief; it rests behind,
 That, as our bodies were, our souls be join'd;
 To thy whate'er abode my shade convey,
 And as an elder ghost, direct the way."
 She said; and bade the vial to be brought,
 Where she before had brew'd the deadly
 draught.
 First pouring out the med'cinable bane,
 The heart her tears had rins'd she bath'd
 again;
 Then down her throat the death securely
 throws,
 And quaffs a long oblivion of her woes. ⁷¹⁰
 This done, she mounts the genial bed,
 and there
 (Her body first compos'd with honest care)
 Attends the welcome rest; her hands yet
 hold
 Close to her heart the monumental gold;
 Nor farther word she spoke, but clos'd her
 sight,
 And quiet sought the covert of the night.
 The damsels, who the while in silence
 mourn'd,

Not knowing, nor suspecting death suborn'd,
 Yet, as their duty was, to Tancered sent;
 Who, conscious of th' occasion, fear'd th'
 event. ⁷²⁰
 Alarm'd, and with presaging heart, he came,
 And drew the curtains, and expos'd the
 dame
 To loathsome light; then with a late relief
 Made vain efforts to mitigate her grief.
 She, what she could, excluding day, her
 eyes
 Kept firmly seal'd, and sternly thus replies:
 "Tancered, restrain thy tears, unsought by
 me,
 And sorrow, unavailing now to thee:
 Did ever man before afflict his mind ⁷³⁰
 To see th' effect of what himself design'd?
 Yet, if thou hast remaining in thy heart
 Some sense of love, some unextinguish'd
 part
 Of former kindness, largely once pro-
 fess'd,
 Let me by that adjure thy harden'd
 breast
 Not to deny thy daughter's last request. }
 The secret love which I so long enjoy'd,
 And still conceal'd, to gratify thy pride,
 Thou hast disjoin'd; but, with my dying
 breath,
 Seek not, I beg thee, to disjoin our death:
 Where'er his corpse by thy command is laid,
 Thither let mine in public be convey'd; ⁷⁴⁰
 Expos'd in open view, and side by side,
 Acknowledg'd as a bridegroom and a bride."
 The prince's anguish hinder'd his reply;
 And she, who felt her fate approaching
 nigh,
 Seiz'd the cold heart, and heaving to her
 breast:
 "Here, precious pledge," she said, "securely
 rest."
 These accents were her last; the creeping
 death
 Benumb'd her senses first, then stopp'd her
 breath.
 Thus she for disobedience justly died; ⁷⁵⁰
 The sire was justly punish'd for his pride:
 The youth, least guilty, suffer'd for th' of-
 fense,
 Of duty violated to his prince;
 Who, late repenting of his cruel deed,
 One common sepulcher for both decreed;
 Intomb'd the wretched pair in royal state,
 And on their monument inscrib'd their
 fate.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

OUT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK OF OVID'S
METAMORPHOSES

The author, pursuing the deeds of Theseus, relates how he with his friend Perithous were invited by Achelotis, the river god, to stay with him till his waters were abated. Achelotis entertains them with a relation of his own love to Perimele, who was chang'd into an island by Neptune at his request. Perithous, being an atheist, derides the legend, and denies the power of the gods to work that miracle. Lelex, another companion of Theseus, to confirm the story of Achelotis, relates another metamorphosis of Baucis and Philemon into trees; of which he was partly an eye witness.

THUS Achelotis ends: his audience hear
With admiration, and, admiring, fear
The pow'rs of heav'n; except Ixion's son,
Who laugh'd at all the gods, believ'd in none.

He shook his impious head, and thus replies:
"These legends are no more than pious lies:
You attribute too much to heavenly sway,
To think they give us forms, and take away."

The rest, of better minds, their sense declar'd

Against this doctrine, and with horror heard.

Then Lelex rose, an old experienc'd man,
And thus with sober gravity began:
"Heav'n's pow'r is infinite; earth, air, and sea,

The manufactur'd mass, the making pow'r obey.

By proof to clear your doubt: in Phrygian ground

Two neighb'ring trees, with walls encompass'd round,

Stand on a moderate rise, with wonder shown,

One a hard oak, a softer linden one:

I saw the place and them, by Pitheus sent
To Phrygian realms, my grandsire's government.

Not far from thence is seen a lake, the haunt

Of coots, and of the fishing cormorant:
Here Jove with Hermes came; but in disguise

Of mortal men conceal'd their deities:

One laid aside his thunder, one his rod;
And many toilsome steps together trod;
For harbor at a thousand doors they knock'd —

Not one of all the thousand but was lock'd.
At last an hospitable house they found,
A homely shed; the roof, not far from ground,

Was thatch'd with reeds and straw together bound.

There Baucis and Philemon liv'd, and there
Had liv'd long married and a happy pair:
Now old in love; tho' little was their store,

Inur'd to want, their poverty they bore,
Nor aim'd at wealth, professing to be poor.
For master or for servant here to call,
Was all alike, where only two were all.

Command was none, where equal love was paid,

Or rather both commanded, both obey'd. 40
"From lofty roofs the gods repuls'd before,

Now, stooping, enter'd thro' the little door;
The man (their hearty welcome first express'd)

A common settle drew for either guest,
Inviting each his weary limbs to rest.
But ere they sat, officious Baucis lays

Two cushions stuff'd with straw, the seat to raise;

Coarse, but the best she had; then rakes the load

Of ashes from the hearth, and spreads abroad

The living coals, and, lest they should expire,

With leaves and barks she feeds her infant fire: 50

It smokes, and then with trembling breath she blows,

Till in a cheerful blaze the flames arose.
With brushwood and with chips she strengthens these,

And adds at last the boughs of rotten trees.

The fire thus form'd, she sets the kettle on —
Like burnish'd gold the little seether shone —

Next took the coleworts which her husband got

From his own ground (a small well-water'd spot);

She stripp'd the stalks of all their leaves; the best

60

She cull'd, and then with handy care she dress'd.

High o'er the hearth a chine of bacon hung:
Good old Philemon seiz'd it with a prong,
And from the sooty rafter drew it down;
Then cut a slice, but scarce enough for one;
Yet a large portion of a little store,
Which for their sakes alone he wish'd were more.

This in the pot he plung'd without delay,
To tame the flesh and drain the salt away.
The time between, before the fire they sat,⁷⁰
And shorten'd the delay by pleasing chat.

"A beam there was, on which a beechen pail

Hung by the handle, on a driven nail:

This fill'd with water, gently warm'd,
they set

Before their guests; in this they bath'd
their feet,

And after with clean towels dried their
sweat.

This done, the host produc'd the genial
bed,

Sallow the feet, the borders, and the
stead,

Which with no costly coverlet they
spread,

But coarse old garments; yet such robes as
these⁸⁰

They laid alone, at feasts, on holidays.
The good old housewife, tucking up her

gown,

The table sets; th' invited gods lie down.

The trivet table of a foot was lame —

A blot which prudent Baucis overcame,
Who thrusts beneath the limping leg a

sherd;

So was the mended board exactly rear'd:

Then rubb'd it o'er with newly gather'd
mint,

A wholesome herb, that breath'd a grateful
scent.

Pallas began the feast, where first was
seen⁹⁰

The party-color'd olive, black and green;

Autumnal cornels next in order serv'd,

In lees of wine well pickled and preserv'd;

A garden salad was the third supply,

Of endive, radishes, and succory;

Then curds and cream, the flow'r of

country fare,

And new-laid eggs, which Baucis' busy

care

Turn'd by a gentle fire, and roasted rare. }

All these in earthenware were serv'd to
board;

And, next in place, an earthen pitcher,
stor'd

With liquor of the best the cottage could
afford.¹⁰⁰

This was the table's ornament and pride,
With figures wrought: like pages at his side
Stood beechen bowls; and these were shin-
ing clean,

Vernish'd with wax without, and lin'd
within.

By this the boiling kettle had prepar'd

And to the table sent the smoking lard,

On which with eager appetite they dine,

A sav'ry bit, that serv'd to relish wine;

The wine itself was suiting to the rest,¹¹⁰

Still working in the must, and lately
press'd.

The second course succeeds like that before;
Plums, apples, nuts, and, of their wintry

store,

Dry figs and grapes, and wrinkled dates
were set

In canisters, t' enlarge the little treat.

All these a milk-white honeycomb sur-
round,

Which in the midst the country banquet
crown'd.

But the kind hosts their entertainment
grace

With hearty welcome, and an open face:

In all they did you might discern with ease

A willing mind, and a desire to please.¹²¹

"Meantime the beechen bowls went
round, and still,

Tho' often emptied, were observ'd to fill;
Fill'd without hands, and of their own ac-
cord

Ran without feet, and danc'd about the
board.

Devotion seiz'd the pair, to see the feast

With wine, and of no common grape, in-
creas'd;

And up they held their hands, and fell to
pray'r,

Excusing, as they could, their country fare.

"One goose they had, ('t was all they
could allow,)¹³⁰

A wakeful sentry, and on duty now,
Whom to the gods for sacrifice they vow;

Her, with malicious zeal, the couple view'd;

She ran for life, and, limping, they pursued.

Full well the fowl perceiv'd their bad in-
tent.

And would not make her masters' compli-
ment;

But, persecuted, to the pow'rs she flies,
And close between the legs of Jove she lies.
He, with a gracious ear, the suppliant heard,
And sav'd her life; then what he was de-
clar'd,

And own'd the god. 'The neighborhood,'
said he,

'Shall justly perish for impiety:
You stand alone exempted; but obey
With speed, and follow where we lead the
way;

Leave these accurst, and to the mountain's
height

Ascend, nor once look backward in your
flight.'

"They haste, and what their tardy feet
denied,

The trusty staff (their better leg) supplied.
An arrow's flight they wanted to the top,
And there secure, but spent with travel,
stop;

Then turn their now no more forbidden
eyes:

Lost in a lake the floated level lies;
A wat'ry desert covers all the plains;
Their cot alone, as in an isle, remains;
Wond'ring with weeping eyes, while they
deplore

Their neighbors' fate, and country now no
more,

Their little shed, scarce large enough for
two,

Seems, from the ground increas'd, in
height and bulk to grow.

A stately temple shoots within the skies;
The crotches of their cot in columns
rise;

The pavement polish'd marble they behold,
The gates with sculpture grac'd, the spires
and tiles of gold.

"Then thus the Sire of Gods, with looks
serene:

'Speak thy desire, thou only just of men;
And thou, O woman, only worthy found
To be with such a man in marriage bound.'

"A while they whisper; then, to Jove ad-
dress'd,

Philemon thus prefers their joint request:
'We crave to serve before your sacred
shrine,

And offer at your altars rites divine; 170
And since not any action of our life

Has been polluted with domestic strife,

We beg one hour of death; that neither
she

With widow's tears may live to bury me,
Nor weeping I, with wither'd arms, may
bear

My breathless Baucis to the sepulcher.'

"The godheads sign their suit. They run
their race

In the same tenor all th' appointed space;
Then, when their hour was come, while they
relate

These past adventures at the temple gate,
Old Baucis is by old Philemon seen 181
Sprouting with sudden leaves of sprightly
green;

Old Baucis look'd where old Philemon
stood,

And saw his lengthen'd arms a sprouting
wood.

New roots their fasten'd feet begin to bind,
Their bodies stiffen in a rising rind:

Then, ere the bark above their shoulders
grew,

They give and take at once their last adieu;
At once: 'Farewell, O faithful spouse,'
they said;

At once th' encroaching rinds their closing
lips invade. 190

Ev'n yet, an ancient Tyanean shows
A spreading oak, that near a linden grows;
The neighborhood confirm the prodigy,
Grave men, not vain of tongue, or like to
lie.

I saw myself the garlands on their boughs,
And tablets hung for gifts of granted vows;

And off'ring fresher up, with pious pray'r,
'The good,' said I, 'are God's peculiar
care,

And such as honor Heav'n, shall heav'nly
honor share.'"

PYGMALION AND THE STATUE

OUT OF THE TENTH BOOK OF OVID'S
METAMORPHOSES

The Propetides, for their impudent behavior,
being turn'd into stone by Venus, Pygmalion,
prince of Cyprus, detested all women for
their sake, and resolv'd never to marry. He
falls in love with a statue of his own making,
which is chang'd into a maid, whom he mar-
ries. One of his descendants is Cinyras, the
father of Myrrha: the daughter incestuously
loves her own father; for which she is

chang'd into the tree which bears her name.
These two stories immediately follow each other and are admirably well connected.

PYGMALION, loathing their lascivious life,
Abhor'd all womankind, but most a wife:
So single chose to live, and shunn'd to wed,
Well pleas'd to want a consort of his bed;
Yet fearing idleness, the nurse of ill,
In sculpture exercis'd his happy skill;
And carv'd in iv'ry such a maid, so fair,
As Nature could not with his art compare,
Were she to work; but, in her own defense,
Must take her pattern here, and copy hence.
Pleas'd with his idol, he commends, ad-
mires,

Adores; and last, the thing ador'd desires.
A very virgin in her face was seen,
And, had she mov'd, a living maid had been.
One would have thought she could have
stirr'd, but strove

With modesty, and was asham'd to move.
Art, hid with art, so well perform'd the
cheat,

It caught the carver with his own deceit:
He knows 't is madness, yet he must adore,
And still the more he knows it, loves the
more.

The flesh, or what so seems, he touches
off,
Which feels so smooth, that he believes it
soft.

Fir'd with this thought, at once he strained
the breast,

And on the lips a burning kiss impress'd.
'T is true, the harden'd breast resists the
gripe,

And the cold lips return a kiss unripe:
But when, retiring back, he look'd again,
To think it iv'ry was a thought too mean;
So would believe she kiss'd, and courting
more,

Again embrac'd her naked body o'er; ³⁰
And straining hard the statue, was afraid
His hands had made a dint and hurt his
maid;

Explor'd her, limb by limb, and fear'd to
find

So rude a gripe had left a livid mark be-
hind.

With flatt'ry now he seeks her mind to move,
And now with gifts (the pow'rful bribes of
love).

He furnishes her closet first, and fills
The crowded shelves with rarities of shells;

Adds orient pearls, which from the conchs
he drew,
And all the sparkling stones of various
hue;

And parrots, imitating human tongue, ⁴⁰
And singing-birds in silver cages hung;
And ev'ry fragrant flow'r, and od'rous
green,

Were sorted well, with lumps of amber laid
between.

Rich, fashionable robes her person deck,
Pendants her ears, and pearls adorn her
neck;

Her taper'd fingers too with rings are
grac'd,

And an embroider'd zone surrounds her
slender waist.

Thus like a queen array'd, so richly dress'd,
Beauteous she shew'd, but naked shew'd
the best.

Then from the floor he rais'd a royal bed, ⁵⁰
With cov'rings of Sidonian purple spread;
The solemn rites perform'd, he calls her
bride,

With blandishments invites her to his side;
And as she were with vital sense possess'd,
Her head did on a plummy pillow rest.

The feast of Venus came, a solemn day,
To which the Cypriots due devotion pay;
With gilded horns the milk-white heifers
led,

Slaughter'd before the sacred altars, bled. ⁶⁰
Pygmalion, offer'ing, first approach'd the
shrine,

And then with pray'rs implor'd the pow'rs
divine:

"Almighty gods, if all we mortals want,
If all we can require, be yours to grant,
Make this fair statue mine," he would have
said,

But chang'd his words for shame, and only
pray'd:

"Give me the likeness of my iv'ry maid."

The golden goddess, present at the pray'r,
Well knew he meant th' inanimated fair,
And gave the sign of granting his desire; ⁷⁰
For thrice in cheerful flames ascends the
fire.

The youth, returning to his mistress, hies }
And, impudent in hope, with ardent eyes }
And beating breast, by the dear statue }
lies.

He kisses her white lips, renews the bliss,
And looks and thinks they redden at the
kiss —

He thought them warm before; nor longer stays,

But next his hand on her hard bosom lays:
Hard as it was, beginning to relent,
It seem'd the breast beneath his fingers bent. 80

He felt again, his fingers made a print;
'T was flesh, but flesh so firm, it rose against the dint.

The pleasing task he fails not to renew:
Soft, and more soft at ev'ry touch it grew;
Like pliant wax, when chafing hands reduce

The former mass to form, and frame for use.

He would believe, but yet is still in pain, }
And tries his argument of sense again; }
Presses the pulse, and feels the leaping }
vein.

Convinc'd, o'erjoy'd, his studied thanks and praise 90

To her who made the miracle he pays:
Then lips to lips he join'd; now freed from fear,

He found the savor of the kiss sincere:
At this the waken'd image op'd her eyes,
And view'd at once the light and lover, with surprise.

The goddess, present at the match she made,
So bless'd the bed, such fruitfulness convey'd,

That ere ten moons had sharpen'd either horn,

To crown their bliss, a lovely boy was born;
Paphos his name, who, grown to manhood, wall'd 100

The city Paphos, from the founder call'd.

CINYRAS AND MYRRHA

OUT OF THE TENTH BOOK OF OVID'S
METAMORPHOSES

There needs no connection of this story with the former: for the beginning of this immediately follows the end of the last. The reader is only to take notice that Orpheus, who relates both, was by birth a Thracian; and his country far distant from Cyprus, where Myrrha was born, and from Arabia, whither she fled. You will see the reason of this note, soon after the first lines of this fable.

Nor him alone produc'd the fruitful queen;
But Cinyras, who like his sire had been

A happy prince, had he not been a sire.
Daughters and fathers, from my song retire:

I sing of horror; and, could I prevail,
You should not hear, or not believe my tale.
Yet if the pleasure of my song be such,
That you will hear, and credit me too much,
Attentive listen to the last event,
And with the sin believe the punishment: 10
Since nature could behold so dire a crime,
I gratulate at least my native clime,
That such a land, which such a monster bore,
So far is distant from our Thracian shore.

Let Araby extol her happy coast,
Her cinnamon and sweet amomum boast,
Her fragrant flow'rs, her trees with precious tears,

Her second harvests, and her double years —

How can the land be call'd so blest that Myrrha bears?

Not all her od'rous tears can cleanse her crime; 20

Her plant alone deforms the happy clime.
Cupid denies to have inflam'd thy heart,
Disowns thy love, and vindicates his dart;
Some fury gave thee those infernal pains,
And shot her venom'd vipers in thy veins.

To hate thy sire, had merited a curse;
But such an impious love deserv'd a worse.
The neighb'ring monarchs, by thy beauty led,

Contend in crowds, ambitious of thy bed:
The world is at thy choice, except but one, 30
Except but him thou canst not choose alone.

She knew it too, the miserable maid,
Ere impious love her better thoughts betray'd,

And thus within her secret soul she said:
"Ah Myrrha! whither would thy wishes tend?"

Ye gods, ye sacred laws, my soul defend
From such a crime as all mankind detest,
And never lodg'd before in human breast!
But is it sin? Or makes my mind alone
Th' imagin'd sin? For nature makes it none. 40

What tyrant then these envious laws began,
Made not for any other beast but man!
The father bull his daughter may bestride,
The horse may make his mother mare a bride;

What piety forbids the lusty ram,
Or more salacious goat, to rut their dam?
The hen is free to wed the chick she bore,

And make a husband, whom she hatch'd
before.

All creatures else are of a happier kind,
Whom nor ill-natur'd laws from pleasure
bind,

Nor thoughts of sin disturb their peace
of mind.

But man a slave of his own making lives;
The fool denies himself what nature gives:
Too busy senates, with an overcare

To make us better than our kind can bear,
Have dash'd a spice of envy in the laws,
And, straining up too high, have spoil'd the
cause.

Yet some wise nations break their cruel
chains,

And own no laws, but those which love or-
dains;

Where happy daughters with their sires are
join'd,

And piety is doubly paid in kind.

O that I had been born in such a clime,
Not here, where 'tis the country makes the
crime!

But whither would my impious fancy stray?
Hence hopes, and ye forbidden thoughts,
away!

His worth deserves to kindle my desires,
But with the love that daughters bear to
sires.

Then had not Cinyras my father been,
What hinder'd Myrrha's hopes to be his
queen?

But the perverseness of my fate is such, 70
That he's not mine, because he's mine too
much:

Our kindred blood debars a better tie;
He might be nearer, were he not so nigh.
Eyes and their objects never must unite;
Some distance is requir'd to help the sight:
Fain would I travel to some foreign shore,
Never to see my native country more,
So might I to myself myself restore;
So might my mind these impious thoughts
remove,

And, ceasing to behold, might cease to
love.

But stay I must, to feed my famish'd sight,
To talk, to kiss; and more, if more I might:
More, impious maid! What more canst
thou design?

To make a monstrous mixture in thy line,
And break all statutes human and divine?
Canst thou be call'd (to save thy wretched
life)

Thy mother's rival, and thy father's wife?
Confound so many sacred names in one,
Thy brother's mother! sister to thy son!
And fear'st thou not to see th' infernal
bands,

Their heads with snakes, with torches arm'd
their hands,

Full at thy face th' avenging brands to bear,
And shake the serpents from their hissing
hair?

But thou in time th' increasing ill control,
Nor first debauch the body by the soul;
Secure the sacred quiet of thy mind,
And keep the sanctions nature has design'd.
Suppose I should attempt, th' attempt were
vain;

No thoughts like mine his sinless soul pro-
fane:

Observant of the right; and O, that he 100
Could cure my madness, or be mad like
me!"

Thus she; but Cinyras, who daily sees
A crowd of noble suitors at his knees,
Among so many, knew not whom to choose,
Irresolute to grant, or to refuse.
But, having told their names, enquir'd of
her

Who pleas'd her best, and whom she would
prefer.

The blushing maid stood silent with sur-
prise,

And on her father fix'd her ardent eyes,
And looking sigh'd; and, as she sigh'd, be-
gan

Round tears to shed, that scalded as they
ran.

The tender sire, who saw her blush and
cry,

Ascrib'd it all to maiden modesty;
And dried the falling drops, and, yet more
kind,

He strok'd her cheeks, and holy kisses
join'd.

She felt a secret venom fire her blood,
And found more pleasure than a daughter
should;

And, ask'd again, what lover of the crew
She lik'd the best; she answer'd: "One like
you."

Mistaking what she meant, her pious will 120
He prais'd, and bade her so continue still:
The word of "pious" heard, she blush'd
with shame

Of secret guilt, and could not bear the
name.

'T was now the mid of night, when slumbers close
Our eyes, and soothe our cares with soft repose;

But no repose could wretched Myrrha find,
Her body rolling, as she roll'd her mind.
Mad with desire, she ruminates her sin,
And wishes all her wishes o'er again: ¹²⁹
Now she despairs, and now resolves to try;
Would not, and would again, she knows not why;

Stops and returns, makes and retracts the vow;

Fain would begin, but understands not how.
As when a pine is hew'd upon the plains,
And the last mortal stroke alone remains,
Lab'ring in pangs of death, and threat'ning all,

This way and that she nods, consid'ring where to fall;

So Myrrha's mind, impell'd on either side,
Takes ev'ry bent, but cannot long abide:
Irresolute on which she should rely, ¹⁴⁰
At last unfix'd in all, is only fix'd to die.
On that sad thought she rests; resolv'd on death,

She rises, and prepares to choke her breath:
Then while about the beam her zone she ties,

"Dear Cinyras, farewell!" she softly cries;
"For thee I die, and only wish to be
Not hated, when thou know'st I die for thee:

Pardon the crime, in pity to the cause."
This said, about her neck the noose she draws.

The nurse, who lay without, her faithful guard, ¹⁵⁰

Tho' not the words, the murmurs overheard,

And sighs and hollow sounds: surpris'd with fright,

She starts, and leaves her bed, and springs a light;

Unlocks the door, and ent'ring out of breath,
The dying saw, and instruments of death.

She shrieks, she cuts the zone with trembling haste,

And in her arms her fainting charge embraces:

Next (for she now had leisure for her tears)
She weeping ask'd, in these her blooming years,

What unforeseen misfortune caus'd her care, ¹⁶⁰

To loathe her life, and languish in despair!
The maid, with downcast eyes, and mute with grief,

For death unfinish'd, and ill-tim'd relief,
Stood sullen to her suit; the beldame press'd
The more to know, and bar'd her wither'd breast;

Adjur'd her, by the kindly food she drew
From those dry founts, her secret ill to shew.

Sad Myrrha sigh'd, and turn'd her eyes aside;

The nurse still urg'd, and would not be denied;

Nor only promis'd secrecy, but pray'd ¹⁷⁰
She might have leave to give her offer'd aid.
"Good will," she said, "my want of strength supplies,

And diligence shall give what age denies.
If strong desires thy mind to fury move,
With charms and medicines I can cure thy love;

If envious eyes their hurtful rays have cast,
More pow'rful verse shall free thee from the blast;

If Heav'n offended sends thee this disease,
Offended Heav'n with pray'rs we can appease.

What then remains that can these cares procure? ¹⁸⁰

Thy house is flourishing, thy fortune sure;
Thy careful mother yet in health survives,
And, to thy comfort, thy kind father lives."

The virgin started at her father's name,
And sigh'd profoundly, conscious of the shame;

Nor yet the nurse her impious love divin'd,
But yet surmis'd that love disturb'd her mind.

Thus thinking, she pursued her point, and laid

And lull'd within her lap the mourning maid;

Then softly sooth'd her thus: "I guess your grief: ¹⁹⁰

You love, my child; your love shall find relief.

My long-experienc'd age shall be your guide;

Rely on that, and lay distrust aside:

No breath of air shall on the secret blow,
Nor shall (what most you fear) your father know."

Struck once again, as with a thunderclap,
The guilty virgin bounded from her lap,

And threw her body prostrate on the bed,
And, to conceal her blushes, hid her head:
There silent lay, and warn'd her with her
hand

To go; but she receiv'd not the command,
Remaining still importunate to know.
Then Myrrha thus: "Or ask no more, or go:
I prethee go, or staying spare my shame;
What thou wouldst hear, is impious ev'n to
name."

At this, on high the beldame holds her
hands,
And trembling, both with age and terror,
stands;

Adjures, and falling at her feet intreats,
Soothes her with blandishments, and frights
with threats,

To tell the crime intended, or disclose
What part of it she knew, if she no farther
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And last, if conscious to her counsel made,
Confirms anew the promise of her aid.

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With shame, reclin'd it on her nurse's
breast;

Bath'd it with tears, and strove to have
confess'd;

Twice she began, and stopp'd; again she
tried;

The falt'ring tongue its office still denied:
At last her veil before her face she spread,
And drew a long preluding sigh, and said,
"O happy mother, in thy marriage bed!"
Then groan'd and ceas'd; the good old
woman shook,

Stiff were her eyes, and ghastly was her look:
Her hoary hair upright with horror stood,
Made (to her grief) more knowing than she
would.

Much she reproach'd, and many things she
said,

To cure the madness of th' unhappy maid:
In vain; for Myrrha stood convict of ill;
Her reason vanquish'd, but unchang'd her
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Perverse of mind, unable to reply,
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At length the fondness of a nurse prevail'd
Against her better sense, and virtue fail'd:
"Enjoy, my child, since such is thy desire,
Thy love," she said — she durst not say,
"Thy sire;" —

"Live, tho' unhappy, live on any terms:"
Then with a second oath her faith confirms.

The solemn feast of Ceres now was near,
When long white linen stoles the matrons
wear;

Rank'd in procession walk the pious train,
Off'ring first fruits, and spikes of yellow
grain:

For nine long nights the nuptial bed they
shun,

And, sanctifying harvest, lie alone.

Mix'd with the crowd, the queen forsook
her lord,

And Ceres' pow'r with secret rites ador'd.
The royal couch now vacant for a time,
The crafty crone, officious in her crime,
The curst occasion took: the king she found
Easy with wine, and deep in pleasures
drown'd,

Prepar'd for love: the beldame blew the
flame,

Confess'd the passion, but conceal'd the
name.

Her form she prais'd; the monarch ask'd
her years,

And she replied: "The same thy Myrrha
bears."

Wine and commended beauty fir'd his
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Impatient, he commands her to be brought.
Pleas'd with her charge perform'd, she hies
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And gratulates the nymph, the task was
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Myrrha was joy'd the welcome news to
hear;

But, clogg'd with guilt, the joy was un-
sincere:

So various, so discordant is the mind,
That in our will a diff'rent will we find.

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'T was depth of night: Arcetophylax had
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His lazy wain half round the northern
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When Myrrha hasten'd to the crime de-
sir'd;

The moon beheld her first, and first retir'd;
The stars amaz'd ran backward from the
sight,

And, shrunk within their sockets, lost their
light.

Icarus first withdraws his holy flame;
The Virgin sign, in heav'n the second name,
Slides down the belt, and from her station
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'T was now the mid of night, when slumbers close
Our eyes, and soothe our cares with soft repose;

But no repose could wretched Myrrha find,
Her body rolling, as she roll'd her mind.
Mad with desire, she ruminates her sin,
And wishes all her wishes o'er again: ¹²⁹
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She shrieks, she cuts the zone with trembling haste,

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What unforeseen misfortune caus'd her
care, ¹⁶⁰

To loathe her life, and languish in despair!
The maid, with downcast eyes, and mute
with grief,
For death unfinish'd, and ill-tim'd relief,
Stood sullen to her suit; the beldame press'd
The more to know, and bar'd her wither'd
breast;
Adjur'd her, by the kindly food she drew
From those dry founts, her secret ill to
shew.
Sad Myrrha sigh'd, and turn'd her eyes
aside;
The nurse still urg'd, and would not be de-
nied;
Nor only promis'd secrecy, but pray'd ¹⁷⁰
She might have leave to give her offer'd aid.
"Good will," she said, "my want of strength
supplies,
And diligence shall give what age denies.
If strong desires thy mind to fury move,
With charms and med'cines I can cure thy
love;
If envious eyes their hurtful rays have cast,
More pow'rful verse shall free thee from
the blast;
If Heav'n offended sends thee this disease,
Offended Heav'n with pray'rs we can ap-
pease.
What then remains that can these cares
procure? ¹⁸⁰
Thy house is flourishing, thy fortune sure;
Thy careful mother yet in health survives,
And, to thy comfort, thy kind father lives."
The virgin started at her father's name,
And sigh'd profoundly, conscious of the
shame;
Nor yet the nurse her impious love divin'd,
But yet surmis'd that love disturb'd her
mind.
Thus thinking, she pursued her point, and
laid
And lull'd within her lap the mourning
maid;
Then softly sooth'd her thus: "I guess your
grief: ¹⁹⁰
You love, my child; your love shall find re-
lief.
My long-experienc'd age shall be your
guide;
Rely on that, and lay distrust aside:
No breath of air shall on the secret blow,
Nor shall (what most you fear) your father
know."
Struck once again, as with a thunderclap,
The guilty virgin bounded from her lap,

And threw her body prostrate on the bed,
And, to conceal her blushes, hid her head:
There silent lay, and warn'd her with her
hand

To go; but she receiv'd not the command,
Remaining still importunate to know.
Then Myrrha thus: "Or ask no more, or go:
I prethee go, or staying spare my shame;
What thou wouldst hear, is impious ev'n to
name."

At this, on high the beldame holds her
hands,

And trembling, both with age and terror,
stands;

Adjures, and falling at her feet intreats,
Soothes her with blandishments, and frights
with threats,

To tell the crime intended, or disclose
What part of it she knew, if she no farther
knows;

And last, if conscious to her counsel made,
Confirms anew the promise of her aid.

Now Myrrha rais'd her head; but soon,
oppress'd

With shame, reclin'd it on her nurse's
breast;

Bath'd it with tears, and strove to have
confess'd;

Twice she began, and stopp'd; again she
tried;

The falt'ring tongue its office still denied:
At last her veil before her face she spread,

And drew a long preluding sigh, and said,
"O happy mother, in thy marriage bed!"

Then groan'd and ceas'd; the good old
woman shook,

Stiff were her eyes, and ghastly was her look:
Her hoary hair upright with horror stood,

Made (to her grief) more knowing than she
would.

Much she reproach'd, and many things she
said,

To cure the madness of th' unhappy maid:
In vain; for Myrrha stood convict of ill;

Her reason vanquish'd, but unchang'd her
will:

Perverse of mind, unable to reply,
She stood resolv'd or to possess, or die.

At length the fondness of a nurse prevail'd
Against her better sense, and virtue fail'd:

"Enjoy, my child, since such is thy desire,
Thy love," she said — she durst not say,

"Thy sire;" —

"Live, tho' unhappy, live on any terms:"

Then with a second oath her faith confirms.

The solemn feast of Ceres now was near,
When long white linen stoles the matrons
wear;

Rank'd in procession walk the pious train,
Off'ring first fruits, and spikes of yellow
grain:

For nine long nights the nuptial bed they
shun,

And, sanctifying harvest, lie alone.

Mix'd with the crowd, the queen forsook
her lord,

And Ceres' pow'r with secret rites ador'd.

The royal couch now vacant for a time,
The crafty crone, officious in her crime,

The curst occasion took: the king she found
Easy with wine, and deep in pleasures
drown'd,

Prepar'd for love: the beldame blew the
flame,

Confess'd the passion, but conceal'd the
name.

Her form she prais'd; the monarch ask'd
her years,

And she replied: "The same thy Myrrha
bears."

Wine and commended beauty fir'd his
thought;

Impatient, he commands her to be brought.
Pleas'd with her charge perform'd, she hies
her home,

And gratulates the nymph, the task was
overcome.

Myrrha was joy'd the welcome news to
hear;

But, clogg'd with guilt, the joy was un-
sincere:

So various, so discordant is the mind,
That in our will a diff'rent will we find.

Ill she presag'd, and yet pursued her lust;
For guilty pleasures give a double gust.

'Twas depth of night: Arctophylax had
driv'n

His lazy wain half round the northern
heav'n,

When Myrrha hasten'd to the crime de-
sir'd;

The moon beheld her first, and first retir'd;
The stars amaz'd ran backward from the
sight,

And, shrunk within their sockets, lost their
light.

Icarus first withdraws his holy flame;

The Virgin sign, in heav'n the second name,
Slides down the belt, and from her station
flies,

'T was now the mid of night, when slum-
 bers close
 Our eyes, and soothe our cares with soft
 repose;
 But no repose could wretched Myrrha find,
 Her body rolling, as she roll'd her mind.
 Mad with desire, she ruminates her sin,
 And wishes all her wishes o'er again: ¹²⁹
 Now she despairs, and now resolves to try;
 Would not, and would again, she knows
 not why;
 Stops and returns, makes and retracts the
 vow;
 Fain would begin, but understands not how.
 As when a pine is hew'd upon the plains,
 And the last mortal stroke alone remains,
 Lab'ring in pangs of death, and threat'ning
 all,
 This way and that she nods, consid'ring
 where to fall;
 So Myrrha's mind, impell'd on either side,
 Takes ev'ry bent, but cannot long abide:
 Irresolute on which she should rely, ¹⁴⁰
 At last unfix'd in all, is only fix'd to die.
 On that sad thought she rests; resolv'd on
 death,
 She rises, and prepares to choke her breath:
 Then while about the beam her zone she
 ties,
 "Dear Cinyras, farewell!" she softly cries;
 "For thee I die, and only wish to be
 Not hated, when thou know'st I die for
 thee:
 Pardon the crime, in pity to the cause."
 This said, about her neck the noose she
 draws.
 The nurse, who lay without, her faithful
 guard, ¹⁵⁰
 Tho' not the words, the murmurs over-
 heard,
 And sighs and hollow sounds: surpris'd
 with fright,
 She starts, and leaves her bed, and springs
 a light;
 Unlocks the door, and ent'ring out of breath,
 The dying saw, and instruments of death.
 She shrieks, she cuts the zone with trem-
 bling haste,
 And in her arms her fainting charge em-
 brace'd:
 Next (for she now had leisure for her tears)
 She weeping ask'd, in these her blooming
 years,
 What unforeseen misfortune caus'd her
 care, ¹⁶⁰

To loathe her life, and languish in despair!
 The maid, with downcast eyes, and mute
 with grief,
 For death unfinished, and ill-tim'd relief,
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 Nor only promis'd secrecy, but pray'd ¹⁷⁰
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 And diligence shall give what age denies.
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"O happy mother, in thy marriage bed!"

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That in our will a diff'rent will we find.

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For guilty pleasures give a double gust.

'Twas depth of night: Aretophylax had
driv'n

His lazy wain half round the northern
heav'n,

When Myrrha hasten'd to the crime de-
sir'd;

The moon beheld her first, and first retir'd;
The stars amaz'd ran backward from the
sight,

And, shrunk within their sockets, lost their
light.

Iearius first withdraws his holy flame;
The Virgin sign, in heav'n the second name,
Slides down the belt, and from her station
flies,

And night with sable clouds involves the
skies.
Bold Myrrha still pursues her black in-
tent:
She stumbled thrice (an omen of th'
event);
Thrice shriek'd the fun'ral owl, yet on she
went,
Secure of shame, because secure of sight —
Ev'n bashful sins are impudent by night.
Link'd hand in hand, th' accomplice and the
dame, ²⁷⁹
Their way exploring, to the chamber came.
The door was ope, they blindly grope their
way,
Where dark in bed th' expecting monarch
lay:
Thus far her courage held, but here for-
sakes;
Her faint knees knock at ev'ry step she
makes.
The nearer to her crime, the more within
She feels remorse, and horror of her sin;
Repents too late her criminal desire,
And wishes that unknown she could retire.
Her ling'ring thus, the nurse (who fear'd
delay
The fatal secret might at length betray) ²⁸⁰
Pull'd forward, to complete the work be-
gun,
And said to Cinyras: "Receive thy own."
Thus saying, she deliver'd kind to kind,
Accurst, and their devoted bodies join'd.
The sire, unknowing of the crime, admits
His bowels, and profanes the hallow'd
sheets:
He found she trembled, but believ'd she
strove,
With maiden modesty, against her love;
And sought with flatt'ring words vain fan-
cies to remove.
Perhaps he said, "My daughter, cease thy
fears," ³⁰⁰
(Because the title suited with her years);
And, "Father," she might whisper him
again,
That names might not be wanting to the sin.
Full of her sire, she left th' incestuous bed,
And carried in her womb the crime she
bred.
Another, and another night she came;
For frequent sin had left no sense of shame:
Till Cinyras desir'd to see her face,
Whose body he had held in close embrace,
And brought a taper; the revealer, light, ³¹⁰

Expos'd both crime and criminal to sight.
Grief, rage, amazement, could no speech
afford,
But from the sheath he drew th' avenging
sword.
The guilty fled; the benefit of night,
That favor'd first the sin, secur'd the flight.
Long wand'ring thro' the spacious fields,
she bent
Her voyage to th' Arabian continent;
Then pass'd the region which Panchæa
join'd,
And, flying, left the palmy plains behind.
Nine times the moon had mew'd her horns;
at length, ³²⁰
With travel weary, unsupplied with
strength,
And with the burden of her womb op-
press'd,
Sabæan fields afford her needful rest.
There, loathing life, and yet of death afraid,
In anguish of her spirit, thus she pray'd:
"Ye pow'rs, if any so propitious are
T' accept my penitence, and hear my pray'r,
Your judgments, I confess, are justly sent;
Great sins deserve as great a punishment:
Yet since my life the living will profane, ³³⁰
And since my death the happy dead will
stain,
A middle state your mercy may bestow,
Betwixt the realms above and those be-
low:
Some other form to wretched Myrrha give,
Nor let her wholly die, nor wholly live."
The pray'rs of penitents are never vain:
At least, she did her last request obtain;
For, while she spoke, the ground began to
rise,
And gather'd round her feet, her legs and
thighs:
Her toes in roots descend, and, spreading
wide, ³⁴⁰
A firm foundation for the trunk provide;
Her solid bones convert to solid wood,
To pith her marrow, and to sap her blood;
Her arms are boughs, her fingers change
their kind,
Her tender skin is harden'd into rind.
And now the rising tree her womb invests;
Now, shooting upwards still, invades her
breasts,
And shades the neck; when, weary with de-
lay,
She sunk her head within, and met it half
the way.

And tho' with outward shape she lost her sense,
 With bitter tears she wept her last offense;
 And still she weeps, nor sheds her tears in vain;

For still the precious drops her name retain.

Meantime the misbegotten infant grows,
 And, ripe for birth, distends with deadly throes

The swelling rind, with unavailing strife
 To leave the wooden womb, and pushes into life.

The mother tree, as if oppress'd with pain,
 Writhes here and there, to break the bark, in vain;

And, like a lab'ring woman, would have pray'd,

But wants a voice to call Lucina's aid:

The bending bole sends out a hollow sound,
 And trickling tears fall thicker on the ground.

The mild Lucina came uncall'd, and stood
 Beside the struggling boughs, and heard the groaning wood;

Then reach'd her midwife hand, to speed the throes,

And spoke the pow'rful spells that babes to birth disclose.

The bark divides, the living load to free,
 And safe delivers the convulsive tree.

The ready nymphs receive the crying child,
 And wash him in the tears the parent plant distill'd.

They swath'd him with their scarfs; beneath him spread

The ground with herbs; with roses rais'd his head.

The lovely babe was born with ev'ry grace;
 Ev'n envy must have prais'd so fair a face.

Such was his form, as painters, when they show

Their utmost art, on naked Loves bestow;
 And, that their arms no diff'rence might betray,

Give him a bow, or his from Cupid take away.

Time glides along, with undiscover'd haste,
 The future but a length behind the past;

So swift are years: the babe, whom just before

His grandsire got, and whom his sister bore;

The drop, the thing which late the tree inclos'd,

And late the yawning bark to life expos'd;
 A babe, a boy, a beauteous youth appears;
 And lovelier than himself at riper years.
 Now to the Queen of Love he gave desires,
 And, with her pains, reveng'd his mother's fires.

THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAS

THE ARGUMENT

Chryses, priest of Apollo, brings presents to the Grecian princes, to ransom his daughter Chryseis, who was prisoner in the fleet. Agamemnon, the general, whose captive and mistress the young lady was, refuses to deliver her, threatens the venerable old man, and dismisses him with contumely. The priest craves vengeance of his god; who sends a plague among the Greeks: which occasions Achilles, their great champion, to summon a council of the chief officers: he encourages Calchas, the high priest and prophet, to tell the reason why the gods were so much incens'd against them. Calchas is fearful of provoking Agamemnon, till Achilles engages to protect him; then, embolden'd by the hero, he accuses the general as the cause of all, by detaining the fair captive and refusing the presents offer'd for her ransom. By this proceeding, Agamemnon is oblig'd, against his will, to restore Chryseis, with gifts, that he might appease the wrath of Phœbus; but at the same time, to revenge himself on Achilles, sends to seize his slave Briseis. Achilles, thus affronted, complains to his mother Thetis; and begs her to revenge his injury, not only on the general, but on all the army, by giving victory to the Trojans, till the ungrateful king became sensible of his injustice. At the same time, he retires from the camp into his ships, and withdraws his aid from his countrymen. Thetis prefers her son's petition to Jupiter, who grants her suit. Juno suspects her errand, and quarrels with her husband for his grant; till Vulcan reconciles his parents with a bowl of nectar, and sends them peaceably to bed.

THE wrath of Peleus' son, O Muse, resound;
 Whose dire effects the Grecian army found,
 And many a hero, king, and hardy knight,
 Were sent, in early youth, to shades of night;
 Their limbs a prey to dogs and vultures made:

So was the sov'reign will of Jove obey'd:
From that ill-omen'd hour when strife be-
gun

Betwixt Atrides great and Thetis' godlike
son.

What pow'r provok'd, and for what cause,
relate,
Sow'd in their breasts the seeds of stern
debate:

Jove's and Latona's son his wrath express'd,
In vengeance of his violated priest,
Against the King of Men; who, swoln with
pride,
Refus'd his presents, and his pray'rs denied.
For this the god a swift contagion spread
Amid the camp, where heaps on heaps lay
dead.

For venerable Chryses came to buy,
With gold and gifts of price, his daughter's
liberty.

Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he stood;
Awful, and arm'd with ensigns of his god: 20
Rare was his hoary head; one holy hand
Held forth his laurel crown, and one his
scepter of command.

His suit was common; but, above the rest,
To both the brother princes thus address'd:

"Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Grecian
pow'rs,

So may the gods who dwell in heav'nly
bow'rs

Succeed your siege, accord the vows you
make,

And give you Troy's imperial town to take;
So, by their happy conduct, may you come
With conquest back to your sweet native
home,

As you receive the ransom which I bring, 30
(Respecting Jove, and the far-shooting
king.)

And break my daughter's bonds, at my de-
sire,

And glad with her return her grieving sire."

With shouts of loud acclaim the Greeks
decree

To take the gifts, to set the damsel free.
The King of Men alone with fury burn'd;
And, haughty, these opprobrious words re-
turn'd:

"Hence, holy dotard, and avoid my sight,
Ere evil intercept thy tardy flight; 40
Nor dare to tread this interdicted strand,
Lest not that idle scepter in thy hand,
Nor thy god's crown, my vow'd revenge
withstand."

Hence on thy life: the captive maid is
mine;

Whom not for price or pray'rs I will re-
sign.

Mine she shall be, till creeping age and
time

Her bloom have wither'd, and consum'd her
prime:

Till then my royal bed she shall attend;
And, having first adorn'd it, late ascend.

This, for the night; by day, the web and
loom,

And homely household task, shall be her
doom,

Far from thy lov'd embrace, and her
sweet native home."

He said; the helpless priest replied no
more,

But sped his steps along the hoarse-resound-
ing shore:

Silent he fled; secure at length he stood,
Devoutly curs'd his foes, and thus invok'd
his god:

"O source of sacred light, attend my
pray'r,

God with the silver bow and golden hair,
Whom Chrysa, Cilla, Tenedos obeys,

And whose broad eye their happy soil sur-
veys. 60

If, Smintheus, I have pour'd before thy
shrine

The blood of oxen, goats, and ruddy wine,
And larded thighs on loaded altars laid,

Hear, and my just revenge propitious aid!
Pierce the proud Greeks, and with thy
shafts attest

How much thy pow'r is injur'd in thy
priest."

He pray'd, and Phœbus, hearing, urg'd
his flight,

With fury kindled, from Olympus' height;
His quiver o'er his ample shoulders threw;

His bow twang'd, and his arrows rattled as
they flew. 70

Black as a stormy night, he rang'd around
The tents, and compass'd the devoted
ground.

Then with full force his deadly bow he
bent,

And feather'd fates among the mules and
sumpters sent:

Th' essay of rage; on faithful dogs the next;
And last, in human hearts his arrows fix'd.

The god nine days the Greeks at rovers
kill'd,

Nine days the camp with fun'ral fires was fill'd;

The tenth, Achilles, by the queen's command,

Who bears heav'n's awful scepter in her hand,

A council summon'd; for the goddess griev'd⁸⁰
Her favor'd host should perish unreliev'd.

The kings, assembled, soon their chief inclose;

Then from his seat the goddess-born arose,
And thus undaunted spoke: "What now remains,

But that once more we tempt the wat'ry plains,

And, wand'ring homeward, seek our safety hence,

In flight at least, if we can find defense?
Such woes at once encompass us about,

The plague within the camp, the sword without.

Consult, O king, the prophets of th' event:⁹⁰
And whence these ills, and what the

god's intent,

Let them by dreams explore; for dreams from Jove are sent.

What want of offer'd victims, what offense
In fact committed could the Sun incense,

To deal his deadly shafts? What may remove

His settled hate, and reconcile his love,
That he may look propitious on our toils,

And hungry graves no more be glutted with our spoils?"⁹⁹

Thus to the King of Men the hero spoke;
Then Calchas the desir'd occasion took:

Calchas the sacred seer, who had in view
Things present and the past, and things to

come foreknew;

Supreme of augurs, who, by Phœbus taught,
The Grecian pow'rs to Troy's destruction

brought.

Skill'd in the secret causes of their woes,
The reverend priest in graceful act arose,

And thus bespoke Pelides: "Care of Jove,
Favor'd of all th' immortal pow'rs above,

Wouldst thou the seeds deep sown of mischief know,¹¹⁰

And why, provok'd, Apollo bends his bow?
Plight first thy faith, inviolably true,

To save me from those ills that may ensue.
For I shall tell ungrateful truths to those

Whose boundless pow'r of life and death dispose;

And sov'reigns, ever jealous of their state,

Forgive not those whom once they mark for hate;

Ev'n tho' th' offense they seemingly digest,
Revenge, like embers, rak'd within their

breast,
Bursts forth in flames; whose unresisted

pow'r¹²⁰
Will seize th' unwary wretch, and soon

devour.

Such and no less is he, on whom depends
The sum of things, and whom my tongue

of force offends.

Secure me then from his foreseen intent,
That what his wrath may doom, thy valor

may prevent."

To this the stern Achilles made reply:
"Be bold, and on my plighted faith rely,

To speak what Phœbus has inspir'd thy soul
For common good; and speak without con-

trol.

His godhead I invoke, by him I swear,¹³⁰
That while my nostrils draw this vital air,

None shall presume to violate those

bands,
Or touch thy person with unhallow'd

hands;
Ev'n not the King of Men, that all com-

mands."

At this, resuming heart, the prophet said:
"Nor hecatombs unslain, nor vows unpaid,

On Greeks, accurst, this dire contagion bring,

Or call for vengeance from the bowyer king;
But he the tyrant, whom none dares resist,

Affronts the godhead in his injur'd priest:¹⁴⁰
He keeps the damsel captive in his chain,

And presents are refus'd, and pray'rs pre-

ferr'd in vain.

For this th' avenging pow'r employs his darts,

And empties all his quiver in our hearts;
Thus will persist, relentless in his ire,

Till the fair slave be render'd to her sire,
And ransom-free restor'd to his abode,

With sacrifice to reconcile the god:
Then he, perhaps, aton'd by pray'r, may

cease
His vengeance justly vow'd, and give the

peace."¹⁵⁰

Thus having said, he sate. Thus answer'd
then,

Upstarting from his throne, the King of
Men,

His breast with fury fill'd, his eyes with
fire;

Which rolling round, he shot in sparkles on
the sire:

"Augur of ill, whose tongue was never
found

Without a priestly curse, or boding sound!
For not one blest event foretold to me

Pass'd thro' that mouth, or pass'd unwillingly.

And now thou dost with lies the throne
invade,

By practice harden'd in thy sland'ring trade;
Obtending heav'n for whate'er ills befall,

And sputt'ring under specious names thy
gall.

Now Phœbus is provok'd, his rites and
laws

Are in his priest profan'd, and I the cause;
Since I detain a slave, my sov'reign prize,

And sacred gold, your idol god, despise.
I love her well, and well her merits claim

To stand prefer'd before my Grecian dame:
Not Clytemnestra's self in beauty's bloom

More charm'd, or better plied the various
loom:

Mine is the maid, and brought in happy
hour,

With every household grace adorn'd, to
bless my nuptial bow'r.

Yet shall she be restor'd, since public
good

For private int'rest ought not be with-
stood,

To save th' effusion of my people's blood.
But right requires, if I resign my own,

I should not suffer for your sakes alone;
Alone exclud'd from the prize I gain'd,

And by your common suffrage have ob-
tain'd.

The slave without a ransom shall be sent: 180
It rests for you to make th' equivalent."

To this the fierce Thessalian prince re-
plied:

"O first in pow'r, but passing all in pride,
Gripping, and still tenacious of thy hold,

Wouldst thou the Grecian chiefs, tho'
largely sould,

Should give the prizes they had gain'd be-
fore,

And with their loss thy sacrilege restore?
Whate'er by force of arms the soldier got,

Is each his own, by dividend of lot:
Which to resume, were both unjust and

base;

Not to be borne but by a servile race. 190
But this we can: if Saturn's son bestows

The sack of Troy, which he by promise
owes,

Then shall the conqu'ring Greeks thy loss
restore,

And with large int'rest make th' advantage
more."

To this Atrides answer'd: "Tho' thy
boast

Assumes the foremost name of all our host,
Pretend not, mighty man, that what is mine,

Controll'd by thee, I tamely should resign.
Shall I release the prize I gain'd by right, 200

In taken towns, and many a bloody fight,
While thou detain'st Briseis in thy bands,

By priestly glossing on the god's com-
mands?

Resolve on this, (a short alternative,)
Quit mine, or, in exchange, another give;

Else I, assure thy soul, by sov'reign right
Will seize thy captive in thy own despite;

Or from stout Ajax, or Ulysses, bear
What other prize my fancy shall prefer.

Then softly murmur, or aloud complain; 210
Rage as you please, you shall resist in vain.

But more of this, in proper time and place;
To things of greater moment let us pass.

A ship to sail the sacred seas prepare,
Proud in her trim, and put on board the

fair,
With sacrifice and gifts, and all the pomp

of pray'r.
The crew well chosen, the command

shall be
In Ajax; or, if other I decree,

In Creta's king, or Ithacus, or, if I please,
in thee:

Most fit thyself to see perform'd th' in-
tent

For which my pris'ner from my sight is
sent,

(Thanks to thy pious care,) that Phœbus
may relent."

At this, Achilles roll'd his furious eyes,
Fix'd on the king askant, and thus replies:

"O impudent, regardless of thy own,
Whose thoughts are center'd on thyself

alone,
Advanc'd to sovereign sway for better ends

Than thus like abject slaves to treat thy
friends;

What Greek is he, that, urg'd by thy com-
mand,

Against the Trojan troops will lift his
hand?

Not I: nor such inforc'd respect I owe; 230

Nor Pergamus I hate, nor Priam is my foe.
What wrong from Troy remote could I
sustain,

To leave my fruitful soil and happy reign,
And plow the surges of the stormy
main?

Thee, frontless man, we follow'd from afar;
Thy instruments of death, and tools of war.
Thine is the triumph; ours the toil alone:
We bear thee on our backs, and mount thee
on the throne.

For thee we fall in fight; for thee re-
dress ²⁴⁰

Thy baffled brother, not the wrongs of
Greece.

And now thou threaten'st with unjust de-
ceit,

To punish thy affronting Heav'n, on me;
To seize the prize which I so dearly bought,
By common suffrage giv'n, confirm'd by
lot;

Mean match to thine: for still, above the
rest,

Thy hook'd rapacious hands usurp the best;
Tho' mine are first in fight, to force the
prey,

And last sustain the labors of the day.

Nor grudge I thee the much the Grecians
give, ²⁵⁰

Nor murmur take the little I receive.
Yet ev'n this little, thou, who wouldst in-
gross

The whole, insatiate, envy'st as thy loss.
Know, then, for Phthia fix'd is my re-
turn:

Better at home my ill-paid pains to
mourn,

Than from an equal here sustain the pub-
lic scorn."

The king, whose brows with shining gold
were bound,

Who saw his throne with scepter'd slaves
incompass'd round,

Thus answer'd stern: "Go, at thy pleasure,
go:

We need not such a friend, nor fear we
such a foe. ²⁶⁰

There will not want to follow me in fight;
Jove will assist, and Jove assert my right.
But thou of all the kings (his care below)
Art least at my command, and most my
foe.

Debates, dissensions, uproars are thy joy;
Provok'd without offense, and practis'd to
destroy.

Strength is of brutes, and not thy boast
alone;

At least 'tis lent from heav'n, and not thy
own.

Fly then, ill-manner'd, to thy native land,
And there thy ant-born Myrmidons com-
mand. ²⁷⁰

But mark this menace; since I must resign
My black-ey'd maid, to please the pow'r's
divine —

A well-rigg'd vessel in the port attends,
Mann'd at my charge, commanded by my
friends! —

The ship shall waft her to her wish'd abode,
Full fraught with holy bribes to the far-
shooting god.

This thus dispatch'd, I owe myself the care,
My fame and injur'd honor to repair:

From thy own tent, proud man, in thy de-
spite, ²⁷⁹

This hand shall ravish thy pretended right.
Briseis shall be mine, and thou shalt see

What odds of awful pow'r I have on thee,
That others at thy cost may learn the
difference of degree."

At this th' impatient hero sourly smil'd:
His heart, impetuous, in his bosom boil'd,
And, jostled by two tides of equal sway,
Stood for a while suspended in his way,
Betwixt his reason and his rage untam'd;
One whisper'd soft, and one aloud re-
claim'd:

That only counsel'd to the safer side; ²⁹⁰
This to the sword his ready hand applied.

Unpunish'd to support th' affront was hard,
Nor easy was th' attempt to force the
guard.

But soon the thirst of vengeance fir'd his
blood:

Half shone his falchion, and half sheath'd
it stood.

In that nice moment, Pallas, from above,
Commission'd by th' imperial wife of Jove,
Descended swift: (the white-arm'd queen
was loth

The fight should follow, for she favor'd
both:)

Just as in act he stood, in clouds inshrin'd, ³⁰⁰
Her hand she fasten'd on his hair behind;
Then backward by his yellow curls she drew;
To him, and him alone, confess'd in view.

Tam'd by superior force, he turn'd his eyes
Aghast at first, and stupid with surprise;
But by her sparkling eyes, and ardent look,
The virgin warrior known, he thus bespoke:

"Com'st thou, celestial, to behold my wrongs?
Then view the vengeance which to crimes belongs."

Thus he. The blue-ey'd goddess thus rejoind:³¹⁰

"I come to calm thy turbulence of mind,
If Reason will resume her sovereign sway,
And, sent by Juno, her commands obey.
Equal she loves you both, and I protect:
Then give thy guardian gods their due respect;

And cease contention; be thy words severe,
Sharp as he merits, but the sword forbear.
An hour unhop'd already wings her way,
When he his dire affront shall dearly pay;
When the proud king shall sue, with treble gain,³²⁰

To quit thy loss, and conquer thy disdain.
But thou, secure of my unfailling word,
Compose thy swelling soul, and sheathe the sword."

The youth thus answer'd mild: "Auspicious maid,

Heav'n's will be mine, and your commands obey'd.

The gods are just, and when, subduing sense,

We serve their pow'rs, provide the recompense."

He said; with surly faith believ'd her word,
And in the sheath, reluctant, plung'd the sword.

Her message done, she mounts the blest abodes,³³⁰

And mix'd among the senate of the gods.

At her departure his disdain return'd:
The fire she fann'd, with greater fury burn'd;

Rumbling within, till thus it found a vent:
"Dastard, and drunkard, mean and insolent;

Tongue-valiant hero, vaunter of thy might,
In threats the foremost, but the lag in fight;
When didst thou thrust amid the mingled prease,

Content to bide the war aloof in peace?
Arms are the trade of each plebeian soul;³⁴⁰

'T is death to fight, but kingly to control;
Lord-like at ease, with arbitrary pow'r,

To peel the chiefs, the people to devour.
These, traitor, are thy talents; safer far

Than to contend in fields, and toils of war.
Nor couldst thou thus have dar'd the common hate,

Were not their souls as abject as their state.
But, by this scepter, solemnly I swear,
(Which never more green leaf or growing branch shall bear;

Torn from the tree, and giv'n by Jove to those³⁵⁰

Who laws dispense, and mighty wrongs oppose,)

That when the Grecians want my wonted aid,

No gift shall bribe it, and no pray'r persuade.

When Hector comes, the homicide, to wield
His conquering arms, with corps to strow the field;

Then shalt thou mourn thy pride, and late confess

My wrong repented, when 't is past redress."

He said; and with disdain, in open view,
Against the ground his golden scepter threw;

Then sate: with boiling rage Atrides burn'd,
And foam betwixt his gnashing grinders churn'd.³⁶¹

But from his seat the Pylian prince arose,
With reas'ning mild, their madness to compose:

Words, sweet as honey, from his mouth distill'd;

Two centuries already he fulfill'd,
And now began the third; unbroken yet:

Once fam'd for courage; still in council great.

"What worse," he said, "can Argos undergo;

What can more gratify the Phrygian foe,
Than these distemper'd heats? If both the lights³⁷⁰

Of Greece their private int'rest disunites!

Believe a friend, with thrice your years increase'd,

And let these youthful passions be repress'd:
I flourish'd long before your birth; and }
then

Liv'd equal with a race of braver men

Than these dim eyes shall e'er behold again.

Cæneus and Dryas, and, excelling them,
Great Theseus, and the force of greater Polypheme.

With these I went, a brother of the war,
Their dangers to divide, their fame to share.

Nor idle stood with unassisting hands,³⁸¹

When salvage beasts, and men's more salvage bands,

Their virtuous toil subdued: yet those I
sway'd

With pow'rful speech; I spoke, and they
obey'd.

If such as those my counsels could reclaim,
Think not, young warriors, your diminish'd
name

Shall lose of luster, by subjecting rage
To the cool dictates of experienc'd age.

Thou, King of Men, stretch not thy sov-
ereign sway

Beyond the bounds free subjects can obey;
But let Pelides in his prize rejoice,

Achiev'd in arms, allow'd by public voice.
Nor thou, brave champion, with his power
contend,

Before whose throne ev'n kings their lower'd
scepters bend:

The head of action he, and thou the hand;
Matchless thy force, but mightier his com-
mand.

Thou first, O king, release the rights of
sway;

Pow'r, self-restrain'd, the people best obey.
Sanctions of law from thee derive their
source;

Command thyself, whom no commands can
force.

The son of Thetis, rampire of our host,
Is worth our care to keep; nor shall my
pray'rs be lost."

Thus Nestor said, and ceas'd: Atrides
broke

His silence next; but ponder'd ere he spoke:
"Wise are thy words, and glad I would obey,

But this proud man affects imperial sway:
Controlling kings, and trampling on our
state,

His will is law; and what he wills is fate.
The gods have giv'n him strength; but
whence the style

Of lawless pow'r assum'd, or license to re-
vile?"

Achilles cut him short, and thus replied:
"My wrong allow'd in words, is in effect de-
nied.

For who but a poltron, possess'd with fear,
Such haughty insolence can tamely bear?

Command thy slaves: my freeborn soul dis-
dains

A tyrant's curb, and restiff breaks the
reins.

Take this along, that no dispute shall rise
(Tho' mine the woman) for my ravish'd
prize;

But, she excepted, as unworthy strife,
Dare not, I charge thee dare not, on thy
life,

Touch aught of mine beside, by lot my due,
But stand aloof, and think profane to view:
This fauchion, else, not hitherto withstood,
These hostile fields shall fatten with thy
blood."

He said, and rose the first; the council
broke,

And all their grave consults dissolv'd in
smoke.

The royal youth retir'd, on vengeance
bent;

Patroclus follow'd silent to his tent.

Meantime, the king with gifts a vessel
stores;

Supplies the banks with twenty chosen oars;
And next, to reconcile the shooter god,

Within her hollow sides the sacrifice he
stow'd.

Chryseis last was set on board; whose hand
Ulysses took, intrusted with command:

They plow the liquid seas, and leave the
less'ning land.

Atrides then, his outward zeal to boast,
Bade purify the sin-polluted host.

With perfect hecatombs the god they grac'd;
Whose offer'd entrails in the main were
cast.

Black bulls and bearded goats on altars lie,
And clouds of sav'ry stench involve the
sky.

These pomps the royal hypocrite design'd
For shew, but harbor'd vengeance in his
mind;

Till holy malice, longing for a vent,
At length discover'd his conceal'd intent.

Talthybius, and Eurybates the just,
Heralds of arms, and ministers of trust,

He call'd, and thus bespoke: "Haste hence
your way,

And from the goddess-born demand his prey.
If yielded, bring the captive; if denied,

The king (so tell him) shall chastise his
pride,

And with arm'd multitudes in person come
To vindicate his pow'r, and justify his
doom."

This hard command unwilling they
obey,

And o'er the barren shore pursue their
way,

Where quarter'd in their camp the fierce
Thessalians lay.

Their sov'reign seated on his chair they
 find,
 His pensive cheek upon his hand reclin'd,
 And anxious thoughts revolving in his
 mind.
 With gloomy looks he saw them entr-
 ing in ⁴⁶⁰
 Without salute; nor durst they first be-
 gin,
 Fearful of rash offense and death foreseen.
 He soon, the cause divining, clear'd his brow,
 And thus did liberty of speech allow:
 "Interpreters of gods and men, be bold;
 Awful your character, and uncontroll'd:
 Howe'er displeasing be the news you bring,
 I blame not you, but your imperious king.
 You come, I know, my captive to demand;
 Patroclus, give her to the herald's hand. ⁴⁷⁰
 But you authentic witnesses I bring,
 Before the gods and your ungrateful king,
 Of this my manifest: that never more
 This hand shall combat on the crooked
 shore:
 No, let the Grecian pow'rs, oppress'd in
 fight,
 Unpitied perish in their tyrant's sight.
 Blind of the future, and by rage misled,
 He pulls his crimes upon his people's head;
 Forc'd from the field in trenches to contend,
 And his insulted camp from foes defend."
 He said, and soon, obeying his intent, ⁴⁸¹
 Patroclus brought Briseis from her tent;
 Then to th' intrusted messengers resign'd.
 She wept, and often cast her eyes behind;
 Forc'd from the man she lov'd: they led her
 thence
 Along the shore, a pris'ner to their prince.
 Sole on the barren sands the suffer'ing
 chief
 Roar'd out for anguish, and indulg'd his
 grief;
 Cast on his kindred seas a stormy look,
 And his upbraided mother thus bespoke: ⁴⁹⁰
 "Unhappy parent of a short-liv'd son,
 Since Jove in pity by thy pray'rs was won
 To grace my small remains of breath with
 fame,
 Why loads he this imbitter'd life with
 shame,
 Suffering his King of Men to force my slave,
 Whom, well deserv'd in war, the Grecians,
 gave?"
 Set by old Ocean's side, the goddess heard;
 Then from the sacred deep her head she
 rear'd;

Rose like a morning mist, and thus begun
 To soothe the sorrows of her plaintive son:
 "Why cries my care, and why conceals his
 smart?" ⁵⁰¹
 Let thy afflicted parent share her part."
 Then, sighing from the bottom of his
 breast,
 To the sea goddess thus the goddess-born
 address'd:
 "Thou know'st my pain, which telling but
 recalls:
 By force of arms we raz'd the Theban
 walls;
 The ransack'd city, taken by our toils,
 We left, and hither brought the golden
 spoils:
 Equal we shar'd them; but, before the rest,
 The proud prerogative had seiz'd the best. ⁵¹⁰
 Chryseis was the greedy tyrant's prize,
 Chryseis, rosy-cheek'd, with charming eyes.
 Her sire, Apollo's priest, arriv'd to buy,
 With proffer'd gifts of price, his daughter's
 liberty.
 Suppliant before the Grecians' chiefs he
 stood,
 Awful, and arm'd with ensigns of his god:
 Bare was his hoary head, one holy hand
 Held forth his laurel crown, and one, his
 scepter of command.
 His suit was common, but above the rest ⁵¹⁹
 To both the brother princes was address'd.
 With shouts of loud acclaim the Greeks
 agree
 To take the gifts, to set the pris'ner free.
 Not so the tyrant, who with scorn the priest
 Receiv'd, and with opprobrious words dis-
 miss'd.
 The good old man, forlorn of human aid,
 For vengeance to his heav'nly patron
 pray'd:
 The godhead gave a favorable ear,
 And granted all to him he held so dear;
 In an ill hour his piercing shafts he sped;
 And heaps on heaps of slaughter'd Greeks
 lay dead, ⁵³⁰
 While round the camp he rang'd. At length
 arose
 A seer who well divin'd, and durst disclose
 The source of all our ills: I took the word,
 And urg'd the sacred slave to be restor'd,
 The god appeas'd; the swelling monarch
 storm'd,
 And then the vengeance vow'd, he since
 perform'd.
 The Greeks, 't is true, their ruin to prevent,

Have to the royal priest his daughter sent;
But from their haughty king his heralds
came,

And seiz'd, by his command, my captive
dame,

By common suffrage given; but, thou, be
won,

If in thy pow'r, t' avenge thy injur'd son;
Ascend the skies, and supplicating move

Thy just complaint to cloud-compelling
Jove.

If thou by either word or deed hast wrought
A kind remembrance in his grateful thought,

Urge him by that; for often hast thou said
Thy pow'r was once not useless in his aid.

When he, who high above the highest
reigns,

Surpris'd by traitor gods, was bound in
chains;

When Juno, Pallas, with ambition fir'd, ⁵⁵⁰
And his blue brother of the seas conspir'd,

Thou freed'st the sovereign from unworthy
bands;

Thou brought'st Briareus with his hundred
hands,

(So call'd in heav'n, but mortal men below
By his terrestrial name Egeon know:

Twice stronger than his sire, who sate
above,

Assessor to the throne of thund'ring Jove.)
The gods, dismay'd at his approach, with-

drew,
Nor durst their unaccomplish'd crime pur-

sue. ⁵⁶⁰

That action to his grateful mind recall:
Embrace his knees, and at his footstool fall;

That now, if ever, he will aid our foes;
Let Troy's triumphant troops the camp in-

close;
Ours, beaten to the shore, the siege forsake,

And what their king deserves with him par-
take;

That the proud tyrant, at his proper cost,
May learn the value of the man he lost."

To whom the mother goddess thus re-
plied,

Sigh'd ere she spoke, and while she spoke
she cried: ⁵⁷⁰

"Ah wretched me! by fates averse decreed
To bring thee forth with pain, with care to
breed!

Did envious Heav'n not otherwise ordain,
Safe in thy hollow ships thou shouldst
remain,

Nor ever tempt the fatal field again. }

But now thy planet sheds his pois'nous rays,
And short and full of sorrow are thy days.

For what remains, to heav'n I will ascend,
And at the Thund'rer's throne thy suit com-

mend.
Till then, secure in ships, abstain from fight;

Indulge thy grief in tears, and vent thy
spite; ⁵⁸¹

For yesterday the court of heav'n with
Jove

Remov'd: 'tis dead vacation now above.
Twelve days the gods their solemn revels

keep,
And quaff with blameless Ethiops in the

deep.
Return'd from thence, to heav'n my flight

I take,
Knock at the brazen gates, and Providence

awake;
Embrace his knees; and, suppliant to the

sire,
Doubt not I will obtain the grant of thy

desire."
She said; and, parting, left him on the

place, ⁵⁹⁰
Sworn with disdain, resenting his disgrace:

Revengeful thoughts revolving in his mind,
He wept for anger, and for love he pin'd.

Meantime with prosperous gales Ulysses
brought

The slave, and ship with sacrifices fraught,
To Chrysa's port: where, ent'ring with the

tide,
He dropp'd his anchors, and his oars he

plied;
Furl'd every sail, and, drawing down the

mast,
His vessel moor'd, and made with haulsers

fast. ⁵⁹⁹
Descending on the plain, ashore they bring

The hecatomb to please the shooter king.
The dame before an altar's holy fire

Ulysses led, and thus bespoke her sire:
"Reverenc'd be thou, and be thy god

ador'd:
The King of Men thy daughter has re-

stor'd,
And sent by me with presents and with

pray'r.
He recommends him to thy pious care;

That Phœbus at thy suit his wrath may
cease,

And give the penitent offenders peace."
He said, and gave her to her father's

hands, ⁶¹⁰

Who glad receiv'd her, free from servile bands.

This done, in order they, with sober grace,
Their gifts around the well-built altar place;
Then wash'd, and took the cakes; while
Chryses stood

With hands upheld, and thus invok'd his god:

"God of the silver bow, whose eyes
survey
The sacred Cilla; thou, whose awful sway
Chrysa the blest and Tenedos obey:

Now hear, as thou before my pray'r hast heard,

Against the Grecians and their prince prefer'd.

Once thou hast honor'd, honor once again
Thy priest, nor let his second vows be vain;
But from th' afflicted host and humbled prince

Avert thy wrath, and cease thy pestilence."
Apollo heard, and, conquering his disdain,
Unbent his bow, and Greece respir'd again.

Now when the solemn rites of pray'r were past,

Their salted cakes on crackling flames they cast;

Then, turning back, the sacrifice they sped;
The fatted oxen slew, and flay'd the dead;
Chopp'd off their nervous thighs, and next prepar'd

T' involve the lean in cauls, and mend with lard.

Sweetbreads and collops were with skewers prick'd

About the sides, inbibing what they deck'd.
The priest with holy hands was seen to tine
The cloven wood and pour the ruddy wine.
The youth approach'd the fire, and, as it burn'd,

On five sharp broachers rank'd, the roast they turn'd:

These morsels stay'd their stomachs; then the rest

They cut in legs and fillets for the feast; 640
Which drawn and serv'd, their hunger they appease

With sav'ry meat, and set their minds at ease.

Now when the rage of eating was repell'd,
The boys with generous wine the goblets fill'd.

The first libations to the gods they pour,
And then with songs indulge the genial hour.
Holy debauch! till day to night they bring,

With hymns and peans to the bowyer king.
At sunset to their ship they make return,
And snore secure on decks till rosy morn.

The skies with dawning day were purpled o'er;

Awak'd, with lab'ring oars they leave the shore:

The pow'r, appeas'd, with winds suffic'd the sail;

The belling canvas strutted with the gale;
The waves indignant roar with surly pride,
And press against the sides, and beaten off divide.

They cut the foamy way, with force impell'd
Superior, till the Trojan port they held;

Then, hauling on the strand, their galley moor,

And pitch their tents along the crooked shore.

Meantime the goddess-born in secret pin'd:

Nor visited the camp, nor in the council join'd;

But, keeping close, his gnawing heart he fed
With hopes of vengeance on the tyrant's head;

And wish'd for bloody wars and mortal wounds,

And of the Greeks oppress'd in fight to hear the dying sounds.

Now, when twelve days complete had run their race,

The gods bethought them of the cares belonging to their place.

Jove at their head ascending from the sea,
A shoal of puny pow'rs attend his way.

Then Thetis, not unmindful of her son,
Emerging from the deep, to beg her boon,
Pursued their track; and, waken'd from his rest,

Before the sovereign stood a morning guest.
Him in the circle, but apart, she found;

The rest at awful distance stood around.
She bow'd, and ere she durst her suit begin,

One hand embrac'd his knees, one propp'd his chin.

Then thus: "If I, celestial sire, in aught
Have serv'd thy will, or gratified thy thought,

One glimpse of glory to my issue give,
Grac'd for the little time he has to live.

Dishonor'd by the King of Men he stands;
His rightful prize is ravish'd from his hands.

But thou, O father, in my son's defense,
Assume thy pow'r, assert thy providence.

Let Troy prevail, till Greece th' affront has paid

With doubled honors, and redeem'd his aid."

She ceas'd, but the consid'ring god was mute:

Till she, resolv'd to win, renew'd her suit;

Nor loos'd her hold, but forc'd him to reply:

"Or grant me my petition, or deny.

Jove cannot fear: then tell me to my face

That I, of all the gods, am least in grace.

This I can bear." The Cloud-Compeller

mourn'd,

And, sighing first, this answer he return'd:

"Know'st thou what clamors will disturb

my reign,

What my stunn'd ears from Juno must sus-

tain?

In council she gives license to her tongue,

Loquacious, brawling, ever in the wrong.

And now she will my partial pow'r upbraid,

If, alienate from Greece, I give the Trojans

aid.

But thou depart, and shun her jealous sight;

The care be mine to do Pelides right.

Go then, and on the faith of Jove rely;

When, nodding to thy suit, he bows the sky.

This ratifies th' irrevocable doom:

The sign ordain'd, that what I will shall

come;

The stamp of heav'n, and seal of fate." He

said,

And shook the sacred honors of his head.

With terror trembled heav'n's subsiding

hill,

And from his shaken curls ambrosial dews

distil;

The goddess goes exulting from his sight,

And seeks the seas profound, and leaves the

realms of light.

He moves into his hall: the pow'rs resort,

Each from his house, to fill the sovereign's

court.

Nor waiting summons, nor expecting stood;

But met with reverence, and receiv'd the

god.

He mounts the throne; and Juno took her

place;

But sullen discontent sate low'ring on her

face.

With jealous eyes, at distance she had seen,

Whisp'ring with Jove, the silver-footed

queen;

Then, impotent of tongue, (her silence

broke,)

Thus turbulent in rattling tone she spoke:

"Author of ills, and close contriver Jove,
Which of thy dames, what prostitute of love,
Has held thy ear so long, and begg'd so hard,
For some old service done, some new

reward?

Apart you talk'd, for that's your special

care;

The consort never must the council share.

One gracious word is for a wife too much:

Such is a marriage vow, and Jove's own

faith is such."

Then thus the sire of gods, and men

below:

"What I have hidden, hope not thou to

know.

Ev'n goddesses are women; and no wife

Has pow'r to regulate her husband's life:

Counsel she may; and I will give thy ear

The knowledge first, of what is fit to hear.

What I transact with others, or alone,

Beware to learn; nor press too near the

throne."

To whom the goddess with the charming

eyes:

"What hast thou said, O tyrant of the

skies?

When did I search the secrets of thy reign,

Tho' privileg'd to know, but privileg'd in

vain?

But well thou dost, to hide from common

sight

Thy close intrigues, too bad to bear the

light.

Nor doubt I but the silver-footed dame,

Tripping from sea, on such an errand came,

To grace her issue, at the Grecians' cost,

And for one peevish man destroy an host."

To whom the Thund'rer made this stern

reply:

"My household curse, my lawful plague,

the spy

Of Jove's designs, his other squinting

eye;

Why this vain prying, and for what avail?

Jove will be master still, and Juno fail.

Should thysuspicious thoughts divine aright,

Thou but becom'st more odious to my sight

For this attempt: uneasy life to me,

Still watch'd and importun'd, but worse

for thee.

Curb that impetuous tongue, before too

late

The gods behold, and tremble at thy fate;

Pitying, but daring not, in thy defense,

To lift a hand against omnipotence."

This heard, the imperious queen sate
mute with fear,
Nor further durst incense the gloomy
Thunderer.

Silence was in the court at this rebuke,
Nor could the gods abash'd sustain their
sov'reign's look.

The limping smith observ'd the sadden'd
feast,

And hopping here and there (himself a
jest) ⁷⁶⁹

Put in his word, that neither might offend;
To Jove obsequious, yet his mother's friend:
"What end in heav'n will be of civil war,
If gods of pleasure will for mortals jar?
Such discord but disturbs our jovial feast;
One grain of bad embitters all the best.
Mother, tho' wise yourself, my counsel
weigh;

'Tis much unsafe my sire to disobey.
Not only you provoke him to your cost,
But mirth is marr'd, and the good cheer is
lost.

Tempt not his heavy hand, for he has
pow'r ⁷⁸⁰
To throw you headlong from his heav'nly
tow'r.

But one submissive word, which you let
fall,
Will make him in good humor with us
all."

He said no more, but crown'd a bowl,
unbid;
The laughing nectar overlook'd the lid:
Then put it to her hand, and thus pursued:
"This cursed quarrel be no more renew'd.
Be, as becomes a wife, obedient still;
Tho' griev'd, yet subject to her husband's
will.

I would not see you beaten; yet afraid ⁷⁹⁰
Of Jove's superior force, I dare not aid.
Too well I know him, since that hapless
hour

When I and all the gods employ'd our
pow'r

To break your bonds: me by the heel he
drew,

And o'er heav'n's battlements with fury
threw:

All day I fell; my flight at morn begun,
And ended not but with the setting sun.
Pitch'd on my head, at length the Lemnian
ground

Receiv'd my batter'd skull, the Sinthians
heal'd my wound."

At Vulcan's homely mirth his mother
smil'd, ⁸⁰⁰
And smiling took the cup the clown had
fill'd.

The reconciler bowl went round the board,
Which, emptied, the rude skinker still re-
stor'd.

Loud fits of laughter seiz'd the guests, to
see

The limping god so deft at his new ministry.
The feast continued till declining light;
They drank, they laugh'd, they lov'd, and
then 't was night.

Nor wanted tuneful harp, nor vocal choir;
The Muses sung; Apollo touch'd the lyre.
Drunken at last, and drowsy they depart,
Each to his house, adorn'd with labor'd
art ⁸¹¹

Of the lame architect: the thund'ring god —
Ev'n he withdrew to rest, and had his load;
His swimming head to needful sleep ap-
plied,

And Juno lay unheeded by his side.

THE COCK AND THE FOX

OR, THE TALE OF THE NUN'S PRIEST

FROM CHAUCER

THERE liv'd, as authors tell, in days of yore,
A widow somewhat old, and very poor:
Deep in a dell her cottage lonely stood,
Well thatch'd, and under covert of a wood.

This dowager, on whom my tale I found,
Since last she laid her husband in the
ground,

A simple sober life in patience led,
And had but just enough to buy her bread:
But huswifery the little Heav'n had lent,
She duly paid a groat for quarter rent; ¹⁰
And pinch'd her belly, with her daughters
two,

To bring the year about with much ado.

The cattle in her homestead were three
sows,

An ewe call'd Mally, and three brindled
cows;

Her parlor window stuck with herbs
around,

Of sav'ry smell; and rushes strew'd the
ground.

A maple dresser in her hall she had,
On which full many a slender meal she
made:

For no delicious mersel pass'd her throat;
According to her cloth she cut her coat. 20
No poynant sauce she knew, no costly treat;
Her hunger gave a relish to her meat:
A sparing diet did her health assure;
Or sick, a pepper posset was her cure.
Before the day was done, her work she
sped,

And never went by candlelight to bed.
With exercise she sweat ill humors out;
Her dancing was not hinder'd by the gout.
Her poverty was glad, her heart content,
Nor knew she what the spleen or vapors
meant. 30

Of wine she never tasted thro' the year,
But white and black was all her homely
cheer:

Brown bread, and milk, (but first she
skimm'd her bowls,)

And rashers of sing'd bacon on the coals.
On holidays an egg, or two at most;
But her ambition never reach'd to roast.

A yard she had, with pales enclos'd about,
Some high, some low, and a dry ditch with-
out.

Within this homestead liv'd, without a peer
For crowing loud, the noble Chanticleer; 40
So high her cock, whose singing did sur-
pass

The merry notes of organs at the mass.
More certain was the crowing of the cock
To number hours, than is an abbey clock;
And sooner than the matin bell was rung,
He clapp'd his wings upon his roost, and
sung:

For when degrees fifteen ascended right,
By sure instinct he knew 't was one at night.
High was his comb, and coral-red withal,
In dents embattled like a castle wall; 50
His bill was raven-black, and shone like
jet;

Blue were his legs, and orient were his feet:
White were his nails, like silver to behold,
His body glitt'ring like the burnish'd gold.

This gentle cock, for solace of his life,
Six misses had, beside his lawful wife;
Scandal, that spares no king, tho' ne'er so
good,

Says they were all of his own flesh and
blood,

His sisters both by sire and mother's side;
And sure their likeness show'd them near
allied. 60

But make the worst, the monarch did no
more,

Than all the Ptolemies had done before:
When incest is for int'rest of a nation,
'T is made no sin by holy dispensation.
Some lines have been maintain'd by this
alone,

Which by their common ugliness are known.

But passing this as from our tale apart,
Dame Partlet was the sovereign of his
heart;

Ardent in love, outrageous in his play,
He feather'd her a hundred times a day: 70
And she, that was not only passing fair,
But was withal discreet and debonair,
Resolv'd the passive doctrine to fulfil,
Tho' loth; and let him work his wicked will:
At board and bed was affable and kind,
According as their marriage vow did bind,
And as the Church's precept had enjoind;
Ev'n since she was a sennight old, they }
say,

Was chaste and humble to her dying day,
Nor chick nor hen was known to disobey. }

By this her husband's heart she did ob-
tain — 80

What cannot beauty, join'd with virtue,
gain !

She was his only joy, and he her pride;
She, when he walk'd, went pecking by his
side:

If, spurning up the ground, he sprung a
corn,

The tribute in his bill to her was borne.
But O ! what joy it was to hear him sing
In summer, when the day began to spring,
Stretching his neck, and warbling in his
throat;

Solus cum sola then was all his note. 90
For in the days of yore, the birds of parts
Were bred to speak, and sing, and learn
the lib'ral arts.

It happ'd that perching on the parlor
beam,

Amidst his wives, he had a deadly dream,
Just at the dawn; and sigh'd, and groan'd
so fast,

As ev'ry breath he drew would be his last.
Dame Partlet, ever nearest to his side,
Heard all his piteous moan, and how he
cried

For help from gods and men; and, sore
aghast,

She peck'd and pull'd, and waken'd him at
last. 100

"Dear heart," said she, "for love of heav'n
declare

Your pain, and make me partner of your care.

You groan, sir, ever since the morning light,
As something had disturb'd your noble sprite."

"And, madam, well I might," said Chanticleer,

"Never was Shrovetide cock in such a fear.

Ev'n still I run all over in a sweat,
My princely senses not recover'd yet.

For such a dream I had of dire portent,

That much I fear my body will be shent: 110

It bodes I shall have wars and woful strife,

Or in a loathsome dungeon end my life.

Know, dame, I dreamt within my troubled breast,

That in our yard I saw a murd'rous beast,

That on my body would have made arrest.

With waking eyes I ne'er beheld his fellow;

His color was betwixt a red and yellow:

Tipp'd was his tail, and both his pricking ears,

With black; and much unlike his other hairs;

The rest, in shape, a beagle's whelp through-
out, 120

With broader forehead, and a sharper snout.

Deep in his front were sunk his glowing eyes,

That yet methinks I see him with surprise.

Reach out your hand, I drop with clammy sweat,

And lay it to my heart, and feel it beat."

"Now fie for shame," quoth she, "by heav'n above,

Thou hast for ever lost thy lady's love;

No woman can endure a recreant knight;

He must be bold by day, and free by night.

Our sex desires a husband or a friend, 130

Who can our honor and his own defend;

Wise, hardy, secret, lib'ral of his purse;

A fool is nauseous, but a coward worse:

No bragging coxcomb, yet no baffled knight.

How dar'st thou talk of love, and dar'st not fight?

How dar'st thou tell thy dame thou art afraid?

Hast thou no manly heart, and hast a beard?

"If aught from fearful dreams may be divin'd,

They signify a cock of dunghill kind.

All dreams, as in old Galen I have read, 140

Are from repletion and complexion bred;

From rising fumes of indigested food,

And noxious humors that infect the blood:

And sure, my lord, if I can read aright,
These foolish fancies you have had to-night
Are certain symptoms (in the canting style)
Of boiling choler, and abounding bile;
This yellow gall that in your stomach floats
Ingenders all these visionary thoughts.

When choler overflows, then dreams are bred 150

Of flames, and all the family of red;
Red dragons and red beasts in sleep we view,

For humors are distinguish'd by their hue.
From hence we dream of wars and warlike things,

And wasps and hornets with their double wings.

"Choler adust congeals our blood with fear;

Then black bulls toss us, and black devils tear.

In sanguine airy dreams aloft we bound,
With rheums oppress'd we sink in rivers drown'd.

"More I could say, but thus conclude my theme, 160

The dominating humor makes the dream.

Cato was in his time accounted wise,

And he condemns them all for empty lies.

Take my advice, and when we fly to ground,

With laxatives preserve your body sound,
And purge the peccant humors that abound.

I should be loth to lay you on a bier;

And tho' there lives no 'pothecary near,
I dare for once prescribe for your disease,

And save long bills, and a damn'd doctor's fees. 170

"Two sovereign herbs, which I by practice know,

And both at hand, (for in our yard they grow,)

On peril of my soul shall rid you wholly
Of yellow choler, and of melancholy:

You must both purge and vomit; but obey,
And for the love of heav'n make no delay.

Since hot and dry in your complexion join,

Beware the sun when in a vernal sign;

For when he mounts exalted in the Ram,

If then he finds your body in a flame, 180

Replete with choler, I dare lay a groat,

A tertian ague is at least your lot.

Perhaps a fever (which the gods forefend!)

May bring your youth to some untimely end.

And therefore, sir, as you desire to live,

A day or two before your laxative,
Take just three worms, nor under nor above,
Because the gods unequal numbers love.

These digestives prepare you for your purge,
Of fumetery, centaury, and spurge; ¹⁹⁰
And of ground-ivy add a leaf or two:

All which within our yard or garden grow.
Eat these, and be, my lord, of better cheer:
Your father's son was never born to fear."

"Madam," quoth he, "gramercy for
your care,

But Cato, whom you quoted, you may spare:
'T is true, a wise and worthy man he seems,
And (as you say) gave no belief to dreams;
But other men of more authority,
And, by th' immortal pow'rs, as wise as he,
Maintain, with sounder sense, that dreams
forebode; ²⁰¹

For Homer plainly says they come from
God.

Nor Cato said it; but some modern fool,
Impos'd in Cato's name on boys at school.

"Believe me, madam, morning dreams
foreshew

Th' events of things, and future weal or
woe:

Some truths are not by reason to be tried,
But we have sure experience for our guide.
An ancient author, equal with the best,
Relates this tale of dreams among the rest.

"Two friends, or brothers, with devout
intent, ²¹¹

On some far pilgrimage together went.
It happen'd so, that, when the sun was
down,

They just arriv'd by twilight at a town.
That day had been the baiting of a bull;
'T was at a feast, and ev'ry inn so full,
That no void room in chamber, or on
ground,

And but one sorry bed was to be found;
And that so little it would hold but one,
Tho' till this hour they never lay alone. ²²⁰

"So were they forc'd to part; one stay'd
behind,

His fellow sought what lodging he could
find:

At last he found a stall where oxen stood,
And that he rather chose than lie abroad.
'T was in a farther yard without a door;
But, for his ease, well litter'd was the
floor.

"His fellow, who the narrow bed had
kept,

Was weary, and without a rocker slept:

Supine he snor'd; but in the dead of night
He dreamt his friend appear'd before his
sight, ²³⁰

Who, with a ghastly look and doleful cry,
Said: 'Help me, brother, or this night I
die:

Arise, and help, before all help be vain,
Or in an ox's stall I shall be slain.'

"Rous'd from his rest, he waken'd in a
start,

Shiv'ring with horror, and with aching
heart;

At length to cure himself by reason tries;
'T is but a dream, and what are dreams
but lies?

So thinking chang'd his side, and clos'd
his eyes.

His dream returns; his friend appears
again: ²⁴⁰

'The murd'ers come; now help, or I am
slain:'

'T was but a vision still, and visions are
but vain.

"He dreamt the third; but now his friend
appear'd

Pale, naked, pierc'd with wounds, with
blood besmear'd:

'Thrice warn'd, awake,' said he; 'relief is
late,

The deed is done; but thou revenge my
fate:

Tardy of aid, unseal thy heavy eyes,
Awake, and with the dawning day arise;

Take to the western gate thy ready way,
For by that passage they my corpse con-
vey. ²⁵⁰

My corpse is in a tumbril laid, among
The filth and ordure, and enclos'd with
dung.

That cart arrest, and raise a common cry;
For sacred hunger of my gold I die.'

Then shew'd his grisly wounds; and last he
drew

A piteous sigh, and took a long adieu.

"The frighted friend arose by break of
day,

And found the stall where late his fellow
lay;

Then of his impious host enquiring more,
Was answer'd that his guest was gone be-
fore: ²⁶⁰

'Mutt'ring he went,' said he, 'by morning
light,

And much complain'd of his ill rest by
night.'

This rais'd suspicion in the pilgrim's
mind;
Because all hosts are of an evil kind,
And oft to share the spoil with robbers
join'd.

"His dream confirm'd his thought; with
troubled look

Straight to the western gate his way he
took;

There, as his dream foretold, a cart he
found,

That carried compost forth to dung the
ground.

This when the pilgrim saw, he stretch'd his
throat,

And cried out murder, with a yelling note:
'My murder'd fellow in this cart lies dead;
Vengeance and justice on the villain's head!
You, magistrates, who sacred laws dis-
pense,

On you I call to punish this offense.'

"The word thus giv'n, within a little
space,

The mob came roaring out, and throng'd
the place.

All in a trice they cast the cart to ground,
And in the dung the murder'd body
found;

Tho' breathless, warm, and reeking from
the wound.

Good Heav'n, whose darling attribute we
find

Is boundless grace, and mercy to mankind,
Abhors the cruel, and the deeds of night

By wondrous ways reveals in open light;
Murder may pass unpunish'd for a time,

But tardy justice will o'ertake the crime.
And oft a speedier pain the guilty feels;

The hue and cry of Heav'n pursues him at
the heels,

Fresh from the fact; as, in the present
case,

The criminals are seiz'd upon the place;
Carter and host confronted face to face.

Stiff in denial, as the law appoints,
On engines they distend their tortur'd
joints:

So was confession forc'd, th' offense was
known,

And public justice on th' offenders done.

"Here may you see that visions are to
dread;

And, in the page that follows this, I read
Of two young merchants, whom the hope
of gain

Induc'd in partnership to cross the main:
Waiting till willing winds their sails sup-
plied,

Within a trading town they long abide,
Full fairly situate on a haven's side.

"One evening it befell, that, looking out,
The wind they long had wish'd was come
about:

Well pleas'd they went to rest; and if the
gale

Till morn continued, both resolv'd to sail.

But as together in a bed they lay,

The younger had a dream at break of day.

A man, he thought, stood frowning at
his side,

Who warn'd him for his safety to pro-
vide,

Nor put to sea, but safe on shore abide:

'I come, thy genius, to command thy
stay;

Trust not the winds, for fatal is the day,
And death unhop'd attends the wat'ry
way.'

"The vision said; and vanish'd from his
sight:

The dreamer waken'd in a mortal fright;
Then pull'd his drowsy neighbor, and de-
clar'd

What in his slumber he had seen and heard.
His friend smil'd scornful, and with proud
contempt

Rejects as idle what his fellow dreamt: 320
'Stay, who will stay; for me no fears re-
strain,

Who follow Mercury the god of gain.
Let each man do as to his fancy seems;

I wait not, I, till you have better dreams.
Dreams are but interludes which fancy
makes;

When monarch Reason sleeps, this mimic
wakes;

Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
A mob of cobblers, and a court of kings.

Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are
sad;

Both are the reasonable soul run mad: 330
And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,

That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
Sometimes forgotten things long east be-
hind

Rush forward in the brain, and come to
mind.

The nurse's legends are for truths receiv'd,
And the man dreams but what the boy be-
liev'd.

Sometimes we but rehearse a former
play;
The night restores our actions done by
day,
As hounds in sleep will open for their
prey.

In short the farce of dreams is of a piece,
Chimeras all; and more absurd, or less: 341
You, who believe in tales, abide alone;
Whate'er I get this voyage is my own.

"Thus while he spoke, he heard the
shouting crew

That call'd aboard, and took his last adieu.
The vessel went before a merry gale,
And for quick passage put on ev'ry sail;
But when least fear'd, and ev'n in open day,
The mischief overtook her in the way.

Whether she sprung a leak, I cannot find,
Or whether she was overset with wind, 351
Or that some rock below her bottom rent;
But down at once with all her crew she
went:

Her fellow ships from far her loss descried;
But only she was sunk, and all were safe
beside.

"By this example you are taught again,
That dreams and visions are not always
vain;

But if, dear Partlet, you are yet in doubt,
Another tale shall make the former out.

"Kenelm, the son of Kenulph, Mercia's
king, 360
Whose holy life the legends loudly sing,
Warn'd in a dream, his murder did fore-
tell

From point to point as after it befell:
All circumstances to his nurse he told,
(A wonder from a child of sev'n years old.)
The dream with horror heard, the good old
wife

From treason counsel'd him to guard his
life,

But close to keep the secret in his mind,
For a boy's vision small belief would find.
The pious child, by promise bound, obey'd,
Nor was the fatal murder long delay'd: 371
By Quenda slain, he fell before his time,
Made a young martyr by his sister's crime.
The tale is told by Venerable Bede,
Which, at your better leisure, you may
read.

"Macrobius too relates the vision sent
To the great Scipio, with the fam'd event;
Objections makes, but after makes replies,
And adds that dreams are often prophecies.

"Of Daniel you may read in holy
writ, 380
Who, when the king his vision did forget,
Could word for word the wondrous dream
repeat.

Nor less of patriarch Joseph understand,
Who by a dream inslav'd th' Egyptian land;
The years of plenty and of dearth foretold,
When, for their bread, their liberty they
sold.

Nor must th' exalted butler be forgot,
Nor he whose dream presag'd his hanging
lot.

"And did not Croesus the same death
foresee,

Rais'd in his vision on a lofty tree? 390
The wife of Hector, in his utmost pride,
Dreamt of his death the night before he
died;

Well was he warn'd from battle to re-
frain,
But men to death decreed are warn'd in
vain:

He dar'd the dream, and by his fatal foe
was slain.

"Much more I know, which I forbear to
speak;

For, see, the ruddy day begins to break:
Let this suffice, that plainly I foresee
My dream was bad, and bodes adversity.
But neither pills nor laxatives I like; 400
They only serve to make a well man sick.
Of these his gain the sharp physician
makes,

And often gives a purge, but seldom takes:
They not correct, but poison all the blood,
And ne'er did any but the doctors good.
Their tribe, trade, trinkets, I defy them
all;

With ev'ry word of 'Pothecaries' Hall.

"These melancholy matters I forbear;
But let me tell thee, Partlet mine, and
swear, 409

That when I view the beauties of thy face,
I fear not death, nor dangers, nor disgrace:
So may my soul have bliss, as when I spy
The scarlet red about thy partridge eye,
While thou art constant to thy own true
knight,

While thou art mine, and I am thy de-
light,
All sorrows at thy presence take their
flight.

For true it is, as in *principio*,
Mulier est hominis confusio.

Madam, the meaning of this Latin is, ⁴¹⁹
 That woman is to man his sovereign bliss.
 For when by night I feel your tender side,
 Tho' for the narrow perch I cannot ride,
 Yet I have such a solace in my mind,
 That all my boding cares are cast behind;
 And ev'n already I forget my dream."

He said, and downward flew from off the
 beam,
 For daylight now began apace to spring,
 The thrush to whistle, and the lark to sing;
 Then crowing clapp'd his wings, th' appointed call,

To chuck his wives together in the hall. ⁴³⁰

By this the widow had unbarr'd the door,
 And Chanticleer went strutting out before,
 With royal courage, and with heart so light,
 As shew'd he scorn'd the visions of the night.
 Now, roaming in the yard, he spurn'd the
 ground,

And gave to Partlet the first grain he found;
 Then often feather'd her with wanton play,
 And trod her twenty times ere prime of
 day;

And took by turns and gave so much de-
 light,

Her sisters pin'd with envy at the sight. ⁴⁴⁰

He chuck'd again, when other corns he
 found,

And scarcely deign'd to set a foot to ground,
 But swagger'd like a lord about his hall,
 And his sev'n wives came running at his
 call.

'T was now the month in which the world
 began,

(If March beheld the first created man;)
 And since the vernal equinox, the sun
 In Aries twelve degrees, or more, had run;
 When, casting up his eyes against the light,
 Both month, and day, and hour he measur'd
 right, ⁴⁵⁰

And told more truly than th' Ephemeris;
 For art may err, but nature cannot miss.

Thus numb'ring times and seasons in his
 breast,

His second crowing the third hour confess'd.
 Then turning, said to Partlet: "See, my
 dear,

How lavish nature has adorn'd the year;
 How the pale primrose and blue violet
 spring,

And birds essay their throats disus'd to sing:
 All these are ours; and I with pleasure
 see ⁴⁵⁹

Man strutting on two legs, and aping me:

An unfledg'd creature, of a lumpish frame,
 Indued with fewer particles of flame.
 Our dame sits cowering o'er a kitchen fire;
 I draw fresh air, and nature's works admire;
 And ev'n this day in more delight abound,
 Than, since I was an egg, I ever found."

The time shall come when Chanticleer
 shall wish

His words unsaid, and hate his boasted
 bliss.

The crested bird shall by experience }
 know, ⁴⁶⁹

Jove made not him his masterpiece below;
 And learn the latter end of joy is woe.

The vessel of his bliss to dregs is run,
 And Heav'n will have him taste his other
 tun.

Ye wise, draw near, and hearken to my
 tale,

Which proves that oft the proud by flatt'ry
 fall:

The legend is as true, I undertake,
 As *Tristram* is, and *Launcelot of the Lake*,
 Which all our ladies in such reverence hold,
 As if in *Book of Martyrs* it were told. ⁴⁷⁹

A fox full-fraught with seeming sanctity,
 That fear'd an oath, but, like the devil,
 would lie;

Who look'd like Lent, and had the holy leer,
 And durst not sin before he said his
 pray'r—

This pious cheat, that never suck'd the
 blood,

Nor chaw'd the flesh of lambs, but when
 he could,

Had pass'd three summers in the neigh-
 b'ring wood;

And musing long, whom next to circum-
 vent,

On Chanticleer his wicked fancy bent;
 And in his high imagination cast,

By stratagem to gratify his taste. ⁴⁹⁰

The plot contriv'd, before the break of
 day,

Saint Reynard thro' the hedge had made
 his way;

The pale was next, but proudly, with a
 bound

He leapt the fence of the forbidden ground:
 Yet fearing to be seen, within a bed

Of coleworts he conceal'd his wily head;
 Then skulk'd till afternoon, and watch'd
 his time,

(As murder's use,) to perpetrate his crime.
 O hypocrite, ingenious to destroy !

O traitor, worse than Sinon was to Troy! ⁵⁰⁰
 O vile subverter of the Gallic reign,
 More false than Gano was to Charlemagne!
 O Chanticleer, in an unhappy hour
 Didst thou forsake the safety of thy bow'r:
 Better for thee thou hadst believ'd thy
 dream,

And not that day descended from the beam!

But here the doctors eagerly dispute:
 Some hold predestination absolute;
 Some clerks maintain, that Heav'n at first
 foresees,

And in the virtue of foresight decrees. ⁵¹⁰
 If this be so, then prescience binds the
 will,

And mortals are not free to good or ill;
 For what he first foresaw, he must ordain,
 Or its eternal prescience may be vain:
 As bad for us as prescience had not bin;
 For first, or last, he's author of the sin.
 And who says that, let the blaspheming
 man

Say worse ev'n of the devil, if he can.
 For how can that eternal pow'r be just, ⁵¹⁹
 To punish man, who sins because he must?
 Or how can he reward a virtuous deed,
 Which is not done by us, but first decreed?

I cannot bolt this matter to the bran,
 As Bradwardin and holy Austin can;
 If prescience can determine actions so
 That we must do, because he did foreknow,
 Or that foreknowing, yet our choice is free,
 Not forc'd to sin by strict necessity.
 This strict necessity they simple call;
 Another sort there is, conditional. ⁵³⁰

The first so binds the will, that things fore-
 known

By spontaneity, not choice, are done.
 Thus galley slaves tug willing at their
 oar,

Content to work, in prospect of the shore,
 But would not work at all if not con-
 strain'd before. }

That other does not liberty constrain,
 But man may either act or may refrain.
 Heav'n made us agents free to good or ill,
 And forc'd it not, tho' he foresaw the will.
 Freedom was first bestow'd on human
 race, ⁵⁴⁰

And prescience only held the second place.

If he could make such agents wholly free,
 I not dispute, the point 's too high for me;
 For Heav'n's unfathom'd pow'r what man
 can sound,

Or put to his omnipotence a bound?

He made us to his image all agree;
 That image is the soul, and that must be, }
 Or not the Maker's image, or be free.

But whether it were better man had been
 By nature bound to good, not free to sin, ⁵⁵⁰
 I waive, for fear of splitting on a rock.

The tale I tell is only of a cock,
 Who had not run the hazard of his life,
 Had he believ'd his dream, and not his wife:
 For women, with a mischief to their kind,
 Pervert with bad advice our better mind.
 A woman's counsel brought us first to woe,
 And made her man his Paradise forego,
 Where at heart's ease he liv'd, and might
 have bin

As free from sorrow as he was from sin. ⁵⁶⁰
 For what the devil had their sex to do,
 That, born to folly, they presum'd to know,
 And could not see the serpent in the grass?
 But I myself presume, and let it pass.

Silence in times of suff'ring is the best;
 'T is dang'rous to disturb a hornet's nest.
 In other authors you may find enough,
 But all they say of dames is idle stuff,
 Legends of lying wits together bound —
 The Wife of Bath would throw 'em to the
 ground. ⁵⁷⁰

These are the words of Chanticleer, not
 mine;

I honor dames, and think their sex divine.
 Now to continue what my tale begun.
 Lay Madam Partlet basking in the sun,
 Breast-high in sand; her sisters, in a row,
 Enjoy'd the beams above, the warmth
 below.

The cock, that of his flesh was ever free,
 Sung merrier than the mermaid in the sea.
 And so befell, that as he cast his eye
 Among the coleworts on a butterfly, ⁵⁸⁰
 He saw false Reynard where he lay full low.
 I need not swear he had no list to crow,
 But cried: "Cock, cock," and gave a sud-
 den start,

As sore dismay'd and frighted at his heart.
 For birds and beasts, inform'd by nature,
 know

Kinds opposite to theirs, and fly their foe.
 So Chanticleer, who never saw a fox,
 Yet shunn'd him as a sailor shuns the rocks.

But the false loon, who could not work
 his will ⁵⁸⁹

By open force, employ'd his flatt'ring skill.
 "I hope, my lord," said he, "I not offend;
 Are you afraid of me, that am your friend?
 I were a beast indeed to do you wrong,

I, who have lov'd and honor'd you so long:
 Stay, gentle sir, nor take a false alarm,
 For on my soul I never meant you harm.
 I come no spy, nor as a traitor press,
 To learn the secrets of your soft recess —
 Far be from Reynard so profane a thought —
 But by the sweetness of your voice was
 brought: ⁶⁰⁰

For, as I bid my beads, by chance I heard
 The song as of an angel in the yard;
 A song that would have charm'd th' infernal
 gods,

And banish'd horror from the dark abodes:
 Had Orpheus sung it in the nether sphere,
 So much the hymn had pleas'd the
 tyrant's ear,
 The wife had been detain'd, to keep the
 husband there.

"My lord, your sire familiarly I knew,
 A peer deserving such a son as you:
 He, with your lady mother, (whom Heav'n
 rest,) ⁶¹⁰

Has often grac'd my house and been my
 guest.

To view his living features does me good,
 For I am your poor neighbor in the wood;
 And in my cottage should be proud to see
 The worthy heir of my friend's family.

"But since I speak of singing, let me say,
 As with an upright heart I safely may,
 That, save yourself, there breathes not on
 the ground

One like your father for a silver sound.
 So sweetly would he wake the winter day,
 That matrons to the church mistook their
 way, ⁶²¹

And thought they heard the merry organ
 play.

And he to raise his voice with artful care,
 (What will not beaux attempt to please the
 fair?)

Ontiptoe stood to sing with greater strength,
 And stretch'd his comely neck at all the
 length;

And while he pain'd his voice to pierce the
 skies,

As saints in raptures use, would shut his
 eyes,

That, the sound striving thro' the narrow
 throat,

His winking might avail to mend the note.
 By this, in song, he never had his peer, ⁶³¹

From sweet Cecilia down to Chanticleer;
 Not Maro's Muse, who sung the mighty
 man,

Nor Pindar's heav'nly lyre, nor Horace
 when a swan.

Your ancestors proceed from race divine:
 From Brennus and Belinus is your line;
 Who gave to sov'reign Rome such loud
 alarms,

That ev'n the priests were not excus'd from
 arms.

"Besides, a famous monk of modern times
 Has left of cocks recorded in his rhymes, ⁶⁴⁰
 That of a parish priest the son and heir,
 (When sons of priests were from the prov-
 erb clear,)

Affronted once a cock of noble kind,
 And either lam'd his legs or struck him
 blind;

For which the clerk his father was disgrac'd,
 And in his benefice another plac'd.

Now sing, my lord, if not for love of me,
 Yet for the sake of sweet Saint Charity;
 Make hills, and dales, and earth, and heav'n
 rejoice,

And emulate your father's angel voice." ⁶⁵⁰

The cock was pleas'd to hear him speak
 so fair,

And proud beside, as solar people are;
 Nor could the treason from the truth desery,
 So was he ravish'd with this flattery:

So much the more, as, from a little elf,
 He had a high opinion of himself;
 Tho' sickly, slender, and not large of limb,
 Concluding all the world was made for him.

Ye princes, rais'd by poets to the gods,
 And Alexander'd up in lying odes, ⁶⁶⁰
 Believe not ev'ry flatt'ring knave's report,
 There's many a Reynard lurking in the
 court;

And he shall be receiv'd with more regard,
 And listen'd to, than modest truth is heard.

This Chanticleer, of whom the story sings,
 Stood high upon his toes, and clapp'd his
 wings;

Then stretch'd his neck, and wink'd with
 both his eyes,

Ambitious as he sought th' Olympic prize.
 But while he pain'd himself to raise his
 note,

False Reynard rush'd, and caught him by
 the throat. ⁶⁷⁰

Then on his back he laid the precious load,
 And sought his wonted shelter of the wood;
 Swiftly he made his way, the mischief done,
 Of all unheeded, and pursued by none.

Alas, what stay is there in human state,
 Or who can shun inevitable fate?

The doom was written, the decree was past,
 Ere the foundations of the world were cast !
 In Aries tho' the sun exalted stood,
 His patron planet to procure his good; 680
 Yet Saturn was his mortal foe, and he,
 In Libra rais'd, oppos'd the same degree:
 The rays both good and bad, of equal pow'r,
 Each thwarting other, made a mingled hour.

On Friday morn he dreamt this direful
 dream,

Cross to the worthy native, in his scheme !
 Ah blissful Venus, goddess of delight,
 How couldst thou suffer thy devoted
 knight

On thy own day to fall by foe oppress'd,
 The wight of all the world who serv'd thee
 best ? 690

Who, true to love, was all for recreation,
 And minded not the work of propagation.
 Gaufride, who couldst so well in rhyme
 complain

The death of Richard with an arrow slain,
 Why had not I thy Muse, or thou my heart,
 To sing this heavy dirge with equal art !
 That I like thee on Friday might complain;
 For on that day was Cœur de Lion slain.

Not louder cries, when Ilium was in
 flames,

Were sent to heav'n by woful Trojan
 dames, 700

When Pyrrhus toss'd on high his bur-
 nish'd blade,

And offer'd Priam to his father's shade,
 Than for the cock the widow'd poultry
 made.

Fair Partlet first, when he was borne from
 sight,

With sovereign shrieks bewail'd her captive
 knight;

Far louder than the Carthaginian wife,
 When Asdrubal her husband lost his life,
 When she beheld the smold'ring flames as-
 cend,

And all the Punic glories at an end: 709
 Willing into the fires she plung'd her head,
 With greater ease than others seek their
 bed.

Not more aghast the matrons of renown,
 When tyrant Nero burn'd th' imperial town,
 Shriek'd for the downfall in a doleful cry,
 For which their guiltless lords were doom'd
 to die.

Now to my story I return again:
 The trembling widow, and her daughters
 twain,

This woful cackling cry with horror heard,
 Of those distracted damsels in the yard;
 And starting up, beheld the heavy sight, 720
 How Reynard to the forest took his flight,
 And cross his back, as in triumphant scorn,
 The hope and pillar of the house was borne.

"The fox, the wicked fox," was all the
 cry;

Out from his house ran ev'ry neighbor nigh:
 The vicar first, and after him the crew,
 With forks and staves the felon to pursue.
 Ran Coll our dog, and Talbot with the
 band,

And Malkin, with her distaff in her hand;
 Ran cow and calf, and family of hogs, 730
 In panic horror of pursuing dogs;
 With many a deadly grunt and doleful
 squeak,

Poor swine, as if their pretty hearts would
 break.

The shouts of men, the women in dismay,
 With shrieks augment the terror of the day.
 The ducks, that heard the proclamation
 cried,

And fear'd a persecution might betide,
 Full twenty mile from town their voyage
 take,

Obscure in rushes of the liquid lake.

The geese fly o'er the barn; the bees in
 arms 740

Drive headlong from their waxen cells in
 swarms.

Jack Straw at London Stone, with all his
 rout,

Struck not the city with so loud a shout;
 Not when with English hate they did pur-
 sue

A Frenchman or an unbelieving Jew;
 Not when the welkin rung with "one and
 all,"

And echoes bounded back from Fox's hall:
 Earth seem'd to sink beneath, and heav'n
 above to fall.

With might and main they chas'd the mur-
 d'rous fox,

With brazen trumpets, and inflated box, 750
 To kindle Mars with military sounds,
 Nor wanted horns t' inspire sagacious
 hounds.

But see how Fortune can confound the
 wise,

And, when they least expect it, turn the die.
 The captive cock, who scarce could draw
 his breath,

And lay within the very jaws of death —

Yet in this agony his fancy wrought,
And fear supplied him with this happy thought:

"Yours is the prize, victorious prince," said he,

"The vicar my defeat, and all the village see."

Enjoy your friendly fortune while you may,
And bid the churls that envy you the prey
Call back their mungril curs, and cease their cry:

'See, fools, the shelter of the wood is nigh,
And Chanticleer in your despite shall die;
He shall be pluck'd and eaten to the bone.'"

"'T is well advis'd, in faith it shall be done;"

This Reynard said; but, as the word he spoke,

The pris'ner with a spring from prison broke;

Then stretch'd his feather'd fans with all his might,

And to the neighb'ring maple wing'd his flight.

Whom when the traitor safe on tree beheld,
He curs'd the gods, with shame and sorrow fill'd;

Shame for his folly, sorrow out of time,
For plotting an unprofitable crime:

Yet mast'ring both, th' artificer of lies
Renews th' assault, and his last batt'ry tries.

"Tho' I," said he, "did ne'er in thought offend,

How justly may my lord suspect his friend ?
Th' appearance is against me, I confess,

Who seemingly have put you in distress:
You, if your goodness does not plead my cause,

May think I broke all hospitable laws,
To bear you from your palace yard by might,

And put your noble person in a fright.
This, since you take it ill, I must repent,

Tho' Heav'n can witness, with no bad intent
I practis'd it, to make you taste your cheer

With double pleasure, first prepar'd by fear.

So loyal subjects often seize their prince,
Forc'd (for his good) to seeming violence,

Yet mean his sacred person not the least offense.

Descend, so help me Jove, as you shall find
That Reynard comes of no dissembling kind."

"Nay," quoth the cock, "but I beshrew us both,

If I believe a saint upon his oath:

An honest man may take a knave's advice,
But idiots only will be cozen'd twice.

Once warn'd is well bewar'd; no flatt'ring }
lies

Shall soothe me more to sing with wink- }
ing eyes,

And open mouth, for fear of catching flies. }
Who blindfold walks upon a river's brim,

When he should see, has he deserv'd to swim ?"

"Better, sir cock, let all contention cease;
Come down," said Reynard, "let us treat of peace."

"A peace with all my soul," said Chanticleer,

"But, with your favor, I will treat it here;
And, lest the truce with treason should be mix'd,

'T is my concern to have the tree betwixt."

THE MORAL

In this plain fable you th' effect may see
Of negligence and fond credulity;

And learn besides of flatt'ers to beware,
Then most pernicious when they speak too fair.

The cock and fox the fool and knave imply;
The truth is moral, tho' the tale a lie.

Who spoke in parables, I dare not say;
But sure he knew it was a pleasing way,

Sound sense, by plain example, to convey. }
And in a heathen author we may find,

That pleasure with instruction should be join'd;

So take the corn, and leave the chaff behind.

THEODORE AND HONORIA

FROM BOCCACE

Of all the cities in Roman lands,
The chief, and most renown'd, Ravenna

stands,
Adorn'd in ancient times with arms and arts,

And rich inhabitants, with generous hearts.
But Theodore the brave, above the rest,

With gifts of fortune and of nature blest,
The foremost place for wealth and honor

held,
And all in feats of chivalry excell'd.

This noble youth to madness lov'd a
 dame,
 Of high degree; Honoria was her name; 10
 Fair as the fairest, but of haughty mind,
 And fiercer than became so soft a kind;
 Proud of her birth, (for equal she had
 none,)
 The rest she scorn'd, but hated him alone.
 His gifts, his constant courtship, nothing
 gain'd;
 For she, the more he lov'd, the more dis-
 dain'd.
 He liv'd with all the pomp he could }
 devise,
 At tilts and tournaments obtain'd the }
 prize;
 But found no favor in his lady's eyes:
 Relentless as a rock, the lofty maid 20
 Turn'd all to poison that he did or said:
 Nor pray'rs, nor tears, nor offer'd vows
 could move;
 The work went backward; and, the more
 he strove
 T' advance his suit, the farther from her
 love.
 Wearied at length, and wanting remedy,
 He doubted oft, and oft resolv'd to die;
 But pride stood ready to prevent the blow,
 For who would die to gratify a foe?
 His generous mind disdain'd so mean a
 fate;
 That pass'd, his next endeavor was to
 hate. 30
 But vainer that relief than all the rest;
 The less he hop'd, with more desire pos-
 sess'd;
 Love stood the siege, and would not
 yield his breast.
 Change was the next, but change deceiv'd
 his care;
 He sought a fairer, but found none so fair.
 He would have worn her out by slow
 degrees,
 As men by fasting starve th' untam'd }
 disease;
 But present love requir'd a present ease.
 Looking he feeds alone his famish'd eyes,
 Feeds ling'ring death, but, looking not, he
 dies. 40
 Yet still he chose the longest way to fate,
 Wasting at once his life and his estate.
 His friends beheld, and pitied him in
 vain,
 For what advice can ease a lover's pain!
 Absence, the best expedient they could find,

Might save the fortune, if not cure the
 mind:
 This means they long propos'd, but little
 gain'd,
 Yet after much pursuit at length obtain'd.
 Hard you may think it was to give con-
 sent,
 But struggling with his own desires he
 went, 50
 With large expense, and with a pompous
 train,
 Provided as to visit France or Spain,
 Or for some distant voyage o'er the main.
 But Love had clipp'd his wings, and cut him
 short,
 Confin'd within the purlieus of his court.
 Three miles he went, nor farther could
 retreat;
 His travels ended at his country seat:
 To Chassi's pleasing plains he took his way,
 There pitch'd his tents, and there resolv'd
 to stay.
 The spring was in the prime; the neigh-
 b'ring grove 60
 Supplied with birds, the choristers of love;
 Music unbought, that minister'd delight
 To morning walks, and lull'd his cares by
 night:
 There he discharg'd his friends, but not th'
 expense
 Of frequent treats, and proud magnifi-
 cence.
 He liv'd as kings retire, tho' more at large
 From public business, yet with equal
 charge;
 With house and heart still open to receive;
 As well content as love would give him
 leave:
 He would have liv'd more free; but many
 a guest, 70
 Who could forsake the friend, pursued the
 feast.
 It happ'd one morning, as his fancy led,
 Before his usual hour he left his bed,
 To walk within a lonely lawn, that stood
 On ev'ry side surrounded by the wood.
 Alone he walk'd, to please his pensive
 mind.
 And sought the deepest solitude to find:
 'T was in a grove of spreading pines he
 stray'd;
 The winds within the quiv'ring branches
 play'd,
 And dancing trees a mournful music
 made. 80

The place itself was suiting to his care,
 Uncouth and salvage as the cruel fair.
 He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,
 Lost in the wood, and all on love intent:
 The day already half his race had run,
 And summon'd him to due repast at noon,
 But Love could feel no hunger but his
 own.

Whilst list'ning to the murm'ring leaves
 he stood,

More than a mile immers'd within the
 wood,

At once the wind was laid; the whisp'ring
 sound

Was dumb; a rising earthquake rock'd the
 ground;

With deeper brown the grove was over-
 spread:

A sudden horror seiz'd his giddy head,
 And his ears tinkled, and his color fled.

Nature was in alarm; some danger nigh
 Seem'd threaten'd, tho' unseen to mortal
 eye.

Unus'd to fear, he summon'd all his soul,
 And stood collected in himself, and whole;
 Not long: for soon a whirlwind rose around,
 And from afar he heard a screaming sound,
 As of a dame distress'd, who cried for
 aid,

And fill'd with loud laments the secret
 shade.

A thicket close beside the grove there
 stood,

With breers and brambles chok'd, and
 dwarfish wood;

From thence the noise, which now, approach-
 ing near,

With more distinguish'd notes invades his
 ear.

He rais'd his head, and saw a beauteous
 maid,

With hair dishevel'd, issuing thro' the
 shade;

Stripp'd of her clothes, and e'en those parts
 reveal'd,

Which modest Nature keeps from sight
 conceal'd.

Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were
 torn

With passing thro' the brakes and prickly
 thorn;

Two mastiffs gaunt and grim her flight
 pursued,

And oft their fasten'd fangs in blood
 embred:

Of't they came up, and pinch'd her tender
 side,

"Mercy, O mercy, Heav'n," she ran, and
 cried;

When Heav'n was nam'd, they loos'd their
 hold again;

Then sprung she forth, they follow'd her
 amain.

Not far behind, a knight of swarthy
 face,

High on a coal-black steed pursued the
 chase;

With flashing flames his ardent eyes were
 fill'd,

And in his hands a naked sword he held:
 He cheer'd the dogs to follow her who fled,

And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.

As Theodore was born of noble kind,
 The brutal action rous'd his manly mind;

Mov'd with unworthy usage of the maid,
 He, tho' unarm'd, resolv'd to give her aid.

A saplin pine he wrench'd from out the
 ground,

The readiest weapon that his fury found.

Thus furnish'd for offense, he cross'd the
 way

Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey.
 The knight came thund'ring on, but,

from afar,

Thus in imperious tone forbade the war:
 "Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,

Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief;
 But give me leave to seize my destin'd

prey,

And let eternal justice take the way:
 I but revenge my fate, disdain'd, betray'd,

And suff'ring death for this ungrateful
 maid,

He said, at once dismounting from the
 steed;

For now the hellhounds, with superior
 speed,

Had reach'd the dame, and, fast'ning on her
 side,

The ground with issuing streams of purple
 dyed.

Stood Theodore surpris'd in deadly fright,
 With chatt'ring teeth, and bristling hair

upright;

Yet arm'd with inborn worth: "Whate'er,"
 said he,

"Thou art, who know'st me better than I
 thee;

Or prove thy rightful cause, or be defied."
 The specter, fiercely staring, thus replied:

"Know, Theodore, thy ancestry I claim,
And Guido Cavalcanti was my name. ¹⁵²
One common sire our fathers did beget,
My name and story some remember yet:
Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,
When for my sins I lov'd this haughty
maid;

Not less ador'd in life, nor serv'd by me,
Than prond Honoria now is lov'd by thee.
What did I not her stubborn heart to
gain?

But all my vows were answer'd with dis-
dain: ¹⁶⁰
She scorn'd my sorrows, and despis'd my
pain.

Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitless
care;

Then, loathing life, and plung'd in deep de-
spair,

To finish my unhappy life, I fell

On this sharp sword, and now am damn'd
in hell.

"Short was her joy; for soon th' insult-
ing maid

By Heav'n's decree in the cold grave was
laid,

And, as in unrepenting sin she died,
Doom'd to the same bad place, is punish'd
for her pride; ¹⁶⁹

Because she deem'd I well deserv'd to die,
And made a merit of her cruelty.

There, then, we met; both tried and both
were cast,

And this irrevocable sentence pass'd;
That she, whom I so long pursued in vain,
Should suffer from my hands a ling'ring
pain:

Renew'd to life that she might daily die,
I daily doom'd to follow, she to fly.

No more a lover, but a mortal foe,
I seek her life (for love is none below):

As often as my dogs with better speed ¹⁸⁰
Arrest her flight, is she to death decreed.

Then with this fatal sword, on which I died,
I pierce her open'd back, or tender side,
And tear that harden'd heart from out her
breast,

Which, with her entrails, makes my hungry
hounds a feast.

Nor lies she long, but, as her fates ordain,
Springs up to life, and fresh to second
pain;

Is sav'd to-day, to-morrow to be slain."

This, vers'd in death, th' infernal knight
relates,

And then for proof fulfill'd their common
fates; ¹⁹⁰

Her heart and bowels thro' her back he
drew,

And fed the hounds that help'd him to
pursue.

Stern look'd the fiend, as frustrate of his
will,

Not half suffic'd, and greedy yet to kill.

And now the soul, expiring thro' the
wound,

Had left the body breathless on the
ground,

When thus the grisly specter spoke again:

"Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain:

As many months as I sustain'd her hate,
So many years is she condemn'd by fate ²⁰⁰

To daily death; and ev'ry several place
Conscious of her disdain, and my disgrace,

Must witness her just punishment, and be

A scene of triumph and revenge to me.

As in this grove I took my last farewell,

As on this very spot of earth I fell,

As Friday saw me die, so she my prey

Becomes ev'n here, on this revolving day."

Thus while he spoke, the virgin from the
ground ²⁰⁹

Upstart'd fresh, already clos'd the wound,
And, unconcern'd for all she felt before,

Precipitates her flight along the shore.

The hellhounds, as ungorg'd with flesh and
blood,

Pursue their prey, and seek their wonted
food;

The fiend remounts his courser, mends his
pace,

And all the vision vanish'd from the place.

Long stood the noble youth oppress'd
with awe,

And stupid at the wondrous things he
saw,

Surpassing common faith, transgressing
nature's law.

He would have been asleep, and wish'd to
wake, ²²⁰

But dreams, he knew, no long impression
make,

Tho' strong at first; if vision, to what
end,

But such as must his future state portend,
His love the damsel, and himself the
fiend?

But yet reflecting that it could not be
From Heav'n, which cannot impious acts

decree,

Resolv'd within himself to shun the snare
Which Hell for his destruction did prepare;
And, as his better genius should direct,
From an ill cause to draw a good effect. ²³⁰

Inspir'd from Heav'n, he homeward took
his way.

Nor pall'd his new design with long delay;
But of his train a trusty servant sent,
To call his friends together at his tent.
They came, and, usual salutations paid,
With words premeditated thus he said:

"What you have often counsel'd, to remove
My vain pursuit of unregarded love,
By thrift my sinking fortune to repair,
Tho' late, yet is at last become my care: ²⁴⁰
My heart shall be my own; my vast
expense

Reduc'd to bounds, by timely providence.

This only I require; invite for me
Honor, with her father's family,
Her friends, and mine; the cause I shall
display,

On Friday next, for that's th' appointed
day."

Well pleas'd were all his friends, the
task was light;

The father, mother, daughter, they invite;
Hardly the dame was drawn to this repast;
But yet resolv'd, because it was the last. ²⁵⁰
The day was come, the guests invited
came,

And, with the rest, th' inexorable dame;
A feast prepar'd with riotous expense,
Much cost, more care, and most magnifi-
cence.

The place ordain'd was in that haunted
grove

Where the revenging ghost pursued his
love;

The tables in a proud pavilion spread,
With flow'rs below, and tissued overhead:
The rest in rank; Honor, chief in place,
Was artfully contriv'd to set her face ²⁶⁰
To front the thicket, and behold the
chase.

The feast was serv'd, the time so well fore-
cast,

That just when the dessert and fruits were
plac'd,

The fiend's alarm began; the hollow
sound

Sung in the leaves, the forest shook
around,

Air blacken'd, roll'd the thunder, groan'd
the ground.

Nor long before the loud laments arise
Of one distress'd, and mastiffs' mingled cries;
And first the dame came rushing thro'
the wood,

And next the famish'd hounds that sought
their food, ²⁷⁰

And grip'd her flanks, and oft essay'd
their jaws in blood.

Last came the felon, on the sable steed,
Arm'd with his naked sword, and urg'd his
dogs to speed.

She ran, and cried; her flight directly bent
(A guest unbidden) to the fatal tent,
The scene of death, and place ordain'd
for punishment.

Loud was the noise, aghast was every guest;
The women shriek'd, the men forsook the
feast;

The hounds at nearer distance hoarsely
bay'd;

The hunter close pursued the visionary
maid; ²⁸⁰

She rent the heav'n with loud laments,
imploring aid.

The gallants, to protect the lady's
right,

Their fauchions brandish'd at the grisly
sprite;

High on his stirrups he provok'd the
fight.

Then on the crowd he cast a furious look,
And wither'd all their strength before he
strook:

"Back, on your lives! let be," said he, "my
prey,

And let my vengeance take the destin'd way.
Vain are your arms, and vainer your
defense,

Against th' eternal doom of Providence: ²⁹⁰
Mine is th' ungrateful maid by Heav'n
design'd;

Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall
she find."

At this the former tale again he told
With thund'ring tone, and dreadful to be-
hold.

Sunk were their hearts with horror of the
crime,

Nor needed to be warn'd a second time,
But bore each other back: some knew the
face,

And all had heard the much lamented
case

Of him who fell for love, and this the
fatal place. ²⁹⁹

And now th' infernal minister advanc'd,
Seiz'd the due victim, and with fury launch'd
Her back, and, piercing thro' her inmost

heart,
Drew backward as before th' offending

part.
The reeking entrails next he tore away,
And to his meager mastiffs made a prey.
The pale assistants on each other star'd,
With gaping mouths for issuing words pre-

par'd;
The stillborn sounds upon the palate hung,
And died imperfect on the falt'ring tongue.
The fright was general; but the female

band
(A helpless train) in more confusion stand:
With horror shudd'ring, on a heap they

run,
Sick at the sight of hateful justice done;
For conscience rung th' alarm, and made

the case their own.
So spread upon a lake, with upward eye,
A plump of fowl behold their foe on high;
They close their trembling troop, and all

attend
On whom the sousing eagle will descend.

But most the proud Honoria fear'd th'
event,

And thought to her alone the vision sent.
Her guilt presents to her distracted mind
Heav'n's justice, Theodore's revengeful

kind,
And the same fate to the same sin

assign'd —
Already sees herself the monster's prey,
And feels her heart and entrails torn away.
'T was a mute scene of sorrow, mix'd with

fear;
Still on the table lay th' unfinished cheer:
The knight and hungry mastiffs stood

around,
The mangled dame lay breathless on the

ground:
When on a sudden, reinspir'd with breath,
Again she rose, again to suffer death;
Nor stay'd the hellhounds, nor the hunter

stay'd,
But follow'd, as before, the flying maid;
Th' avenger took from earth th' avenging

sword,
And mounting light as air his sable steed

he spur'd:
The clouds dispell'd, the sky resum'd her

light,
And Nature stood recover'd of her fright.

But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,
And horror heavy sat on ev'ry mind.

Nor Theodore encourag'd more his feast,
But sternly look'd, as hatching in his breast
Some deep design; which when Honoria

view'd,
The fresh impulse her former fright re-

new'd:
She thought herself the trembling dame

who fled,
And him the grisly ghost that spur'd th'
infernal steed;

The more dismay'd, for when the guests

withdrew,
Their courteous host, saluting all the crew,
Regardless pass'd her o'er, nor grac'd

with kind adieu.
That sting infix'd within her haughty

mind,
The downfall of her empire she divin'd;

And her proud heart with secret sorrow

pin'd.
Home as they went, the sad discourse

renew'd,
Of the relentless dame to death pursued,
And of the sight obscene so lately view'd.

None durst arraign the righteous doom she

bore;
Ev'n they who pitied most, yet blam'd her

more:
The parallel they need not to name,

But in the dead they damn'd the living

dame.
At ev'ry little noise she look'd behind,

For still the knight was present to her

mind;
And anxious oft she started on the way,

And thought the horseman ghost came

thund'ring for his prey.
Return'd, she took her bed, with little rest,

But in short slumbers dreamt the funeral

feast:
Awak'd, she turn'd her side, and slept

again;
The same black vapors mounted in her

brain,
And the same dreams return'd with

double pain.
Now forc'd to wake, because afraid to

sleep,
Her blood all fever'd, with a furious leap

She sprung from bed, distracted in her

mind,
And fear'd, at ev'ry step, a twitching spirit

behind.

Darling and despair'd, with a stag's ring

pace,
Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace;
Fear, pride, remorse, at once her heart
assail'd;

Pride put remorse to flight, but fear pre-
vail'd.

Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
Her soul forethought the fiend would
change his game,
And her pursue, or Theodore be slain,
And two ghosts join their packs to hunt her
o'er the plain.

This dreadful image so possess'd her
mind, 380

That despair'd any succor else to find,
She ceas'd all farther hope; and now began
To make reflection on th' unhappy man.
Rich, brave, and young, who past expression
lov'd,

Proof to disdain, and not to be remov'd:
Of all the men respected and admir'd;
Of all the dames, except herself, desir'd —
Why not of her, prefer'd above the rest
By him with knightly deeds, and open
love profess'd ?

So had another been, where he his vows
address'd. 390

This quell'd her pride, yet other doubts
remain'd,

That, once disdaining, she might be dis-
dain'd.

The fear was just, but greater fear pre-
vail'd.

Fear of her life by hellish hounds assail'd:
He took a low ring leave, but who can tell
What outward hate might inward love con-
ceal ?

Her sex's arts she knew, and why not, then,
Might deep dissembling have a place in
men ?

Here hope began to dawn; resolv'd to try,
She fix'd on this her utmost remedy: 400
Death was behind, but hard it was to die.
'T was time enough at last on death to call,
The precept in sight: a shrub was all
That kindly stood betwixt to break the
fatal fall.

One maid she had, belov'd above the rest;
Secure of her, the secret she confess'd;
And now the cheerful light her fears dis-
pell'd,

She with no winding turns the truth con-
ceal'd,
But put the woman off, and stood reveal'd:

With faults confess'd commission'd her to
go, 410

If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe.
The welcome message made was soon re-
ceiv'd;

'T was what he wish'd, and hop'd, but scarce
believ'd:

Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present;
He knew the sex, and fear'd she might
repent,
Should he delay the moment of consent.
There yet remain'd to gain her friends (a
care

The modesty of maidens well might spare);
But she with such a zeal the cause embrac'd,
(As women, where they will, are all in
haste,) 420

That father, mother, and the kin beside,
Were overborne by fury of the tide:

With full consent of all she chang'd her
state,

Resistless in her love, as in her hate.

By her example warn'd, the rest beware;
More easy, less imperious, were the fair;
And that one hunting, which the devil de-
sign'd

For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

CEYX AND ALCYONE

[OUT OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF OVID'S
METAMORPHOSES]

CONNECTION OF THIS FABLE WITH THE
FORMER

Ceyx, the son of Lucifer (the morning star) and
King of Trachin, in Thessaly, was married to
Alcyone, daughter to Æolus, God of the
Winds. Both the husband and the wife lov'd
each other with an entire affection. Dædal-
ion, the elder brother of Ceyx (whom he
succeeded), having been turn'd into a falcon
by Apollo, and Chione, Dædalion's daughter,
slain by Diana, Ceyx prepares a ship to sail
to Claros, there to consult the oracle of
Apollo, and (as Ovid seems to intimate) to
enquire how the anger of the gods might be
aton'd.

THESE prodigies afflict the pious prince,
But, more perplex'd with those that hap-
pen'd since,

He purposes to seek the Clarian god,
Avoiding Delphos, his more fam'd abode,
Since Phlegyan robbers made unsafe the
road.

Yet could he not from her he lov'd so well,
The fatal voyage, he resolv'd, conceal:
But when she saw her lord prepar'd to
part,

A deadly cold ran shiv'ring to her heart;
Her faded cheeks are chang'd to boxen
hue,

And in her eyes the tears are ever new.
She thrice assay'd to speak; her accents
hung,

And falt'ring died unfinish'd on her tongue,
Or vanish'd into sighs: with long delay
Her voice return'd, and found the wonted
way.

"Tell me, my lord," she said, "what
fault unknown
Thy once belov'd Alcyone has done.
Whether, ah whether is thy kindness
gone!"

Can Ceyx then sustain to leave his wife,
And unconcern'd forsake the sweets of
life?

What can thy mind to this long journey
move,

Or need'st thou absence to renew thy love?
Yet, if thou go'st by land, tho' grief pos-
sess

My soul ev'n then, my fears will be the
less.

But ah! be warn'd to shun the wat'ry way—
The face is frightful of the stormy sea;
For late I saw adrift disjointed planks,
And empty tombs erected on the banks.

Nor let false hopes to trust betray thy
mind,

Because my sire in caves constrains the
wind,

Can with a breath their clam'rous rage
appease;

They fear his whistle, and forsake the seas.
Not so, for, once indulg'd, they sweep the
main,

Deaf to the call, or hearing, hear in vain;
But, bent on mischief, bear the waves be-
fore,

And, not content with seas, insult the shore;
When ocean, air, and earth, at once engage,
And rooted forests fly before their rage:

At once the clashing clouds to battle move,
And lightnings run across the fields above.
I know them well, and mark'd their rude
comport,

While yet a child, within my father's court:
In times of tempest they command alone,
And he but sits precarious on the throne.

The more I know, the more my fears aug-
ment;

And fears are oft prophetic of th' event.
But if not fears or reasons will prevail,

If fate has fix'd thee obstinate to sail,
Go not without thy wife, but let me bear

My part of danger with an equal share,⁵⁰
And present, what I suffer, only fear:

Then o'er the bounding billows shall we
fly,

Secure to live together, or to die."

These reasons mov'd her starlike hus-
band's heart,

But still he held his purpose to depart:
For, as he lov'd her equal to his life,

He would not to the seas expose his wife;
Nor could be wrought his voyage to refrain,

But sought by arguments to soothe her
pain.

Nor these avail'd; at length he lights on
one,

With which so difficult a cause he won:

"My love, so short an absence cease to fear,
For, by my father's holy flame, I swear,

Before two moons their orb with light
adorn,

If Heav'n allow me life, I will return."

This promise of so short a stay prevails:
He soon equips the ship, supplies the sails,

And gives the word to launch; she trem-
bling views

This pomp of death, and parting tears re-
news:

Last, with a kiss, she took a long farewell;
Sigh'd, with a sad presage, and swooning
fell.

While Ceyx seeks delays, the lusty crew,⁷¹
Rais'd on their banks, their oars in order

drew
To their broad breasts; the ship with fury

flew.

The queen, recover'd, rears her humid
eyes,

And first her husband on the poop espies,
Shaking his hand at distance on the main;

She took the sign, and shook her hand again.
Still as the ground recedes, contracts her
view

With sharpen'd sight, till she no longer
knew

The much-lov'd face; that comfort lost sup-
plies

With less, and with the galley feeds her
eyes;

The galley borne from view by rising gales,

She follow'd with her sight the flying sails:
When ev'n the flying sails were seen no
more,

Forsaken of all sight, she left the shore.

Then on her bridal bed her body throws,
And sought in sleep her wearied eyes to
close;

Her husband's pillow, and the widow'd part
Which once he press'd, renew'd the former
smart.

And now a breeze from shore began to
blow,

The sailors ship their oars, and cease to
row;

Then hoist their yards atrip, and all their
sails

Let fall, to court the wind, and catch the
gales.

By this the vessel half her course had run,
And as much rested till the rising sun;
Both shores were lost to sight, when, at the
close

Of day, a stiffer gale at east arose:
The sea grew white, the rolling waves from
far,

Like heralds, first denounce the wat'ry war.

This seen, the master soon began to cry:
"Strike, strike the topsail; let the main-
sheet fly,

And furl your sails." The winds repel the
sound,

And in the speaker's mouth the speech is
drown'd;

Yet of their own accord, as danger taught,
Each in his way, officiously they wrought:
Some stow their oars, or stop the leaky
sides;

Another bolder yet the yard bestrides,
And folds the sails; a fourth, with labor,
laves

Th' intruding seas, and waves ejects on
waves.

In this confusion while their work they
ply,

The winds augment the winter of the sky,
And wage intestine wars; the suff'ring seas
Are toss'd and mingled as their tyrants
please.

The master would command, but, in despair
Of safety, stands amaz'd with stupid care;
Nor what to bid, or what forbid, he knows,
Th' ungovern'd tempest to such fury grows;
Vain is his force, and vainer is his skill,
With such a concourse comes the flood of
ill.

The cries of men are mix'd with rattling
shrouds;

Seas dash on seas, and clouds encounter
clouds:

At once from east to west, from pole to
pole,

The fork lightning flash, the roaring thun-
ders roll.

Now waves on waves ascending scale the
skies,

And, in the fires above, the water fries.
When yellow sands are sifted from below,
The glitt'ring billows give a golden show;
And when the fouler bottom spews the
black,

The Stygian dye the tainted waters take:
Then frothy white appear the flattened seas,
And change their color, changing their dis-
ease.

Like various fits the Trachin vessel finds,
And now sublime she rides upon the winds;
As from a lofty summit looks from high,
And from the clouds beholds the nether
sky;

Now from the depth of hell they lift their
sight,

And at a distance see superior light.
The lashing billows make a loud report,
And beat her sides, as batt'ring rams a
fort:

Or as a lion, bounding in his way,
With force augmented bears against his
prey,

Sidelong to seize; or, unappall'd with fear,
Springs on the toils and rushes on the
spear:

So seas impell'd by winds with added pow'r
Assault the sides, and o'er the hatches
tow'r.

The planks (their pitchy cov'ring wash'd
away)

Now yield, and now a yawning breach dis-
play;

The roaring waters with a hostile tide
Rush thro' the ruins of her gaping side. 150
Meantime in sheets of rain the sky de-
scends,

And ocean, swell'd with waters, upwards
tends;

One rising, falling one, the heav'n and sea
Meet at their confines, in the middle way:
The sails are drunk with show'rs, and drop
with rain;

Sweet waters mingle with the briny main.
No star appears to lend his friendly light;

Darkness and tempest make a double night.
But flashing fires disclose the deep by turns;
And, while the lightnings blaze, the water
burns.

Now all the waves their scatter'd force
unite,

And, as a soldier, foremost in the fight,
Makes way for others, and, an host alone,
Still presses on, and urging gains the town;
So, while th' invading billows come abreast,
The hero tenth, advance'd before the rest,
Sweeps all before him with impetuous sway,
And from the walls descends upon the prey;
Part following enter, part remain without,
With envy hear their fellows' conquering
shout,

And mount on others' backs, in hope to
share

The city, thus become the seat of war.

An universal cry resounds aloud,
The sailors run in heaps, a helpless crowd;
Art fails, and courage falls, no succor near;
As many waves, as many deaths appear.
One weeps, and yet despairs of late relief;
One cannot weep, (his fears congeal his
grief,)

But, stupid, with dry eyes expects his
fate;

One with loud shrieks laments his lost
estate,

And calls those happy whom their funerals
wait.

This wretch with pray'rs and vows the gods
implores,

And ev'n the skies he cannot see, adores.
That other on his friends his thoughts be-
stows,

His careful father, and his faithful spouse.
The covetous worldling in his anxious mind
Thinks only on the wealth he left behind.

All Ceyx his Alcyone employs;
For her he grieves, yet in her absence joys:
His wife he wishes, and would still be
near,

Not her with him, but wishes him with her.
Now with last looks he seeks his native
shore,

Which fate has destin'd him to see no
more:

He sought, but in the dark tempestuous
night

He knew not whether to direct his sight.
So whirl the seas, such darkness blinds the
sky,

That the black night receives a deeper dye.

The giddy ship ran round; the tempest
tore

Her mast, and overboard the rudder bore.
One billow mounts, and with a scornful
brow,

Proud of her conquest gain'd, insults the
waves below;

Nor lighter falls, than if some giant tore
Pindus and Athos, with the freight they
bore,

And toss'd on seas: press'd with the pon-
d'rous blow,

Down sinks the ship within th' abyss below;
Down with the vessel sink into the main

The many, never more to rise again.
Some few on scatter'd planks with fruitless
care

Lay hold, and swim, but, while they swim,
despair.

Ev'n he, who late a scepter did com-
mand,

Now grasps a floating fragment in his hand;
And, while he struggles on the stormy main,
Invokes his father, and his wife's, in vain.
But yet his consort is his greater care;
Alcyone he names amidst his pray'r,
Names as a charm against the waves and
wind;

Most in his mouth, and ever in his mind:
Tir'd with his toil, all hopes of safety past,
From pray'rs to wishes he descends at last;
That his dead body, wafted to the sands,
Might have its burial from her friendly
hands.

As oft as he can catch a gulp of air,
And peep above the seas, he names the fair;
And ev'n when plung'd beneath, on her he
raves,

Murm'ring Alcyone below the waves:
At last a falling billow stops his breath,
Breaks o'er his head, and whelms him un-
derneath.

Bright Lucifer unlike himself appears
That night, his heav'nly form obscur'd with
tears;

And, since he was forbid to leave the skies,
He muffled with a cloud his mournful eyes.

Meantime Alcyone (his fate unknown)
Computes how many nights he had been
gone;

Observes the waning moon with hourly
view,

Numbers her age, and wishes for a new;
Against the promis'd time provides with
care,

And hastens in the woof the robes he was
to wear;

And for herself employs another loom,
New-dress'd to meet her lord returning
home,

Flatt'ring her heart with joys that never
were to come. ²⁴⁰

She fum'd the temples with an od'rous
flame,

And oft before the sacred altars came,
To pray for him, who was an empty
name.

All pow'rs implor'd, but, far above the
rest,

To Juno she her pious vows address'd,
Her much-lov'd lord from perils to protect,
And safe o'er seas his voyage to direct;
Then pray'd that she might still possess
his heart,

And no pretending rival share a part:
This last petition heard of all her pray'r, ²⁵⁰
The rest, dispers'd by winds, were lost in air.

But she, the goddess of the nuptial bed,
Tir'd with her vain devotions for the dead,
Resolv'd the tainted hand should be re-
pell'd,

Which incense offer'd, and her altar held:
Then Iris thus bespoke: "Thou faithful
maid,

By whom the queen's commands are well
convey'd,

Haste to the house of Sleep, and bid the god,
Who rules the night by visions with a nod,
Prepare a dream, in figure and in form ²⁶⁰
Resembling him who perish'd in the storm:
This form before Aleyone present,
To make her certain of the sad event."

Indued with robes of various hue she flies,
And flying draws an arch (a segment of the
skies);

Then leaves her bending bow, and from the
steep

Descends to search the silent house of Sleep.

Near the Cimmerians, in his dark abode
Deep in a cavern, dwells the drowsy god;
Whose gloomy mansion nor the rising sun,
Nor setting, visits, nor the lightsome noon:
But lazy vapors round the region fly, ²⁷²
Perpetual twilight, and a doubtful sky.
No crowing cock does there his wings dis-
play,

Nor with his horny bill provoke the day;
Nor watchful dogs, nor the more wakeful
geese,

Disturb with noisy noise the sacred peace:

Nor beast of nature, nor the tame, are nigh,
Nor trees with tempests rock'd, nor human
cry;

But safe repose, without an air of breath, ²⁸⁰
Dwells here, and a dumb quiet next to death.

An arm of Lethe, with a gentle flow,
Arising upwards from the rock below,
The palace moats, and o'er the pebbles
creeps,

And with soft murmurs calls the coming
sleeps;

Around its entry nodding poppies grow,
And all cool simples that sweet rest bestow;
Night from the plants their sleepy virtue
drains,

And passing, sheds it on the silent plains:
No door there was th' unguarded house to
keep, ²⁹⁰

On creaking hinges turn'd, to break his sleep.
But in the gloomy court was rais'd a bed,
Stuff'd with black plumes, and on an ebon
stead:

Black was the cov'ring too, where lay the
god,

And slept supine, his limbs display'd abroad.
About his head fantastic visions fly,
Which various images of things supply,
And mock their forms; the leaves on trees
not more,

Nor bearded ears in fields, nor sands upon
the shore.

The virgin ent'ring bright indulg'd the
day ³⁰⁰

To the brown cave, and brush'd the dreams
away:

The god, disturb'd with this new glare of
light

Cast sudden on his face, unseal'd his sight,
And rais'd his tardy head, which sunk again,
And sinking on his bosom knock'd his chin:
At length shook off himself; and ask'd the
dame

(And asking yawn'd) for what intent she
came.

To whom the goddess thus: "O sacred
Rest,

Sweet pleasing Sleep, of all the pow'rs the
best!

O peace of mind, repairer of decay, ³¹⁰
Whose balms renew the limbs to labors
of the day;

Care shuns thy soft approach, and sullen
flies away!

Adorn a dream, expressing human form,
The shape of him who suffer'd in the storm,

And send it flitting to the Trachin court,
The wreck of wretched Ceyx to report:
Before his queen bid the pale specter stand,
Who begs a vain relief at Juno's hand."
She said, and scarce awake her eyes could

keep,
Unable to support the fumes of sleep; ³²⁰
But fled, returning by the way she went,
And swerv'd along her bow with swift as-
cent.

The god, uneasy till he slept again,
Resolv'd at once to rid himself of pain;
And, tho' against his custom, call'd aloud,
Exciting Morpheus from the sleepy crowd:
Morpheus of all his numerous train ex-
press'd

The shape of man, and imitated best;
The walk, the words, the gesture could sup-
ply,

The habit mimic, and the mien bely; ³³⁰
Plays well, but all his action is confin'd,
Extending not beyond our human kind.
Another birds, and beasts, and dragons apes,
And dreadful images, and monster shapes:
This demon Ieclos in heav'n's high hall
The gods have nam'd, but men Phobetor
call.

A third is Phantassus, whose actions roll
On meaner thoughts, and things devoid of
soul;

Earth, fruits, and flow'rs he represents in
dreams,

And solid rocks unmov'd, and running
streams: ³⁴⁰

These three to kings and chiefs their scenes
display,

The rest before th' ignoble commons play.
Of these the chosen Morpheus is dispatch'd:

Which done, the lazy monarch, over-
watch'd,

Down from his propping elbow drops his
head,

Dissolv'd in sleep, and shrinks within his bed.

Darling the demon glides, for flight pre-
par'd,

So soft that scarce his fanning wings are
heard.

To Trachin, swift as thought, the flitting
shade

Thro' air his momentary journey made: ³⁵⁰
Then lays aside the steerage of his wings,
Forsakes his proper form, assumes the king's;

And pale as death, despoil'd of his array, }
Into the queen's apartment takes his way, }

And stands before the bed at dawn of day. }

Unmov'd his eyes, and wet his beard ap-
pears;

And shedding vain, but seeming real tears; }

The briny water dropping from his hairs: }

Then staring on her, with a ghastly look
And hollow voice, he thus the queen be-
spoke: ³⁶⁰

"Know'st thou not me? Not yet, un-
happy wife?

Or are my features perish'd with my life?
Look once again, and, for thy husband lost,

Lo! all that's left of him, thy husband's
ghost!

Thy vows for my return were all in vain; }

The stormy south o'ertook us in the main; }

And never shalt thou see thy living lord
again.

Bear witness, Heav'n, I call'd on thee in
death,

And while I call'd, a billow stopp'd my
breath:

Think not that flying fame reports my
fate; ³⁷⁰

I present, I appear, and my own wreck
relate.

Rise, wretched widow, rise, nor unde-
plor'd

Permit my ghost to pass the Stygian ford; }

But rise, prepar'd in black, to mourn thy
perish'd lord."

Thus said the player god; and, adding art
Of voice and gesture, so perform'd his part,

She thought (so like her love the shade
appears)

That Ceyx spake the words, and Ceyx shed
the tears.

She groan'd, her inward soul with grief
oppress'd;

She sigh'd, she wept, and sleeping beat her
breast: ³⁸⁰

Then stretch'd her arms t' embrace his
body bare —

Her clasping arms inclose but empty air.
At this, not yet awake, she cried: "O stay,

One is our fate, and common is our way!"
So dreadful was the dream, so loud she
spoke,

That, starting sudden up, the slumber broke;
Then cast her eyes around, in hope to view

Her vanish'd lord, and find the vision true:
For now the maids, who waited her com-
mands,

Ran in with lighted tapers in their hands.
Tir'd with the search, not finding what she
seeks, ³⁹¹

With cruel blows she pounds her blubber'd cheeks;

Then from her beaten breast the linen tare,
And cut the golden caul that bound her hair.
Her nurse demands the cause; with louder cries

She prosecutes her griefs, and thus replies:
"No more Alcyone; she suffer'd death
With her lov'd lord, when Ceyx lost his breath:

No flatt'ry, no false comfort, give me none,
My shipwreck'd Ceyx is for ever gone; ⁴⁰⁰
I saw, I saw him manifest in view;
His voice, his figure, and his gestures knew.
His luster lost, and ev'ry living grace,
Yet I retain'd the features of his face;
Tho' with pale cheeks, wet beard, and dropping hair,

None but my Ceyx could appear so fair:
I would have strain'd him with a strict embrace,

But thro' my arms he slipp'd, and vanish'd from the place:

There, ev'n just there he stood;" and as she spoke,

Where last the specter was, she cast her look: ⁴¹⁰

Fain would she hope, and gaz'd upon the ground,

If any printed footsteps might be found.

Then sigh'd and said: "This I too well foreknew,

And my prophetic fear presag'd too true:
'T was what I begg'd, when with a bleeding heart

I took my leave, and suffer'd thee to part;
Or I to go along, or thou to stay,
Never, ah never to divide our way!
Happier for me, that all our hours assign'd
Together we had liv'd; e'en not in death disjoin'd! ⁴²⁰

So had my Ceyx still been living here,
Or with my Ceyx I had perish'd there.
Now I die absent, in the vast profound,
And me without myself the seas have drown'd:

The storms were not so cruel, should I strive
To lengthen life, and such a grief survive;
But neither will I strive, nor wretched thee
In death forsake, but keep thee company.
If not one common sepulcher contains
Our bodies, or one urn our last remains, ⁴³⁰
Yet Ceyx and Alcyone shall join,
Their names remember'd in one common line."

No farther voice her mighty grief affords,
For sighs come rushing in betwixt her words,

And stopp'd her tongue; but what her tongue denied,
Soft tears, and groans, and dumb complaints supplied.

'T was morning; to the port she takes her way,

And stands upon the margin of the sea:
That place, that very spot of ground she sought,

Or thither by her destiny was brought, ⁴⁴⁰
Where last he stood; and while she sadly said:

"'T was here he left me, ling'ring here delay'd

His parting kiss; and there his anchors weigh'd."—

Thus speaking, while her thoughts past actions trace,

And call to mind, admonish'd by the place,
Sharp at her utmost ken she cast her eyes,
And somewhat floating from afar descries;
It seem'd a corpse adrift, to distant sight,
But at a distance who could judge aright?
It wafted nearer yet, and then she knew
That what before she but surmis'd, was true: ⁴⁵¹

A corpse it was, but whose it was, unknown;
Yet mov'd, howe'er, she made the case her own;

Took the bad omen of a shipwreck'd man,
As for a stranger wept, and thus began:

"Poor wretch, on stormy seas to lose thy life,

Unhappy thou, but more thy widow'd wife!"

At this she paus'd; for now the flowing tide

Had brought the body nearer to the side:
The more she looks, the more her fears increase ⁴⁶⁰

At nearer sight, and she's herself the less.
Now driv'n ashore, and at her feet it lies;
She knows too much, in knowing whom she sees—

Her husband's corpse: at this she loudly shrieks:

"'T is he, 'tis he," she cries, and tears her cheeks,

Her hair, her vest; and, stooping to the sands,

About his neck she cast her trembling hands.

"And is it thus, O dearer than my life,
Thus, thus return'st thou to thy longing
wife!"

She said, and to the neighb'ring mole she
strode,
(Rais'd there to break th' incursions of the
flood.)

Headlong from hence to plunge herself she
springs,

But shoots along supported on her wings;
A bird new-made about the banks she
plies,

Not far from shore, and short excursions
tries;

Nor seeks in air her humble flight to raise,
Content to skim the surface of the seas:
Her bill, tho' slender, sends a creaking noise,
And imitates a lamentable voice.

Now lighting where the bloodless body lies,
She with a funeral note renews her cries.

At all her stretch her little wings she
spread,

And with her feather'd arms embrac'd the
dead;

Then flick'ring to his pallid lips, she strove
To print a kiss, the last essay of love.

Whether the vital touch reviv'd the dead,
Or that the moving waters rais'd his head
To meet the kiss, the vulgar doubt alone;
For sure a present miracle was shown.

The gods their shapes to winter birds trans-
late,

But both obnoxious to their former fate.

Their conjugal affection still is tied,
And still the mournful race is multiplied.

They bill, they tread; Aleyone, compress'd,
Sev'n days sits brooding on her floating
nest,

A wintry queen: her sire at length is kind,
Calms ev'ry storm, and hushes ev'ry wind;
Prepares his empire for his daughter's ease,
And for his hatching nephews smooths the
seas.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF

OR, THE LADY IN THE ARBOR

A VISION [OUT OF CHAUCER]

Now turning from the wintry signs, the sun
His course exalted thro' the Ram had run,
And, whirling up the skies, his chariot drove
Thro' Taurus and the lightsome realms of
love;

Where Venus from her orb descends in
show'rs,

To glad the ground, and paint the fields
with flow'rs:

When first the tender blades of grass ap-
pear,

And buds, that yet the blast of Eurus fear,
Stand at the door of life, and doubt to
clothe the year;

Till gentle heat and soft repeated rains
Make the green blood to dance within their
veins:

Then, at their call, embolden'd out they
come,

And swell the gems and burst the narrow
room;

Broader and broader yet, their blooms dis-
play,

Salute the welcome sun, and entertain the
day.

Then from their breathing souls the sweets
repair

To scent the skies, and purge th' unwhole-
some air;

Joy spreads the heart, and, with a general
song,

Spring issues out and leads the jolly months
along.

In that sweet season, as in bed I lay
And sought in sleep to pass the night away,
I turn'd my weary side, but still in vain,
Tho' full of youthful health, and void of
pain:

Cares I had none, to keep me from my rest,
For love had never enter'd in my breast;

I wanted nothing Fortune could supply,
Nor did she slumber till that hour deny.

I wonder'd then, but after found it true,
Much joy had dried away the balmy dew:

Seas would be pools, without the brush-
ing air

To curl the waves; and sure some little
care

Should weary Nature so, to make her
want repair.

When Chanticleer the second watch had
sung,

Scorning the scorner sleep, from bed I
sprung;

And dressing, by the moon, in loose array,
Pass'd out in open air, preventing day,

And sought a goodly grove, as fancy led
my way.

Straight as a line in beauteous order stood
Of oaks unshorn a venerable wood:

Fresh was the grass beneath; and ev'ry tree,
At distance planted in a due degree, 41
Their branching arms in air with equal space
Stretch'd to their neighbors with a long embrace;

And the new leaves on ev'ry bough were seen,

Some ruddy-color'd, some of lighter green.
The painted birds, companions of the spring,
Hopping from spray to spray, were heard to sing;

Both eyes and ears receiv'd a like delight,
Enchanting music, and a charming sight.
On Philomel I fix'd my whole desire, 50
And listen'd for the queen of all the choir;
Fain would I hear her heav'nly voice to sing;

And wanted yet an omen to the spring.
Attending long in vain, I took the way,
Which thro' a path but scarcely printed lay;

In narrow mazes oft it seem'd to meet,
And look'd as lightly press'd by fairy feet.
Wand'ring I walk'd alone, for still methought

To some strange end so strange a path was wrought;

At last it led me where an arbor stood, 60
The sacred receptacle of the wood.

This place unmark'd, tho' oft I walk'd the green,

In all my progress I had never seen;
And, seiz'd at once with wonder and delight,
Gaz'd all around me, new to the transporting sight.

'T was bench'd with turf, and goodly to be seen,

The thick young grass arose in fresher green:

The mound was newly made, no sight could pass

Betwixt the nice partitions of the grass;
The well-united sods so closely lay, 70

And all around the shades defended it from day,

For sycamores with eglantine were spread,
A hedge about the sides, a covering over head.

And so the fragrant brier was wove between,
The sycamore and flow'rs were mix'd with green,

That nature seem'd to vary the delight,
And satisfied at once the smell and sight.

The master workman of the bow'r was known

Thro' fairy lands, and built for Oberon;
Who twining leaves with such proportion drew, 80

They rose by measure, and by rule they grew:

No mortal tongue can half the beauty tell,
For none but hands divine could work so well.

Both roof and sides were like a parlor made,
A soft recess, and a cool summer shade:

The hedge was set so thick, no foreign eye
The persons plac'd within it could espy;
But all that pass'd without with ease was seen,

As if nor fence nor tree was plac'd between.
'T was border'd with a field; and some was plain 90

With grass, and some was sow'd with rising grain,

That (now the dew with spangles deck'd the ground)

A sweeter spot of earth was never found.

I look'd and look'd, and still with new delight;

Such joy my soul, such pleasures fill'd my sight:

And the fresh eglantine exhal'd a breath,
Whose odors were of pow'r to raise from death.

Nor sullen discontent, nor anxious care,
Ev'n tho' brought thither, could inhabit there;

But thence they fled as from their mortal foe, 100

For this sweet place could only pleasure know.

Thus, as I mus'd, I cast aside my eye,
And saw a medlar tree was planted nigh.

The spreading branches made a goodly show,
And full of opening blooms was ev'ry bough.

A goldfinch there I saw with gaudy pride
Of painted plumes, that hopp'd from side to side,

Still pecking as she pass'd; and still she drew

The sweets from ev'ry flow'r, and suck'd the dew:

Suffic'd at length, she warbled in her throat, 110

And tun'd her voice to many a merry note,
But indistinct, and neither sweet nor clear,

Yet such as sooth'd my soul and pleas'd my ear.

Her short performance was no sooner tried,

When she I sought, the nightingale, replied:

So sweet, so shrill, so variously she sung,
That the grove echo'd, and the valleys rung;
And I so ravish'd with her heav'nly note,
I stood intranc'd, and had no room for thought,

But all o'erpow'r'd with ecstasy of bliss, ¹²⁰
Was in a pleasing dream of Paradise.

At length I wak'd, and, looking round the bow'r,

Search'd ev'ry tree, and pried on ev'ry flower,

If anywhere by chance I might espy

The rural poet of the melody;

For still methought she sung not far away.

At last I found her on a laurel spray;

Close by my side she sate, and fair in sight,

Full in a line, against her opposite,

Where stood with eglantine the laurel twin'd, ¹³⁰

And both their native sweets were well conjoin'd.

On the green bank I sat, and listen'd long;

(Sitting was more convenient for the song!)

Nor till her lay was ended could I move,

But wish'd to dwell forever in the grove.

Only methought the time too swiftly pass'd,

And ev'ry note I fear'd would be the last.

My sight, and smell, and hearing were employ'd,

And all three senses in full gust enjoy'd.

And what alone did all the rest surpass, ¹⁴⁰

The sweet possession of the fairy place;

Single, and conscious to myself alone

Of pleasures to th' excluded world unknown:

Pleasures which nowhere else were to be found,

And all Elysium in a spot of ground.

Thus while I sat intent to see and hear,

And drew perfumes of more than vital air,

All suddenly I heard th' approaching sound

Of vocal music on th' enchanted ground:

An host of saints it seem'd, so full the choir; ¹⁵⁰

As if the blest above did all conspire

To join their voices and neglect the lyre.

At length there issued from the grove behind

A fair assembly of the female kind:

A train less fair, as ancient fathers tell,

Seduc'd the sons of heaven to rebel.

I pass their forms, and ev'ry charming grace;

Less than an angel would their worth debase;

But their attire, like liveries of a kind, ¹⁵⁰

All rich and rare, is fresh within my mind.

In velvet, white as snow, the troop was gown'd,

The seams with sparkling emeralds set around;

Their hoods and sleeves the same, and purfl'd o'er

With diamonds, pearls, and all the shining store

Of Eastern pomp; their long descending train,

With rubies edg'd, and sapphires, swept the plain;

High on their heads, with jewels richly set,

Each lady wore a radiant coronet.

Beneath the circles, all the choir was grac'd

With chaplets green on their fair foreheads plac'd. ¹⁷⁰

Of laurel some, of woodbine many more,
And wreaths of *agnus castus* others bore:

These last, who with those virgin crowns were dress'd,

Appear'd in higher honor than the rest.

They danc'd around; but in the midst }
was seen

A lady of a more majestic mien,

By stature and by beauty mark'd their sovereign queen.

She in the midst began with sober grace;

Her servants' eyes were fix'd upon her face,

And, as she mov'd or turn'd, her motions view'd, ¹⁸⁰

Her measures kept, and step by step pursued.

Methought she trod the ground with greater grace,

With more of godhead shining in her face;

And as in beauty she surpass'd the choir,

So, nobler than the rest, was her attire.

A crown of ruddy gold inclos'd her brow,

Plain without pomp, and rich without a show:

A branch of *agnus castus* in her hand

She bore aloft (her scepter of command);

Admir'd, ador'd by all the circling crowd,

For wheresoe'er she turn'd her face, they bow'd. ¹⁹⁰

And as she danc'd, a roundelay she sung,

In honor of the laurel, ever young:

She rais'd her voice on high, and sung
 so clear,
 The fawns came scudding from the
 groves to hear,
 And all the bending forest lent an ear.
 At ev'ry close she made, th' attending
 through

Replied, and bore the burden of the song:
 So just, so small, yet in so sweet a note,
 It seem'd the music melted in the throat. 200

Thus dancing on, and singing as they
 danc'd,

They to the middle of the mead advanc'd,
 Till round my arbor a new ring they made,
 And footed it about the secret shade.
 O'erjoy'd to see the jolly troop so near,
 But somewhat aw'd, I shook with holy fear;
 Yet not so much, but that I noted well
 Who did the most in song or dance excel.

Not long I had observ'd, when from afar
 I heard a sudden symphony of war; 210
 The neighing coursers, and the soldiers' cry,
 And sounding trumps that seem'd to tear
 the sky.

I saw soon after this, behind the grove
 From whence the ladies did in order move,
 Come issuing out in arms a warrior train,
 That like a deluge pour'd upon the plain:
 On barbed steeds they rode in proud array,
 Thick as the college of the bees in May,
 When swarming o'er the dusky fields they
 fly,

New to the flow'rs, and intercept the sky.
 So fierce they drove, their coursers were so
 fleet, 221
 That the turf trembled underneath their
 feet.

To tell their costly furniture were long,
 The summer's day would end before the
 song;

To purchase but the tenth of all their store
 Would make the mighty Persian monarch
 poor.

Yet what I can, I will; before the rest
 The trumpets issued in white mantles
 dress'd:

A numerous troop, and all their heads
 around

With chaplets green of cerrial oak were
 crown'd; 230

And at each trumpet was a banner bound,
 Which, waving in the wind, display'd at
 large

Their master's coat of arms and knightly
 charge.

Broad were the banners, and of snowy hue,
 A purer web the silkworm never drew.

The chief about their necks the scutcheons
 wore,

With orient pearls and jewels powder'd
 o'er;

Broad were their collars too, and ev'ry one
 Was set about with many a costly stone.

Next these, of kings at arms a goodly
 train 240

In proud array came prancing o'er the plain;
 Their cloaks were cloth of silver mix'd
 with gold,

And garlands green around their temples
 roll'd;

Rich crowns were on their royal scutcheons
 plac'd,

With sapphires, diamonds, and with rubies
 grac'd.

And as the trumpets their appearance
 made,

So these in habits were alike array'd;
 But with a pace more sober and more slow,
 And twenty, rank in rank, they rode arow.
 The pursuivants came next, in number
 more; 250

And like the heralds each his scutcheon
 bore:

Clad in white velvet all their troop they
 led,

With each an oaken chaplet on his head.

Nine royal knights in equal rank suc-
 ceed,

Each warrior mounted on a fiery steed;
 In golden armor glorious to behold;
 The rivets of their arms were nail'd with
 gold.

Their surcoats of white ermine fur were
 made,

With cloth of gold between that cast a
 glitt'ring shade.

The trappings of their steeds were of the
 same; 260

The golden fringe ev'n set the ground on
 flame,

And drew a precious trail: a crown divine
 Of laurel did about their temples twine.

Three henchmen were for ev'ry knight
 assign'd,

All in rich livery clad, and of a kind;
 White velvet, but unshorn, for cloaks they
 wore,

And each within his hand a truncheon bore:
 The foremost held a helm of rare device;

A prince's ransom would not pay the price.

The second bore the buckler of his knight,
 The third of cornel wood a spear upright,
 Headed with piercing steel, and polish'd bright.
 Like to their lords their equipage was seen,
 And all their foreheads crown'd with garlands green.
 And after these came arm'd with spear and shield
 An host so great, as cover'd all the field;
 And all their foreheads, like the knights before,
 With laurels ever green were shaded o'er,
 Or oak, or other leaves of lasting kind,
 Tenacious of the stem, and firm against the wind.
 Some in their hands, besides the lance and shield,
 The boughs of woodbind or of hawthorn held,
 Or branches for their mystic emblems took,
 Of palm, of laurel, or of cerial oak.
 Thus marching to the trumpets' lofty sound,
 Drawn in two lines adverse they wheel'd around,
 And in the middle meadow took their ground.
 Among themselves the turney they divide,
 In equal squadrons rang'd on either side;
 Then turn'd their horses' heads, and man to man,
 And steed to steed oppos'd, the justs began.
 They lightly set their lances in the rest,
 And, at the sign, against each other press'd:
 They met; I sitting at my ease beheld
 The mix'd events, and fortunes of the field.
 Some broke their spears, some tumbled horse and man,
 And round the field the lighten'd coursers ran.
 An hour and more, like tides, in equal sway
 They rush'd, and won by turns and lost the day:
 At length the nine (who still together held)
 Their fainting foes to shameful flight
 Compell'd,
 And with resistless force o'erran the field.
 Thus, to their fame, when finish'd was the fight,
 The victors from their lofty steeds alight:
 Like them dismounted all the warlike train,
 And two by two proceeded o'er the plain;

Till to the fair assembly they advanc'd,
 Who near the secret arbor sung and danc'd.
 The ladies left their measures at the sight,
 To meet the chiefs returning from the fight,
 And each with open arms embrac'd her chosen knight.
 Amid the plain a spreading laurel stood,
 The grace and ornament of all the wood:
 That pleasing shade they sought, a soft retreat
 From sudden April show'rs, a shelter from the heat.
 Her heavy arms with such extent were spread,
 So near the clouds was her aspiring head,
 That hosts of birds, that wing the liquid air,
 Perch'd in the boughs, had nightly lodging there;
 And flocks of sheep beneath the shade from far
 Might hear the rattling hail and wintry war;
 From heav'n's inclemency here found retreat,
 Enjoy'd the cool, and shunn'd the scorching heat:
 A hundred knights might there at ease abide,
 And ev'ry knight a lady by his side;
 The trunk itself such odors did bequeath,
 That a Moluccan breeze to these was common breath.
 The lords and ladies here, approaching, paid
 Their homage, with a low obeisance made,
 And seem'd to venerate the sacred shade.
 These rites perform'd, their pleasures they pursue,
 With songs of love, and mix with measures new;
 Around the holy tree their dance they frame,
 And ev'ry champion leads his chosen dame.
 I cast my sight upon the farther field,
 And a fresh object of delight beheld:
 For from the region of the West I heard
 New music sound, and a new troop appear'd,
 Of knights and ladies mix'd, a jolly band;
 But all on foot they march'd, and hand in hand.

The ladies dress'd in rich simars were
seen
Of Florence satin, flow'r'd with white and
green,
And for a shade betwixt the bloomy
gridelin.

The borders of their petticoats below
Were guarded thick with rubies on arow;
And ev'ry damsel wore upon her head
Of flow'rs a garland blended white and red.
Attir'd in mantles all the knights were seen,
That gratified the view with cheerful green:
Their chaplets of their ladies' colors were,
Compos'd of white and red, to shade their
shining hair.

Before the merry troop the minstrels play'd:
All in their masters' liveries were array'd,
And clad in green, and on their temples wore
The chaplets white and red their ladies bore.
Their instruments were various in their kind,
Some for the bow, and some for breathing
wind:

The sawtry, pipe, and hautboys' noisy band,
And the soft lute trembling beneath the
touching hand.

A tuft of daisies on a flow'ry lea
They saw, and thitherward they bent their
way;

To this both knights and dames their hom-
age made,
And due obeisance to the daisy paid.

And then the band of flutes began to play,
To which a lady sung a virelay;
And still at ev'ry close she would repeat
The burden of the song, "The daisy is so
sweet."

"The daisy is so sweet," when she begun,
The troop of knights and dames continued
on.

The concert and the voice so charm'd my
ear,
And sooth'd my soul, that it was heav'n to
hear.

But soon their pleasure pass'd; at noon
of day,

The sun with sultry beams began to play:
Not Sirius shoots a fiercer flame from high,
When with his pois'nous breath he blasts
the sky.

Then droop'd the fading flow'rs (their
beauty fled)

And clos'd their sickly eyes, and hung
the head;

And, rivell'd up with heat, lay dying in
their bed.

The ladies gasp'd, and scarcely could re-
spire;

The breath they drew, no longer air, but fire:
The fainty knights were scorch'd, and knew
not where

To run for shelter, for no shade was near.
And after this the gath'ring clouds amain
Pour'd down a storm of rattling hail and
rain,

And lightning flash'd betwixt; the field and
flow'rs,

Burnt up before, were buried in the show'rs.
The ladies and the knights, no shelter nigh,
Bare to the weather and the wintry sky,
Were dropping wet, disconsolate and wan,
And thro' their thin array receiv'd the rain.

While those in white, protected by the
tree,

Saw pass the vain assault, and stood from
danger free.

But as compassion mov'd their gentle minds,
When ceas'd the storm, and silent were the
winds,

Displeas'd at what, not suff'ring, they had
seen,

They went to cheer the faction of the green.
The queen in white array, before her band,
Saluting, took her rival by the hand;

So did the knights and dames, with courtly
grace,

And with behavior sweet their foes embrace.
Then thus the queen with laurel on her
brow:

"Fair sister, I have suffer'd in your woe;
Nor shall be wanting aught within my pow'r
For your relief in my refreshing bow'r."

That other answer'd with a lowly look,
And soon the gracious invitation took;
For ill at ease both she and all her train
The scorching sun had borne, and beating
rain.

Like courtesy was us'd by all in white;
Each dame a dame receiv'd, and ev'ry
knight a knight.

The laurel champions with their swords in-
vade

The neighb'ring forests, where the justs
were made,

And sear wood from the rotten hedges took,
And seeds of latent fire from flints provoke:
A cheerful blaze arose, and by the fire
They warm'd their frozen feet and dried
their wet attire.

Refresh'd with heat, the ladies sought
around

For virtuous herbs, which gather'd from
the ground,
They squeez'd the juice, and cooling oint-
ment made,
Which on their sunburnt cheeks and their
chapp'd skins they laid; ⁴²⁰
Then sought green salads, which they bade
'em eat,

A sovereign remedy for inward heat.

The Lady of the Leaf ordain'd a feast,
And made the Lady of the Flow'r her guest:
When lo! a bow'r ascended on the plain,
With sudden seats adorn'd, and large for
either train.

This bow'r was near my pleasant arbor
plac'd,

That I could hear and see whatever pass'd:
The ladies sat with each a knight between,
Distinguish'd by their colors, white and
green; ⁴³⁰

The vanquish'd party with the victors join'd,
Nor wanted sweet discourse, the banquet of
the mind.

Meantime the minstrels play'd on either
side,

Vain of their art, and for the mast'ry vied;
The sweet contention lasted for an hour,
And reach'd my secret arbor from the
bow'r.

The sun was set; and Vesper, to supply
His absent beams, had lighted up the sky:
When Philomel, officious all the day
To sing the service of th' ensuing May, ⁴⁴⁰
Fled from her laurel shade, and wing'd her
flight

Directly to the queen array'd in white;
And hopping sate familiar on her hand,
A new musician, and increas'd the band.

The goldfinch, who, to shun the scalding
heat,

Had chang'd the medlar for a safer seat,
And hid in bushes scap'd the bitter show'r,
Now perch'd upon the Lady of the Flow'r;
And either songster, holding out their
throats,

And folding up their wings, renew'd their
notes; ⁴⁵⁰

As if all day, preluding to the fight,
They only had rehears'd, to sing by night.
The banquet ended, and the battle done,
They danc'd by starlight and the friendly
moon;

And when they were to part, the laureat
queen

Supplied with steeds the Lady of the green,

Her and her train conducting on the way,
The moon to follow, and avoid the day.

This when I saw, inquisitive to know
The secret moral of the mystic show, ⁴⁶⁰
I started from my shade, in hopes to find
Some nymph to satisfy my longing mind;
And, as my fair adventure fell, I found
A lady all in white, with laurel crown'd,
Who clos'd the rear, and softly pac'd along,
Repeating to herself the former song.
With due respect my body I inclin'd,
As to some being of superior kind,
And made my court according to the day,
Wishing her queen and her a happy May.
"Great thanks, my daughter," with a gra-
cious bow ⁴⁷¹

She said; and I, who much desir'd to know
Of whence she was, yet fearful how to
break

My mind, adventur'd humbly thus to speak:
"Madam, might I presume and not offend,
So may the stars and shining moon attend
Your nightly sports, as you vouchsafe to
tell

What nymphs they were who mortal
forms excel,
And what the knights who fought in
listed fields so well."

To this the dame replied: "Fair daugh-
ter, know, ⁴⁸⁰

That what you saw was all a fairy show;
And all those airy shapes you now behold
Were human bodies once, and cloth'd with
earthly mold.

Our souls, not yet prepar'd for upper light,
Till doomsday wander in the shades of
night;

This only holiday of all the year,
We privileg'd in sunshine may appear:
With songs and dance we celebrate the
day,

And with due honors usher in the May.

At other times we reign by night alone, ⁴⁹⁰
And posting thro' the skies pursue the
moon;

But when the moon arises, none are found;
For cruel Demogorgon walks the round,
And if he finds a fairy lag in light,
He drives the wretch before, and lashes
into night.

"All courtours are by kind, and ever
proud

With friendly offices to help the good.
In every land we have a larger space
Than what is known to you of mortal race,

Where we with green adorn our fairy
bow'rs,⁵⁰⁰
And ev'n this grove, unseen before, is ours.
Know farther: ev'ry lady cloth'd in white,
And, crown'd with oak and laurel ev'ry knight,
Are servants to the Leaf, by liveries known
Of innocence; and I myself am one.
Saw you not her so graceful to behold
In white attire, and crown'd with radiant
gold?
The sovereign lady of our land is she,
Diana call'd, the queen of chastity;
And, for the spotless name of maid she
bears,⁵¹⁰
That *agnus castus* in her hand appears;
And all her train, with leavy chaplets
crown'd,
Were for unblam'd virginity renown'd;
But those the chief and highest in command
Who bear those holy branches in their hand:
The knights adorn'd with laurel crowns
are they
Whom death nor danger ever could dis-
may,
Victorious names, who made the world
obey;
Who, while they liv'd, in deeds of arms ex-
cell'd,
And after death for deities were held.⁵²⁰
But those who wear the woodbine on their
brow
Were knights of love, who never broke
their vow;
Firm to their plighted faith, and ever free
From fears, and fickle chance, and jealousy.
The lords and ladies who the woodbine
bear
As true as Tristram and Isotta were."
"But what are those," said I, "th' un-
conquer'd nine,
Who crown'd with laurel wreaths in golden
armor shine?
And who the knights in green, and what
the train⁵²⁹
Of ladies dress'd with daisies on the plain?
Why both the bands in worship disagree,
And some adore the Flow'r, and some the
Tree?"
"Just is your suit, fair daughter," said
the dame;
"Those laurel'd chiefs were men of mighty
fame;
Nine worthies were they call'd of diff'rent
rites,

Three Jews, three Pagans, and three Chris-
tian knights.
These, as you see, ride foremost in the
field,
As they the foremost rank of honor held,
And all in deeds of chivalry excell'd:
Their temples wreath'd with leaves, that
still renew;⁵⁴⁰
For deathless laurel is the victor's due.
Who bear the bows were knights in Ar-
thur's reign,
Twelve they, and twelve the peers of Char-
lemagne;
For bows the strength of brawny arms im-
ply,
Emblems of valor and of victory.
Behold an order yet of newer date,
Doubling their number, equal in their state;
Our England's ornament, the crown's de-
fense,
In battle brave, protectors of their prince;
Unchang'd by fortune, to their sovereign
true,⁵⁵⁰
For which their manly legs are bound with
blue.
These, of the Garter call'd, of faith un-
stain'd,
In fighting fields the laurel have obtain'd.
And well repaid those honors which they
gain'd.
The laurel wreaths were first by Caesar
worn,
And still they Caesar's successors adorn;
One leaf of this is immortality,
And more of worth than all the world can
buy."
"One doubt remains," said I, "the dames
in green,
What were their qualities, and who their
queen?"⁵⁶⁰
"Flora commands," said she, "those nymphs
and knights,
Who liv'd in slothful ease and loose de-
lights;
Who never acts of honor durst pursue,
The men inglorious knights, the ladies all
untrue:
Who, nurs'd in idleness and train'd in
courts,
Pass'd all their precious hours in plays and
sports,
Till Death behind came stalking on, un-
seen,
And wither'd (like the storm) the freshness
of their green.

These, and their mates, enjoy the present hour,

And therefore pay their homage to the Flow'r.

But knights in knightly deeds should per-
severe,

And still continue what at first they were;
Continue, and proceed in honor's fair
career.

No room for cowardice or dull delay;
From good to better they should urge their
way.

For this with golden spurs the chiefs are
grac'd,

With pointed rowels arm'd to mend their
haste;

For this with lasting leaves their brows
are bound,

For laurel is the sign of labor crown'd,
Which bears the bitter blast, nor shaken
falls to ground:

From winter winds it suffers no decay,
For ever fresh and fair, and ev'ry month is
May.

Ev'n when the vital sap retreats below,
Ev'n when the hoary head is hid in snow,
The life is in she leaf, and still between
The fits of falling snows appears the streaky
green.

Not so the flow'r, which lasts for little space,
A short-liv'd good, and an uncertain grace;
This way and that the feeble stem is driv'n,
Weak to sustain the storms and injuries of
heav'n.

Propp'd by the spring, it lifts aloft the
head,

But of a sickly beauty, soon to shed;
In summer living, and in winter dead.
For things of tender kind, for pleasure made,
Shoot up with swift increase, and sudden
are decay'd."

With humble words, the wisest I could
frame,

And proffer'd service, I repaid the dame;
That, of her grace, she gave her maid to
know

The secret meaning of this moral show.

And she, to prove what profit I had made
Of mystic truth, in fables first convey'd,
Demanded, till the next returning May,
Whether the Leaf or Flow'r I would obey?
I chose the Leaf; she smil'd with sober
cheer,

And wish'd me fair adventure for the year,
And gave me charms and sigils, for defense

Against ill tongues that scandal innocence.
"But I," said she, "my fellows must pursue,
Already past the plain and out of view."

We parted thus; I homeward sped my
way,

Bewilder'd in the wood till dawn of day,
And met the merry crew who danc'd about
the May.

Then late, refresh'd with sleep, I rose to
write

The visionary vigils of the night:
Blush, as thou may'st, my little book, for
shame,

Nor hope with homely verse to purchase
fame;

For such thy maker chose, and so design'd
Thy simple style to suit thy lowly kind.

THE TWELFTH BOOK OF OVID HIS METAMORPHOSES

WHOLLY TRANSLATED

CONNECTION TO THE END OF THE
ELEVENTH BOOK

Æsæus, the son of *Priam*, loving a country life, forsakes the court: living obscurely, he falls in love with a nymph, who flying from him was kill'd by a serpent; for grief of this, he would have drown'd himself, but by the pity of the gods is turn'd into a cormorant. *Priam*, not hearing of *Æsæus*, believes him to be dead, and raises a tomb to preserve his memory. By this transition, which is one of the finest in all *Ovid*, the poet naturally falls into the story of the Trojan war, which is summ'd up in the present book, but so very briefly, in many places, that *Ovid* seems more short than *Virgil*, contrary to his usual style. Yet the House of Fame, which is here describ'd, is one of the most beautiful pieces in the whole *Metamorphoses*. The fight of *Achilles* and *Cygnus*, and the fray betwixt the *Lapithæ* and *Centaur*s, yield to no other part of this poet; and particularly the loves and death of *Cyllarus* and *Hylonomie*, the male and female *Centaur*, are wonderfully moving.

PRIAM, to whom the story was unknown, As dead, deplor'd his metamorphos'd son; A cenotaph his name and title kept, And *Hector* round the tomb, with all his brothers, wept.

This pious office *Paris* did not share; Absent alone, and author of the war,

Which, for the Spartan queen, the Grecians
drew

T' avenge the rape, and Asia to subdue.

A thousand ships were mann'd, to sail
the sea;

Nor had their just resentments found
delay,

Had not the winds and waves oppos'd
their way.

At Aulis, with united pow'rs, they meet;
But there, cross winds or calms detain'd
the fleet.

Now, while they raise an altar on the
shore

And Jove with solemn sacrifice adore,
A boding sign the priests and people see:

A snake of size immense ascends a tree,
And in the leavy summit spied a nest,
Which, o'er her callow young, a sparrow
press'd.

Eight were the birds unfledg'd; their
mother flew

And hover'd round her care, but still in
view;

Till the fierce reptile first devour'd the
brood,

Then seiz'd the flutt'ring dam and drunk
her blood.

This dire osten the fearful people view;
Calchas alone, by Phœbus taught, foreknew
What Heav'n decreed; and, with a smiling
glance,

Thus gratulates to Greece her happy
chance:

"O Argives, we shall conquer; Troy is ours,
But long delays shall first afflict our pow'rs:
Nine years of labor the nine birds portend;
The tenth shall in the town's destruction
end."

The serpent, who his maw obscene had
fill'd,

The branches in his curl'd embraces held;
But, as in spires he stood, he turn'd to stone:

The stony snake retain'd the figure still his
own.

Yet not for this the wind-bound navy
weigh'd;

Slack were their sails, and Neptune dis-
obey'd.

Some thought him loth the town should be
destroy'd,

Whose building had his hands divine em-
ploy'd:

Not so the seer; who knew, and known
foreshow'd,

The virgin Phœbe with a virgin's blood
Must first be reconcil'd. The common cause
Prevail'd; and, pity yielding to the laws,
Fair Iphigenia, the devoted maid,
Was, by the weeping priests, in linen robes
array'd.

All mourn her fate, but no relief appear'd;
The royal victim bound, the knife already
rear'd:

When that offended pow'r, who caus'd their
woe,

Relenting ceas'd her wrath, and stopp'd
the coming blow.

A mist before the ministers she cast,
And in the virgin's room a hind she plac'd.
Th' oblation slain, and Phœbe reconcil'd,
The storm was hush'd, and dimpled ocean
smil'd;

A favorable gale arose from shore,
Which to the port desir'd the Grecian gal-
leys bore.

Full in the midst of this created space,
Betwixt heav'n, earth, and skies, there
stands a place

Confining on all three, with triple bound;
Whence all things, tho' remote, are view'd
around,

And thither bring their undulating sound:
The palace of loud Fame, her seat of
pow'r,

Plac'd on the summit of a lofty tow'r.
A thousand winding entries, long and wide,
Receive of fresh reports a flowing tide.

A thousand crannies in the walls are made;
Nor gate nor bars exclude the busy trade.
'Tis built of brass, the better to diffuse
The spreading sounds, and multiply the
news;

Where echoes in repeated echoes play:
A mart forever full, and open night and day.
Nor silence is within, nor voice express,
But a deaf noise of sounds that never cease;
Confus'd and chiding, like the hollow roar
Of tides receding from th' insulted shore;
Or like the broken thunder, heard from far,
When Jove to distance drives the rolling
war.

The courts are fill'd with a tumultuous din
Of crowds, or issuing forth, or ent'ring in:
A thoroughfare of news, where some devise
Things never heard; some mingle truth
with lies:

The troubled air with empty sounds they
beat;

Intent to hear, and eager to repeat.

Error sits brooding there, with added train
Of vain Credulity, and Joys as vain:
Suspicion, with Sedition join'd, are near;
And Rumors rais'd, and Murmurs mix'd,
and Panic Fear.

Fame sits aloft, and sees the subject ground,
And seas about, and skies above; enquiring
all around.

The goddess gives th' alarm, and soon is
known 89

The Grecian fleet, descending on the town.
Fix'd on defense, the Trojans are not slow
To guard their shore from an expected foe.
They meet in fight; by Hector's fatal hand
Protesilaus falls, and bites the strand,
Which with expense of blood the Grecians
won,

And prov'd the strength unknown of Priam's
son;

And to their cost the Trojan leaders felt
The Grecian heroes, and what deaths they
dealt.

From these first onsets, the Sigæan shore
Was strew'd with carcasses and stain'd with
gore: 100

Neptunian Cygnus troops of Greeks had
slain;

Achilles in his car had scour'd the plain,
And clear'd the Trojan ranks: where'er he
fought,

Cygnus, or Hector, thro' the fields he sought.
Cygnus he found; on him his force essay'd,
For Hector was to the tenth year delay'd.
His white-man'd steeds, that bow'd beneath
the yoke,

He cheer'd to courage, with a gentle stroke;
Then urg'd his fiery chariot on the foe,
And rising shook his lance, in act to throw.
But first he cried: "O youth, be proud to
bear" 111

Thy death, ennobled by Pelides' spear."
The lance pursued the voice without delay;
Nor did the whizzing weapon miss the way,
But pierc'd his cuirass, with such fury sent,
And sign'd his bosom with a purple dint.
At this the seed of Neptune: "Goddess-
born,

For ornament, not use, these arms are worn;
This helm and heavy buckler I can spare,
As only decorations of the war: 120
So Mars is arm'd for glory, not for need.
'Tis somewhat more from Neptune to pro-
ceed,

Than from a daughter of the sea to spring:
Thy sire is mortal; mine is ocean's king.

Secure of death, I should contemn thy dart,
Tho' naked, and impassible depart."

He said, and threw; the trembling
weapon pass'd

Thro' nine bull hides, each under other
plac'd

On his broad shield, and stuck within the
last. 129

Achilles wrench'd it out, and sent again
The hostile gift: the hostile gift was vain.
He tried a third, a tough well-chosen spear;
Th' inviolable body stood sincere,
Tho' Cygnus then did no defense provide,
But scornful offer'd his unshielded side.

Not otherwise th' impatient hero far'd,
Than as a bull, incompass'd with a guard,
Amid the circus roars, provok'd from far
By sight of scarlet and a sanguine war:
They quit their ground, his bended horns
elude, 140

In vain pursuing and in vain pursued.

Before to farther fight he would advance,
He stood considering and survey'd his lance;
Doubts if he wielded not a wooden spear
Without a point: he look'd, the point was
there.

"This is my hand, and this my lance,"
he said,

"By which so many thousand foes are
dead."

O whither is their usual virtue fled!
I had it once; and the Lyrnessian wall
And Tenedos confess'd it in their fall. 150
Thy streams, Caius, roll'd a crimson flood;
And Thebes ran red with her own natives'
blood.

Twice Telephus employ'd this piercing steel,
To wound him first, and afterward to heal.
The vigor of this arm was never vain;
And that my wonted prowess I retain,
Witness these heaps of slaughter on the
plain."

He said, and, doubtful of his former deeds,
To some new trial of his force proceeds.
He chose Menetes from among the rest;
At him he launch'd his spear, and pierc'd his
breast: 161

On the hard earth the Lycian knock'd his
head,

And lay supine; and forth the spirit fled.

Then thus the hero: "Neither can I blame
The hand, or javelin; both are still the same.
The same I will employ against this foe;
And wish but with the same success to
throw."

So spoke the chief; and while he spoke he threw.

The weapon with unerring fury flew,
At his left shoulder aim'd; nor entrance found;

But back, as from a rock, with swift rebound

Harmless return'd: a bloody mark appear'd,
Which with false joy the flatter'd hero cheer'd.

Wound there was none; the blood that was in view,

The lance before from slain Menetes drew.

Headlong he leaps from off his lofty car,
And in close fight on foot renews the war;
Raging with high disdain, repeats his blows;
Nor shield nor armor can their force oppose.
Huge cantlets of his buckler strew the ground,

And no defense in his bor'd arms is found.
But on his flesh no wound or blood is seen;
The sword itself is blunted on the skin.

This vain attempt the chief no longer bears,

But round his hollow temples and his ears
His buckler beats: the son of Neptune, stunn'd

With these repeated buffets, quits his ground;

A sickly sweat succeeds, and shades of night;

Inverted nature swims before his sight:
Th' insulting victor presses on the more, ¹⁹⁰
And treads the steps the vanquish'd trod before,

Nor rest, nor respite gives. A stone there lay

Behind his trembling foe, and stopp'd his way:

Achilles took th' advantage which he found,
O'erturn'd, and push'd him backward on the ground.

His buckler held him under, while he press'd,

With both his knees above, his panting breast;

Unlac'd his helm: about his chin the twist
He tied, and soon the strangled soul dismiss'd.

With eager haste he went to strip the dead;

The vanish'd body from his arms was fled.
His sea god sire, t' immortalize his fame,
Had turn'd it to the bird that bears his name.

A truce succeeds the labors of this day,
And arms suspended with a long delay.
While Trojan walls are kept with watch and ward,

The Greeks before their trenches mount the guard.

The feast approach'd; when to the blue-eyed maid

His vows for Cygnus slain the victor paid,
And a white heifer on her altar laid. ²¹⁰

The reeking entrails on the fire they threw,
And to the gods the grateful odor flew:

Heav'n had its part in sacrifice; the rest
Was broil'd and roasted for the future feast.

The chief invited guests were set around;
And, hunger first assuag'd, the bowls

were crown'd,
Which in deep draughts their cares and labors drown'd.

The mellow harp did not their ears employ,

And mute was all the warlike symphony.
Discourse, the food of souls, was their delight,

And pleasing chat prolong'd the summer's night: ²²⁰

The subject, deeds of arms, and valor shown,

Or on the Trojan side, or on their own.
Of dangers undertaken, fame achiev'd,

They talk'd by turns; the talk by turns reliev'd.

What things but these could fierce Achilles tell,

Or what could fierce Achilles hear so well?
The last great act perform'd, of Cygnus slain,

Did most the martial audience entertain:
Wond'ring to find a body free by fate ²³⁰

From steel, and which could ev'n that steel rebate,

Amaz'd, their admiration they renew;
And scarce Pelides could believe it true.

Then Nestor thus: "What once this age has known,

In fated Cygnus, and in him alone,
These eyes have seen in Ceneus long before,

Whose body not a thousand swords could bore.

Ceneus in courage and in strength excell'd,

And still his Othrys with his fame is fill'd;
But what did most his martial deeds adorn,

(Tho' since he chang'd his sex,) a woman born."

A novelty so strange and full of fate,
His list'ning audience ask'd him to relate.
Achilles thus commends their common suit:
"O father, first for prudence in repute,
Tell, with that eloquence so much thy own,
What thou hast heard, or what of Cæneus
known:

What was he, whence his change of sex
begun,
What trophies, join'd in wars with thee, he
won?

Who conquer'd him, and in what fatal
strife ²⁵⁰

The youth, without a wound, could lose his
life?"

Neleides then: "Tho' tardy age and time
Have shrunk my sinews and decay'd my
prime;

Tho' much I have forgotten of my store,
Yet, not exhausted, I remember more.
Of all that arms achiev'd, or peace design'd,
That action still is fresher in my mind
Than aught beside. If reverend age can
give

To faith a sanction, in my third I live. ²⁵⁹

"T was in my second cent'ry I survey'd
Young Cænis, then a fair Thessalian maid:
Cænis the bright was born to high com-
mand;

A princess, and a native of thy land,
Divine Achilles: every tongue proclaim'd
Her beauty, and her eyes all hearts inflam'd.
Peleus, thy sire, perhaps had sought her
bed,

Among the rest; but he had either led
Thy mother then, or was by promise tied;
But she to him, and all alike, her love
denied.

"It was her fortune once to take her
way ²⁷⁰

Along the sandy margin of the sea:
The Pow'r of Ocean view'd her as she pass'd,
And, lov'd as soon as seen, by force em-
brace'd.

So fame reports. Her virgin treasure seiz'd,
And his new joys, the ravisher so pleas'd,
That thus, transported, to the nymph he
cried:

'Ask what thou wilt, no pray'r shall be
denied.'

This also fame relates: the haughty fair,
Who not the rape ev'n of a god could bear,
This answer, proud, return'd: 'To mighty
wrongs ²⁸⁰

A mighty recompense, of right, belongs.

Give me no more to suffer such a shame;
But change the woman for a better name;
One gift for all.' She said; and while she
spoke,

A stern, majestic, manly tone she took.
A man she was; and, as the godhead swore,
To Cæneus turn'd, who Cænis was before.

"To this the lover adds, without request,
No force of steel should violate his breast.
Glad of the gift, the new-made warrior
goes; ²⁹⁰

And arms among the Greeks, and longs for
equal foes.

"Now brave Perithous, bold Ixion's son,
The love of fair Hippodame had won.

The cloud-begotten race, half men, half
beast,

Invited, came to grace the nuptial feast:
In a cool cave's recess the treat was made,
Whose entrance trees with spreading boughs
o'ershade.

They sate; and summon'd by the bride-
groom came,

To mix with those, the Lapithæan name;
Nor wanted I: the roofs with joy resound,
And 'Hymen, Io Hymen,' rung around. ³⁰¹
Rais'd altars shone with holy fires; the
bride,

Lovely herself, (and lovely by her side
A bevy of bright nymphs,) with sober grace,
Came glitt'ring like a star, and took her
place.

Her heav'nly form beheld, all wish'd her
joy;

And little wanted but in vain their wishes
all employ.

"For one, most brutal of the brutal
brood,

Or whether wine or beauty fir'd his blood,
Or both at once, beheld with lustful eyes ³¹⁰
The bride; at once resolv'd to make his
prize.

Down went the board; and, fast'ning on her
hair,

He seiz'd with sudden force the frightened
fair.

'T was Eurytus began: his bestial kind
His crime pursued; and each as pleas'd his
mind,

Or her whom chance presented, took: the
feast

An image of a taken town express'd.

"The cave resounds with female shrieks;
we rise,

Mad with revenge, to make a swift reprisal;

And Theseus first: 'What frenzy has possess'd,
O Eurytus,' he cried, 'thy brutal breast,
To wrong Perithous, and not him alone,
But, while I live, two friends conjoin'd in one?'

"To justify his threat, he thrusts aside
The crowd of Centaurs, and redeems the bride.

The monster naught replied; for words were vain,

And deeds could only deeds unjust maintain:

But answers with his hand, and forward press'd,

With blows redoubled, on his face and breast.

An ample goblet stood, of antic mold,
And rough with figures of the rising gold;
The hero snatch'd it up, and toss'd in air,
Full at the front of the foul ravisher.

He falls; and falling vomits forth a flood
Of wine, and foam, and brains, and mingled blood.

Half roaring, and half neighing thro' the hall,

'Arms, arms,' the double-form'd with fury call,

To wreak their brother's death: a medley fight

Of bowls and jars, at first, supply the fight,
Once instruments of feasts, but now of fate;

Wine animates their rage and arms their hate.

"Bold Amycus from the robb'd vestry brings

The chalices of heav'n, and holy things
Of precious weight: a sconece, that hung on high,

With tapers fill'd, to light the sacristy,
Torn from the cord, with his unhallow'd hand

He threw amid the Lapithean band.

On Celadon the ruin fell, and left
His face of feature and of form bereft;
So, when some brawny sacrificer knocks,
Before an altar led, an offer'd ox,
His eyeballs rooted out are thrown to ground:

His nose dismantled in his mouth is found,
His jaws, cheeks, front, one undistinguish'd wound.

"This, Belates, th' avenger, could not brook;

But by the foot a maple board he took,
And hurl'd at Amycus; his chin it bent
Against his chest, and down the Centaur sent;

Whom sputt'ring bloody teeth, the second blow

Of his drawn sword dispatch'd to shades below.

"Grineus was near; and cast a furious look

On the side altar, cens'd with sacred smoke,
And bright with flaming fires. 'The gods,' he cried,

'Have with their holy trade our hands supplied:

Why use we not their gifts?' Then from the floor

An altar stone he heav'd, with all the load it bore:

Altar and altar's freight together flew
Where thickest throng'd the Lapithean crew;

And Broteas and, at once, Oryus slew:
Oryus' mother, Mycale, was known
Down from her sphere to draw the lab'ring moon.

"Exadius cried: 'Unpunish'd shall not go
This fact, if arms are found against the foe.'
He look'd about, where on a pine were spread

The votive horns of a stag's branching head:
At Grineus these he throws; so just they fly

That the sharp antlers stuck in either eye.
Breathless and blind he fell; with blood besmear'd,

His eyeballs beaten out hung dangling on his beard.

Fierce Rhætus from the hearth a burning brand

Selects, and whirling waves, till from his hand

The fire took flame; then dash'd it from the right,

On fair Charaxus' temples, near the sight:
The whistling pest came on and pierc'd the bone,

And caught the yellow hair, that shrivel'd while it shone;

Caught, like dry stubble fir'd, or like sear wood;

Yet from the wound ensued no purple flood;

But look'd a bubbling mass of frying blood.

His blazing locks sent forth a crackling
sound,

And hiss'd like red-hot iron within the
smithy drown'd.

The wounded warrior shook his flaming hair,
Then (what a team of horse could hardly
rear)

He heaves the threshold stone; but could
not throw:

The weight itself forbade the threaten'd
blow;

Which, dropping from his lifted arms, came
down

Full on Cometes' head, and crush'd his
crown.

Nor Rhætus then retain'd his joy, but
said:

'So by their fellows may our foes be sped;'
Then with redoubled strokes he plies his
head:

The burning lever not deludes his pains, ⁴⁰⁰
But drives the batter'd skull within the
brains.

"Thus flush'd, the conqueror, with force
renew'd,

Evagrus, Dryas, Corythus, pursued:
First Corythus, with downy cheeks, he slew;
Whose fall when fierce Evagrus had in
view,

He cried: 'What palm is from a beardless
prey?'

Rhætus prevents what more he had to say;
And drove within his mouth the fiery death,
Which enter'd hissing in, and chok'd his
breath. ⁴⁰⁹

At Dryas next he flew, but weary chance
No longer would the same success advance;

For, while he whirl'd in fiery circles round
The brand, a sharpen'd stake strong
Dryas found,

And in the shoulder's joint inflicts the
wound.

The weapon stuck: which roaring out
with pain

He drew; nor longer durst the fight
maintain,

But turn'd his back, for fear; and fled
amain.

With him fled Orneus, with like dread
possess'd;

Thaumas, and Medon, wounded in the
breast;

And Mermeros, in the late race renown'd, ⁴²⁰
Now limping ran, and tardy with his
wound.

Pholus and Melaneus from fight withdrew,
And Abas main'd, who boars encount'ring
slew;

And augur Astylos, whose art in vain
From fight dissuaded the four-footed
train,

Now beat the hoof with Nessus on the
plain;

But to his fellow cried: 'Be safely slow,
Thy death deferr'd is due to great Alcides'
bow.'

"Meantime strong Dryas urg'd his
chance so well,

That Lycidas, Areos, Imbreus fell; ⁴³⁰
All one by one, and fighting face to face.

Crenæus fled, to fall with more disgrace:
For, fearful, while he look'd behind, he
bore,

Betwixt his nose and front, the blow be-
fore.

Amid the noise and tumult of the fray,
Snoring, and drunk with wine, Aphidas lay.
Ev'n then the bowl within his hand he kept,
And on a bear's rough hide securely slept.
Him Phorbas with his flying dart trans-
fix'd.

'Take thy next draught with Stygian waters
mix'd,

And sleep thy fill,' th' insulting victor
cried;

Surpris'd with death unfelt, the Centaur
died:

The ruddy vomit, as he breath'd his soul,
Repass'd his throat, and fill'd his empty
bowl.

"I saw Petreus' arms employ'd around
A well-grown oak, to root it from the
ground.

This way and that he wrench'd the fibrous
bands;

The trunk was like a sapling in his hands,
And still obey'd the bent: while thus he
stood,

Perithous' dart drove on, and nail'd him to
the wood. ⁴⁵⁰

Lyens and Chromis fell, by him oppress'd;
Helops and Dictys added to the rest

A nobler palm: Helops, thro' either ear
Transfix'd, receiv'd the penetrating spear.

This Dictys saw; and, seiz'd with sudden
fright,

Leapt headlong from the hill of steepy
height;

And crush'd an ash beneath, that could
not bear his weight.

The shatter'd tree receives his fall, and strikes,
Within his full-blown paunch, the sharpen'd spikes.

Strong Aphareus had heav'd a mighty stone,⁴⁶⁰

The fragment of a rock, and would have thrown;

But Theseus, with a club of harden'd oak,
The cubit-bone of the bold Centaur broke,

And left him maim'd, nor seconded the stroke;

Then leapt on tall Bianor's back, (who bore
No mortal burden but his own before,)

Press'd with his knees his sides; the double man,

His speed with spurs increas'd, unwilling ran.

One hand the hero fasten'd on his locks;
His other plied him with repeated strokes:

The club rung round his ears and batter'd brows;

He falls, and, lashing up his heels, his rider throws.⁴⁷¹

"The same Herculean arms Nedymnus wound,

And lay by him Lycotas on the ground;
And Hippasus, whose beard his breast invades;

And Ripheus, haunter of the woodland shades:

And Tereus, us'd with mountain bears to strive,

And from their dens to draw th' indignant beasts alive.

"Demoleon could not bear this hateful sight,⁴⁷⁹

Or the long fortune of th' Athenian knight;
But pull'd with all his force, to disengage

From earth a pine, the product of an age.
The root stuck fast; the broken trunk he sent

At Theseus: Theseus frustrates his intent,
And leaps aside, by Pallas warn'd, the blow

To shun: (for so he said; and we believ'd it so.)

Yet not in vain th' enormous weight was cast;

Which Crantor's body sunder'd at the waist:
Thy father's squire, Achilles, and his care;

Whom, conquer'd in the Dolopeian war,⁴⁹⁰
Their king, his present ruin to prevent,

A pledge of peace implor'd, to Peleus sent.

"Thy sire, with grieving eyes, beheld his fate;

And cried: 'Not long, lov'd Crantor, shalt thou wait

Thy vow'd revenge.' At once he said, and threw

His ashen spear, which quiver'd as it flew,
With all his force and all his soul applied:

The sharp point enter'd in the Centaur's side.

Both hands, to wrench it out, the monster join'd;

And wrench'd it out, but left the steel behind.⁵⁰⁰

Stuck in his lungs it stood; inrag'd he rears
His hoofs, and down to ground thy father bears.

Thus trampled under foot, his shield defends

His head; his other hand the lance protects.

Ev'n while he lay extended on the dust,
He sped the Centaur with one single thrust.

Two more his lance before transfix'd from far,

And two his sword had slain in closer war.
To these was added Dorylas, who spread

A bull's two goating horns around his head.
With these he push'd, in blood already dyed:

Him, fearless, I approach'd, and thus defied:⁵¹¹
'Now, monster, now, by proof it shall appear,

Whether thy horns are sharper, or my spear.'

At this, I threw; for want of other ward,
He lifted up his hand, his front to guard.

His hand it pass'd, and fix'd it to his brow;
Loud shouts of ours attend the lucky blow.

Him Peleus finish'd, with a second wound,
Which thro' the navel pierc'd: he reel'd

around,⁵²⁰
And dragg'd his dangling bowels on the

ground;

Trod what he dragg'd, and what he trod he crush'd;

And to his mother earth with empty belly rush'd.

"Nor could thy form, O Cyllarus, fore-slow

Thy fate (if form to monsters men allow):
Just bloom'd thy beard, thy beard of golden hue;

Thy locks, in golden waves, about thy shoulders flew.

Sprightly thy look; thy shapes in ev'ry part
So clean, as might instruct the sculptor's
art,

As far as man extended: where began ⁵³⁰
The beast, the beast was equal to the man.
Add but a horse's head and neck, and he,
O Castor, was a courser worthy thee.
So was his back proportion'd for the seat;
So rose his brawny chest; so swiftly mov'd
his feet.

Coal-black his color, but like jet it shone;
His legs and flowing tail were white alone.
Belov'd by many maidens of his kind,
But fair Hylonome possess'd his mind;
Hylonome, for features and for face ⁵⁴⁰
Excelling all the nymphs of double race:
Nor less her blandishments than beauty
move,

At once both loving and confessing love.
For him she dress'd; for him with female
care

She comb'd and set in curls her auburn
hair.

Of roses, violets, and lilies mix'd,
And sprigs of flowing rosemary betwixt,
She form'd the chaplet that adorn'd her
front.

In waters of the Pagasean fount,
And in the streams that from the fountain
play, ⁵⁵⁰
She wash'd her face, and bath'd her twice
a day.

The scarf of furs that hung below her side
Was ermine, or the panther's spotted pride;
Spoils of no common beast: with equal flame
They lov'd; their sylvan pleasures were the
same;

All day they hunted; and, when day expir'd,
Together to some shady cave retir'd.

Invited to the nuptials, both repair;
And, side by side, they both ingage in war.

"Uncertain from what hand, a flying
dart ⁵⁶⁰

At Cyllarus was sent, which pierc'd his
heart.

The javelin drawn from out the mortal
wound,

He faints with stagg'ring steps, and seeks
the ground:

The fair within her arms receiv'd his fall,
And strove his wand'ring spirits to recall;
And, while her hand the streaming blood
oppos'd,

Join'd face to face, his lips with hers she
clos'd.

Stifled with kisses, a sweet death he dies;
She fills the fields with undistinguish'd cries:
At least her words were in her clamor
drown'd, ⁵⁷⁰

For my stunn'd ears receiv'd no vocal sound.
In madness of her grief, she seiz'd the dart,
New-drawn, and reeking from her lover's
heart;

To her bare bosom the sharp point ap-
plied,
And wounded fell; and, falling by his side,
Embrace'd him in her arms, and thus em-
bracing died.

"Ev'n still, methinks, I see Phæocome;
Strange was his habit, and as odd his dress.
Six lion's hides, with thongs together fast,
His upper part defended to his waist; ⁵⁸⁰
And where man ended, the continued vest,
Spread on his back, the hous and trappings
of a beast.

A stump too heavy for a team to draw,
(It seems a fable, tho' the fact I saw,)
He threw at Pholon; the descending blow
Divides the skull, and cleaves his head in
two.

The brains from nose and mouth and either
ear

Came issuing out, as thro' a colander
The curdled milk, or from the press the
whey,
Driv'n down by weights above, is drain'd
away. ⁵⁹⁰

"But him, while stooping down to spoil
the slain,

Pierc'd thro' the paunch, I tumbled on the
plain.

Then Chthonius and Teleboas I slew;
A fork the former arm'd, a dart his fellow
threw.

The javelin wounded me; (behold the scar.)
Then was my time to seek the Trojan war;
Then I was Hector's match in open field;

But he was then unborn, at least a child;
Now, I am nothing. I forbear to tell
By Periphas how Pyretus fell, ⁶⁰⁰

The Centaur by the knight; nor will I
stay

On Amphyx, or what deaths he dealt that
day;

What honor with a pointless lance he won,
Stuck in the front of a four-footed man;
What fame young Macareus obtain'd in
fight;

Or dwell on Nessus, now return'd from
fight;

How prophet Mopsus not alone divin'd,
Whose valor equal'd his foreseeing mind.

"Already Cæneus, with his conquering
hand,
Had slaughter'd five, the boldest of their
band: 610

Pyrachus, Helymus, Antimachus,
Bromus the brave, and stronger Styphelus.
Their names I number'd, and remember
well,

No trace remaining, by what wounds they
fell.

"Latreus, the bulkiest of the double race,
Whom the spoil'd arms of slain Halesus
grace,

In years retaining still his youthful might,
Tho' his black hairs were interspers'd with
white, 618

Betwixt th' imbattled ranks began to prance,
Proud of his helm and Macedonian lance,
And rode the ring around; that either host
Might hear him, while he made this empty
boast:

'And from a strumpet shall we suffer
shame?

For Cænis still, not Cæneus is thy name;
And still the native softness of thy kind
Prevails, and leaves the woman in thy mind.
Remember what thou wert; what price was
paid

To change thy sex, to make thee not a maid,
And but a man in shew: go, card and spin,
And leave the business of the war to men.'

"While thus the boaster exercis'd his
pride, 631

The fatal spear of Cæneus reach'd his side;
Just in the mixture of the kinds it ran,
Betwixt the nether beast and upper man.

The monster, mad with rage, and stung with
smart,

His lance directed at the hero's heart:
It strook, but bounded from his harden'd
breast,

Like hail from tiles, which the safe house
invest;

Nor seem'd the stroke with more effect to
come,

Than a small pebble falling on a drum. 640

He next his fauchion tried, in closer fight;
But the keen fauchion had no pow'r to bite.

He thrust; the blunted point return'd again.
'Since downright blows,' he cried, 'and
thrusts are vain,

I'll prove his side.' In strong embraces
held,

He prov'd his side; his side the sword re-
pell'd:

His hollow belly echo'd to the stroke;
Untouch'd his body, as a solid rock;
Aim'd at his neck at last, the blade in
shivers broke. }

"Th' impassive knight stood idle, to
deride 650

His rage, and offer'd off his naked side:
At length: 'Now, monster, in thy turn,'
he cried,

'Try thou the strength of Cæneus.' At
the word

He thrust, and in his shoulder plung'd the
sword;

Then writh'd his hand; and, as he drove it
down,

Deep in his breast, made many wounds in
one.

"The Centaurs saw, inrag'd, th' unhop'd
success;

And, rushing on, in crowds, together press;
At him, and him alone, their darts they
threw:

Repuls'd they from his fated body flew. 660

Amaz'd they stood; till Monychus began:
'O shame, a nation conquer'd by a man!

A woman-man; yet more a man is he
Than all our race; and what he was, are we.
Now, what avail our nerves, the united
force

Of two the strongest creatures, man and
horse?

Nor goddess-born, nor of Ixion's seed
We seem; (a lover built for Juno's bed;)

Master'd by this half man. Whole moun-
tains throw 669

With woods at once, and bury him below.
This only way remains. Nor need we doubt

To choke the soul within, tho' not to force
it out.

Heap weights, instead of wounds.' He
chanc'd to see

Where southern storms had rooted up a
tree;

This, rais'd from earth, against the foe he
threw;

Th' example shewn, his fellow brutes pur-
sue.

With forest loads the warrior they in-
vade;

Othrys and Pelion soon were void of
shade,

And spreading groves were naked moun-
tains made. }

Press'd with the burden, Cæneus pants for
breath,
And on his shoulders bears the wooden⁶⁸⁰
death.

To heave th' intolerable weight he tries;
At length it rose above his mouth and eyes.
Yet still he heaves; and, struggling with
despair,

Shakes all aside, and gains a gulp of air;
A short relief, which but prolongs his pain;
He faints by fits, and then resumes again:
At last, the burden only nods above,

As when an earthquake stirs th' Idæan⁶⁸⁹
grove.

Doubtful his death; he suffocated seem'd
To most; but otherwise our Mopsus deem'd,
Who said he saw a yellow bird arise
From out the pile, and cleave the liquid
skies:

I saw it too, with golden feathers bright,
Nor e'er before beheld so strange a sight.
Whom Mopsus viewing, as it soar'd around
Our troop, and heard the pinions' rattling
sound,

'All hail,' he cried, 'thy country's grace
and love;
Once first of men below, now first of birds
above.'

Its author to the story gave belief;⁷⁰⁰
For us, our courage was increas'd by grief:
Asham'd to see a single man, pursued
With odds, to sink beneath a multitude,
We push'd the foe and forc'd to shameful
flight;

Part fell, and part escap'd by favor of the
night."

This tale, by Nestor told, did much dis-
please

Tlepolemus, the seed of Hercules,
For often he had heard his father say
That he himself was present at the fray,
And more than shar'd the glories of the
day.⁷¹⁰

"Old Chronicle," he said, "among the
rest,

You might have nam'd Alcides at the least:
Is he not worth your praise?" The Pylian
prince

Sigh'd ere he spoke; then made this proud
defense:

"My former woes, in long oblivion drown'd,
I would have lost; but you renew the
wound:

Better to pass him o'er, than to relate
The cause I have your mighty sire to hate.

His fame has fill'd the world, and reach'd
the sky
(Which, O, I wish with truth I could
deny!)⁷²⁰

We praise not Hector; tho' his name, we
know,

Is great in arms: 'tis hard to praise a
foe.

"He, your great father, level'd to the
ground

Messenia's tow'rs: nor better fortune found
Elis and Pylus; that, a neighb'ring state,
And this, my own, both guiltless of their
fate.

"To pass the rest, twelve, wanting one,
he slew,

My brethren, who their birth from Neleus
drew.

All youths of early promise, had they liv'd;
By him they perish'd: I alone surviv'd.⁷³⁰
The rest were easy conquest, but the fate
Of Periclymenos is wondrous to relate.

To him our common grandsire of the main
Had giv'n to change his form, and chang'd,
resume again.

Varied at pleasure, every shape he tried,
And in all beasts Alcides still defied;

Vanquish'd on earth, at length he soar'd
above,

Chang'd to the bird that bears the bolt of
Jove.

The new dissembled eagle, now endued⁷³⁹
With beak and pounces, Hercules pursued,

And cuff'd his manly cheeks, and tore his
face;

Then safe retir'd, and tow'r'd in empty
space.

Alcides bore not long his flying foe;
But, bending his inevitable bow,

Reach'd him in air, suspended as he stood,
And in his pinion fix'd the feather'd wood.

Light was the wound; but in the sinew
hung

The point, and his disabled wing unstrung.
He wheel'd in air, and stretch'd his vans in
vain;⁷⁴⁹

His vans no longer could his flight sustain:
For, while one gather'd wind, one unsup-
plied

Hung drooping down, nor pois'd his other
side.

He fell: the shaft that slightly was im-
press'd,

Now from his heavy fall with weight in-
creas'd,

Drove thro' his neck, aslant; he spurs the
ground,
And the soul issues thro' the weazon's
wound.

"Now, brave commander of the Rhodian
seas,

What praise is due from me to Hercules ?
Silence is all the vengeance I decree
For my slain brothers; but 't is peace with
thee."

Thus with a flowing tongue old Nestor
spoke;

Then, to full bowls each other they provoke:
At length, with weariness and wine op-
press'd,

They rise from table, and withdraw to rest.

The sire of Cygnus, monarch of the
main,

Meantime laments his son in battle slain,
And vows the victor's death, nor vows in
vain.

For nine long years the smother'd pain he
bore;

(Achilles was not ripe for fate before;)

Then, when he saw the promis'd hour was
near,

He thus bespoke the god that guides the
year:

"Immortal offspring of my brother Jove;
My brightest nephew, and whom best I love,
Whose hands were join'd with mine, to raise
the wall

Of tott'ring Troy, now nodding to her fall;
Dost thou not mourn our pow'r employ'd in
vain,

And the defenders of our city slain ?
To pass the rest, could noble Hector lie
Unpitied, dragg'd around his native Troy ?
And yet the murd'rer lives, himself by
far

A greater plague than all the wasteful war:
He lives; the proud Pelides lives, to boast
Our town destroy'd, our common labor lost !
O, could I meet him ! But I wish too late;
To prove my trident is not in his fate.

But let him try (for that's allow'd) thy
dart,

And pierce his only penetrable part."

Apollo bows to the superior throne,
And to his uncle's anger adds his own.
Then, in a cloud involv'd, he takes his flight,
Where Greeks and Trojans mix'd in mortal
fight,

And found out Paris, lurking where he
stood,

And stain'd his arrows with plebeian blood.
Phœbus to him alone the god confess'd,
Then to the recreant knight he thus ad-
dress'd:

"Dost thou not blush to spend thy shafts in
vain

On a degenerate and ignoble train ?
If fame or better vengeance be thy care,
There aim, and with one arrow end the war."

He said; and shew'd from far the blaz-
ing shield

And sword, which but Achilles none could
wield;

And how he mov'd a god, and mow'd the
standing field.

The deity himself directs aright
Th' invenom'd shaft, and wings the fatal
flight.

Thus fell the foremost of the Grecian
name;

And he, the base adult'rer, boasts the fame:
A spectacle to glad the Trojan train,
And please old Priam, after Hector slain.

If by a female hand he had foreseen
He was to die, his wish had rather been
The lance and double ax of the fair war-
rior queen.

And now, the terror of the Trojan field,
The Grecian honor, ornament, and shield,
High on a pile th' unconquer'd chief is plac'd;
The god that arm'd him first consum'd at
last.

Of all the mighty man, the small remains
A little urn, and scarcely fill'd, contains.
Yet, great in Homer, still Achilles lives;
And, equal to himself, himself survives.

His buckler owns its former lord, and
brings

New cause of strife betwixt contending
kings;

Who worthiest, after him, his sword to wield,
Or wear his armor, or sustain his shield.

Ev'n Diomede sate mute, with downcast
eyes,

Conscious of wanted worth to win the prize;
Nor Menelas presum'd these arms to claim,

Nor he, the King of Men, a greater name.
Two rivals only rose: Laertes' son,

And the vast bulk of Ajax Telamon.
The king, who cherish'd each with equal
love,

And from himself all envy would remove,
Left both to be determin'd by the laws,

And to the Grecian chiefs transferr'd the
cause.

THE SPEECHES OF AJAX AND ULYSSES

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK XIII

THE chiefs were set, the soldiers crown'd
the field:

To these the master of the sevenfold shield
Upstart'd fierce; and, kindled with disdain,
Eager to speak, unable to contain
His boiling rage, he roll'd his eyes around
The shore, and Grecian galleys han'd
aground;

Then, stretching out his hands: "O Jove,"
he cried,

"Must then our cause before the fleet be
tried?"

And dares Ulysses for the prize contend,
In sight of what he durst not once defend?
But basely fled, that memorable day,
When I from Hector's hands redeem'd the
flaming prey.

So much 't is safer at the noisy bar
With words to flourish, than ingage in war.
By different methods we maintain our right,
Nor am I made to talk, nor he to fight.
In bloody fields I labor to be great;
His arms are a smooth tongue, and soft
deceit:

Nor need I speak my deeds, for those you
see;

The sun and day are witnesses for me.
Let him who fights unseen relate his own,
And vouch the silent stars and conscious
moon.

Great is the prize demanded, I confess,
But such an abject rival makes it less.
That gift, those honors, he but hop'd to gain,
Can leave no room for Ajax to be vain:
Losing he wins, because his name will be
Ennobled by defeat, who durst contend with
me.

Were my known valor question'd, yet my
blood

Without that plea would make my title
good.

My sire was Telamon, whose arms, employ'd
With Hercules, these Trojan walls de-
stroy'd;

And who before, with Jason, sent from
Greece,

In the first ship brought home the Golden
Fleece:

Great Telamon from Æacus derives
His birth (th' inquisitor of guilty lives

In shades below, where Sisyphus, whose son
This thief is thought, rolls up the restless
heavy stone):

Just Æacus the King of Gods above
Begot: thus Ajax is the third from Jove.
Nor should I seek advantage from my line,
Unless, Achilles, it were mix'd with thine:
As next of kin Achilles' arms I claim;
This fellow would ingraft a foreign name
Upon our stock, and the Sisyphian seed
By fraud and theft asserts his father's
breed.

Then must I lose these arms, because I
came

To fight uncall'd, a voluntary name,
Nor shunn'd the cause, but offer'd you my
aid,

While he long lurking was to war be-
tray'd?

Fore'd to the field he came, but in the rear,
And feign'd distraction to conceal his fear:
Till one more cunning caught him in the
snare

(Ill for himself) and dragg'd him into war.
Now let a hero's arms a coward vest,
And he, who shunn'd all honors, gain the
best;

And let me stand excluded from my right,
Robb'd of my kinsman's arms, who first
appear'd in fight.

Better for us, at home had he remain'd,
Had it been true, the madness which he
feign'd,

Or so believ'd; the less had been our shame,
The less his counsel'd crime which brands
the Grecian name;

Nor Philoctetes had been left inclos'd
In a bare isle, to wants and pains expos'd,
Where to the rocks, with solitary groans,
His suff'rings and our baseness he bemoans;
And wishes (so may Heav'n his wish fulfil!)
The due reward to him who caus'd his ill.

Now he, with us to Troy's destruction
sworn,

Our brother of the war, by whom are
borne

Aleides' arrows, pent in narrow bounds,
With cold and hunger pinch'd, and pain'd
with wounds,

To find him food and clothing, must employ
Against the birds the shafts due to the fate
of Troy.

Yet still he lives, and lives from treason
free,

Because he left Ulysses' company:

Poor Palamede might wish, so void of aid,
Rather to have been left, than so to death
betray'd.

The coward bore the man immortal spite,
Who sham'd him out of madness into
fight; ⁸⁰

Nor daring otherwise to vent his hate,
Accus'd him first of treason to the state;
And then, for proof, produc'd the golden
store

Himself had hidden in his tent before:
Thus of two champions he depriv'd our
host,

By exile one, and one by treason lost.
Thus fights Ulysses, thus his fame extends,
A formidable man, but to his friends:
Great, for what greatness is in words and
sound;

Ev'n faithful Nestor less in both is found. ⁹⁰
But, that he might without a rival reign,
He left this faithful Nestor on the plain;
Forsook his friend ev'n at his utmost need,
Who, tir'd and tardy, with his wounded
steed,

Cried out for aid, and call'd him by his
name;

But cowardice has neither ears nor shame.
Thus fled the good old man, bereft of aid,
And, for as much as lay in him, betray'd.
That this is not a fable forg'd by me,
Like one of his, an Ulyssean lie, ¹⁰⁰
I vouch ev'n Diomedes, who, tho' his friend,
Cannot that act excuse, much less defend:
He call'd him back aloud, and tax'd his
fear;

And sure enough he heard, but durst not
hear.

"The gods with equal eyes on mortals
look;

He justly was forsaken, who forsook;
Wanted that succor he refus'd to lend,
Found ev'ry fellow such another friend:
No wonder, if he roar'd that all might
hear;

His elocution was increas'd by fear. ¹¹⁰
I heard, I ran, I found him out of breath,
Pale, trembling, and half dead with fear of
death.

Tho' he had judg'd himself by his own laws,
And stood condemn'd, I help'd the com-
mon cause;

With my broad buckler hid him from the
foe—

Ev'n the shield trembled as he lay be-
low—

And from impending fate the coward
freed:

Good Heav'n forgive me for so bad a deed!
If still he will persist, and urge the strife,
First let him give me^c back his forfeit
life: ¹²⁰

Let him return to that opprobrious field;
Again creep under my protecting shield:
Let him lie wounded, let the foe be near,
And let his quiv'ring heart confess his
fear;

There put him in the very jaws of fate,
And let him plead his cause in that estate.
And yet, when snatch'd from death, when
from below

My lifted shield I loos'd and let him go,
Good heav'n's, how light he rose, with what
a bound

He sprung from earth, forgetful of his
wound! ¹³⁰

How fresh, how eager then his feet to ply;
Who had not strength to stand, had speed
to fly!

"Hector came on, and brought the gods
along;

Fear seiz'd alike the feeble and the strong:
Each Greek was an Ulysses; such a dread
Th' approach, and ev'n the sound of Hector
bred;

Him, flesh'd with slaughter, and with con-
quest crown'd,

I met, and overturn'd him to the ground.
When after, matchless as he deem'd in
might,

He challeng'd all our host to single fight, ¹⁴⁰
All eyes were fix'd on me; the lots were
thrown,

But for your champion I was wish'd alone:
Your vows were heard, we fought, and
neither yield;

Yet I return'd unvanquish'd from the field.
With Jove to friend th' insulting Trojan
came,

And menac'd us with force, our fleet with
flame:

Was it the strength of this tongue-valiant
lord,

In that black hour, that sav'd you from the
sword?

Or was my breast expos'd alone, to brave
A thousand swords, a thousand ships to
save— ¹⁵⁰

The hopes of your return? And can you
yield,

For a sav'd fleet, less than a single shield?

Think it no boast, O Grecians, if I deem
These arms want Ajax, more than Ajax
them;

Or I with them an equal honor share,
They honor'd to be worn, and I to wear.
Will he compare my courage with his slight?
As well he may compare the day with night.
Night is indeed the province of his reign;
Yet all his dark exploits no more contain
Than a spy taken, and a sleeper slain; ¹⁶¹
A priest made pris'n'r, Pallas made a
prey;

But none of all these actions done by day;
Nor aught of these was done, and Diomed away.

If on such petty merits you confer
So vast a prize, let each his portion share;
Make a just dividend: and, if not all,
The greater part to Diomed will fall.
But why for Ithacus such arms as those,
Who naked and by night invades his foes?
The glittering helm by moonlight will proclaim ¹⁷¹

The latent robber, and prevent his game;
Nor could he hold his tott'ring head upright

Beneath that motion, or sustain the weight;
Nor that right arm could toss the beamy lance,

Much less the left that ampler shield advance,

Pond'rous with precious weight, and rough
with cost

Of the round world in rising gold emboss'd.
That orb would ill become his hand to wield,
And look as for the gold he stole the shield;
Which should your error on the wretch bestow, ¹⁸¹

It would not frighten, but allure the foe.
Why asks he what avails him not in fight,
And would but cumber and retard his flight,
In which his only excellence is plac'd?

You give him death, that intercept his haste.
Add, that his own is yet a maiden shield,
Nor the least dint has suffer'd in the field,
Guiltless of fight; mine, batter'd, hew'd,
and bord'.

Worn out of service, must forsake his lord.
What farther need of words our right to scan? ¹⁹¹

My arguments are deeds, let action speak
the man.

Since from a champion's arms the strife
arose,

So cast the glorious prize amid the foes;

Then send us to redeem both arms and
shield,

And let him wear who wins 'em in the field."

He said; a murmur from the multitude,
Or somewhat like a stifled shout ensued!
Till from his seat arose Laertes' son,
Look'd down a while, and paus'd ere he
began; ²⁰⁰

Then to th' expecting audience rais'd his
look,

And not without prepar'd attention spoke:
Soft was his tone, and sober was his face;
Action his words, and words his action grace:

"If Heav'n, my lords, had heard our common pray'r,

These arms had caus'd no quarrel for an
heir;

Still great Achilles had his own possess'd,
And we with great Achilles had been
blest.

But since hard fate, and Heav'n's severe
decree ²⁰⁹

Have ravish'd him away from you and me,
(At this he sigh'd, and wip'd his eyes, and
drew,

Or seem'd to draw, some drops of kindly
dew,)

Who better can succeed Achilles lost,
Than he who gave Achilles to your host?

This only I request, that neither he
May gain, by being what he seems to be,

A stupid thing, nor I may lose the prize,
By having sense, which Heav'n to him denies;

Since, great or small, the talent I enjoy'd
Was ever in the common cause employ'd.

Nor let my wit, and wanted eloquence, ²²¹
Which often has been us'd in your defense

And in my own, this only time be brought
To bear against myself, and deem'd a fault.

Make not a crime, where nature made it
none;

For ev'ry man may freely use his own.

The deeds of long descended ancestors
Are but by grace of imputation ours,

Theirs in effect; but, since he draws his line
From Jove, and seems to plead a right
divine, ²³⁰

From Jove, like him, I claim my pedigree,
And am descended in the same degree:

My sire Laertes was Arcesius' heir,
Arcesius was the son of Jupiter;

No parricide, no banish'd man, is known
In all my line; let him excuse his own.

Hermes ennobles too my mother's side —
By both my parents to the gods allied;

But not because that on the female part
My blood is better, dare I claim desert, ²⁴⁰
Or that my sire from parricide is free;
But judge by merit betwixt him and me.
The prize be to the best; provided yet,
That Ajax for a while his kin forget,
And his great sire, and greater uncle's name,
To fortify by them his feeble claim:
Be kindred and relation laid aside,
And honor's cause by laws of honor tried;
For, if he plead proximity of blood,
That empty title is with ease withstood. ²⁵⁰
Peleus, the hero's sire, more nigh than he,
And Pyrrhus his undoubted progeny,
Inherit first these trophies of the field:
To Scyros, or to Phthia, send the shield:
And Teucer has an uncle's right; yet he
Waives his pretensions, nor contends with
me.

"Then, since the cause on pure desert is
plac'd,
Whence shall I take my rise, what reckon
last?

I not presume on ev'ry act to dwell,
But take these few, in order as they fell.

"Thetis, who knew the fates, applied her
care ²⁶¹

To keep Achilles in disguise from war;
And till the threat'ning influence were past,
A woman's habit on the hero cast:
All eyes were cozen'd by the borrow'd vest,
And Ajax (never wiser than the rest)
Found no Pelides there. At length I came
With proffer'd wares to this pretended
dame;

She, not discover'd by her mien or voice, ²⁶⁹
Betray'd her manhood by her manly choice;
And, while on female toys her fellows
look,

Grasp'd in her warlike hand, a javelin
shook;

Whom, by this act reveal'd, I thus be-
spoke:

'O goddess-born! resist not Heav'n's decree,
The fall of Ilium is reserv'd for thee;
Then seiz'd him, and, produc'd in open light,
Sent blushing to the field the fatal knight.
Mine then are all his actions of the war;
Great Telephus was conquer'd by my spear,
And after cur'd: to me the Thebans owe
Lesbos and Tenedos their overthrow, ²⁸¹
Scyros and Cilla: not on all to dwell,
By me Lyrnesus and strong Chrysa fell;
And, since I sent the man who Hector slew,
To me the noble Hector's death is due:

Those arms I put into his living hand,
Those arms, Pelides dead, I now demand.

"When Greece was injur'd in the Spartan
prince,

And met at Aulis to revenge th' offense,
'Twas a dead calm, or adverse blasts, that
reign'd, ²⁹⁰

And in the port the windbound fleet de-
tain'd:

Bad signs were seen, and oracles severe
Were daily thunder'd in our general's ear,
That by his daughter's blood we must ap-
pease

Diana's kindled wrath, and free the seas.

Affection, int'rest, fame, his heart assail'd;
But soon the father o'er the king prevail'd:

Bold, on himself he took the pious crime,
As angry with the gods as they with him.

No subject could sustain their sov'reign's
look, ³⁰⁰

Till this hard enterprise I undertook:

I only durst th' imperial pow'r control,
And undermin'd the parent in his soul;

Forc'd him t' exert the king for common
good,

And pay our ransom with his daughter's
blood.

Never was cause more difficult to plead,
Than where the judge against himself de-
creed:

Yet this I won by dint of argument;
The wrongs his injur'd brother underwent, }
And his own office, sham'd him to consent.

"'T was harder yet to move the mother's
mind, ³¹¹

And to this heavy task was I design'd.

Reasons against her love I knew were vain;
I circumvented whom I could not gain:

Had Ajax been employ'd, our slacken'd sails
Had still at Aulis waited happy gales.

"Arriv'd at Troy, your choice was fix'd
on me,

A fearless envoy, fit for a bold embassy.

Secure, I enter'd thro' the hostile court,
Glitt'ring with steel, and crowded with re-
sort: ³²⁰

There, in the midst of arms, I plead our
cause,

Urge the foul rape, and violated laws;
Accuse the foes, as authors of the strife,

Reproach the ravisher, demand the wife.
Priam, Antenor, and the wiser few,

I mov'd; but Paris and his lawless crew
Scarce held their hands, and lifted swords;

but stood

In act to quench their impious thirst of blood,
This Menelaus knows, expos'd to share
With me the rough prelude of the war.

"Endless it were to tell what I have
done, 331

In arms, or council, since the siege begun:
The first encounters pass'd, the foe repell'd,
They skulk'd within the town, we kept the
field.

War seem'd asleep for nine long years; at
length,

Both sides resolv'd to push, we tried our
strength.

Now what did Ajax while our arms took
breath,

Vers'd only in the gross mechanic trade of
death?

If you require my deeds, with ambush'd
arms 339

I trapp'd the foe, or tir'd with false alarms;
Secur'd the ships, drew lines along the plain,
The fainting cheer'd, chastis'd the rebel
train,

Provided forage, our spent arms renew'd;
Employ'd at home, or sent abroad, the com-
mon cause pursued.

"The king, deluded in a dream by Jove,
Despair'd to take the town, and order'd to
remove.

What subject durst arraign the pow'r su-
preme,

Producing Jove to justify his dream?
Ajax might wish the soldiers to retain
From shameful flight, but wishes were in
vain: 350

As wanting of effect had been his words,
Such as of course his thund'ring tongue
affords.

But did this boaster threaten, did he pray,
Or by his own example urge their stay?
None, none of these, but ran himself
away.

I saw him run, and was asham'd to see —
Who plied his feet so fast to get aboard as
he?

Then speeding thro' the place, I made a
stand,

And loudly cried: 'O base degenerate
band,

To leave a town already in your hand! 360
After so long expense of blood, for fame,
To bring home nothing but perpetual
shame!'

These words, or what I have forgotten since,
(For grief inspir'd me then with eloquence,

Reduc'd their minds; they leave the crowded
port,

And to their late forsaken camp resort:
Dismay'd the council met; this man was
there,

But mute, and not recover'd of his fear:
Thersites tax'd the king, and loudly rail'd,
But his wide opening mouth with blows
I seal'd. 370

Then, rising, I excite their souls to fame,
And kindle sleeping virtue into flame.

From thence, whatever he perform'd in fight
Is justly mine, who drew him back from
flight.

"Which of the Grecian chiefs consorts
with thee?

But Diomedes desires my company,
And still communicates his praise with me.

As guided by a god, secure he goes,
Arm'd with my fellowship, amid the foes;
And sure no little merit I may boast, 380
Whom such a man selects from such an
host.

Unfore'd by lots, I went without affright,
To dare with him the dangers of the night;
On the same errand sent, we met the spy
Of Hector, double-tongued, and us'd to
lie:

Him I dispatch'd, but not till, undermin'd,
I drew him first to tell what treacherous
Troy design'd.

My task perform'd, with praise I had re-
tir'd,

But not content with this, to greater praise
aspir'd;

Invad'd Rhœsus and his Thracian crew, 390
And him, and his, in their own strength, I
slew;

Return'd a victor, all my vows complete,
With the king's chariot, in his royal seat.

Refuse me now his arms, whose fiery steeds
Were promis'd to the spy for his nocturnal
deeds,

And let dull Ajax bear away my right,
When all his days outbalance this one night.

"Nor fought I darkling still; the sun
beheld

With slaughter'd Lycians when I strew'd
the field.

You saw, and counted as I pass'd along, 400
Alastor, Chromius, Ceraunos the strong,
Alcander, Prytanis, and Halius,

Noemon, Charopes, and Ennomus,
Choön, Chersidamas; and five beside,

Men of obscure descent, but courage tried:

All these this hand laid breathless on the ground;

Nor want I proofs of many a manly wound,
All honest, all before: believe not me;
Words may deceive, but credit what you see."

At this he har'd his breast and show'd his scars,⁴¹⁰
As of a furrow'd field, well plow'd with wars;

"Nor is this part unexercis'd," said he;
"That giant bulk of his from wounds is free:

Safe in his shield he fears no foe to try,
And better manages his blood than I.
But this avails me not; our boaster strove
Not with our foes alone, but partial Jove,
To save the fleet: this I confess is true,
(Nor will I take from any man his due,)
But thus assuming all, he robs from you.⁴²⁰
Some part of honor to your share will fall;
He did the best indeed, but did not all.
Patroclus in Achilles' arms, and thought
The chief he seem'd, with equal ardor fought;

Preserv'd the fleet, repell'd the raging fire,
And forc'd the fearful Trojans to retire.

"But Ajax boasts that he was only thought

A match for Hector, who the combat sought:
Sure he forgets the king, the chiefs, and me;
All were as eager for the fight as he;⁴³⁰
He but the ninth, and, not by public voice
Or ours preferr'd, was only fortune's choice.
They fought, nor can our hero boast the event,

For Hector from the field unwounded went.

"Why am I forc'd to name that fatal day
That snatch'd the prop and pride of Greece away?

I saw Pelides sink, with pious grief,
And ran in vain, alas! to his relief;
For the brave soul was fled: full of my friend,

I rush'd amid the war, his relics to defend;⁴³⁹
Nor ceas'd my toil till I redeem'd the prey,
And, loaded with Achilles, march'd away:
Those arms, which on these shoulders then I bore,

'Tis just you to these shoulders should restore.

You see I want not nerves, who could sustain
The pond'rous ruins of so great a man;
Or, if in others equal force you find,
None is endued with a more grateful mind.

"Did Thetis then, ambitious in her care,
These arms thus labor'd for her son pre-
pare,⁴⁵⁰
That Ajax after him the heav'nly gift
should wear!

For that dull soul to stare, with stupid eyes,
On the learn'd unintelligible prize!
What are to him the sculptures of the shield,
Heav'n's planets, earth, and ocean's wat'ry field?

The Pleiads, Hyads; less and greater Bear,
Undipp'd in seas; Orion's angry star;
Two differing cities, grav'd on either hand?
Would he wear arms he cannot understand?

"Beside, what wise objections he pre-
pares⁴⁶⁰
Against my late accession to the wars?

Does not the fool perceive his argument
Is with more force against Achilles bent?
For, if dissembling be so great a crime,
The fault is common, and the same in him;
And if he taxes both of long delay,
My guilt is less, who sooner came away.

His pious mother, anxious for his life,
Detain'd her son; and me, my pious wife.
To them the blossoms of our youth were due,⁴⁷⁰

Our riper manhood we reserv'd for you.
But grant me guilty, 'tis not much my care,
When with so great a man my guilt I share:
My wit to war the matchless hero brought,
But by this fool I never had been caught.

"Nor need I wonder that on me he threw
Such foul aspersions, when he spares not you.

If Palamede unjustly fell by me,
Your honor suffer'd in th' unjust decree:⁴⁷⁹
I but accus'd, you doom'd; and yet he died,
Convinc'd of treason, and was fairly tried.
You heard not he was false; your eyes be-
held

The traitor manifest, the bribe reveal'd.

"That Philoctetes is on Lemnos left,
Wounded, forlorn, of human aid bereft,
Is not my crime, or not my crime alone;
Defend your justice, for the fact's your own:

'Tis true, th' advice was mine; that stay-
ing there
He might his weary limbs with rest re-
pair,

From a long voyage free, and from a longer war.⁴⁹⁰

He took the counsel, and he lives at least;
Th' event declares I counsel'd for the best:

Tho' faith is all, in ministers of state;
 For who can promise to be fortunate?
 Now since his arrows are the fate of Troy,
 Do not my wit, or weak address, employ;
 Send Ajax there, with his persuasive sense,
 To mollify the man and draw him thence:
 But Xanthus shall run backward, Ida stand
 A leafless mountain, and the Grecian band
 Shall fight for Troy, if, when my counsels
 fail,

501

The wit of heavy Ajax can prevail.

"Hard Philoctetes, exercise thy spleen
 Against thy fellows, and the King of Men;
 Curse my devoted head, above the rest,
 And wish in arms to meet me breast to
 breast:

Yet I the dang'rous task will undertake,
 And either die myself, or bring thee back.

"Nor doubt the same success, as when
 before

The Phrygian prophet to these tents I bore,
 Surpris'd by night, and forc'd him to de-
 clare

511

In what was plac'd the fortune of the war;
 Heav'n's dark decrees and answers to dis-
 play,

And how to take the town, and where the
 secret lay:

Yet this I compass'd, and from Troy con-
 vey'd

The fatal image of their guardian maid —
 That work was mine; for Pallas, tho' our
 friend,

Yet while she was in Troy, did Troy defend.
 Now what has Ajax done, or what design'd,
 A noisy nothing, and an empty wind?

520

If he be what he promises in show,
 Why was I sent, and why fear'd he to go?
 Our boasting champion thought the task
 not light

To pass the guards, commit himself to
 night;

Not only thro' a hostile town to pass,
 But scale, with steep ascent, the sacred place;
 With wand'ring steps to search the citadel,
 And from the priests their patroness to
 steal:

Then thro' surrounding foes to force my
 way,

529

And bear in triumph home the heav'nly prey;
 Which had I not, Ajax in vain had held,
 Before that monstrous bulk, his sev'nfold
 shield.

That night to conquer Troy I might be said,
 When Troy was liable to conquest made.

"Why point'st thou to my partner of the
 war?"

Tydidēs had indeed a worthy share
 In all my toil and praise; but when thy
 might

Our ships protected, didst thou singly fight?
 All join'd, and thou of many wert but one;
 I ask'd no friend, nor had, but him alone;
 Who, had he not been well assur'd that art
 And conduct were of war the better part,
 And more avail'd than strength, my valiant
 friend

Had urg'd a better right than Ajax can
 pretend:

As good at least Eurypylos may claim,
 And the more moderate Ajax of the name;
 The Cretan king, and his brave charioteer,
 And Menelaus bold with sword and spear —
 All these had been my rivals in the shield,
 And yet all these to my pretensions
 yield.

550

Thy boisterous hands are then of use, when I
 With this directing head those hands apply.
 Brawn without brain is thine; my prudent
 care

Foresees, provides, administers the war.

Thy province is to fight; but when shall be
 The time to fight, the king consults with
 me.

No dram of judgment with thy force is
 join'd;

Thy body is of profit, and my mind.

By how much more the ship her safety owes
 To him who steers, than him that only
 rows;

560

By how much more the captain merits
 praise

Than he who fights, and fighting but obeys;
 By so much greater is my worth than thine,
 Who canst but execute what I design.

What gain'st thou, brutal man, if I confess
 Thy strength superior, when thy wit is
 less?

Mind is the man: I claim my whole desert
 From the mind's vigor, and th' immortal
 part.

"But you, O Grecian chiefs, reward my
 care,

Be grateful to your watchman of the war.
 For all my labors in so long a space,
 Sure I may plead a title to your grace:
 Enter the town; I then unbarr'd the gates,
 When I remov'd their tutelary fates.

571

By all our common hopes, if hopes they be
 Which I have now reduc'd to certainty;

By falling Troy, by yonder tott'ring tow'rs,
And by their taken gods, which now are
ours;

Or if there yet a farther task remains, 579
To be perform'd by prudence or by pains;
If yet some desperate action rests behind,
That asks high conduct and a dauntless
mind;

If aught be wanting to the Trojan doom,
Which none but I can manage and o'er-
come;

Award those arms I ask, by your decree;
Or give to this what you refuse to me."

He ceas'd; and, ceasing, with respect he
bow'd,

And with his hand at once the fatal statue
show'd.

Heav'n, air, and ocean rung with loud ap-
plause,

And by the general vote he gain'd his
cause. 590

Thus conduct won the prize, when courage
fail'd,

And eloquence o'er brutal force prevail'd.

THE DEATH OF AJAX

He who could often, and alone, withstand
The foe, the fire, and Jove's own partial
hand,

Now cannot his unmaster'd grief sustain,
But yields to rage, to madness, and dis-
dain;

Then, snatching out his fauchion: "Thou,"
said he,

"Art mine; Ulysses lays no claim to thee.
O often tried and ever trusty sword,

Now do thy last kind office to thy lord: 600
'Tis Ajax who requests thy aid, to show
None but himself himself could overthrow."

He said, and with so good a will to die
Did to his breast the fatal point apply:

It found his heart, a way till then un-
known,

Where never weapon enter'd but his own;
No hands could force it thence, so fix'd it
stood,

Till out it rush'd, expell'd by streams of
spouting blood.

The fruitful blood produc'd a flow'r,
which grew

On a green stem, and of a purple hue: 610
Like his, whom unaware Apollo slew.

Inscrib'd in both, the letters are the same,
But those express the grief, and these the
name.

THE WIFE OF BATH, HER TALE

[FROM CHAUCER]

In days of old, when Arthur fill'd the
throne,

Whose acts and fame to foreign lands were
blown,

The king of elfs and little fairy queen
Gambol'd on heaths, and danc'd on ev'ry
green;

And where the jolly troop had led the
round,

The grass unbidden rose, and mark'd the
ground:

Nor darkling did they dance; the silver
light

Of Phoebe serv'd to guide their steps
aright,

And, with their tripping pleas'd, pro-
long'd the night.

Her beams they follow'd, where at full
she play'd, 10

Nor longer than she shed her horns they
stay'd,

From thence with airy flight to foreign
lands convey'd.

Above the rest our Britain held they dear;
More solemnly they kept their sabbaths
here,

And made more spacious rings, and
revel'd half the year.

I speak of ancient times, for now the
swain

Returning late may pass the woods in
vain,

And never hope to see the nightly train;
In vain the dairy now with mints is
dress'd,

The dairymaid expects no fairy guest, 20
To skim the bowls, and after pay the feast.

She sighs, and shakes her empty shoes in
vain,

No silver penny to reward her pain:
For priests with pray'rs, and other godly
gear,

Have made the merry goblins disappear;
And where they play'd their merry pranks
before,

Have sprinkled holy water on the floor;
And friars that thro' the wealthy regions
run,

Thick as the motes that twinkle in the sun,
Resort to farmers rich, and bless their
halls, 30

And exorcise the beds, and cross the walls:
This makes the fairy choirs forsake the
place,

When once 't is hallow'd with the rites of
grace.

But in the walks where wicked elves have
been,

The learning of the parish now is seen,
The midnight parson, posting o'er the
green,

With gown tuck'd up, to wakes, for Sun-
day next

With humming ale encouraging his text;
Nor wants the holy leer to country girl
betwixt.

From fiends and imps he sets the village
free,

There haunts not any incubus but he.

The maids and women need no danger fear
To walk by night, and sanctity so near:

For by some haycock, or some shady thorn,
He bids his beads both evensong and morn.

It so befell in this King Arthur's reign,
A lusty knight was pricking o'er the plain;

A bachelor he was, and of the courtly
train.

It happen'd, as he rode, a damsel gay
In russet robes to market took her way;

Soon on the girl he cast an amorous eye,
So straight she walk'd, and on her pasterns
high:

If seeing her behind he lik'd her pace,
Now turning short, he better lik'd her face.

He lights in haste, and, full of youthful
fire,

By force accomplish'd his obscene desire:
This done, away he rode, not unespied,

For swarming at his back the country cried;
And once in view they never lost the sight,

But seiz'd, and pinion'd brought to court
the knight.

Then courts of kings were held in high
renown,

Ere made the common brothels of the town:
There, virgins honorable vows receiv'd,

But chaste as maids in monasteries liv'd;
The king himself, to nuptial ties a slave,

No bad example to his poets gave;
And they, not bad, but in a vicious age,

Had not, to please the prince, debauch'd
the stage.

Now what should Arthur do? He lov'd
the knight,

But sovereign monarchs are the source of
right:

Mov'd by the damsel's tears and common
cry,

He doom'd the brutal ravisher to die.
But fair Geneura rose in his defense,

And pray'd so hard for mercy from the
prince,

That to his queen the king th' offender gave,
And left it in her pow'r to kill or save:

This gracious act the ladies all approve,
Who thought it much a man should die for
love,

And with their mistress join'd in close
debate,

(Covering their kindness with dissembled
hate,)

If not to free him, to prolong his fate.
At last agreed, they call'd him by consent

Before the queen and female parliament;
And the fair speaker, rising from her chair,

Did thus the judgment of the house de-
clare:

"Sir knight, tho' I have ask'd thy life,
yet still

Thy destiny depends upon my will;
Nor hast thou other surety than the grace

Not due to thee from our offended race.
But as our kind is of a softer mold,

And cannot blood without a sigh behold,
I grant thee life; reserving still the pow'r

To take the forfeit when I see my hour,
Unless thy answer to my next demand

Shall set thee free from our avenging hand.
The question, whose solution I require,

Is, *what the sex of women most desire.*
In this dispute thy judges are at strife;

Beware, for on thy wit depends thy life.
Yet (lest, surpris'd, unknowing what to say,

Thou damn thyself) we give thee farther
day:

A year is thine to wander at thy will,
And learn from others, if thou want'st the
skill.

But, not to hold our proffer [of boon] in scorn,
Good sureties will we have for thy return;

That at the time prefix'd thou shalt obey,
And at thy pledge's peril keep thy day."

Woe was the knight at this severe com-
mand;

But well he knew 't was bootless to with-
stand:

The terms accepted, as the fair ordain,
He put in bail for his return again,

And promis'd answer at the day assign'd,
The best, with Heav'n's assistance, he could
find.

His leave thus taken, on his way he went }
 With heavy heart, and full of discontent,
 Misdoubting much, and fearful of th'
 event.

'T was hard the truth of such a point to find,
 As was not yet agreed among the kind.
 Thus on he went; still anxious more and
 more,

Ask'd all he met, and knock'd at ev'ry
 door;

Enquir'd of men, but made his chief re-
 quest

To learn from women what they lov'd the
 best.

They answer'd each according to her mind,
 To please herself, not all the female kind.
 One was for wealth, another was for place;
 Cronos, old and ugly, wish'd a better face.
 The widow's wish was oftentimes to wed;
 The wanton maids were all for sport abed.
 Some said the sex were pleas'd with hand-
 some lies,

And some gross flatt'ry lov'd without dis-
 guise;

"Truth is," says one, "he seldom fails to
 win,

Who flatters well, for that 's our darling sin;
 But long attendance, and a duteous mind,
 Will work ev'n with the wisest of the kind."

One thought the sex's prime felicity
 Was from the bonds of wedlock to be free;
 Their pleasures, hours, and actions all their
 own,

And uncontrol'd to give account to none.
 Some wish a husband-fool; but such are
 curst,

For fools perverse of husbands are the
 worst:

All women would be counted chaste and
 wise,

Nor should our spouses see, but with our
 eyes;

For fools will prate, and, tho' they want the
 wit

To find close faults, yet open blots will hit;
 Tho' better for their ease to hold their
 tongue,

For womankind was never in the wrong.
 So noise ensues, and quarrels last for life;
 The wife abhors the fool, the fool the wife.
 And some men say, that great delight have
 we,

To be for truth extoll'd, and secrecy;
 And constant in one purpose still to dwell,
 And not our husbands' counsels to reveal.

But that 's a fable, for our sex is frail,
 Inventing rather than not tell a tale.
 Like leaky sieves no secrets we can hold:
 Witness the famous tale that Ovid told.

Midas the king, as in his book appears,
 By Phœbus was endow'd with ass's ears,
 Which under his long locks he well con-
 ceal'd,

(As monarchs' vices must not be reveal'd,)
 For fear the people have 'em in the wind,
 Who long ago were neither dumb nor blind,
 Nor apt to think from heav'n their title
 springs,

Since Jove and Mars left off begetting
 kings.

This Midas knew; and durst communicate
 To none but to his wife his ears of state:

One must be trusted, and he thought her fit,
 As passing prudent, and a parlous wit.

To this sagacious confessor he went,
 And told her what a gift the gods had sent;

But told it under matrimonial seal,
 With strict injunction never to reveal.

The secret heard, she plighted him her troth,
 (And sacred sure is every woman's oath,)

The royal malady should rest unknown,
 Both for her husband's honor and her own;

But ne'ertheless she pin'd with discontent;
 The counsel rumbled till it found a vent.

The thing she knew she was oblig'd to
 hide;

By int'rest and by oath the wife was
 tied;

But, if she told it not, the woman died.
 Loth to betray a husband and a prince,

But she must burst, or blab, and no pre-
 tense

Of honor tied her tongue from self-de-
 fense.

A marshy ground commodiously was near;
 Thither she ran, and held her breath for
 fear,

Lest if a word she spoke of anything,
 That word might be the secret of the king.

Thus full of counsel to the fen she went,
 Grip'd all the way, and longing for a vent;

Arriv'd, by pure necessity compell'd,
 On her majestic mary-bones she kneel'd;

Then to the water's brink she laid her head,
 And, as a bitter bumps within a reed,

"To thee alone, O lake," she said, "I tell,
 (And, as thy queen, command thee to con-
 ceal,)

Beneath his locks the king my husband
 wears

A goodly royal pair of ass's ears:
 Now I have eas'd my bosom of the pain,
 Till the next longing fit return again!" ²⁰⁰
 Thus thro' a woman was the secret known;
 Tell us, and in effect you tell the town.
 But to my tale: the knight, with heavy
 cheer,
 Wand'ring in vain, had now consum'd the
 year —
 One day was only left to solve the doubt —
 Yet knew no more than when he first set
 out.
 But home he must, and, as th' award had
 been,
 Yield up his body captive to the queen.
 In this despairing state he happ'd to ride,
 As fortune led him, by a forest side: ²¹⁰
 Lonely the vale, and full of horror stood,
 Brown with the shade of a religious wood;
 When full before him at the noon of
 night,
 (The moon was up, and shot a gleamy
 light,)
 He saw a choir of ladies in a round,
 That featly footing seem'd to skim the
 ground:
 Thus dancing hand in hand, so light they
 were,
 He knew not where they trod, on earth or
 air.
 At speed he drove, and came a sudden
 guest,
 In hope where many women were, at
 least, ²²⁰
 Some one by chance might answer his
 request.
 But faster than his horse the ladies flew,
 And in a trice were vanish'd out of view.
 One only hag remain'd; but fouler far
 Than grandame apes in Indian forests are;
 Against a wither'd oak she lean'd her
 weight,
 Propp'd on her trusty staff, not half up-
 right,
 And dropp'd an awkward court'sy to the
 knight.
 Then said: "What make you, sir, so late
 abroad ²²⁹
 Without a guide, and this no beaten road?
 Or want you aught that here you hope to
 find,
 Or travel for some trouble in your mind?
 The last I guess; and, if I read aright,
 Those of our sex are bound to serve a
 knight;

Perhaps good counsel may your grief as-
 suage:
 Then tell your pain, for wisdom is in age."
 To this the knight: "Good mother, would
 you know
 The secret cause and spring of all my woe?
 My life must with to-morrow's light expire,
 Unless I tell what women most desire. ²⁴⁰
 Now could you help me at this hard essay,
 Or for your inborn goodness, or for pay,
 Yours is my life, redeem'd by your advice;
 Ask what you please, and I will pay the
 price:
 The proudest kerchief of the court shall
 rest
 Well satisfied of what they love the best."
 "Plight me thy faith," quoth she, "that
 what I ask,
 Thy danger over, and perform'd the task,
 That shalt thou give for hire of thy de-
 mand;
 Here take thy oath, and seal it on my
 hand; ²⁵⁰
 I warrant thee, on peril of my life,
 Thy words shall please both widow, maid,
 and wife."
 More words there needed not to move
 the knight
 To take her offer, and his truth to plight.
 With that she spread her mantle on the
 ground,
 And, first enquiring whether he was bound,
 Bade him not fear, tho' long and rough the
 way,
 At court he should arrive ere break of day;
 His horse should find the way without a
 guide, ²⁵⁹
 She said: with fury they began to ride,
 He on the midst, the beldam at his side.
 The horse, what devil drove, I cannot tell,
 But only this, they sped their journey well;
 And all the way the crone inform'd the
 knight,
 How he should answer the demand aright.
 To court they came; the news was quickly
 spread
 Of his returning to redeem his head.
 The female senate was assembled soon,
 With all the mob of women in the town;
 The queen sate lord chief justice of the
 hall, ²⁷⁰
 And bade the crier cite the criminal.
 The knight appear'd, and silence they pro-
 claim:
 Then first the culprit answer'd to his name;

And, after forms of laws, was last requir'd
To name the thing that women most desir'd.

Th' offender, taught his lesson by the
way,

And by his counsel order'd what to say,
Thus bold began : " My lady liege," said he,
" What all your sex desire is, Sovereignty.

The wife affects her husband to com-
mand; 280

All must be hers, both money, house, and
land.

The maids are mistresses ev'n in their
name,

And of their servants full dominion claim.

This, at the peril of my head, I say,
A blunt plain truth, the sex aspires to }
sway,

You to rule all, while we, like slaves, }
obey."

There was not one, or widow, maid, or
wife,

But said the knight had well deserv'd his
life.

Ev'n fair Geneura, with a blush, confess'd
The man had found what women love the
best. 290

Uptarts the beldam, who was there un-
seen,

And, reverence made, accosted thus the
queen:

" My liege," said she, " before the court
arise,

May I, poor wretch, find favor in your eyes,
To grant my just request: 't was I who
taught

The knight this answer, and inspir'd his
thought;

None but a woman could a man direct
To tell us women what we most affect.

But first I swore him on his knightly troth,
(And here demand performance of his
oath,) 300

To grant the boon that next I should desire;
He gave his faith, and I expect my hire:

My promise is fulfill'd; I sav'd his life,
And claim his debt, to take me for his
wife."

The knight was ask'd, nor could his oath
deny,

But hop'd they would not force him to
comply.

The women, who would rather wrest the
laws

Than let a sister plaintiff lose the cause,
(As judges on the bench more gracious are,

And more attent to brothers of the bar
Cried, one and all, the suppliant ill,
have right,

And to the grandame hag adjudg'd old:
knight.

In vain he sigh'd, and oft with tes,
desir'd,

Some reasonable suit might be requir'd.

But still the crone was constant to her note;
The more he spoke, the more she stretch'd
her throat.

In vain he proffer'd all his goods, to save
His body destin'd to that living grave.

The liquorish hag rejects the pelf with
scorn;

And nothing but the man would serve her
turn. 320

" Not all the wealth of eastern kings," said
she,

" Has pow'r to part my plighted love and
me;

And, old and ugly as I am, and poor,
Yet never will I break the faith I swore;
For mine thou art by promise, during life,
And I thy loving and obedient wife."

" My love! nay, rather my damnation
thou,"

Said he, " nor am I bound to keep my vow:
The fiend thy sire hath sent thee from
below,

Else how couldst thou my secret sorrows
know ? 330

Avaunt, old witch, for I renounce thy
bed;

The queen may take the forfeit of my
head,

Ere any of my race so foul a crone shall
wed."

Both heard, the judge pronounc'd against
the knight:

So was he married in his own despite;
And all day after hid him as an owl,

Not able to sustain a sight so foul.
Perhaps the reader thinks I do him wrong,

To pass the marriage feast and nuptial
song;

Mirth there was none, the man was *à la*
mort, 340

And little courage had to make his court.
To bed they went, the bridegroom and the
bride;

Was never such an ill-pair'd couple tied:
Restless he toss'd and tumbled to and fro,

And roll'd, and wriggled further off, for
woe.

The good old wife lay smiling by his side,
And caught him in her quiv'ring arms, and
cried:

"When you my ravish'd predecessor saw,
You were not then become this man of
straw;

Had you been such, you might have scap'd
the law. ³⁵⁰

Is this the custom of King Arthur's court?
Are all Round Table Knights of such a sort?
Remember I am she who sav'd your life,
Your loving, lawful, and complying wife;
Not thus you swore in your unhappy hour,
Nor I for this return employ'd my pow'r.
In time of need I was your faithful friend;
Nor did I since, nor ever will offend.
Believe me, my lov'd lord, 'tis much un-

kind; ³⁵⁹

What fury has possess'd your alter'd mind?
Thus on my wedding night — without pre-
tense —

Come, turn this way, or tell me my offense.
If not your wife, let reason's rule persuade;
Name but my fault, amends shall soon be
made."

"Amends! nay, that's impossible," said
he,

"What change of age or ugliness can be!
Or, could Medea's magic mend thy face,
Thou art descended from so mean a race,
That never knight was match'd with such
disgrace. ³⁶⁰

What wonder, madam, if I move my side,
When, if I turn, I turn to such a bride?"

"And is this all that troubles you so
sore!"

"And what the devil couldst thou wish
me more?"

"Ah *benedicite*," replied the crone,

"Then cause of just complaining have you
none.

The remedy to this were soon applied,
Would you be like the bridegroom to the
bride.

But, for you say a long descended race,
And wealth, and dignity, and pow'r, and
place, ³⁷⁹

Make gentlemen, and that your high degree
Is much disparag'd to be match'd with me;
Know this, my lord, nobility of blood
Is but a glittering and fallacious good:
The nobleman is he whose noble mind
Is fill'd with inborn worth, unborrow'd from
his kind.

The King of Heav'n was in a manger laid,

And took his earth but from an humble
maid;

Then what can birth, or mortal men, bestow,
Since floods no higher than their fountains
flow? ³⁸⁹

We, who for name and empty honor strive,
Our true nobility from him derive.

Your ancestors, who puff your mind with
pride,

And vast estates to mighty titles tied,
Did not your honor, but their own advance;
For virtue comes not by inheritance.

If you tralinate from your father's mind,
What are you else but of a bastard kind?
Do as your great progenitors have done,
And, by their virtues, prove yourself their
son.

No father can infuse or wit or grace; ⁴⁰⁰

A mother comes across, and mars the race.
A grandsire or a grandame taints the blood,
And seldom three descents continue good.

Were virtue by descent, a noble name
Could never villanize his father's fame;
But, as the first, the last of all the line
Would, like the sun, ev'n in descending
shine.

Take fire, and bear it to the darkest house,
Betwixt King Arthur's court and Caucasus;
If you depart, the flame shall still remain, ⁴¹⁰
And the bright blaze enlighten all the plain;
Nor, till the fuel perish, can decay,
By nature form'd on things combustible to
prey.

Such is not man, who, mixing better seed
With worse, begets a base degenerate breed:
The bad corrupts the good, and leaves be-
hind

No trace of all the great begetter's mind.
The father sinks within his son, we see,
And often rises in the third degree,
If better luck a better mother give: ⁴²⁰
Chance gave us being, and by chance we
live.

Such as our atoms were, ev'n such are we, }
Or call it chance, or strong necessity:
Thus, loaded with dead weight, the will }
is free.

And thus it needs must be: for seed con-
join'd

Lets into nature's work th' imperfect kind;
But fire, th' enliv'n'ner of the general frame,
Is one, its operation still the same.

Its principle is in itself, while ours
Works, as confederates war, with mingled
pow'rs; ⁴³⁰

Or man or woman, whichsoever fails;
 And, oft, the vigor of the worse prevails.
Either with sulphur blended alters hue,
 And casts a dusky gleam of Sodom blue.
 Thus, in a brute, their ancient honor ends,
 And the fair mermaid in a fish descends:
 The line is gone; no longer duke or earl;
 But, by himself degraded, turns a churl.
 Nobility of blood is but renown
 Of thy great fathers by their virtue

known,
 And a long trail of light, to thee descend-
 ing down.

If in thy smoke it ends, their glories shine;
 But infamy and villanage are thine;
 Then what I said before is plainly show'd,
 That true nobility proceeds from God;
 Nor left us by inheritance, but giv'n
 By bounty of our stars, and grace of Heav'n.
 Thus from a captive Servius Tullius rose,
 Whom for his virtues the first Romans

chose;
 Fabricius from their walls repell'd the foe,
 Whose noble hands had exercis'd the plow.
 From hence, my lord, and love, I thus con-
 clude,

That, tho' my homely ancestors were rude,
 Mean as I am, yet I may have the grace
 To make you father of a generous race;
 And noble then am I, when I begin,
 In virtue cloth'd, to cast the rags of sin.

If poverty be my upbraided crime,
 And you believe in Heav'n, there was a time
 When he, the great controller of our fate,
 Deign'd to be man, and liv'd in low estate:
 Which he who had the world at his dispose,
 If poverty were vice, would never choose.
 Philosophers have said, and poets sing,
 That a glad poverty's an honest thing.
 Content is wealth, the riches of the mind;
 And happy he who can that treasure find.
 But the base miser starves amidst his

store,
 Broods on his gold, and, griping still at
 more,

Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.
 The ragged beggar, tho' he wants relief,
 Has not to lose, and sings before the thief.
 Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
 Because its virtues are not understood;
 Yet many things, impossible to thought,
 Have been by need to full perfection
 brought:

The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,
 Sharpness of wit, and active diligence;

Prudence at once, and fortitude, it gives,
 And, if in patience taken, mends our
 lives;

For ev'n that indigence that brings me low,
 Makes me myself, and him above, to know:
 A good which none would challenge, few
 would choose,

A fair possession, which mankind refuse.

"If we from wealth to poverty descend,
 Want gives to know the flatt'rer from the
 friend.

If I am old and ugly, well for you,
 No lewd adulterer will my love pursue.
 Nor jealousy, the bane of married life,
 Shall haunt you for a wither'd homely wife;
 For age and ugliness, as all agree,
 Are the best guards of female chastity.

"Yet since I see your mind is worldly
 bent,

I'll do my best to further your content.
 And therefore of two gifts in my dispose—
 Think ere you speak—I grant you leave to
 choose:

Would you I should be still deform'd and
 old,

Nauseous to touch, and loathsome to be-
 hold;

On this condition to remain for life
 A careful, tender, and obedient wife,
 In all I can contribute to your ease,
 And not in deed, or word, or thought dis-
 please?

Or would you rather have me young and
 fair,
 And take the chance that happens to your
 share?

Temptations are in beauty, and in youth,
 And how can you depend upon my truth?
 Now weigh the danger with the doubtful
 bliss,
 And thank yourself, if aught should fall
 amiss."

Sore sigh'd the knight, who this long
 sermon heard;

At length, considering all, his heart he
 cheer'd,

And thus replied: "My lady, and my wife,
 To your wise conduct I resign my life:
 Choose you for me, for well you under-
 stand

The future good and ill, on either hand.
 But if an humble husband may request,
 Provide, and order all things for the best;
 Yours be the care to profit, and to please;
 And let your subject-servant take his ease."

"Then thus in peace," quoth she, "concludes the strife,
Since I am turn'd the husband, you the wife:
520

The matrimonial victory is mine,
Which, having fairly gain'd, I will resign;
Forgive, if I have said or done amiss,
And seal the bargain with a friendly kiss:
I promis'd you but one content to share,
But now I will become both good and fair.
No nuptial quarrel shall disturb your ease;
The business of my life shall be to please:
And for my beauty, that, as time shall try —
But draw the curtain first, and cast your
eye."

He look'd, and saw a creature heav'nly
fair,

In bloom of youth, and of a charming air.
With joy he turn'd and seiz'd her iv'ry
arm;

And, like Pygmalion, found the statue
warm.

Small arguments there needed to prevail,
A storm of kisses pour'd as thick as hail.

Thus long in mutual bliss they lay em-
brace'd,

And their first love continued to the last:
One sunshine was their life, no cloud be-
tween;

Nor ever was a kinder couple seen. 540
And so may all our lives like theirs be
led:

Heav'n send the maids young husbands
fresh in bed;

May widows wed as often as they can,
And ever for the better change their man,
And some devouring plague pursue their
lives,

Who will not well be govern'd by their
wives.

OF THE PYTHAGOREAN PHI- LOSOPHY

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK XV

The Fourteenth Book concludes with the death and deification of Romulus; the Fifteenth begins with the election of Numa to the crown of Rome. On this occasion, Ovid, following the opinion of some authors, makes Numa the scholar of Pythagoras, and to have begun his acquaintance with that philosopher at Crotona, a town in Italy; from thence he makes a digression to the moral

and natural philosophy of Pythagoras: on both which our author enlarges; and which are the most learned and beautiful parts of the whole *Metamorphoses*.

A KING is sought to guide the growing
state,

One able to support the public weight,
And fill the throne where Romulus had
sate.

Renown, which oft bespeaks the public
voice,

Had recommended Numa to their choice:
A peaceful, pious prince; who, not content
To know the Sabine rites, his study bent
To cultivate his mind; to learn the laws
Of nature, and explore their hidden cause.
Urg'd by this care, his country he forsook,
And to Crotona thence his journey took. 11
Arriv'd, he first enquir'd the founder's
name

Of this new colony, and whence he came.

Then thus a senior of the place replies,

Well read, and curious of antiquities:

" 'T is said, Alcides hither took his way
From Spain, and drove along his conquer'd
prey;

Then, leaving in the fields his grazing cows,
He sought himself some hospitable house.

Good Croton entertain'd his godlike guest,
While he repair'd his weary limbs with rest.

The hero, thence departing, bless'd the
place, 22

'And here,' he said, 'in time's revolving
race,

A rising town shall take his name from
thee.'

Revolving time fulfill'd the prophecy;

For Myseelos, the justest man on earth,

Alemon's son, at Argos had his birth.

Him Hercules, arm'd with his club of oak,
O'ersadow'd in a dream, and thus be-
spoke:

'Go, leave thy native soil, and make
abode 30

Where Æsaris rolls down his rapid flood.'

He said; and sleep forsook him, and the
god.

Trembling he wak'd, and rose with anxious
heart:

His country laws forbade him to depart;

What should he do? 'T was death to go
away,

And the god menac'd if he dar'd to stay.

All day he doubted, and, when night came
on,

Sleep, and the same forewarning dream,
 begun;
 Once more the god stood threat'ning o'er
 his head,
 With added curses if he disobey'd.⁴⁰
 Twice warn'd, he studied flight; but would
 convey
 At once his person and his wealth away.
 Thus while he linger'd, his design was heard,
 A speedy process form'd, and death declar'd.
 Witness there needed none of his offense,
 Against himself the wretch was evidence:
 Condemn'd, and destitute of human aid,
 To him for whom he suffer'd, thus he
 pray'd:
 "O Pow'r, who hast deserv'd in heav'n
 a throne,
 Not giv'n, but by thy labors made thy own,⁵⁰
 Pity thy suppliant, and protect his cause,
 Whom thou hast made obnoxious to the
 laws."
 "A custom was of old, and still re-
 mains,
 Which life or death by suffrages ordains;
 White stones and black within an urn are
 cast,
 The first absolve, but fate is in the last.
 The judges to the common urn bequeath
 Their votes, and drop the sable signs of
 death;
 The box receives all black, but, pour'd from
 thence,
 The stones came candid forth, the hue of
 innocence.⁶⁰
 Thus Alemonides his safety won,
 Preserv'd from death by Alcmena's son.
 Then to his kinsman god his vows he pays,
 And cuts with prosp'rous gales th' Ionian
 seas:
 He leaves Tarentum, favor'd by the wind,
 And Thurine bays, and Temises, behind;
 Soft Sybaris, and all the capes that stand
 Along the shore, he makes in sight of land;
 Still doubling, and still coasting, till he
 found.⁶⁹
 The mouth of Æsaris, and promis'd ground:
 Then saw where, on the margin of the flood,
 The tomb that held the bones of Croton
 stood.
 Here, by the god's command, he built and
 wall'd
 The place predicted, and Crotona call'd:
 Thus fame, from time to time, delivers
 down
 The sure tradition of th' Italian town."

Here dwelt the man divine whom Samos
 bore,
 But now self-banish'd from his native shore,
 Because he hated tyrants, nor could bear
 The chains which none but servile souls
 will wear:
 He, tho' from heav'n remote, to heav'n⁸⁰
 could move,
 With strength of mind, and tread th' abyss
 above;
 And penetrate, with his interior light,
 Those upper depths which Nature hid from
 sight;
 And what he had observ'd, and learnt from
 thence,
 Lov'd in familiar language to dispense.
 The crowd with silent admiration stand,
 And heard him, as they heard their god's
 command;
 While he discours'd of heav'n's mysterious
 laws,
 The world's original, and nature's cause;⁹⁰
 And what was God, and why the fleecy
 snows
 In silence fell, and rattling winds arose;
 What shook the steadfast earth, and whence
 begun
 The dance of planets round the radiant sun;
 If thunder was the voice of angry Jove,
 Or clouds, with niter pregnant, burst above:
 Of these, and things beyond the common
 reach,
 He spoke, and charm'd his audience with
 his speech.
 He first the taste of flesh from tables
 drove,
 And argued well, if arguments could move:
 "O mortals! from your fellows' blood ab-
 stain,¹⁰⁰
 Nor taint your bodies with a food profane:
 While corn and pulse by nature are be-
 stow'd,
 And planted orchards bend their willing
 load;
 While labor'd gardens wholesome herbs
 produce,
 And teeming vines afford their generous
 juice;
 Nor tardier fruits of cruder kind are lost,
 But tam'd with fire, or mellow'd by the
 frost;
 While kine to pails distended udders bring,
 And bees their honey redolent of spring;¹¹⁰
 While earth not only can your needs supply,
 But, lavish of her store, provides for luxury;

A guiltless feast administers with ease,
And without blood is prodigal to please.
Wild beasts their maws with their slain
brethren fill,

And yet not all, for some refuse to kill:
Sheep, goats, and oxen, and the nobler steed,
On browse and corn the flow'ry meadows
feed.

Bears, tigers, wolves, the lion's angry brood,
Whom Heav'n endued with principles of
blood,

He wisely sunder'd from the rest, to yell
In forests, and in lonely caves to dwell,
Where stronger beasts oppress the weak by
might,

And all in prey and purple feasts delight.
"O impious use! to Nature's laws oppos'd,
Where bowels are in other bowels clos'd;
Where, fatten'd by their fellows' fat, they
thrive,

Maintain'd by murder, and by death they
live.

'Tis then for naught that Mother Earth pro-
vides

The stores of all she shows, and all she
hides,

If men with fleshy morsels must be fed, ¹³⁰
And chaw with bloody teeth the breathing
bread:

What else is this but to devour our guests,
And barb'rously renew Cyclopean feasts!
We, by destroying life, our life sustain,
And gorge th' ungodly maw with meats
obscene.

"Not so the Golden Age, who fed on fruit,
Nor durst with bloody meals their mouths
pollute:

Then birds in airy space might safely move,
And timorous hares on heaths securely
rove;

Nor needed fish the guileful hooks to fear, ¹⁴⁰
For all was peaceful, and that peace sincere.
Whoever was the wretch (and curst be he)
That envied first our food's simplicity,
Th' essay of bloody feasts on brutes began,
And after forg'd the sword to murder man.
Had he the sharpen'd steel alone employ'd
On beasts of prey that other beasts de-
stroy'd,

Or man invaded with their fangs and paws,
This had been justified by Nature's laws, ¹⁵⁰
And self-defense; but who did feasts begin
Of flesh, he stretch'd necessity to sin.

To kill man-killers, man has lawful pow'r,
But not th' extended license to devour.

"Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
The sow, with her broad snout for rooting
up

Th' intrusted seed, was judg'd to spoil the
crop

And intercept the sweating farmer's hope;
The cov'tous churl, of unforgiving kind, ¹⁶⁰

Th' offender to the bloody priest resign'd:
Her hunger was no plea; for that she died.

The goat came next in order to be tried;
The goat had clogg'd the tendrils of the
vine:

In vengeance laity and clergy join,
Where one had lost his profit, one his
wine.

Here was, at least, some shadow of of-
fense;

The sheep was sacrific'd on no pretense,
But meek and unresisting innocence:

A patient, useful creature, born to bear ¹⁷⁰
The warm and woolly fleece, that cloth'd
her murderer,

And daily to give down the milk she bred,
A tribute for the grass on which she fed.

Living, both food and raiment she supplies,
And is of least advantage when she dies.

"How did the toiling ox his death deserve,
A downright simple drudge, and born to
serve?

O tyrant! with what justice canst thou hope
The promise of the year, a plenteous crop,

When thou destroy'st thy lab'ring steer,
who till'd ¹⁸⁰

And plow'd with pains thy else ungrateful
field?

From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,
(That neck with which the surly clods he
broke,)

And to the hatchet yield thy husbandman,
Who finish'd autumn, and the spring began!

"Nor this alone! but, Heav'n itself to
bribe,

We to the gods our impious acts ascribe;
First recompense with death their creatures'
toil,

Then call the blest above to share the
spoil. ¹⁸⁹

The fairest victim must the pow'rs appease;
(So fatal 't is sometimes too much to please!)

A purple fillet his broad brows adorns,
With flow'ry garlands crown'd, and gilded
horns.

He hears the murd'rous pray'r the priest
prefers,

But understands not, 't is his doom he hears;
Beholds the meal betwixt his temples cast,
(The fruit and product of his labors past;)
And in the water views, perhaps, the knife
Uplifted, to deprive him of his life;
Then, broken up alive, his entrails sees, ²⁰⁰
Torn out for priests t' inspect the god's
decrees.

"From whence, O mortal men, this gust
of blood

Have you deriv'd, and interdicted food?
Be taught by me this dire delight to shun,
Warn'd by my precepts, by my practice
won;

And when you eat the well-deserving beast,
Think, on the lab'rer of your field you feast!

"Now since the god inspires me to pro-
ceed,

Be that, whate'er inspiring pow'r, obey'd;
For I will sing of mighty mysteries, ²¹⁰
Of truths conceal'd before from human
eyes,

Dark oracles unveil, and open all the
skies;

Pleas'd as I am to walk along the sphere
Of shining stars, and travel with the year,
To leave the heavy earth, and scale the
height

Of Atlas, who supports the heav'nly weight;
To look from upper light, and thence survey
Mistaken mortals wand'ring from the way,
And, wanting wisdom, fearful for the state
Of future things, and trembling at their
fate!

"Those I would teach, and by right rea-
son bring ²²⁰

To think of death, as but an idle thing.
Why thus affrighted at an empty name,
A dream of darkness, and fictitious flame?
Vain themes of wit, which but in poems pass,
And fables of a world that never was!
What feels the body when the soul expires,
By time corrupted, or consum'd by fires?
Nor dies the spirit, but new life repeats
In other forms, and only changes seats. ²³⁰

"Ev'n I, who these mysterious truths
declare,

Was once Euphorbus in the Trojan war;
My name and lineage I remember well,
And how in fight by Sparta's king I fell.
In Argive Juno's fane I late beheld
My buckler hung on high, and own'd my
former shield.

"Then death, so call'd, is but old matter
dress'd

In some new figure, and a varied vest:
Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies;
And here and there th' unbodied spirit
flies, ²⁴⁰

By time, or force, or sickness disposess'd,
And lodges, where it lights, in man or beast;
Or hunts without, till ready limbs it find,
And actuates those according to their kind;
From tenement to tenement is toss'd;
The soul is still the same, the figure only
lost.

And, as the soften'd wax new seals receives,
This face assumes, and that impression
leaves;

Now call'd by one, now by another name;
The form is only chang'd, the wax is still
the same: ²⁵⁰

So death, so call'd, can but the form de-
face,

Th' immortal soul flies out in empty space,
To seek her fortune in some other place.

"Then let not piety be put to flight,
To please the taste of glutton appetite;
But suffer inmate souls secure to dwell,
Lest from their seats your parents you
expel;

With rabid hunger feed upon your kind,
Or from a beast dislodge a brother's mind.

"And since, like Tiphys, parting from the
shore, ²⁶⁰

In ample seas I sail, and depths untried
before,

This let me further add, that Nature knows
No steadfast station, but or ebbs or flows:

Ever in motion; she destroys her old,
And casts new figures in another mold.

Ev'n times are in perpetual flux, and run,
Like rivers from their fountain, rolling on;
For time, no more than streams, is at a stay:
The flying hour is ever on her way; ²⁶⁹

And, as the fountain still supplies her store,
(The wave behind impels the wave before,)

Thus in successive course the minutes run,
And urge their predecessor minutes on,

Still moving, ever new: for former things
Are set aside, like abdicated kings;

And every moment alters what is done,
And innovates some act till then unknown.

"Darkness we see emerges into light,
And shining suns descend to sable night;

Ev'n heav'n itself receives another dye, ²⁸⁰
When wearied animals in slumbers lie

Of midnight ease; another, when the gray
Of morn preludes the splendor of the day.

The disk of Phœbus, when he climbs on high,

Appears at first but as a bloodshot eye;
And, when his chariot downward drives to
bed,

His ball is with the same suffusion red;
But, mounted high in his meridian race,
All bright he shines, and with a better face;
For there pure particles of ether flow, ²⁹⁰
Far from th' infection of the world below.

"Nor equal light th' unequal moon
adorns,

Or in her waxing, or her waning horns.
For ev'ry day she wanes, her face is less,
But gath'ring into globe, she fattens at in-
crease.

"Perceiv'st thou not the process of the
year,

How the four seasons in four forms ap-
pear,

Resembling human life in ev'ry shape
they wear?

Spring first, like infancy, shoots out her
head, ²⁹⁹

With milky juice requiring to be fed:
Helpless, tho' fresh, and wanting to be
led.

The green stem grows in stature and in size,
But only feeds with hope the farmer's eyes;
Then laughs the childish year with flow'rets
crown'd,

And lavishly perfumes the fields around,
But no substantial nourishment receives;
Infirm the stalks, unsolid are the leaves.

"Proceeding onward whence the year
began,

The Summer grows adult and ripens into
man.

This season, as in men, is most replete ³¹⁰
With kindly moisture and prolific heat.

"Autumn succeeds, a sober tepid age,
Not froze with fear, nor boiling into rage;
More than mature, and tending to decay;
When our brown locks repine to mix with
odious gray.

"Last, Winter creeps along with tardy
pace;

Sour is his front, and furrow'd is his face.
His scalp if not dishonor'd quite of hair,
The ragged fleece is thin, and thin is worse
than bare.

"Ev'n our own bodies daily change re-
ceive; ³²⁰

Some part of what was theirs before, they
leave;

Nor are to-day what yesterday they were,
Nor the whole same to-morrow will appear.

"Time was, when we were sow'd, and just
began,

From some few fruitful drops, the promise
of a man.

Then Nature's hand (fermented as it was)
Molded to shape the soft, coagulated mass;

And when the little man was fully form'd,
The breathless embryo with a spirit warm'd;

But when the mother's throes begin to
come, ³³⁰

The creature, pent within the narrow room,
Breaks his blind prison, pushing to repair

His stifled breath and draw the living air;
Cast on the margin of the world he lies,

A helpless babe, but by instinct he cries.
He next essays to walk, but, downward

press'd,

On four feet imitates his brother beast:
By slow degrees he gathers from the ground

His legs, and to the rolling chair is bound;
Then walks alone; a horseman now be-
come, ³⁴⁰

He rides a stick, and travels round the room.
In time he vaunts among his youthful peers,

Strong-bon'd, and strung with nerves, in
pride of years.

He runs with mettle his first merry
stage;

Maintains the next, abated of his rage,
But manages his strength, and spares his
age.

Heavy the third and stiff, he sinks apace,
And, tho' 't is downhill all, but creeps along
the race.

Now sapless on the verge of death he stands,
Contemplating his former feet and hands;

And, Milo-like, his slacken'd sinews
sees, ³⁵¹

And wither'd arms, once fit to cope with
Hercules,

Unable now to shake, much less to tear,
the trees.

"So Helen wept, when her too faithful
glass

Reflected to her eyes the ruins of her face,
Wond'ring what charms her ravishers could
spy,

To force her twice, or ev'n but once enjoy!

"Thy teeth, devouring Time, thine, envi-
ous Age,

On things below still exercise your rage:
With venom'd grinders you corrupt your
meat, ³⁶⁰

And then, at ling'ring meals, the morsels
eat.

"Nor those, which elements we call,
 abide,
 Nor to this figure, nor to that, are tied;
 For this eternal world is said of old
 But four prolific principles to hold,
 Four different bodies; two to heaven ascend,
 And other two down to the center tend.
 Fire, first, with wings expanded mounts on high,
 Pure, void of weight, and dwells in upper sky;
 Then Air, because unlogg'd in empty space,
 Flies after Fire, and claims the second place;
 But weighty Water, as her nature guides,
 Lies on the lap of Earth, and Mother Earth subsides.

"All things are mix'd of these, which all contain,
 And into these are all resolv'd again:
 Earth rarefies to Dew; expanded more,
 The subtle Dew in Air begins to soar;
 Spreads as she flies, and weary of her name
 Extenuates still, and changes into Flame.
 Thus having by degrees perfection won,
 Restless they soon untwist the web they spun,
 And Fire begins to lose her radiant hue,
 Mix'd with gross Air, and Air descends to Dew;
 And Dew, condensing, does her form forego,
 And sinks, a heavy lump of Earth, below.

"Thus are their figures never at a stand,
 But chang'd by Nature's innovating hand;
 All things are alter'd, nothing is destroy'd,
 The shifted scene for some new show employ'd.

"Then, to be born, is to begin to be
 Some other thing we were not formerly;
 And what we call to die, is not t' appear
 Or be the thing that formerly we were.
 Those very elements which we partake,
 Alive, when dead, some other bodies make;
 Translated grow, have sense, or can discourse;
 But death on deathless substance has no force.

"That forms are chang'd I grant, that nothing can
 Continue in the figure it began;
 The Golden Age to Silver was debas'd;
 To Copper that; our metal came at last.

"The face of places, and their forms, decay;
 And that is solid earth, that once was sea:
 Seas, in their turn, retreating from the shore,
 Make solid land what ocean was before;
 And far from strands are shells of fishes found,
 And rusty anchors fix'd on mountain ground;
 And what were fields before, now wash'd and worn
 By falling floods from high, to valleys turn,
 And, crumbling still, descend to level lands,
 And lakes and trembling bogs are barren sands;
 And the parch'd desert floats in streams unknown,
 Wond'ring to drink of waters not her own.
 "Here nature living fountains opes, and there
 Seals up the wombs where living fountains were;
 Or earthquakes stop their ancient course, and bring
 Diverted streams to feed a distant spring.
 So Lycus, swallow'd up, is seen no more,
 But far from thence knocks out another door.
 Thus Erasinus dives, and blind in earth
 Runs on, and gropes his way to second birth;
 Starts up in Argos' meads, and shakes his locks
 Around the fields, and fattens all the flocks.
 So Mysus by another way is led,
 And, grown a river, now disdains his head;
 Forgets his humble birth, his name forsakes,
 And the proud title of Caicus takes.
 Large Amenane, impure with yellow sands,
 Runs rapid often, and as often stands;
 And here he threatens the drunken fields to drown,
 And there his dugs deny to give their liquor down.
 "Anigros once did wholesome draughts afford,
 But now his deadly waters are abhorr'd;
 Since, hurt by Hercules, as fame resounds,
 The Centaurs in his current wash'd their wounds.
 The streams of Hypanis are sweet no more,
 But, brackish, lose the taste they had before.
 Antissa, Pharos, Tyre, in seas were pent,
 Once isles, but now increase the continent;

While the Leucadian coast, mainland before,⁴⁴⁰

By rushing seas is sever'd from the shore.
So Zancle to th' Italian earth was tied,
And men once walk'd where ships at anchor ride;

Till Neptune overlook'd the narrow way,
And in disdain pour'd in the conqu'ring sea.

"Two cities that adorn'd th' Achaian ground,

Buris and Helice, no more are found,
But, whelm'd beneath a lake, are sunk
and drown'd;

And boatmen thro' the crystal water show
To warr'ring passengers the walls below.

"Near Troezen stands a hill, expos'd in air⁴⁵¹

To winter winds, of leafy shadows bare:
This once was level ground; but (strange
to tell)

Th' included vapors, that in caverns dwell,
Lab'ring with colic pangs, and close confin'd,
In vain sought issue for the rumbling wind:
Yet still they heav'd for vent, and heaving still

Inlarg'd the concave, and shot up the hill;
As breath extends a bladder, or the skins
Of goats are blown t' inclose the hoarded wines.⁴⁶⁰

The mountain yet retains a mountain's face,
And gather'd rubbish heals the hollow space.

"Of many wonders which I heard or knew,

Retrenching most, I will relate but few:
What, are not springs with qualities oppos'd
Endued at seasons, and at seasons lost?
Thrice in a day thine, Ammon, change their form,

Cold at high noon, at morn and evening warm;

Thine, Athaman, will kindle wood, if thrown
On the pil'd earth, and in the waning moon.
The Thracians have a stream, if any try⁴⁷¹
The taste, his harden'd bowels petrify;
Whate'er it touches it converts to stones,
And makes a marble pavement where it runs.

"Crathis, and Sybaris her sister flood,
That slide thro' our Calabrian neighbor wood,

With gold and amber dye the shining hair,
And thither youth resort; (for who would
not be fair?)

"But stranger virtues yet in streams we find;

Some change not only bodies, but the mind:
Who has not heard of Salmacis obscene,⁴⁸¹
Whose waters into women soften men?
Of Ethiopian lakes, which turn the brain
To madness, or in heavy sleep constrain?
Clitorian streams the love of wine expel,
(Such is the virtue of th' abstemious well,)
Whether the colder nymph that rules the flood

Extinguishes and balks the drunken god;
Or that Melampus, (so have some assur'd,)
When the mad Proetides with charms he cur'd,⁴⁹⁰

And pow'rful herbs, both charms and simples cast

Into the sober spring, where still their virtues last.

"Unlike effects Lyncestis will produce;
Who drinks his waters, tho' with moderate use,

Reels as with wine, and sees with double sight;

His heels too heavy, and his head too light.
Ladon, once Pheneos, an Arcadian stream,
(Ambiguous in th' effects, as in the name,)
By day is wholesome bev'rage, but is thought
By night infected, and a deadly draught.⁵⁰⁰

"Thus running rivers, and the standing lake,

Now of these virtues, now of those partake:
Time was (and all things time and fate obey)

When fast Ortygia floated on the sea;
Such were Cyanean isles, when Tiphys steer'd

Betwixt their straits, and their collision fear'd;

They swam where now they sit; and, firmly join'd,

Secure of rooting up, resist the wind.

Nor Ætna vomiting sulphureous fire
Will ever belch, for sulphur will expire⁵¹⁰

(The veins exhausted of the liquid store):
Time was she cast no flames; in time will cast no more.

"For whether earth's an animal, and air
Imbibes, her lungs with coolness to repair,
And what she sucks remits, she still requires
Inlets for air, and outlets for her fires;
When tortur'd with convulsive fits she shakes,

That motion chokes the vent, till other vent
she makes;

Or when the winds in hollow caves are clos'd,
And subtle spirits find that way oppos'd, ⁵²⁰
They toss up flints in air; the flints that hide
The seeds of fire, thus toss'd in air, collide,
Kindling the sulphur, till the fuel spent,
The cave is cool'd, and the fierce winds re-
lent.

Or whether sulphur, catching fire, feeds on
Its unctuous parts, till, all the matter gone,
The flames no more ascend; for earth sup-
plies

The fat that feeds them, and, when earth
denies

That food, by length of time consum'd, the
fire

Famish'd for want of fuel must expire. ⁵³⁰

"A race of men there are, as fame has
told,

Who shiv'ring suffer Hyperborean cold,
Till, nine times bathing in Minerva's lake,
Soft feathers to defend their naked sides
they take.

T is said, the Scythian wives (believe who
will)

Transform themselves to birds by magic
skill;

Smeas'd over with an oil of wondrous
might,

That adds new pinions to their airy flight.

"But this by sure experiment we know,
That living creatures from corruption
grow: ⁵⁴⁰

Hide in a hollow pit a slaughter'd steer,
Bees from his putrid bowels will appear;
Who like their parents haunt the fields, and
bring

Their honey harvest home, and hope another
spring.

The warlike steed is multiplied, we find,
To wasps and hornets of the warrior kind.
Cut from a crab his crooked claws, and hide
The rest in earth, a scorpion thence will
glide,

And shoot his sting; his tail, in circles toss'd,
Refers the limbs his backward father lost.
And worms, that stretch on leaves their
filmy loom, ⁵⁵¹

Crawl from their bags, and butterflies be-
come.

Ev'n slime begets the frog's loquacious race;
Short of their feet at first, in little space
With arms and legs endued, long leaps they
take,

Rais'd on their hinder part, and swim the
lake,

And waves repel: for Nature gives their
kind,

To that intent, a length of legs behind.

"The cubs of bears a living lump appear,
When whelp'd, and no determin'd figure
wear. ⁵⁶⁰

Their mother licks 'em into shape, and gives
As much of form as she herself receives.

"The grubs from their sexangular abode
Crawl out unfinish'd, like the maggot's
brood,

Trunks without limbs; till time at leisure
brings

The thighs they wanted, and their tardy
wings.

"The bird who draws the ear of Juno,
vain

Of her crown'd head, and of her starry
train;

And he that bears th' artillery of Jove,
The strong-pounce'd eagle and the billing
dove; ⁵⁷⁰

And all the feather'd kind, who could sup-
pose

(But that from sight, the surest sense,
he knows)

They from th' included yolk, not ambient
white, arose.

"There are who think the marrow of a
man,

Which in the spine, while he was living, ran;
When dead, the pith corrupted, will become
A snake, and hiss within the hollow tomb.

"All these receive their birth from other
things,

But from himself the Phoenix only springs;
Self-born, begotten by the parent flame ⁵⁸⁰
In which he burn'd, another and the same:
Who not by corn or herbs his life sustains,
But the sweet essence of amomum drains,
And watches the rich gums Arabia bears,
While yet in tender dew they drop their
tears.

He (his five centuries of life fulfill'd)
His nest on oaken boughs begins to build,
Or trembling tops of palm; and first he
draws

The plan with his broad bill and crooked
claws,

Nature's artificers; on this the pile ⁵⁹⁰
Is form'd, and rises round; then with the
spoil

Of cassia, cinnamon, and stems of nard
(For softness strew'd beneath) his fun'ral
bed is rear'd:

Fun'ral and bridal both; and all around
The borders with corruptless myrrh are
crown'd,

On this incumbent; till ethereal flame
First catches, then consumes the costly
frame;

Consumes him too, as on the pile he lies:
He liv'd on odors, and in odors dies.

"An infant Phoenix from the former
springs, ⁶⁰⁰

His father's heir, and from his tender wings
Shakes off his parent dust; his method he
pursues,

And the same lease of life on the same terms
renews.

When grown to manhood he begins his
reign,

And with stiff pinions can his flight sus-
tain,

He lightens of its load the tree that bore
His father's royal sepulcher before,
And his own cradle: this with pious care
Plac'd on his back, he cuts the buxom air,
Seeks the Sun's city, and his sacred church,
And decently lays down his burden in the
porch. ⁶¹¹

"A wonder more amazing would we find?
Th' hyæna shows it, of a double kind,
Varying the sexes in alternate years;
In one begets, and in another bears.
The thin chameleon, fed with air, receives
The color of the thing to which he cleaves.

"India, when conquer'd, on the con-
qu'ring god

For planted vines the sharp-ey'd lynx be-
stow'd,

Whose urine shed, before it touches earth,
Congeals in air, and gives to gems their
birth. ⁶²¹

So coral, soft and white in ocean's bed,
Comes harden'd up in air, and glows with
red.

"All changing species should my song re-
cite,

Before I ceas'd, would change the day to
night.

Nations and empires flourish and decay,
By turns command, and in their turns
obey;

Time softens hardy people, time again
Hardens to war a soft, unwarlike train.

Thus Troy, for ten long years, her foes
withstood, ⁶³⁰

And, daily bleeding, bore th' expense of
blood:

Now for thick streets it shows an empty
space,
Or, only fill'd with tombs of her own per-
ish'd race,
Herself becomes the sepulcher of what
she was.

"Mycenæ, Sparta, Thebes of mighty
fame,

Are vanish'd out of substance into name,
And Dardan Rome, that just begins to
rise,

On Tiber's banks, in time shall mate the
skies;

Widening her bounds, and working on her
way,

Ev'n now she meditates imperial sway: ⁶⁴⁰
Yet this is change, but she by changing
thrives,

Like moons new-born, and in her cradle
strives

To fill her infant horns; an hour shall come
When the round world shall be contain'd
in Rome.

"For thus old saws foretell, and Helenus
Anchises' drooping son enliven'd thus,
When Ilium now was in a sinking state,
And he was doubtful of his future fate:
'O goddess-born, with thy hard fortune
strive;

Troy never can be lost, and thou alive. ⁶⁵⁰
Thy passage thou shalt free thro' fire and
sword,

And Troy in foreign lands shall be restor'd.
In happier fields a rising town I see,
Greater than what e'er was, or is, or e'er
shall be;

And Heav'n yet owes the world a race
deriv'd from thee. }

Sages and chiefs, of other lineage born,
The city shall extend, extended shall adorn;
But from Ilius he must draw his birth,
By whom thy Rome shall rule the conquer'd
earth;

Whom Heav'n will lend mankind on earth
to reign, ⁶⁶⁰

And late require the precious pledge again.
To great Aeneas told,

Who says he'll never since in other mold
My soul shall dwell; and now rejoice to

My country's rebuilt, and Troy reviv'd
anew,

Rais'd by the fall; decreed by loss to gain;
Enslav'd but to be free, and conquer'd but
to reign.

"T is time my hard-mouth'd coursers to control,

Apt to run riot and transgress the goal,
And therefore I conclude: whatever lies ⁶⁷⁰
In earth, or flits in air, or fills the skies,
All suffer change; and we, that are of soul
And body mix'd, are members of the whole.
Then, when our sires, or grandsires, shall
forsake

The forms of men, and brutal figures take,
Thus hous'd, securely let their spirits rest,
Nor violate thy father in the beast —
Thy friend, thy brother, any of thy kin;
If none of these, yet there's a man within:
O spare to make a Thyestean meal, ⁶⁸⁰
T' inclose his body, and his soul expel.

"Ill customs by degrees to habits rise,
Ill habits soon become exalted vice:
What more advance can mortals make in
sin,

So near perfection, who with blood begin?
Deaf to the calf that lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her
life;

Deaf to the harmless kid, that, ere he dies, }
All methods to procure thy mercy tries, }
And imitates in vain thy children's cries. }

Where will he stop, who feeds with house-
hold bread, ⁶⁹¹

Then eats the poultry which before he fed?
Let plow thy steers; that, when they lose
their breath,

To nature, not to thee, they may impute
their death.

Let goats for food their loaded udders lend,
And sheep from winter cold thy sides de-
fend;

But neither springs, nets, nor snares em-
ploy,

And be no more ingenious to destroy.
Free, as in air, let birds on earth remain,
Nor let insidious glue their wings constrain;
Nor opening hounds the trembling stag
affright, ⁷⁰¹

Nor purple feathers intercept his flight;
Nor hooks conceal'd in baits for fish prepare,
Nor lines to heave 'em twinkling up in air.

"Take not away the life you cannot give;
For all things have an equal right to live.
Kill noxious creatures, where 't is sin to save;

This only just prerogative we have:
But nourish life with vegetable food,
And shun the sacrilegious taste of blood." ⁷¹⁰

These precepts by the Samian sage were
taught,

Which godlike Numa to the Sabines
brought,

And thence transferr'd to Rome, by gift his
own,

A willing people, and an offer'd throne.

O happy monarch, sent by Heav'n to bless

A salvage nation with soft arts of peace;

To teach religion, rapine to restrain,

Give laws to lust, and sacrifice ordain:

Himself a saint, a goddess was his bride,

And all the Muses o'er his acts preside. ⁷²⁰

THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON

IMITATED FROM CHAUCER, AND ENLARG'D

A PARISH priest was of the pilgrim train;
An awful, reverend, and religious man.

His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,

And charity itself was in his face.

Rich was his soul, tho' his attire was poor,

(As God had cloth'd his own ambassador; }

For such, on earth, his blest Redeemer
bore.

Of sixty years he seem'd; and well might
last

To sixty more, but that he liv'd too fast;

Refin'd himself to soul, to curb the sense;

And made almost a sin of abstinence.

Yet had his aspect nothing of severe,

But such a face as promis'd him sincere.

Nothing reserv'd or sullen was to see,

But sweet regards and pleasing sanctity; }

Mild was his accent, and his action free.

With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd;

Tho' harsh the precept, yet the preacher
charm'd.

For, letting down the golden chain from
high,

He drew his audience upward to the sky; ²⁰

And oft, with holy hymns, he charm'd their
ears

(A music more melodious than the spheres):

For David left him, when he went to rest,

His lyre, and after him he sung the best.

He bore his great commission in his look;

But sweetly temper'd awe, and soften'd all
he spoke.

He preach'd the joys of heav'n and pains
of hell,

And warn'd the sinner with becoming
zeal,

But on eternal mercy lov'd to dwell. ²⁹

He taught the gospel rather than the law,
And forc'd himself to drive, but lov'd to
draw:

For fear but freezes minds; but love, like
heat,

Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native
seat.

To threatens the stubborn sinner oft is
hard,

Wrapp'd in his crimes, against the storm
prepar'd;

But, when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak
away.

Lightnings and thunder (heav'n's artiller-
y)

As harbingers before th' Almighty fly: ³⁹
Those but proclaim his style, and disappear;
The stiller sound succeeds, and God is there.

The tithes his parish freely paid, he took;
But never sued, or curs'd with bell and book:
With patience bearing wrong, but off'ring
none,

Since every man is free to lose his own.
The country churls, according to their kind,
(Who grudge their dues, and love to be
behind,)

The less he sought his off'rings, pinch'd the
more,

And prais'd a priest contented to be poor.

Yet of his little he had some to spare, ⁵⁰
To feed the famish'd, and to clothe the bare:
For mortified he was to that degree,
A poorer than himself he would not see.

True priests, he said, and preachers of the
word,

Were only stewards of their sovereign
Lord:

Nothing was theirs; but all the public store,
Intrusted riches, to relieve the poor;
Who, should they steal, for want of his
relief,

He judg'd himself accomplice with the thief.
Wide was his parish; not contracted
close ⁶⁰

In streets, but here and there a straggling
house;

Yet still he was at hand, without request,
To serve the sick, to succor the distress'd;
Tempting, on foot, alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark, tempestuous night.

All this the good old man perform'd
alone,

Nor spar'd his pains; for curate he had none.
Nor durst he trust another with his care;

Nor rode himself to Paul's, the public fair,
To chaffer for preferment with his gold, ⁷⁰
Where bishoprics and sinecures are sold;
But duly watch'd his flock, by night and
day,

And from the prowling wolf redeem'd
the prey,
And hungry sent the wily fox away.

The proud he tam'd, the penitent he
cheer'd,

Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.
His preaching much, but more his practice
wrought;

(A living sermon of the truths he taught;)
For this by rules severe his life he squar'd,
That all might see the doctrine which they
heard. ⁸⁰

For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest;
(The gold of heav'n, who bear the God im-
press'd;)

But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
The sovereign's image is no longer seen.
If they be foul on whom the people trust,
Well may the baser brass contract a rust.

The prelate for his holy life he priz'd;
The worldly pomp of prelacy despis'd.
His Savior came not with a gaudy show,
Nor was his kingdom of the world below. ⁹⁰
Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
These marks of Church and Churchmen
he design'd,

And living taught, and dying left behind.
The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn;
In purple he was crucified, not born.
They who contend for place and high degree
Are not his sons, but those of Zebedee.

Not but he knew the signs of earthly
pow'r

Might well become Saint Peter's successor:
The holy father holds a double reign; ¹⁰⁰
The prince may keep his pomp, the fisher
must be plain.

Such was the saint; who shone with every
grace,

Reflecting, Moses-like, his Maker's face.
God saw his image lively was express'd,
And his own work, as in creation, bless'd.

The tempter saw him too, with envious
eye;

And, as on Job, demanded leave to try.
He took the time when Richard was depos'd,
And high and low with happy Harry clos'd.
This prince, tho' great in arms, the priest
withstood; ¹¹⁰

Near tho' he was, yet not the next of blood.

Had Richard, unconstrain'd, resign'd the throne,
A king can give no more than is his own;
The title stodd entail'd, had Richard had a son.

Conquest, an odious name, was laid aside,
Where all submitted, none the battle tried.
The senseless plea of right by providence
Was, by a flatt'ring priest, invented since;
And lasts no longer than the present sway,
But justifies the next who comes in play. ¹²⁰

The people's right remains; let those who dare
Dispute their pow'r, when they the judges are.

He join'd not in their choice, because he knew
Worse might, and often did, from change ensue.

Much to himself he thought, but little spoke;
And, undpriv'd, his benefice forsook.

Now, thro' the land, his cure of souls he stretch'd,

And like a primitive apostle preach'd:
Still cheerful, ever constant to his call;
By many follow'd, lov'd by most, admir'd by all. ¹³⁰

With what he begg'd, his brethren he reliev'd,

And gave the charities himself receiv'd:
Gave, while he taught; and edified the more,
Because he shew'd, by proof, 't was easy to be poor.

He went not with the crowd to see a shrine,

But fed us, by the way, with food divine.

In deference to his virtues, I forbear
To shew you what the rest in orders were:
This brilliant is so spotless and so bright,
He needs no foil, but shines by his own proper light. ¹⁴⁰

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA

FROM BOCCACE

Poeta loquitur

OLD as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The pow'r of beauty I remember yet,
Which once inflam'd my soul, and still inspires my wit.

If love be folly, the severe divine
Has felt that folly, tho' he censures mine;

Pollutes the pleasures of a chaste embrace,
Acts what I write, and propagates in grace,
With riotous excess, a priestly race.
Suppose him free, and that I forge th' offense,

He shew'd the way, perverting first my sense: ¹⁰

In malice witty, and with venom fraught,
He makes me speak the things I never thought.

Compute the gains of his ungovern'd zeal;
Ill suits his cloth the praise of railing well.
The world will think that what we loosely write,

Tho' now arraign'd, he read with some delight;

Because he seems to chew the cud again,
When his broad comment makes the text too plain;

And teaches more in one explaining page,
Than all the double meanings of the stage. ²⁰

What needs he paraphrase on what we mean?

We were at worst but wanton; he's obscene.
I nor my fellows nor myself excuse;
But love's the subject of the comic Muse:
Nor can we write without it, nor would you
A tale of only dry instruction view.

Nor love is always of a vicious kind,
But oft to virtuous acts inflames the mind,
Awakes the sleepy vigor of the soul,
And, brushing o'er, adds motion to the pool.
Love, studious how to please, improves our parts ³¹

With polish'd manners, and adorns with arts.

Love first invented verse, and form'd the rhyme,

The motion measur'd, harmoniz'd the chime;
To lib'ral acts enlarg'd the narrow-soul'd,
Soft'n'd the fierce, and made the coward bold;

The world, when waste, he peopled with increase,

And warring nations reconcil'd in peace.

Ormond, the first, and all the fair may find,

In this one legend, to their fame design'd,
When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts the mind. ⁴¹

IN that sweet isle where Venus keeps her court,

And ev'ry grace, and all the loves, resort;

Where either sex is form'd of softer earth,
And takes the bent of pleasure from their
birth;

There liv'd a Cyprian lord, above the rest
Wise, wealthy, with a num'rous issue blest.

But, as no gift of fortune is sincere,
Was only wanting in a worthy heir:
His eldest born, a goodly youth to view, ⁵⁰
Excell'd the rest in shape and outward
shew;

Fair, tall, his limbs with due proportion
join'd,

But of a heavy, dull, degenerate mind.
His soul belied the features of his face;
Beauty was there, but beauty in disgrace.
A clownish mien, a voice with rustic sound.
And stupid eyes that ever lov'd the ground.
He look'd like Nature's error, as the mind }
And body were not of a piece design'd, }
But made for two, and by mistake in one }
were join'd. ⁶⁰

The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
Were exercis'd in vain on wit's despair;
The more inform'd, the less he understood,
And deeper sunk by flound'ring in the mud.
Now scorn'd of all, and grown the public
shame,

The people from Galesus chang'd his name,
And Cymon call'd, which signifies a brute;
So well his name did with his nature suit.

His father, when he found his labor lost,
And care employ'd that answer'd not the
cost, ⁷⁰

Chose an ungrateful object to remove,
And loath'd to see what Nature made him
love;

So to his country farm the fool confin'd,
Rude work well suited with a rustic mind.
Thus to the wilds the sturdy Cymon went,
A squire among the swains, and pleas'd
with banishment.

His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his supreme delight, a country fair.

It happen'd on a summer's holiday,
That to the greenwood shade he took his
way; ⁸⁰

For Cymon shunn'd the church, and us'd
not much to pray.

His quarterstaff, which he could ne'er for-
sake,

Hung half before, and half behind his back.
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he
sought,

And whistled as he went, for want of
thought.

By chance conducted, or by thirst con-
strain'd,

The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd,
Where in a plain, defended by the wood,
Crept thro' the matted grass a crystal
flood,

By which an alabaster fountain stood; ⁹⁰
And on the margin of the fount was laid
(Attended by her slaves) a sleeping maid;
Like Dian and her nymphs, when, tir'd with
sport,

To rest by cool Eurotas they resort.
The dame herself the goddess well ex-
press'd,

Not more distinguish'd by her purple vest,
Than by the charming features of her face,
And, ev'n in slumber, a superior grace:
Her comely limbs compos'd with decent
care.

Her body shaded with a slight simar; ¹⁰⁰
Her bosom to the view was only bare,
Where two beginning paps were scarcely
spied,

For yet their places were but signified.
The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,
To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose;
The fanning wind and purling streams
continue her repose.

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth, that testified surprise,
Fix'd on her face, nor could remove his sight,
New as he was to love, and novice in de-
light: ¹¹⁰

Long mute he stood, and, leaning on his
staff,

His wonder witness'd with an idiot laugh;
Then would have spoke, but by his glim-
mering sense

First found his want of words, and fear'd
offense;

Doubted for what he was he should be
known,

By his clown accent and his country tone.

Thro' the rude chaos thus the running
light

Shot the first ray that pierc'd the native
night;

Then day and darkness in the mass were
mix'd,

Till, gather'd in a globe, the beams were
fix'd; ¹²⁰

Last shone the sun, who, radiant in his
sphere,

Illumin'd heav'n and earth, and roll'd
around the year.

So reason in this brutal soul began:
Love made him first suspect he was a man;
Love made him doubt his broad barbarian
sound;

By love his want of words and wit he found;
That sense of want prepar'd the future way
To knowledge, and disclos'd the promise of
a day.

What not his father's care, nor tutor's art,
Could plant with pains in his unpolish'd
heart,

The best instructor, Love, at once inspir'd,
As barren grounds to fruitfulness are fir'd:
Love taught him shame, and shame, with
love at strife,

Soon taught the sweet civilities of life;
His gross material soul at once could find
Somewhat in her excelling all her kind,
Exciting a desire till then unknown,
Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone.
This made the first impression in his mind,
Above, but just above, the brutal kind: ¹⁴⁰
For beasts can like, but not distinguish too,
Nor their own liking by reflection know;
Nor why they like or this or t'other face,
Or judge of this or that peculiar grace;
But love in gross, and stupidly admire;
As flies, allur'd by light, approach the fire.
Thus our man-beast, advancing by degrees,
First likes the whole, then separates what he
sees;

On several parts a sev'ral praise bestows,
The ruby lips, the well-proportion'd nose, ¹⁵⁰
The snowy skin, the raven-glossy hair,
The dimpled cheek, the forehead rising
fair,

And, ev'n in sleep itself, a smiling air. }
From thence his eyes descending view'd the
rest,

Her plump round arms, white hands, and
heaving breast.

Long on the last he dwelt, tho' ev'ry part
A pointed arrow sped to pierce his heart.

Thus in a trice a judge of beauty grown,
(A judge erected from a country clown,)
He long'd to see her eyes, in slumber hid,
And wish'd his own could pierce within the
lid: ¹⁶¹

He would have wak'd her, but restrain'd
his thought,
And love new-born the first good manners
taught.

An awful fear his ardent wish withstood,
Nor durst disturb the goddess of the wood;
For such she seem'd by her celestial face,

Excelling all the rest of human race;
And things divine, by common sense he
knew,

Must be devoutly seen, at distant view.
So, checking his desire, with trembling
heart ¹⁷⁰

Gazing he stood, nor would, nor could de-
part;

Fix'd as a pilgrim wilder'd in his way,
Who dares not stir by night, for fear to
stray,

But stands with awful eyes to watch the
dawn of day. }

At length awaking, Iphigene the fair
(So was the beauty call'd, who caus'd his
care)

Unclos'd her eyes, and double day reveal'd,
While those of all her slaves in sleep were
seal'd.

The slaving cudden, propp'd upon his
staff,

Stood ready gaping with a grinning laugh,
To welcome her awake, nor durst begin
to speak, but wisely kept the fool within.

Then she: "What make you, Cymon, here
alone?"

(For Cymon's name was round the country
known,

Because descended of a noble race,
And for a soul ill sorted with his face.)

But still the sot stood silent with surprise,
With fix'd regard on her new open'd eyes,
And in his breast receiv'd th' invenom'd
dart, ¹⁸⁹

A tickling pain that pleas'd amid the smart.
But conscious of her form, with quick dis-
trust

She saw his sparkling eyes, and fear'd his
brutal lust:

This to prevent, she wak'd her sleepy crew,
And rising hasty, took a short adieu.

Then Cymon first his rustic voice essay'd,
With proffer'd service to the parting maid,
To see her safe; his hand she long denied,
But took at length, ashamed of such a guide.
So Cymon led her home, and, leaving there,
No more would to his country clowns re-
pair, ²⁰⁰

But sought his father's house, with better
mind;

Refusing in the farm to be confin'd.
The father wonder'd at the son's return,
And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn;
But doubtfully receiv'd, expecting still
To learn the secret causes of his alter'd will.

Nor was he long delay'd; the first request
He made, was like his brothers to be
dress'd,

And, as his birth requir'd, above the rest. }
With ease his suit was granted by his
sire, 210

Distinguishing his heir by rich attire:

His body thus adorn'd, he next design'd

With lib'ral arts to cultivate his mind;

He sought a tutor of his own accord,

And studied lessons he before abhorr'd.

Thus the man-child advanc'd, and learn'd
so fast,

That in short time his equals he surpass'd:

His brutal manners from his breast exil'd,

His mien he fashion'd, and his tongue he
fil'd;

In ev'ry exercise of all admir'd, 220

He seem'd, nor only seem'd, but was in-
spir'd:

Inspir'd by love, whose business is to please;

He rode, he fenc'd, he mov'd with graceful
ease,

More fam'd for sense, for courtly carriage
more,

Than for his brutal folly known before.

What then of alter'd Cymon shall we say,

But that the fire which chok'd in ashes lay,

A load too heavy for his soul to move,

Was upward blown below, and brush'd
away by love?

Love made an active progress thro' his
mind; 230

The dusky parts he clear'd, the gross re-
fin'd,

The drowsy wak'd; and, as he went, im-
press'd

The Maker's image on the human beast.

Thus was the man amended by desire,

And, tho' he lov'd perhaps with too much
fire,

His father all his faults with reason seann'd,

And lik'd an error of the better hand;

Excus'd th' excess of passion in his mind,

By flames too fierce, perhaps too much re-
fin'd.

So Cymon, since his sire indulg'd his will, 240

Impetuous lov'd, and would be Cymon still;

Galesus he disown'd, and chose to bear

The name of fool, confirm'd and bishop'd
by the fair.

To Cipseus by his friends his suit he
mov'd,

Cipseus the father of the fair he lov'd.

But he was pre-ingag'd by former ties,

While Cymon was endeavoring to be wise;
And Iphigene, oblig'd by former vows,
Had giv'n her faith to wed a foreign spouse:
Her sire and she to Rhodian Pasimond, 250
Tho' both repenting, were by promise bound,
Nor could retract; and thus, as fate decreed,
Tho' better lov'd, he spoke too late to speed.

The doom was past, the ship already sent
Did all his tardy diligence prevent;

Sigh'd to herself the fair unhappy maid,

While stormy Cymon thus in secret said:

"The time is come for Iphigene to find

The miracle she wrought upon my mind:

Her charms have made me man, her ravish'd
love 260

In rank shall place me with the blest above;

For, mine by love, by force she shall be
mine,

Or death, if force should fail, shall finish my
design."

Resolv'd he said; and rigg'd with speedy
care

A vessel strong, and well equipp'd for war.
The secret ship with chosen friends he
stor'd;

And, bent to die or conquer, went aboard.

Ambush'd he lay behind the Cyprian shore,

Waiting the sail that all his wishes bore;

Nor long expected, for the following tide 270

Sent out the hostile ship and beauteous
bride.

To Rhodes the rival bark directly steer'd,

When Cymon sudden at her back appear'd,

And stopp'd her flight; then, standing on
his prow,

In haughty terms he thus defied the foe:

"Or strike your sails at summons, or pre-
pare

To prove the last extremities of war."

Thus warn'd, the Rhodians for the fight
provide;

Already were the vessels side by side,
These obstinate to save, and those to seize
the bride. 280

But Cymon soon his crooked grapples
cast,

Which with tenacious hold his foes em-
brac'd,

And, arm'd with sword and shield, amid
the press he pass'd.

Fierce was the fight, but, hast'ning to his
prey,

By force the furious lover freed his way;

Himself alone dispers'd the Rhodian crew,
The weak disdain'd, the valiant overthrew;

Cheap conquest for his following friends
 remain'd,
 He reap'd the field, and they but only
 glean'd.

His victory confess'd, the foes retreat,²⁹⁰
 And cast their weapons at the victor's feet.
 Whom thus he cheer'd: "O Rhodian youth,
 I fought

For love alone, nor other booty sought;
 Your lives are safe; your vessel I resign;
 Yours be your own, restoring what is mine:
 In Iphigene I claim my rightful due,
 Robb'd by my rival, and detain'd by you.
 Your Pasimond a lawless bargain drove;
 The parent could not sell the daughter's
 love;

Or if he could, my love disdains the laws,³⁰⁰
 And like a king by conquest gains his
 cause:

Where arms take place, all other pleas are
 vain;

Love taught me force, and force shall love
 maintain.

You, what by strength you could not keep,
 release,

And at an easy ransom buy your peace."

Fear on the conquer'd side soon sign'd th'
 accord,

And Iphigene to Cymon was restor'd:
 While to his arms the blushing bride he
 took,

To seeming sadness she compos'd her look;
 As if by force subjected to his will,³¹⁰
 Tho' pleas'd, dissembling, and a woman still.
 And, for she wept, he wip'd her falling tears,
 And pray'd her to dismiss her empty fears;
 "For yours I am," he said, "and have de-
 serv'd

Your love much better, whom so long I
 serv'd,

Than he to whom your formal father tied
 Your vows, and sold a slave, not sent a
 bride."

Thus while he spoke, he seiz'd the willing
 prey,

As Paris bore the Spartan spouse away;
 Faintly she scream'd, and ev'n her eyes con-
 fess'd

She rather would be thought, than was dis-
 tress'd.³²⁰

Who now exults but Cymon in his
 mind?

Vain hopes, and empty joys of human-
 kind,

Proud of the present, to the future blind!

Secure of fate while Cymon plows the sea,
 And steers to Candy with his conquer'd
 prey,

Scarcely the third glass of measur'd hours
 was run,

When like a fiery meteor sunk the sun;
 The promise of a storm; the shifting gales
 Forsake by fits, and fill, the flagging sails;
 Hoarse murmurs of the main from far were
 heard,³³¹

And night came on, not by degrees prepar'd,
 But all at once; at once the winds arise,
 The thunders roll, the fork lightning flies.
 In vain the master issues out commands;
 In vain the trembling sailors ply their hands;
 The tempest unforeseen prevents their care,
 And from the first they labor in despair.

The giddy ship betwixt the winds and tides,
 Forc'd back and forwards, in a circle rides,
 Stunn'd with the diff'rent blows; then shoots
 amain,³⁴¹

Till counterbuff'd, she stops, and sleeps
 again.

Not more aghast the proud archangel fell,
 Plung'd from the height of heav'n to deep-
 est hell,

Than stood the lover of his love possess'd,
 Now curst the more, the more he had been
 blest;

More anxious for her danger than his own.
 Death he defies, but would be lost alone.

Sad Iphigene to womanish complaints
 Adds pious pray'rs, and wearies all the
 saints;³⁵⁰

Ev'n if she could, her love she would re-
 pent,

But since she cannot, dreads the punish-
 ment;

Her forfeit faith, and Pasimond betray'd,
 Are ever present, and her crime upbraid.
 She blames herself, nor blames her lover
 less;

Augments her anger, as her fears increase;
 From her own back the burden would re-
 move,

And lays the load on his ungovern'd love,
 Which interposing durst, in Heav'n's despite,
 Invade and violate another's right:³⁶⁰

The pow'rs incens'd a while deferr'd his
 pain,

And made him master of his vows in vain;
 But soon they punish'd his presumptuous
 pride;

That for his daring enterprise she died,
 Who rather not resisted than complied.

Then, impotent of mind, with alter'd
sense,
She hugg'd th' offender, and forgave th'
offense;
Sex to the last: meantime, with sails de-
clin'd,
The wand'ring vessel drove before the
wind;
Toss'd and retoss'd, aloft, and then alow, }
Nor port they seek, nor certain course }
they know,
But ev'ry moment wait the coming blow. }
Thus blindly driv'n, by breaking day they
view'd
The land before 'em, and their fears re-
new'd;
The land was welcome, but the tempest
bore
The threaten'd ship against a rocky shore.
A winding bay was near; to this they
bent,
And just escap'd, their force already spent.
Secure from storms, and panting from the
sea, }
The land unknown at leisure they survey; }
And saw (but soon their sickly sight with-
drew)
The rising tow'rs of Rhodes at distant view;
And curs'd the hostile shore of Pasimond,
Sav'd from the seas, and shipwreck'd on the
ground.
The frighted sailors tried their strength
in vain,
To turn the stern, and tempt the stormy
main;
But the stiff wind withstood the lab'ring
oar,
And forc'd them forward on the fatal shore!
The crooked keel now bites the Rhodian
strand,
And the ship moor'd constrains the crew to
land: }
Yet still they might be safe, because un- }
known;
But, as ill fortune seldom comes alone,
The vessel they dismiss'd was driv'n before,
Already shelter'd on their native shore.
Known each, they know; but each with
change of cheer;
The vanquish'd side exults; the victors fear
Not them but theirs, made pris'ners ere
they fight,
Despairing conquest, and depriv'd of flight.
The country rings around with loud
alarms,

And raw in fields the rude militia swarms;
Mouths without hands; maintain'd at vast
expense, }
In peace a charge, in war a weak defense: }
Stout once a month they march, a blust'ring
band,
And ever, but in times of need, at hand.
This was the morn when, issuing on the
guard,
Drawn up in rank and file they stood pre-
par'd
Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
Then hasten to be drunk, the business of
the day.
The cowards would have fled, but that
they knew }
Themselves so many, and their foes so few; }
But crowding on, the last the first impel,
Till overborne with weight the Cyprians
fell.
Cymon inslav'd, who first the war begun,
And Iphigene once more is lost and won.
Deep in a dungeon was the captive cast,
Depriv'd of day, and held in fetters fast;
His life was only spar'd at their request,
Whom taken he so nobly had releas'd.
But Iphigene was the ladies' care,
Each in their turn address'd to treat the
fair; }
While Pasimond and his the nuptial feast }
prepare.
Her secret soul to Cymon was inclin'd,
But she must suffer what her fates as-
sign'd; }
So passive is the church of womankind. }
What worse to Cymon could his Fortune
deal,
Roll'd to the lowest spoke of all her wheel?
It rested to dismiss the downward weight,
Or raise him upward to his former height;
The latter pleas'd, and Love (concern'd
the most)
Prepar'd th' amends for what by love he
lost. }
The sire of Pasimond had left a son, }
Tho' younger, yet for courage early known, }
Ormisda call'd; to whom, by promise tied,
A Rhodian beauty was the destin'd bride:
Cassandra was her name, above the rest
Renown'd for birth, with fortune amply
blest.
Lysimachus, who rul'd the Rhodian state,
Was then by choice their annual magis-
trate:
He lov'd Cassandra too with equal fire,

But Fortune had not favor'd his desire; ⁴⁴⁰
 Cross'd by her friends, by her not dis-
 prov'd,

Nor yet preferr'd, or like Ormisda lov'd.
 So stood th' affair; some little hope re-
 main'd,

That, should his rival chance to lose, he
 gain'd.

Meantime young Pasimond his marriage
 press'd,

Ordain'd the nuptial day, prepar'd the feast;
 And frugally resolv'd (the charge to shun,
 Which would be double should he wed
 alone)

To join his brother's bridal with his own.

Lysimachus, oppress'd with mortal grief,
 Receiv'd the news, and studied quick re-
 lief. ⁴⁵¹

The fatal day approach'd: if force were
 us'd,

The magistrate his public trust abus'd;
 To justice liable, as law requir'd,
 For when his office ceas'd, his pow'r ex-
 pir'd:

While pow'r remain'd, the means were in
 his hand

By force to seize, and then forsake the land.
 Betwixt extremes he knew not how to
 move,

A slave to fame, but more a slave to love:
 Restraining others, yet himself not free, ⁴⁶⁰
 Made impotent by pow'r, debas'd by dig-
 nity!

Both sides he weigh'd; but, after much de-
 bate,

The man prevail'd above the magistrate.
 Love never fails to master what he
 finds,

But works a diff'rent way in diff'rent
 minds,
 The fool enlightens, and the wise he
 blinds.

This youth, proposing to possess and scape,
 Began in murder, to conclude in rape:
 Unprais'd by me, tho' Heav'n sometime may
 bless

An impious act with undeserv'd success; ⁴⁷⁰
 The great, it seems, are privileg'd alone
 To punish all injustice but their own.

But here I stop, not daring to proceed,
 Yet blush to flatter an unrighteous deed; }
 For crimes are but permitted, not decreed.

Resolv'd on force, his wit the prætor bent,
 To find the means that might secure th'
 event;

Nor long he labor'd, for his lucky thought
 In captive Cymon found the friend he
 sought.

Th' example pleas'd: the cause and crime
 the same; ⁴⁸⁰

An injur'd lover, and a ravish'd dame.
 How much he durst he knew by what
 he dar'd,

The less he had to lose, the less he ear'd
 To menage loathsome life when love was
 the reward.

This powder'd well, and fix'd on his in-
 tent,

In depth of night he for the pris'n'r sent;
 In secret sent, the public view to shun;

Then with a sober smile he thus begun:
 "The pow'r's above, who bounteously be-
 stow ⁴⁸⁹

Their gifts and graces on mankind below,
 Yet prove our merit first, nor blindly give
 To such as are not worthy to receive;
 For valor and for virtue they provide
 Their due reward, but first they must be
 tried.

These fruitful seeds within your mind they
 sow'd;

'T was yours t' improve the talent they be-
 stow'd:

They gave you to be born of noble kind;
 They gave you love to lighten up your mind,
 And purge the grosser parts; they gave
 you care ⁴⁹⁹

To please, and courage to deserve the fair.
 "Thus far they tried you, and by proof
 they found

The grain intrusted in a grateful ground;
 But still the great experiment remain'd —
 They suffer'd you to lose the prize you
 gain'd,

That you might learn the gift was theirs
 alone,

And, when restor'd, to them the blessing
 own.

Restor'd it soon will be; the means pre-
 par'd,

The difficulty smooth'd, the danger shar'd:
 Be but yourself, the care to me resign,
 Then Iphigene is yours, Cassandra mine. ⁵¹⁰
 Your rival Pasimond pursues your life,
 Impatient to revenge his ravish'd wife,
 But yet not his; to-morrow is behind,
 And Love our fortunes in one band has
 join'd.

Two brothers are our foes, Ormisda mine,
 As much declar'd as Pasimond is thine;

To-morrow must their common vows be
tied:

With Love to friend, and Fortune for our
guide,

Let both resolve to die, or each redeem
a bride.

"Right I have none, nor hast thou much
to plead; ⁵²⁰

'Tis force, when done, must justify the deed:
Our task perform'd, we next prepare for
flight,

And let the losers talk in vain of right.

We with the fair will sail before the wind;
If they are griev'd, I leave the laws behind.

Speak thy resolves: if now thy courage
droop,

Despair in prison, and abandon hope;

But if thou dar'st in arms thy love regain,
(For liberty without thy love were vain,)

Then second my design to seize the prey, ⁵³⁰
Or lead to second rape, for well thou know'st
the way."

Said Cymon, overjoy'd: "Do thou pro-
pose

The means to fight, and only shew the foes:
For from the first, when love had fir'd my
mind,

Resolv'd, I left the care of life behind."

To this the bold Lysimachus replied:

"Let Heav'n be neuter, and the sword de-
cide:

The spousals are prepar'd, already play
The minstrels, and provoke the tardy day;

By this the brides are wak'd, their grooms
are dress'd; ⁵⁴⁰

All Rhodes is summon'd to the nuptial
feast,

All but myself, the sole unbidden guest. }

Unbidden tho' I am, I will be there,

And, join'd by thee, intend to joy the fair.
"Now hear the rest: when day resigns
the light,

And cheerful torches gild the jolly night,
Be ready at my call; my chosen few

With arms administer'd shall aid thy crew.
Then ent'ring unexpected will we seize

Our destin'd prey, from men dissolv'd in
ease, ⁵⁵⁰

By wine disabled, unprepar'd for fight;
And, hast'ning to the seas, suborn our flight.

The seas are ours, for I command the fort;
A ship well mann'd expects us in the port:

If they, or if their friends, the prize contest,
Death shall attend the man who dares
resist."

It pleas'd! The pris'ner to his hold re-
tir'd;

His troop, with equal emulation fir'd,
All fix'd to fight, and all their wonted
work requir'd.

The sun arose; the streets were throng'd
around, ⁵⁶⁰

The palace open'd, and the posts were
crown'd;

The double bridegroom at the door attends
Th' expected spouse, and entertains the
friends.

They meet, they lead to church; the priests
invoke

The pow'rs, and feed the flames with fra-
grant smoke:

This done, they feast, and at the close of
night

By kindled torches vary their delight; }
These lead the lively dance, and those the
brimming bowls invite.

Now, at th' appointed place and hour as-
sign'd,

With souls resolv'd the ravishers were
join'd. ⁵⁷⁰

Three bands are form'd; the first is sent
before

To favor the retreat and guard the shore,
The second at the palace gate is plac'd,

And up the lofty stairs ascend the last:
A peaceful troop they seem with shining
vests,

But coats of mail beneath secure their
breasts.

Dauntless they enter, Cymon at their
head,

And find the feast renew'd, the table spread:
Sweet voices, mix'd with instrumental
sounds,

Ascend the vaulted roof, the vaulted roof
rebounds. ⁵⁸⁰

When, like the harpies, rushing thro' the
hall,

The sudden troop appears, the tables fall,
Their smoking load is on the pavement
thrown;

Each ravisher prepares to seize his own:
The brides, invaded with a rude embrace,
Shriek out for aid, confusion fills the place.

Quick to redeem the prey, their plighted
lords

Advance; the palace gleams with shining
swords.

But late is all defense, and succor vain;
The rape is made, the ravishers remain: ⁵⁹⁰

Two sturdy slaves were only sent before
To bear the purchas'd prize in safety to the shore.

The troop retires, the lovers close the rear,

With forward faces not confessing fear:
Backward they move, but scorn their pace to mend;

Then seek the stairs, and with slow haste descend.

Fierce Pasinond, their passage to prevent,

Thrust full on Cymon's back in his descent;

The blade return'd unbath'd, and to the handle bent.

Stout Cymon soon remounts, and cleft in two

His rival's head with one descending blow;

And, as the next in rank Ormisda stood,
He turn'd the point; the sword, inur'd to blood,

Bor'd his unguarded breast, which pour'd a purple flood.

With vow'd revenge the gath'ring crowd pursues,

The ravishers turn head, the fight renews;

The hall is heap'd with corps; the sprinkled gore

Besmears the walls, and floats the marble floor.

Dispers'd at length the drunken squadron flies;

The victors to their vessel bear the prize;

And hear behind loud groans and lamentable cries.

The crew with merry shouts their anchors weigh,

Then ply their oars, and brush the buxom sea,

While troops of gather'd Rhodians crowd the key.

What should the people do when left alone? The governor and government are gone;

The public wealth to foreign parts convey'd; Some troops disbanded, and the rest unpaid.

Rhodes is the sovereign of the sea no more; Their ships unrigg'd, and spent their naval store;

They neither could defend, nor can pursue, But grind their teeth, and cast a helpless view:

In vain with darts a distant war they try; Short, and more short, the missive weapons fly.

Meanwhile the ravishers their crimes enjoy, And flying sails and sweeping oars employ:

The cliffs of Rhodes in little space are lost; Jove's isle they seek, nor Jove denies his coast.

In safety landed on the Candian shore, With generous wines their spirits they restore:

There Cymon with his Rhodian friend resides;

Both court, and wed at once the willing brides.

A war ensues, the Cretans own their cause, Stiff to defend their hospitable laws:

Both parties lose by turns; and neither wins, Till peace propounded by a truce begins.

The kindred of the slain forgive the deed, But a short exile must for show precede:

The term expir'd, from Candia they remove, And happy each at home enjoys his love.

PROLOGUE, EPILOGUE, SONG, AND SECULAR MASQUE FROM THE PILGRIM

[On April 11, 1700, Dryden writes to Mrs. Steward: "Within this month there will be play'd for my profit, an old play of Fletcher's, call'd *The Pilgrim*, corrected by my good friend, Mr. Vanbrugh [i. e. Vanbrugh]; to which I have added a new Masque, and am to write a new Prologue and Epilogue" (Malone, I, 2; 131, 132). It is not known whether this performance took place before May 1, the date

of Dryden's death. The play as printed, June 18, 1700 (Malone, I, 1; 330, 331, on the authority of an advertisement in the *London Gazette*), closed with the following speech of the Governor: "I hope, before you go, sir, you'll share with us an entertainment the late great poet of our age prepar'd to celebrate this day. Let the masque begin." Late may or may not have been inserted between the time of acting and that of printing. It was probably the original intention, as Malone suggests, to have the play acted on March 25, on which day the year was then considered to begin. *The Secular Masque*

would thus celebrate a day generally regarded as the opening of a new century.

The *Song* was probably written for the mad-house scene in the third act of the play. A scholar is there about to be discharged as sane, but immediately after shows his madness, fancying himself Neptune stilling a tempest; his mistress is Dryden's own invention.

The title of the play, as published in 1700, reads as follows: *The Pilgrim, a Comedy: As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal, in Drury-Lane. Written Originally by Mr. Fletcher, and now very much Alter'd, with several Additions. Likewise a Prologue, Epilogue, Dialogue, and Masque, Written by the late Great Poet Mr. Dryden, just before his Death, being the last of his Works.*]

PROLOGUE

How wretched is the fate of those who write,

Brought muzzled to the stage, for fear they bite!

Where, like Tom Dove, they stand the common foe;

Lugg'd by the critic, baited by the beau.

Yet worse, their brother poets damn the play,

And roar the loudest, tho' they never pay.

The fops are proud of scandal, for they cry,

At every lewd, low character: "That 's I." He who writes letters to himself would swear

The world forgot him, if he was not there. What should a poet do? 'Tis hard for

one To pleasure all the fools that would be shown,

And yet not two in ten will pass the town. Most coxcombs are not of the laughing

kind; More goes to make a fop than fops can find.

Quack Maurus, tho' he never took degrees

In either of our universities, Yet to be shown by some kind wit he

looks, Because he play'd the fool, and writ three

books. But, if he would be worth a poet's pen,

He must be more a fool, and write again; For all the former fustian stuff he wrote

Was dead-born dogg'rel, or is quite forgot;

His man of Uz, stripp'd of his Hebrew robe,

Is just the proverb, and as poor as Job.

One would have thought he could no longer jog;

But *Arthur* was a level, *Job*'s a bog.

There, tho' he crept, yet still he kept in sight;

But here he founders in, and sinks down-right.

Had he prepar'd us, and been dull by rule,

Tobit had first been turn'd to ridicule;

But our bold Briton, without fear or awe,

O'erleaps at once the whole Apocrypha;

Invades the Psalms with rhymes, and leaves no room

For any Vandal Hopkins yet to come.

But what if, after all, this godly gear

Is not so senseless as it would appear?

Our mountebank has laid a deeper train;

His cant, like Merry Andrew's noble vein,

Catcalls the sects, to draw 'em in again.

At leisure hours, in epic song he deals,

Writes to the rumbling of his coach's wheels,

Prescribes in haste, and seldom kills by rule,

But rides triumphant between stool and stool.

Well, let him go; 'tis yet too early day,

To get himself a place in farce or play.

We know not by what name we should arraign him,

For no one category can contain him;

A pedant, canting preacher, and a quack,

Are load enough to break one ass's back:

At last grown wanton, he presumd to write,

Traduc'd two kings, their kindness to requite;

One made the doctor, and one dubb'd the knight.

EPILOGUE

PERHAPS the parson stretch'd a point too far,

When with our theaters he wag'd a war.

He tells you that this very moral age

Receiv'd the first infection from the stage.

But sure, a banish'd court, with lewdness

fraught,

The seeds of open vice, returning, brought.

Thus lodg'd, (as vice by great example thrives,)

It first debauch'd the daughters and the wives.

London, a fruitful soil, yet never bore
So plentiful a crop of horns before. 10
The poets, who must live by courts, or
starve,

Were proud so good a government to serve;
And, mixing with buffoons and pimps profane,

Tainted the stage, for some small snip of gain.

For they, like harlots, under bawds professed,

Took all th' ungodly pains, and got the least.

Thus did the thriving malady prevail,
The court its head, the poets but the tail.
The sin was of our native growth, 't is true;

The scandal of the sin was wholly new. 20
Misses there were, but modestly conceal'd;
Whitehall the naked Venus first reveal'd,
Who standing, as at Cyprus, in her shrine,
The strumpet was ador'd with rites divine.

Ere this, if saints had any secret motion,
'T was chamber practice all, and close devotion.

I pass the peccadillos of their time;
Nothing but open lewdness was a crime.
A monarch's blood was venial to the nation,

Compar'd with one foul act of fornication.
Now, they would silence us, and shut the door 31

That let in all the barefac'd vice before.
As for reforming us, which some pretend,

That work in England is without an end:

Well we may change, but we shall never mend.

Yet, if you can but bear the present stage,
We hope much better of the coming age.

What would you say, if we should first begin

To stop the trade of love behind the scene,
Where actresses make bold with married men? 40

For while abroad so prodigal the dolt is,
Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is.
In short, we'll grow as moral as we can,

Save here and there a woman or a man;
But neither you, nor we, with all our pains,
Can make clean work; there will be some remains,
While you have still your Oates, and we our Haynes.

SONG OF A SCHOLAR AND HIS
MISTRESS, WHO, BEING CROSS'D
BY THEIR FRIENDS, FELL MAD
FOR ONE ANOTHER, AND NOW
FIRST MEET IN BEDLAM

Music within.

The lovers enter at opposite doors, each held by a keeper.

Phyllis. LOOK, look, I see — I see my love appear!

'T is he — 't is he alone;

For like him there is none:

'T is the dear, dear man; 't is thee, dear!

Amyntas. Hark! the winds war;
The foamy waves roar;
I see a ship afar,
Tossing and tossing, and making to the shore:

But what 's that I view,

So radiant of hue — 10

St. Hermo, St. Hermo, that sits upon the sails?

Ah! No, no, no.

St. Hermo never, never shone so bright;

'T is Phyllis, only Phyllis, can shoot so fair a light;

'T is Phyllis, 't is Phyllis, that saves the ship alone,
For all the winds are hush'd, and the storm is overblown.

Phyllis. Let me go, let me run, let me fly to his arms.

Amyntas. If all the Fates combine,
And all the Furies join,
I'll force my way to Phyllis, and break thro' the charms. 20

Here they break from their keepers, run to each other, and embrace.

Phyllis. Shall I marry the man I love?
And shall I conclude my pains?

Now blest be the powers above,
I feel the blood bound in my veins;

With a lively leap it began to
move,
And the vapors leave my
brains.

Amyntas. Body join'd to body, and heart
join'd to heart,
To make sure of the cure,
Go call the man in black, to
mumble o'er his part.

Phyllis. But suppose he should stay — 30

Amyntas. At worst if he delay,
'T is a work must be done;
We'll borrow but a day,
And the better the sooner
begun.

Chorus of Both.

At worst if he delay, &c.

They run out together hand in hand.

THE SECULAR MASQUE

Enter JANUS.

Janus. CHRONOS, Chronos, mend thy
pace;
An hundred times the roll-
ing sun
Around the radiant belt has
run

In his revolving race.
Behold, behold, the goal in sight;
Spread thy fans, and wing thy
flight.

*Enter CHRONOS, with a scythe in his hand, and a great
globe on his back, which he sets down at his entrance.*

Chronos. Weary, weary of my weight,
Let me, let me drop my freight,
And leave the world be-
hind.

I could not bear 10
Another year
The load of humankind.

Enter MOMUS, laughing.

Momus. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! well
hast thou done
To lay down thy pack,
And lighten thy back;
The world was a fool, e'er since
it begun,

And since neither Janus, nor
Chronos, nor I

Can hinder the crimes,
Or mend the bad times, 19
'T is better to laugh than to
cry.

Chorus of all Three.

'T is better to laugh than to cry.

Janus. Since Momus comes to laugh
below,

Old Time, begin the show,
That he may see, in every scene,
What changes in this age have
been.

Chronos. Then, goddess of the silver bow,
begin.

Horns, or hunting music within.

Enter DIANA.

Diana. With horns and with hounds I
waken the day,
And hie to my woodland walks
away;

I tuck up my robe, and am bus-
kin'd soon,
And tie to my forehead a waxing
moon. 30

I course the fleet stag, unkennel
the fox,
And chase the wild goats o'er
summits of rocks;
With shouting and hooting we
pierce thro' the sky,
And Echo turns hunter, and
doubles the cry.

Chorus of All.

*With shouting and hooting we
pierce thro' the sky,
And Echo turns hunter, and dou-
bles the cry.*

Janus. Then our age was in its prime:

Chronos. Free from rage:

Diana. And free from crime:

Momus. A very merry, dancing, drink-
ing,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthink-
ing time. 40

Chorus of All.

*Then our age was in its prime,
Free from rage, and free from
crime;*

*A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthink-
ing time.*

Dance of DIANA's attendants.

Enter MARS.

Mars. Inspire the vocal brass, inspire;
The world is past its infant age:
Arms and honor,
Arms and honor,
Set the martial mind on fire,
And kindle manly rage. 50

Mars has look'd the sky to red;
 And Peace, the lazy good, is fled.
 Plenty, Peace, and Pleasure fly;
 The sprightly green
 In woodland walks no more is
 seen;
 The sprightly green has drunk
 the Tyrian dye.

Chorus of All.

Plenty, Peace, &c.

Mars. Sound the trumpet, beat the
 drum;

Thro' all the world around,
 Sound a reveille, sound, sound,
 The warrior god is come. 61

Chorus of All.

Sound the trumpet, &c.

Momus. Thy sword within the scabbard
 keep,

And let mankind agree;
 Better the world were fast asleep,
 Than kept awake by thee.

The fools are only thinner,
 With all our cost and care;

But neither side a winner, 69
 For things are as they were.

Chorus of All.

The fools are only, &c.

Enter VENUS.

Venus. Calms appear when storms are
 past,

Love will have his hour at last:
 Nature is my kindly care;
 Mars destroys, and I repair;

Take me, take me, while you
 may;

Venus comes not ev'ry day.

Chorus of All.

Take her, take her, &c.

Chronos. The world was then so light,
 I scarcely felt the weight; 80
 Joy rul'd the day, and Love the
 night.

But since the Queen of Pleasure
 left the ground,

I faint, I lag,
 And feebly drag

The pond'rous orb around.

Momus. All, all of a piece through-
 out:

Pointing to DIANA.

Thy chase had a beast in
 view;

To MARS.

Thy wars brought nothing about;
To VENUS.

Thy lovers were all untrue.

Janus. 'Tis well an old age is out: 90

Chronos. And time to begin a new.

Chorus of All.

All, all of a piece throughout:

Thy chase had a beast in view;

Thy wars brought nothing about;

Thy lovers were all untrue.

'Tis well an old age is out,

And time to begin a new.

*Dance of huntsmen, nymphs, warriors,
 and lovers.*

APPENDIX I

POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO DRYDEN OR ONLY IN PART WRITTEN BY HIM

[The canon of Dryden's writings is not easy to determine. Dryden seems to have had no trace of petty vanity in regard to his own minor works. For one of Tonson's miscellany volumes he might gather together a dozen old prologues and songs that he had lying by him, but further than this he made no attempt to collect his occasional poems. Hence it is likely that among the anonymous pieces printed in miscellanies, between 1660 and 1700, by busy and conscienceless editors, there may be found some written by him. After his death many pieces, some certainly genuine, others as certainly spurious, were published under his name.]

In the text of the present volume there are included several poems that are only in part by Dryden, or that may not be his work at all: see, for example, the headnotes on pages 76, 137. In the present *Appendix* there are included: (1) some pieces ascribed to Dryden in his own time, or shortly after it, but of doubtful authenticity; (2) some poems assigned to Dryden on internal evidence, in modern times; (3) a translation of Boileau's *Art of Poetry*, in which Dryden had some small share. Finally, there follows a series of titles of poems that have been printed in editions of Dryden's works, or have been otherwise attributed to him, but that are in all probability spurious. An explanatory note accompanies each title.]

PROLOGUE, EPILOGUE, AND SONG FROM THE INDIAN QUEEN

[This heroic play was first printed in *Four New Plays . . . written by . . . Sir Robert Howard*, 1665. It was first acted in January, 1664 (*Pepys' Diary*, January 27). Dryden's name was never joined to it in his lifetime; nor was the play included in the first collected edition of his dramatic works, published in 1701. But in his *Connection of The Indian Emperor to The Indian Queen* (Scott-Sainsbury edition, ii. 321) Dryden claims part of the latter drama as his own work. (Compare headnote, page 21.) It is therefore just possible that he is the author of one or more of the following pieces.]

PROLOGUE

As the music plays a soft air, the curtain rises softly, and discovers an Indian boy and girl sleeping under two plantain trees; and, when the curtain is almost up, the music turns into a tune expressing an alarm, at which the boy wakes, and speaks:

Box. Wake, wake, Quevira! our soft rest must cease,
And fly together with our country's peace;
No more must we sleep under plantain shade,
Which neither heat could pierce, nor cold invade;
Where bounteous nature never feels decay,
And op'ning buds drive falling fruits away.

QUEVIRA. Why should men quarrel here, where all possess

As much as they can hope for by success?
None can have most, where nature is so kind
As to exceed man's use, tho' not his mind. ¹⁰

Box. By ancient prophecies we have been told,

Our world shall be subdued by one more old;
And, see, that world already's hither come.

QUE. If these be they, we welcome then our doom.

Their looks are such that mercy flows from thence,

More gentle than our native innocence.

Box. Why should we then fear these are enemies,

That rather seem to us like deities?

QUE. By their protection let us beg to live;
They came not here to conquer, but forgive. ²⁰
If so, your goodness may your pow'r express,
And we shall judge both best by our success.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY MONTEZUMA

You see what shifts we are infore'd to try,
To help out wit with some variety;
Shows may be found that never yet were seen,
'Tis hard to find such wit as ne'er has been.
You have seen all that this old world could do,
We therefore try the fortune of the new,
And hope it is below your aim to hit
At untaught nature with your practie'd wit:
Our naked Indians, then, when wits appear,
Would as soon choose to have the Spaniards
here. ¹⁰

'Tis true, y' have marks enough, the plot, the show,
The poet's scenes, nay, more, the painter's too;
If all this fail, considering the cost,
'Tis a true voyage to the Indies lost:
But if you smile on all, then these designs,
Like the imperfect treasure of our minds,
Will pass for current wheresoe'er they go,
When to your bounteous hands their stamps
they owe.

SONG IS SUPPOS'D SUNG BY AERIAL SPIRITS

Poor mortals that are clogg'd with earth below
Sink under love and care,
While we that dwell in air
Such heavy passions never know.
Why then should mortals be
Unwilling to be free
From blood, that sullen cloud
Which shining souls does shroud?
Then they'll shew bright,
And like us light, ¹⁰
When leaving bodies with their care,
They slide to us and air.

A SONG

[This song is found in *Covent Garden Drollery*, 1672. It is included here because of its resemblance to a song in *An Evening's Love*: compare page 68. It may have been a variation by Dryden on the same theme.]

I

FAIR was my mistress, and fine as a bride
That is deck'd in her wedding attire;
Her eyes do protest I shall not be denied;
And yet I dare hardly come nigh her.
I seem'd to be sad, and she smil'd,
Which I thought did a kindness betray;
Then forward I go,
But was dash'd with a no,
Yet came off with a ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha;
Hey, ha ha ha ha ha. 10

II

Strange was she then as a politic nun,
And I found my first courting was lost;
Her frowns put me farther then when I begun:
O see how poor mortals are cross'd!
I then made another assault,
When her kindness began to display;
And I brought her to this,
That she gave me a kiss,
And came off with a ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha;
Hey, ha ha ha ha ha. 20

III

High was my courage, but more my desire,
Which fed my addresses with force,
That you could not distinguish whose eyes had
most fire,
Or who had the prettiest discourse.
Agreed we laid down and tumbled
Till both were aware of play:
Tho' I spent a full share,
Yet by Cupid I swear,
I came off with a ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha;
Hey, ha ha ha ha ha ha ha. 30

ENJOYMENT

A SONG AT THE KING'S HOUSE

[This song is found, with title as above, in *New Court Songs and Poems*, by R. V., Gent., 1672, from which the following text is taken. It also occurs in *Covent Garden Drollery*, 1672, where it is headed simply *Song*. It is included here because of its resemblance to a song in *Marriage à la Mode*: compare page 68. It may have been a variation by Dryden on the same theme.]

I

So closely, closely press'd,
In his Clymena's arms young Damon lay;
Panting in that transport so o'er-blest,
He seem'd just ready, just to die away.
Clymena beheld him with amorous eyes,
And thus betwixt sighing and kissing she cries:
"O make not such haste to be gone:
'Tis too much unkind,
Whilst I stay behind,
For you to be dying alone." 10

II

This made the youth, now drawing to his end,
The happy moment of his death suspend;
But with so great a pain
His soul he did retain,
That with himself he seem'd at strife
Whether to let out love or keep in life.
Then she, who already was hasting to death,
Said softly, and trembling, and all out of
breath:
"O now, my love, now let us go!
Die with me, Damon, now; for I die too." 20
Thus died they, but 't was of so sweet a death,
That so to die again they took new breath.

A SONG

[See headnote, page 68.]

I

FAREWELL, dear Revecchia, my joy and my
grief,
Too long I have lov'd you and found no relief;
Undone by your jailer too strict and severe,
Your eyes gave me love and he gives me despair.
Now urg'd by your interest I seek to retire
Far off from the cause of so hopeless a fire;
To stay near you still were in vain to torment
Your ears with a passion you must not content.

II

To live in the country with fools is less pain
Then still to endure an unwilling disdain; 10
You're the cause of my exile, and far off I'll go,
That none of my sufferings you ever may know.
But if some kind fate you should chance to convey,
And thro' woods where I've been your journey
should lay,
Your name when you find upon every tree,
You'll say: "Poor Alexis! 't was written by
thee."

PROLOGUE TO JULIUS CÆSAR

[This prologue was first printed in *Covent Garden Drollery*, 1672, a miscellany which contains several of Dryden's early poems: see headnotes on pages 61, 66, 64-66, 68. Mr. Bolton Corney, in *Notes and Queries*, series I. ix. 35, 98, assigns this prologue to Dryden, largely because the criticism of Shakespeare and Jonson here expressed greatly resembles that embodied in Dryden's *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*. The present editor finds much force in this argument and in that based on the general style of the prologue. On the other hand, it may be urged that Dryden never included the piece in any of his miscellany volumes. In a man of Dryden's careless habits, such reasoning has little weight: compare headnotes on pages 61, 65, 68.]

In country beauties as we often see
Something that takes in their simplicity;
Yet while they charm, they know not they are
fair,
And take without their spreading of the snare:
Such artless beauty lies in Shakespeare's wit;
'T was well in spite of him whate'er he writ.

His excellencies came and were not sought;
 His words like casual atoms made a thought,
 Drew up themselves in rank and file and writ,
 He wond'ring how the devil it were such wit.
 Thus, like the drunken tinker in his play,¹¹
 He grew a prince and never knew which way.
 He did not know what trope or figure meant,
 But to persuade was to be eloquent;
 So in this *Cæsar* which this day you see,
 Tully ne'er spoke as he makes Anthony.
 Those then that tax his learning are to blame;
 He knew the thing, but did not know the name.
 Great Jonson did that ignorance adore,
 And, tho' he envied much, admir'd him more.²⁰
 The faultless Jonson equally writ well;
 Shakespeare made faults, but then did more
 excel.

One close at guard like some old fencer lay;
 T'other more open, but he shew'd more play.
 In imitation Jonson's wit was shown;
 Heaven made his men, but Shakespeare made
 his own.

Wise Jonson's talent in observing lay,
 But others' follies still made up his play.
 He drew the like in each elaborate line,
 But Shakespeare like a master did design.²⁰
 Jonson with skill dissected humankind,
 And show'd their faults that they their faults
 might find;

But then, as all anatomists must do,
 He to the meanest of mankind did go,
 And took from gibbets such as he would show.
 Both are so great that he must boldly dare
 Who both of 'em does judge and both com-
 pare.

If amongst poets one more bold there be,
 The man that dare attempt in either way, is he.

LINES ON SETTLE'S EMPRESS OF MOROCCO

[In 1675 Elkanah Settle, a dramatist seventeen years younger than Dryden, won great success by his heroic play, *The Empress of Morocco*, and seemed in a fair way to eclipse the fame of the author of *The Conquest of Granada*. *The Empress of Morocco*, when published, was decorated with engravings, then first used in a drama, and was sold for two shillings, double the ordinary price. Dryden, bitterly mortified, joined Crowne and Shadwell in writing a scurrilous pamphlet, published in 1674, entitled *Notes and Observations on The Empress of Morocco; or, Some few Erratas to be Printed instead of the Sculptures with the Second Edition of that Play*. Settle, in a reply published in the same year, treated Dryden as the principal author of this pamphlet; but Crowne, in his epistle before *Catigada* (*Works*, 1874, iv. 353), claims three fourths of the piece as his own. From this least known of Dryden's works, which has never been reprinted in full, the following lines are taken. They parody a passage in *The Empress of Morocco* describing the approach of a fleet. Since they rise far above the general level of the pamphlet, they may be ascribed, though with some hesitation, to Dryden rather than to one of his collaborators.]

—To jerk him a little the sharper, I will not trans-prose his verse, but by the help of his own words trans-nonsense sense, that by my stuff people may judge the better what his is:

GREAT boy, thy tragedy and sculptures done
 From press and plates in fleets do homeward
 come,

And in ridiculous and humble pride
 Their course in ballet-singers' baskets guide,
 Whose greazy twigs do all new beauties take
 From the gay shews thy dainty sculptures make.
 Thy lines a mess of rhyming nonsense yield,
 A senseless tale, with fluttering fustian fill'd.
 No grain of sense does in one line appear;
 Thy words big bulks of boist'rous bombast
 bear;

With noise they move, and from players' mouths
 rebound,
 When their tongues dance to thy words' empty
 sound.

By thee inspir'd, thy rumbling verses roll,
 As if that rhyme and bombast lent a soul;
 And with that soul they seem taught duty too.
 To huffing words does humble nonsense bow,
 As if it would thy worthless worth enhance.
 To the lowest rank of fops thy praise advance,
 To whom by instinct all thy stuff is dear;
 Their loud claps echo to the theater.²⁰

From breaths of fools thy commendation
 spreads;

Fame sings thy praise with mouths of logger-
 heads;

With noise and laughing each thy fustian
 greets;

'Tis clapp'd by choirs of empty-headed cits,
 Who have their tribute sent and homage given,
 As men in whipsers send loud noise to heaven.

Thus I have daub'd him with his own puddle.

AN ESSAY UPON SATIRE

[This poem is here reprinted from *Poems on Affairs of State*, ed. 4, 1702. It was first printed early in 1680, being mentioned in the *Term Catalogue* for Hilary Term (February) of that year. According to the half-title preceding the poem, in *The Works of John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, Marquis of Normanby, and Duke of Buckingham*, 1723, it was written in 1675. Dryden certainly had little share in writing this poem, perhaps no share at all. The evidence, which is inconsistent and perplexing, may be summarized as follows:

When the poem was circulated, apparently in manuscript, in 1679, Lord Rochester affected to believe Dryden the author, and in consequence of the attack on himself in lines 230-269 had him assaulted one evening in Rose Alley: see *Biographical Sketch*, pp. xxv, xxvi. The poem is assigned to Dryden in *Poems on Affairs of State*, ed. 4, 1702, and ed. 5, 1703. (The earlier editions have not been accessible to the present editor.) In *Spence's Anecdotes* there occurs the following passage, attributed to Dean Lockier, who knew Dryden well:

"Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham's famous essay, has certainly been cried up much more than it deserves, though corrected a good deal by Dryden. It was this which set him up for a poet; and he was resolved to keep up that character, if he could, by any means, fair or foul. Could anything be more impudent than his publishing that satire, for writing which Dryden was beat in Rose Alley (and which was so remarkably known by the name of the *Rose Alley Satire*), as his own! He made, indeed, a few alterations in it first; but these were only verbal, and generally for the worse."

On the other hand, the poem is attributed to Lord Mulgrave in *A New Collection of Poems relating to State Affairs*, 1708. More important, Mulgrave positively denied Dryden's authorship, in a passage of his own *Essay on Poetry*, first published in 1682. (For notice of publication, see the *Term Catalogue* for Michaelmas Term (November) of that year: this first edition of the *Essay* has not been accessible to the present editor.) In the second edition of the *Essay on Poetry*, 1691, he made the denial more emphatic by adding sidenotes: passage and notes are as follows:

The * *Laureat* here [in satire] may justly claim our Praise, Crown'd by * *Mac-Necton* with immortal Bays;
The *great* and *powerful* for another's * Rhimes,
His own deserve as great Applause sometimes;
But once his *Pegasus* has born *dead Weight*,
Bid by some *lunatick* Minister of State.

* Mr. D.—y. A famous Satyrical Poem of his. * A Libel, for which he was both applauded and wounded, tho' entirely innocent of the whole matter.

In a later edition, 1713, of the *Essay on Poetry* (included by Tonson in one volume with *Poems by the Earl of Roscommon*, 1717), the last note becomes:

A Copy of Verses, call'd *An Essay on Satyr*, for which Mr. Dryden was both Applauded and Bitten, tho' not only innocent but Ignorant, of the whole matter.

Finally, the *Essay upon Satire* appears in Mulgrave's *Works*, 1723.

Thus the evidence for Dryden's having a share in the authorship of the *Essay upon Satire* is extremely slender. The ascriptions of authorship in *Poems on Affairs of State* doubtless rested only on current gossip, and are of no authority. Lockier's testimony is emphatically at secondhand; moreover, the first part of it seems inconsistent with the conclusion. Still, Mulgrave's vanity would lead him to minimize any aid he may have received from Dryden; and even his footnote of 1713 does not state that Dryden was "ignorant" of the poem as a whole, but only of the attack on Rochester contained in it. The present editor, however, thinks it certain that Mulgrave was the real author of this poem, which is here reprinted because of its bearing on Dryden's biography, and because of the possibility that some parts of it may have been his work.]

How dull, and how insensible a beast
Is man, who yet would lord it o'er the rest!
Philosophers and poets vainly strove
In every age the lumpish mass to move;
But those were pedants, when compar'd with
these,

Who know not only to instruct, but please.
Poets alone found the delightful way,
Mysterious morals gently to convey
In charming numbers; so that as men grew
Pleas'd with their poems, they grew wiser too.
Satire has always shone among the rest, 11
And is the boldest way, if not the best,
To tell men freely of their foulest faults;
To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer
thoughts.

In satire too the wise took different ways,
To each deserving its peculiar praise.
Some did all folly with just sharpness blame,
Whilst others laugh'd and scorn'd them into
shame;

But of these two, the last succeeded best,
As men aim rightest when they shoot in jest. 20
Yet, if we may presume to blame our guides,
And censure those who censure all besides,
In other things they justly are prefer'd;
In this alone methinks the ancients err'd:

Against the grossest follies they declaim;
Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble game.
Nothing is easier than such blots to hit,
And 't is the talent of each vulgar wit:
Besides, 't is labor lost; for who would preach
Morals to Armstrong, or dull Aston teach? 30
'T is being devout at play, wise at a ball,
Or bringing wit and friendship to Whitehall.
But with sharp eyes those nicer faults to find,
Which lie obscurely in the wisest mind;
That little speck which all the rest does spoil,
To wash off that would be a noble toil,
Beyond the loose-writ libels of this age,
Or the forc'd scenes of our declining stage:
Above all censure, too, each little wit
Will be so glad to see the greater hit, 40
Who, judging better, tho' concern'd the most,
Of such correction will have cause to boast.
In such a satire all would seek a share,
And every fool will fancy he is there.
Old story-tellers too must pine and die,
To see their antiquated wit laid by;
Like her who miss'd her name in a lampoon,
And griev'd to find herself decay'd so soon.
No common coxcomb must be mention'd here,
Nor the dull train of dancing sparks appear, 50
Nor fluttering officers who never fight:
Of such a wretched rabble who would write?
Much less half wits: that 's more against our
rules;

For they are fops, the other are but fools.
Who would not be as silly as Dunbar;
As dull as Monmouth, rather than Sir Carr?
The cunning courtier should be slighted too,
Who with dull knavery makes so much ado;
Till the shrewd fool, by thriving too fast,
Like Æsop's fox becomes a prey at last. 60
Nor shall the royal mistresses be nam'd,
Too ugly, or too easy to be blam'd;
With whom each rhyming fool keeps such a
pother.

They are as common that way as the other:
Yet sauntering Charles between his beastly
brace
Meets with dissembling still in either place,
Affected humor, or a painted face.
In loyal libels we have often told him,
How one has jilted him, the other sold him:
How that affects to laugh, how this to weep; 70
But who can rail so long as he can sleep?
Was ever prince by two at once misled,
False, foolish, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred?
Earnestly and Ayles—y, with all that race
Of busy blockheads, shall have here no place;
At council set as foils on D—by's score,
To make that great false jewel shine the more;
Who all that while was thought exceeding wise,
Only for taking pains and telling lies,
But there's no meddling with such nauseous
men; 80

Their very names have tir'd my lazy pen:
'T is time to quit their company, and choose
Some fitter subject for a sharper Muse.

First, let's behold the merriest man alive
Against his careless genius vainly strive;
Quit his dear ease, some deep design to lay,
'Gainst a set time, and then forget the day:

Yet he will laugh at his best friends, and be
Just as good company as Nokes and Lee.
But when he aims at reason or at rule,
He turns himself the best in ridicule.
Let him at business ne'er so earnest sit,
Shew him but mirth, and bait that mirth with
wit;

That shadow of a jest shall be enjoy'd,
Tho' he left all mankind to be destroy'd.
So eat transform'd sat gravely and demure,
Till mouse appear'd, and thought himself secure;
But soon the lady had him in her eye,
And from her friend did just as oddly fly.
Reaching above our nature does no good; ¹⁰⁰
We must fall back to our old flesh and blood;
As by our little Machiavel we find, [E. of S-y.
That nimble creature of the busy kind,
His limbs are crippled and his body shakes; }
Yet his hard mind, which all this bustle makes, }
No pity of its poor companion takes.
What gravity can hold from laughing out,
To see him drag his feeble legs about?
Like hounds ill-coupled, Jowler lugs him still
Thro' hedges, ditches, and thro' all that's ill. ¹¹⁰
'T were crime in any man but him alone,
To use a body so, tho' 't is one's own:
Yet this false comfort never gives him o'er,
That whilst he creeps his vigorous thoughts can
soar.

Alas! that soaring, to those few that know,
Is but a busy groveling here below.
So men in rapture think they mount the sky,
Whilst on the ground th' intranced wretches
lie:
So modern fops have fancied they could fly,
Whilst 't is their heads alone are in the air, ¹²⁰
And for the most part building castles there;
As the new earl, with parts deserving [E. of E-x.
praise,

And wit enough to laugh at his own ways;
Yet loses all soft days and sensual nights,
Kind nature checks, and kinder fortune slights;
Striving against his quiet all he can,
For the fine notion of a busy man.
And what is that at best, but one whose mind
Is made to tire himself and all mankind? ¹³⁰
For Ireland he would go; faith, let him reign;
For if some odd fantastic lord would fain
Carry in trunks, and all my drudgery do,
I'll not only pay him but admire him too.
But is there any other beast that lives,
Who his own harm so wittily contrives?
Will any dog that hath his teeth and stones
Refin'dly leave his bitches and his bones,
To turn a wheel? and bark to be employ'd,
While Venus is by rival dogs enjoy'd? ¹⁴⁰
Yet this fond man, to get a statesman's name,
Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.

Tho' satire nicely writ no humor stings
But those who merit praise in other things;
Yet we must needs this one exception make,
And break our rules for folly Tropos' sake;
Who was too much despis'd to be accus'd,
And therefore scarce deserves to be abus'd,
Rais'd only by his mercenary tongue,
From railing smoothly, and from reasoning
wrong.

As boys on holidays let loose to play, ¹⁵⁰
Lay waggish traps for girls that pass that way;
Then shout to see in dirt and deep distress
Some silly cit in flower'd foolish dress;
So have I mighty satisfaction found,
To see his tinsel reason on the ground:
To see the florid fool despis'd (and know it)
By some who scarce have words enough to
show it;

For sense sits silent, and condemns for weaker
The finer, nay sometimes the wittiest speaker.
But 't is prodigious so much eloquence
Should be acquir'd by such a little sense;
For words and wit did anciently agree,
And Tully was no fool, tho' this man be:
At bar abusive, on the bench unable,
Knaves on the woolsack, fops at council table.
These are the grievances of such fools as would
Be rather wise than honest, great than good.
Some other kind of wits must be made known,
Whose harmless errors hurt themselves alone;
Excess of luxury they think can please, ¹⁷⁰
And laziness call loving of their ease:
To live dissolv'd in pleasures still they feign,
Tho' their whole life's but intermitting pain:
So much of surfeits, headaches, claps are seen,
We scarce perceive the little time between:
Well-meaning men, who make this gross mis-
take,

And pleasure lose only for pleasure's sake.
Each pleasure has its price, and when we pay
Too much of pain, we squander life away.
Thus D—et, purring like a thoughtful cat, ¹⁸⁰
Married, but wiser puss ne'er thought of that:
And first he worried her with railing rhyme,
Like Pembroke's mastives at his kindest time;
Then for one night sold all his slavish life,
A teeming widow, but a barren wife.
Swell'd by contact of such a fulsome toad,
He lugg'd about the matrimonial load;
Till Fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
Has ill restor'd him to his liberty;
Which he would use in all his sneaking way, ¹⁹⁰
Drinking all night and dozing all the day;
Dull as Ned Howard, whom his brisker times
Had fam'd for dullness in malicious rhymes.
Nul—ve had much ado to scape the snare,
Tho' learn'd in those ill arts that cheat the fair:
For after all his vulgar marriage mocks,
With beauty dazzled, Numps was in the stocks;
Deluded parents dried their weeping eyes,
To see him catch his Tartar for his prize;
Th' impatient town wait'd the wish'd-for
change, ²⁰⁰

And cuckolds smil'd in hopes of sweet revenge;
Till Petworth plot made us with sorrow see,
As his estate, his person too was free.
Him no soft thoughts, no gratitude could move;
To gold he fled from beauty and from love;
Yet failing there, he keeps his freedom still,
Forc'd to live happily against his will:
'T is not his fault, if too much wealth and pow'r
Break not his boasted quiet every hour.
And little Sid, for *smile* renown'd, ²¹⁰
Pleasure has always sought but never found;
Tho' all his thoughts on wine and women fall,
His are so bad, sure he ne'er thinks at all.

The flesh he lives upon is rank and strong,
His meat and mistresses are kept too long.
But sure we all mistake this pious man,
Who mortifies his person all he can :
What we uncharitably take for sin,
Are only rules of this odd capuchin ;
For never hermit under grave pretence
Has liv'd more contrary to common sense ;
And 'tis a miracle, we may suppose,
No nastiness offends his skilful nose,
Which from all stink can with peculiar art
Extract perfume and essence from a f—t :
Expecting supper is his great delight ;
He toils all day but to be drunk at night ;
Then o'er his cups this night bird chirping sits,
Till he takes Hewet and Jack Hall for wits.

Rochester I despise for 's want of wit,
Tho' thought to have a tail and cloven feet ;
For while he mischief means to all mankind,
Himself alone the ill effects does find ;
And so like witches justly suffers shame,
Whose harmless malice is so much the same.
False are his words, affected is his wit ;
So often he does aim, so seldom hit ;
To every face he cringes while he speaks,
But when the back is turn'd, the head he
breaks :

Mean in each action, lewd in every limb,
Manners themselves are mischievous in him ;
A proof that chance alone makes every creature
A very Killgrew without good nature.
For what a Bessus has he always liv'd,
And his own kickings notably contriv'd ?
For these 's the folly that 's still mix'd with
(fear)

Cowards more blows than any hero bear ;
Of fighting sparks some may their pleasures say,
But 't is a bolder thing to run away.
The world may well forgive him all his ill,
For every fault does prove his penance still ;
Falsely he falls into some dangerous noose,
And then as meekly labors to get loose.
A life so infamous is better quitting,
Spent in base injury and low submitting.

I'd like to have left out his poetry,
Forgot by all almost as well as me.
Sometimes he has some humor, never wit ;
And if it rarely, very rarely, hit,
'T is under so much nasty rubbish laid,
To find it out 's the cinder-woman's trade,
Who for the wretched remnants of a fire
Must toil all day in ashes and in mire.
So lewdly dull his idle works appear,
The wretched texts deserve no comments here ;
Where one poor thought 's sometimes left all
alone

For a whole page of dulness to atone :
'Mongst forty bad, one tolerable line,
Without expression, fancy, or design.

How vain a thing is man, and how unwise,
Evn' he who would himself the most despise !
I, who so wise and humble seem to be,
Now my own vanity and pride can't see ;
While the world's nonsense is so sharply shown,
We pull down others but to raise our own ;
That we may angels seem, we paint them elves,
And are but Satyrs to set up ourselves.

I, who have all this while been finding fault,
Even with my masters who first satire taught,
And did by that describe the task so hard,
It seems stupendous and above reward,
Now labor with unequal force to climb
That lofty hill, unreach'd by former time :
'T is just that I should to the bottom fall,
Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

THE ART OF POETRY

WRITTEN IN FRENCH BY THE SIEUR DE
BOILEAU, MADE ENGLISH

[This translation of Boileau's *Art Poétique* was first published in 1683, with title as above, and with no indication of the translator's name. In 1708 Tonsor reprinted it in the second edition of *The Annual Miscellany for the Year 1694* (the *Fourth Miscellany*) with the following advertisement :

"This translation of Monsieur Boileau's *Art of Poetry* was made in the year 1680, by Sir William Soame of Suffolk, Bart. ; who, being very intimately acquainted with Mr. Dryden, desir'd his revival of it. I saw the manuscript lie in Mr. Dryden's hands for above six months, who made very considerable alterations in it, particularly the beginning of the fourth canto ; and it being his opinion that it would be better to apply the poem to English writers than keep to the French names, as it was first translated, Sir William desir'd he would take the pains to make that alteration ; and accordingly that was entirely done by Mr. Dryden.

"The poem was first publish'd in the year 1683 ; Sir William was after sent ambassador to Constantinople, in the reign of King James, but died in the voyage."

J. T."

The truth of Tonsor's statement is confirmed by the remarkable agreement in substance of lines 101, 102 and 555-557 in the present translation with passages in Dryden's dedication to *The Spanish Friar* (Scott-Saintsbury edition, vi. 402-411). The general finish of the verse probably owes much to Dryden's correcting hand.

Collins : *Peagee of England*, ed. Brydges, vol. iv, p. 476, mentions a "William Soames, Esq. of Thurlow, in Suffolk, who was . . . created a baronet."

The present text follows that of 1683.

CANTO I

RASH author, 't is a vain presumptuous crime
To undertake the sacred art of rhyme,
If at thy birth the stars that rul'd thy sense
Shone not with a poetic influence ;
In thy strait genius thou wilt still be bound,
Find Phoebus deaf, and Pegasus unsound.

You then that burn with the desire to try
The dangerous course of charming poetry ;
Forbear in fruitless verse to lose your time,
Or take for genius the desire of rhyme ;
Fear the allurements of a specious bait,
And well consider your own force and weight.

Nature abounds in wits of every kind,
And for each author can a talent find :
One may in verse describe an amorous flame,
Another sharpen a short epigram ;
Waller a hero's mighty acts extol,
Spenser sing Rosalind in pastoral ;
But authors that themselves too much esteem,
Lose their own genius, and mistake their theme,
Thus in times past Dubartas¹ vainly wrote,

¹ Dubartas, translated by Sylvester.

Allaying sacred truth with trifling wit ;
 Impertinently, and without delight,
 Describ'd the Israelites' triumphant flight,
 And following Moses o'er the sandy plain,
 Perish'd with Pharaoh in th' Arabian main.

Whate'er you write of pleasant or sublime,
 Always let Sense accompany your Rhyme :
 Falsely they seem each other to oppose ;
 Rhyme must be made with Reason's laws to

close ;
 And when to conquer her you bend your force,
 The mind will triumph in the noble course ;
 To Reason's yoke she quickly will incline,
 Which, far from hurting, renders her divine :
 But, if neglected, will as easily stray,
 And master Reason, which she should obey.
 Love Reason then ; and let whate'er you write
 Borrow from her its beauty, force, and light.
 Most writers, mounted on a resty Muse,
 Extravagant and senseless objects choose ;
 They think they err, if in their verse they fall
 On any thought that's plain or natural :
 Fly this excess ; and let Italians be
 Vain authors of false glittering poetry.

All ought to aim at sense ; but most in vain
 Strive the hard pass and slippery path to gain :
 You drown, if to the right or left you stray ;
 Reason to go has often but one way.
 Sometimes an author, fond of his own thought,
 Pursues his object till it's overwrought :

If he describes a house, he shews the face,
 And after walks you round from place to place ;
 Here is a vista, there the doors unfold,
 Balconies here are balustr'd with gold ;
 Then counts the rounds and ovals in the halls,
*The festoons, friezes, and the astragals.*¹

Tir'd with his tedious pomp, away I run,
 And skip o'er twenty pages to be gone.
 Of such descriptions the vain folly see,
 And shun their barren superfluity.

All that is needless carefully avoid ;
 The mind once satisfied is quickly cloy'd :
 He cannot write, who knows not to give o'er ;
 To mend one fault, he makes a hundred more :
 A verse was weak, you turn it much too strong,
 And grow obscure, for fear you should be long.
 Some are not gaudy, but are flat and dry ;
 Not to be low, another soars too high.

Would you of every one deserve the praise ?
 In writing, vary your discourse and phrase ;
 A frozen style, that neither ebbs or flows,
 Instead of pleasing, makes us gape and doze.
 Those tedious authors are esteem'd by none,
 Who tire us, humming the same heavy tone.
 Happy, who in his verse can gently steer
 From grave to light, from pleasant to severe ;
 His works will be admir'd wherever found,
 And oft with buyers will be compass'd round.
 In all you write, be neither low nor vile ;
 The meanest theme may have a proper style.

The dull burlesque appear'd with impudence,
 And pleas'd by novelty, in spite of sense.
 All, except trivial points, grew out of date ;
 Parnassus spoke the cant of Belin-gate :
 Boundless and mad, disorder'd Rhyme was

seen ;

¹ Verse of Scudéry.

Disguis'd Apollo chang'd to Harlequin.
 This plague, which first in country towns began,
 Cities and kingdoms quickly overran ;
 The dullest scribblers some admirers found,

And *The Mock-Tempest*² was a while renown'd :
 But this low stuff the town at last despis'd,³
 And scorn'd the folly that they once had priz'd ;
 Distinguish'd dull from natural and plain,
 And left the villages to Fleeknoe's reign.

Let not so mean a style your Muse debase,
 But learn from Butler⁴ the buffooning grace ;
 And let burlesque in ballads be employ'd :
 Yet noisy bumpast carefully avoid,

Nor think to raise, tho' on Pharsalia's plain,
Millions of mourning mountains of the slain ;⁵
 Nor, with Dubartas, bridle up the floods,⁶
 And periwig with wool the baldpate woods.

Choose a just style ; be grave without constraint,
 Great without pride, and lovely without paint :
 Write what your reader may be pleas'd to hear ;
 And for the measure have a careful ear.

On easy numbers fix your happy choice ;
 Of jarring sounds avoid the odious noise :
 The fullest verse and the most labor'd sense
 Displease us, if the ear once take offense.

Our ancient verse (as homely as the times)
 Was rude, unmeasur'd, only tagg'd with
 rhymes ;

Number and cadence, that have since been
 shown,

To those unpolish'd writers were unknown.

Fairfax⁷ was he, who, in that darker age,
 By his just rules restrain'd poetic rage.

Spenser did next in pastorals excel,
 And taught the noble art of writing well ;
 To stricter rules the stanza did restrain,
 And found for poetry a richer vein.

Then Davenant came ; who, with a new-found
 art,

Chang'd all, spoil'd all, and had his way apart :
 His haughty Muse all others did despise,
 And thought in triumph to bear off the prize,

Till the sharp-sighted critics of the times,
 In their mock *Gondibert*, expos'd his rhymes ;
 The laurels he pretended did refuse,
 And dash'd the hopes of his aspiring Muse.

This headstrong writer, falling from on high,
 Made following authors take less liberty.
 Waller came last, but was the first whose art
 Just weight and measure did to verse impart ;

That of a well-plac'd word could teach the force,
 And shew'd for poetry a nobler course.
 His happy genius did our tongue refine,
 And easy words with pleasing numbers join ;

His verses to good method did apply,
 And chang'd harsh discord to soft harmony.
 All own'd his laws ; which, long approv'd and
 tried,

To present authors now may be a guide.⁸
 Tread boldly in his steps, secure from fear,
 And be, like him, in your expressions clear.

If in your verse you drag, and sense delay,
 My patience tires, my fancy goes astray ;

² *The Mock-Tempest*, a play written by Mr. Duffet.

³ Hudibras.

⁴ Verse of Brébeuf.

⁵ Verse of Dubartas.

⁶ Fairfax in his translation of *Gottfrey of Bullen*.

And from your vain discourse I turn my mind,
Nor search an author troublesome to find.
There is a kind of writer pleas'd with sound,
Whose fustian head with clouds is compass'd
round—

No reason can disperse 'em with its light:
Learn then to think ere you pretend to write.
As your idea's clear, or else obscure, 151
Th' expression follows perfect or impure:
What we conceive, with ease we can express;
Words to the notions flow with readiness.

Observe the language well in all you write,
And swerve not from it in your loftiest flight.
The smoothest verse and the exactest sense
Displease us, if ill English give offense:
A barb'rous phrase no reader can approve;
Nor bombast, noise, or affectation love. 160
In short, without pure language, what you write
Can never yield us profit or delight.
Take time for thinking: never work in haste;
And value not yourself for writing fast.
A rapid poem, with such fury writ,
Shews want of judgment, not abounding wit.
More pleas'd we are to see a river lead
His gentle streams along a flow'ry mead,
Than from high banks to hear loud torrents

roar,

With foamy waters on a muddy shore. 170
Gently make haste, of labor not afraid;
A hundred times consider what you've said:
Polish, repolish, every color lay,
And sometimes add, but oft'ner take away.

'Tis not enough, when swarming faults are
writ,

That here and there are scatter'd sparks of wit:
Each object must be fix'd in the due place,
And diff'ring parts have corresponding grace;
Till by a curious art dispos'd, we find

One perfect whole, of all the pieces join'd. 180
Keep to your subject close in all you say,
Nor for a sounding sentence ever stray.

The public censure for your writings fear,
And to yourself be critic most severe.

Fantastic wits their darling follies love:
But find you faithful friends that will reprove,

That on your works may look with careful eyes,
And of your faults be zealous enemies.

Lay by an author's pride and vanity,
And from a friend a flatterer desery, 190

Who seems to like, but means not what he says:
Embrace true counsel, but suspect false praise.

A sycophant will everything admire:
Each verse, each sentence sets his soul on fire;

All is divine! there's not a word amiss!
He shakes with joy, and weeps with tenderness;

He overpours you with his mighty praise.
Truth never moves in those impetuous ways:

A faithful friend is careful of your fame,
And freely will your heedless errors blame; 200

He cannot pardon a neglected line,
But verse to rule and order will confine;

Reproves of words the too affected sound:
Here the sense flags, and your expression's

round;

Your fancy tires, and your discourse grows vain,
Your terms improper—make them just and

plain.

Thus 't is a faithful friend will freedom use;
But authors, partial to their darling Muse,
Think to protect it they have just pretense,
And at your friendly counsel take offense. 210

Said you of this, that the expression's flat?
"Your servant, sir, you must excuse me that,"

He answers you. "This word has here no grace;
Pray leave it out." "That, sir, 's the proper sit

place."
"This turn I like not." "Tis approv'd by

all."

Thus, resolute not from a fault to fall,
If there's a syllable of which you doubt,

'T is a sure reason not to blot it out.
Yet still he says you may his faults confute,

And over him your pow'r is absolute: 220
But of his feign'd humility take heed;
'T is a bait laid to make you hear him read.

And when he leaves you, happy in his Muse,
Restless he runs some other to abuse,

And often finds; for in our scribbling times
No fool can want a sot to praise his rhymes:

The flattest work has ever in the court
Met with some zealous ass for its support;

And in all times a forward, scribbling fop
Has found some greater fool to cry him up. 230

CANTO II

PASTORAL

As a fair nymph, when rising from her bed,
With sparkling diamonds dresses not her head,
But without gold, or pearl, or costly scents,
Gathers from neighb'ring fields her ornaments;

Such, lovely in its dress, but plain withal,
Ought to appear a perfect *Pastoral*.

Its humble method nothing has of fierce,
But hates the rattling of a lofty verse:

There native beauty pleases, and excites,
And never with harsh sounds the ear affrights. 241

But in this style a poet often spent,
In rage throws by his rural instrument,¹

And vainly, when disorder'd thoughts abound,
Amidst the *Eclogue* makes the trumpet sound:

Pan flies, alarm'd, into the neighb'ring woods,
And frighted nymphs dive down into the floods.

Oppos'd to this, another, low in style,
Makes shepherds speak a language base and

vile:
His writings, flat and heavy, without sound,

Kissing the earth, and creeping on the ground;
You'd swear that Randal, in his rustic strains,

Again was quav'ring to the country swains, 252
And changing, without care of sound or dress,
Strephon and Phyllis into Tom and Bess.

'Twixt these extremes 't is hard to keep the
right:

For guides take Virgil, and read Theocrite:
Be their just writings, by the gods inspir'd,

Your constant pattern, practis'd and admir'd.
By them alone you'll easily comprehend

How poets, without shame, may condescend 260
To sing of gardens, fields, of flow'rs, and fruit,
To stir up shepherds, and to tune the flute;

Of love's rewards to tell the happy hour,
1 Flute pipe.

Daphne a tree, Narcissus made a flow'r,
And by what means the *Eclogue* yet has pow'r
To make the woods worthy a conqueror:¹
This of their writings is the grace and flight;
Their risings lofty, yet not out of sight.

ELEGY

The *Elegy*, that loves a mournful style,
With unbound hair weeps at a funeral pile;²⁷⁰
It paints the lover's torments and delights;
A mistress flatters, threatens, and invites;
But well these raptures if you'll make us see,
You must know love as well as poetry.
I hate those lukewarm authors, whose fore'd
fire

In a cold style describes a hot desire;
That sigh by rule, and, raging in cold blood,
Their sluggish Muse whip to an amorous mood:
Their feign'd transports appear but flat and
vain;

They always sigh, and always hug their chain,
Adore their prison, and their suff'rings bless.
Make sense and reason quarrel as they please.
'T was not of old in this affected tone
That smooth Tibullus made his amorous moan;
Nor Ovid, when, instructed from above,
By nature's rules he taught the *Art of Love*.
The heart in *Elegies* forms the discourse.

ODE

The *Ode* is bolder, and has greater force;
Mounting to heav'n in her ambitious flight,
Amongst the gods and heroes takes delight;²⁷⁰
Of Pisa's wrestlers tells the sinewy force,
And sings the dusty conqueror's glorious
course;

To Simois' streams does fierce Achilles bring,
And makes the Ganges bow to Britain's king.
Sometimes she flies, like an industrious bee,
And robs the flow'rs by nature's chymistry;
Describes the shepherds' dances, feasts, and
bliss,

And boasts from Phyllis to surprise a kiss,
When gently she resists with feign'd remorse,
That what she grants may seem to be by force:
Her generous style at random oft will part,²⁸⁰
And by a brave disorder shows her art:
Unlike those fearful poets, whose cold rhyme
In all their raptures keep exactest time,
That sing th' illustrious hero's mighty praise
(Lean writers!) by the terms of weeks and
days,

And dare not from least circumstances part,
But take all towns by strictest rules of art.
Apollo drives those fops from his abode;
And some have said, that once the humorous
god,

Resolving all such scribblers to confound,
For the short *Sonnet* order'd this strict bound:
Set rules for the just measure, and the time,
The easy running, and alternate rhyme;
But, above all, those licenses denied
Which in these writings the lame sense suppli'd;

¹ Virgil, *Eclogue IV*.

Forbade an useless line should find a place,
Or a repeated word appear with grace.
A faultless *Sonnet*, finish'd thus, would be
Worth tedious volumes of loose poetry.²⁸⁰
A hundred scribbling authors, without ground,
Believe they have this only Phoenix found;
When yet th' exactest scarce have two or three,
Among whole tomes, from faults and censure
free,

The rest, but little read, regarded less,
Are shovel'd to the pastry from the press.
Closing the sense within the measur'd time,
'T is hard to fit the reason to the rhyme.

EPIGRAM

The *Epigram*, with little art compos'd,
Is one good sentence in a distich clos'd.²⁹⁰
These points, that by Italians first were priz'd,
Our ancient authors knew not, or despis'd:
The vulgar, dazzled with their glaring light,
To their false pleasures quickly they invite;
But public favor so increas'd their pride,
They overwhelm'd Parnassus with their tide.
The *Madrigal* at first was overcome,
And the proud *Sonnet* fell by the same doom;
With these grave *Tragedy* adorn'd her flights,
And mournful *Elegy* her funeral rites:³⁰⁰
A hero never fail'd 'em on the stage,
Without his point a lover durst not rage;
The amorous shepherds took more care to
prove

True to their point, than faithful to their
love.
Each word, like Janus, had a double face;
And prose, as well as verse, allow'd it place:
The lawyer with conceits adorn'd his speech,
The parson without quibbling could not preach.
At last affronted reason look'd about,
And from all serious matters shut 'em out;³¹⁰
Declar'd that none should use 'em without
shame.

Except a scattering in the *Epigram*;
Provided that by art, and in due time,
They turn'd upon the thought, and not the
rhyme.

Thus in all parts disorders did abate;
Yet quibblers in the court had leave to prate:
Inspid jesters, and mupleasant fools,
A corporation of dull punning drolls.
'T is not, but that sometimes a dextrous Muse
May with advantage a turn'd sense abuse,³²⁰
And on a word may trifle with address;
But above all avoid the fond excess,
And think not, when your verse and sense are
lame,

With a dull point to tag your *Epigram*.
Each poem his perfection has apart;
The *British Round* in plainness shows his art.
The *Ballad*, tho' the pride of ancient time,
Has often nothing but his humorous rhyme;
The *Madrigal*² may softer passions move,
And breathe the tender ecstasies of love:³³⁰
Desire to show itself, and not to wrong,
Arm'd Virtue first with *Satire* in its tongue.

² An old way of writing, which began and ended with the same measure.

SATIRE

Lucilius was the man who, bravely bold,
 To Roman vices did this mirror hold,
 Protected humble goodness from reproach,
 Show'd worth on foot, and rascals in the coach.
 Horace's pleasing wit to this did add,
 And none uncensur'd could be fool, or mad;
 Unhappy was that wretch, whose name might be
 Squar'd to the rules of their sharp poetry. 280
 Persius, obscure, but full of sense and wit,
 Affected brevity in all he writ:
 And Juvenal, learn'd as those times could be,
 Too far did stretch his sharp hyperbole;
 Tho' horrid truths thro' all his labors shine,
 In what he writes there's something of divine,
 Whether he blames the Caprean debauch,
 Or of Sejanus' fall tells the approach,
 Or that he makes the trembling senate come
 To the stern tyrant to receive their doom; 300
 Or Roman vice in coarsest habits shews,
 And paints an empress reeking from the stew:
 In all he writes appears a noble fire;
 To follow such a master then desire.
 Chancer alone, fix'd on this solid base,
 In his old style conserves a modern grace:
 Too happy, if the freedom of his rhymes
 Offended not the method of our times.
 The Latin writers decency neglect;
 But modern readers challenge our respect, 400
 And at immodest writings take offense,
 If clean expression cover not the sense.
 I love sharp satire, from obscenity free,
 Not impudence that preaches modesty.
 Our English, who in malice never fail,
 Hence in lampoons and libels learnt to rail:
 Pleasant detraction, that by singing goes
 From mouth to mouth, and as it marches grows!
 Our freedom in our poetry we see,
 That child of joy, begot by liberty. 410
 But, vain blasphemer, tremble when you choose
 God for the subject of your impious Muse;
 At last, those jests which libertines invent,
 Bring the lewd author to just punishment.
 Ev'n in a song there must be art and sense;
 Yet sometimes we have seen that wine or
 chance
 Have warm'd cold brains, and given dull writers
 mettle,
 And furnish'd out a scene for Mr. S —.
 But for one lucky hit that made thee please,
 Let not thy folly grow to a disease, 420
 Nor think thyself a wit; for in our age
 If a warm fancy does some top engage,
 He neither eats or sleeps till he has writ,
 But plagues the world with his adulterate wit.
 Nay, 'tis a wonder, if in his dire rage
 He prints not his dull follies for the stage;
 And, in the front of all his senseless plays,
 Makes David Logan^a crown his head with bays.

CANTO III

TRAGEDY

THERE'S not a monster bred beneath the sky,
 But, well-dispos'd by art, may please the eye; 430

^a D. Logan, a graver.

A curious workman, by his skill divine,
 From an ill object makes a good design.
 Thus, to delight us, *Tragedy*, in tears
 For *Edipus*,² provokes our hopes and fears;
 For parricide Orestes asks relief,
 And, to increase our pleasure, causes grief.
 You then, that in this noble art would rise,
 Come, and in lofty verse dispute the prize.
 Would you upon the stage acquire renown,
 And for your judges summon all the town? 440
 Would you your works for ever should remain,
 And after ages past be sought again?
 In all you write observe with care and art
 To move the passions and incline the heart.
 If, in a labor'd act, the pleasing rage
 Cannot our hopes and fears by turns engage,
 Nor in our mind a feeling pity raise,
 In vain with learned scenes you fill your plays:
 Your cold discourse can never move the mind
 Of a stern critic, nat'rally unkind; 450
 Who, justly tir'd with your pedantic flight,
 Or falls asleep, or censures all you write.
 The secret is, attention first to gain;
 To move our minds, and then to entertain:
 That, from the very op'ning of the scenes,
 The first may show us what the author means.
 I'm tir'd to see an actor on the stage
 That knows not whether he's to laugh or rage;
 Who, an intrigue unraveling in vain,
 Instead of pleasing, keeps my mind in pain. 460
 I'd rather much the nauseous dunce should say
 Downright: "My name is Hector in the play;"
 Than with a mass of miracles, ill-join'd,
 Confound my ears and not instruct my mind.
 The subject's never soon enough express'd;
 Your place of action must be fix'd, and rest.
 A Spanish poet may, with good event,
 In one day's space whole ages represent;
 There oft the hero of a wand'ring stage
 Begins a child, and ends the play of age; 470
 But we, that are by reason's rules confin'd,
 Will that with art the poem be design'd,
 That unity of action, time, and place,
 Keep the stage full, and all our labors grace.
 Write not what cannot be with ease conceiv'd;
 Some truths may be too strong to be believ'd.
 A foolish wonder cannot entertain:
 My mind's not mov'd, if your discourse be vain.
 You may relate what would offend the eye:
 Seeing, indeed, would better satisfy; 480
 But there are objects that a curious art
 Hides from the eyes, yet offers to the heart.
 The mind is most agreeably surpris'd,
 When a well-woven subject, long disguis'd,
 You on a sudden artfully unfold.
 And give the whole another face and mold.
 At first³ the *Tragedy* was void of art;
 A song, where each man danc'd and sung his
 part;
 And of god Bacchus roaring out the praise,
 Sought a good vintage for their jolly days: 490
 Then wine and joy were seen in each man's eyes,
 And a fat goat was the best singer's prize.
 Thespis was first, who, all besmear'd with lee,
 Began this pleasure for posterity;

² Writ by Mr. Dryden.

³ The beginning and progress of tragedies.

And with his canted actors, and a song,
Amus'd the people as he pass'd along.
Next Æschylus the diff'rent persons plac'd,
And with a better mask his players grac'd;
Upon a theater his verse express'd,
And show'd his hero with a buskin dress'd.
Then Sophocles, the genius of his age,
Increases'd the pomp and beauty of the stage,
Ingag'd the chorus song in every part,
And polish'd rugged verse by rules of art:
He in the Greek did those perfections gain,
Which the weak Latin never could attain.

Our pious fathers, in their priest-rid age,
As impious and profane abhorr'd the stage;
A troop of silly pilgrims, as 't is said,
Foolishly zealous, scandalously play'd
(Instead of heroes, and of love's complaints)
The angels, God, the Virgin, and the saints.
At last, right Reason did his laws reveal,
And show'd the folly of their ill-plac'd zeal,
Silenc'd those nonconformists of the age,
And rais'd the lawful heroes of the stage:
Only th' Athenian mask was laid aside,
And chorus by the music was supplied.
Ingenious love, inventive in new arts,
Mingled in plays, and quickly touch'd our
hearts:

This passion never could resistance find,
But knows the shortest passage to the mind.
Paint then, I'm pleas'd my hero be in love;
But let him not like a tame shepherd move;
Let not Achilles be like Thyrsis seen,
Or for a Cyrus show an Artamène;
That, struggling oft, his passions we may find;
The frailty, not the virtue of his mind.
Of romance heroes shun the low design;
Yet to great hearts some human frailties join:
Achilles must with Homer's heat engage;
For an affront I'm pleas'd to see him rage.
Those little failings in your hero's heart
Show that of man and nature he has part.
To leave known rules you cannot be allow'd:
Make Agamemnon covetous and proud,
Æneas in religious rites austere;
Keep to each man his proper character.
Of countries and of times the humors know;
From diff'rent climates diff'rent customs grow:
And strive to shun their fault, who vainly dress
An antique hero like some modern ass;
Who make old Romans like our English move,
Show Cato sparkish, or make Brutus love.
In a romance those errors are excus'd;
There 't is enough that, reading, we're amus'd:
Rules too severe would then be useless found;
But the strict scene must have a juster bound:
Exact decorum we must always find.
If then you form some hero in your mind,
Be sure your image with itself agree;
For what he first appears, he still must be.
Affected wits will nat'rally incline
To paint their figures by their own design:
Your bully poets, bully heroes write;
Chapman in *Bussy d'Ambois* took delight,
And thought perfection was to huff and fight.
Wise nature by variety does please:
Clothe diff'rent passions in a diff'rent dress;

¹ Artamène, the name of Cyrus in Scudéry's romance.

Bold anger in rough haughty words appears;
Sorrow is humble, and dissolves in tears.
Make not your Heecuba² with fury rage,
And show a ranting grief upon the stage;
Or tell in vain how the rough Tanais bore
His sevenfold waters to the Euxine shore:
These swoln expressions, this affected noise,
Shows like some pedant that declaims to boys.
In sorrow, you must softer methods keep;
And, to excite our tears, yourself must weep.
Those noisy words with which ill plays abound
Come not from hearts that are in sadness
drown'd.

The theater for a young poet's rhymes
Is a bold venture in our knowing times;
An author cannot eas'ly purchase fame;
Critics are always apt to hiss and blame:
You may be wond'g'd by every ass in town:
The privilege is bought for half a crown.
To please, you must a hundred changes try;
Sometimes be humble, then must soar on high:
In noble thoughts must everywhere abound,
Be easy, pleasant, solid, and profound:
To these you must surprising touches join,
And show us a new wonder in each line;
That all, in a just method well-design'd,
May leave a strong impression in the mind.
These are the arts that *Tragedy* maintain.

THE EPIC

But the *Heroic* claims a loftier strain.
In the narration of some great design,
Invention, art, and fable, all must join:
Here fiction must employ its utmost grace;
All must assume a body, mind, and face:
Each virtue a divinity is seen;
Prudence is Pallas; beauty, Paphos' Queen.
'T is not a cloud from whence swift lightnings
fly,
But Jupiter, that thunders from the sky;
Nor a rough storm that gives the sailor pain,
But angry Neptune, plowing up the main;
Echo 's no more an empty airy sound,
But a fair nymph that weeps her lover drown'd.
Thus in the endless treasure of his mind
The poet does a thousand figures find;
Around the work his ornaments he pours,
And strows with lavish hand his op'ning flow'rs.
'T is not a wonder if a tempest bore
The Trojan fleet against the Libyan shore;
From faithless Fortune this is no surprise,
For every day 't is common to our eyes.
But angry Juno, that she might destroy
And overwhelm the rest of ruin'd Troy;
That Æolus, with the fierce goddess join'd,
Open'd the hollow prisons of the wind,
Till angry Neptune, looking o'er the main,
Rebukes the tempest, calms the waves again,
Their vessels from the dang'rous quicksands
steers —

These are the springs that move our hopes and
fears:

Without these ornaments before our eyes
Th' unsinew'd poem languishes and dies;
Your poet in his art will always fail,
And tell you but a dull insipid tale.

² Seneca Trag.

In vain have our mistaken authors tried 620
 Those ancient ornaments to lay aside,
 Thinking our God, and prophets that he sent,
 Might act like those the poets did invent,
 To fright poor readers in each line with hell,
 And talk of Satan, Ashtaroth, and Bel.
 The mysteries which Christians must believe
 Disdain such shifting pageants to receive:
 The gospel offers nothing to our thoughts
 But penitence, or punishment for faults; 625
 And mingling falsehoods with those mysteries
 Would make our sacred truths appear like lies.
 Besides, what pleasure can it be to hear
 The howlings of repining Lucifer,
 Whose rage at your imagin'd hero flies,
 And off with God himself disputes the prize?
 Tasso, you'll say, has done it with applause:
 It is not here I mean to judge his cause;
 Yet, tho' our age has so extoll'd his name,
 His works had never gain'd immortal fame, 630
 If holy Godfrey in his ecstasies
 Had only conquer'd Satan on his knees;
 If Tancred, and Armida's pleasing form,
 Did not his melancholy theme adorn.
 'Tis not that Christian poems ought to be
 Fill'd with the fictions of idolatry;
 But in a common subject to reject
 The gods, and heathen ornaments neglect;
 To banish Tritons who the seas invade,
 To take Pan's whistle, or the Fates degrade, 635
 To hinder Charon in his leaky boat
 To pass the shepherd with the man of note,
 Is with vain scruples to disturb your mind,
 And search perfection you can never find:
 As well they may forbid us to present
 Prudence or justice for an ornament,
 To paint old Janus with his front of brass;
 And take from Time his scythe, his wings, and
 glass;
 And everywhere, as 't were idolatry,
 Banish descriptions from our poetry.
 Leave 'em their pious follies to pursue, 640
 But let our reason such vain fears subdue;
 And let us not, amongst our vanities,
 Of the true God create a God of lies.
 In fable we a thousand pleasures see,
 And the smooth names seem made for poetry;
 As Hector, Alexander, Helen, Phyllis,
 Ulysses, Agamemnon, and Achilles:
 In such a crowd, the poet were to blame
 To choose King Chilperic for his hero's name.
 Sometimes, the name being well or ill applied,
 Will the whole fortune of your work decide, 645
 Would you your reader never should be tir'd?
 Choose some great hero, fit to be admir'd,
 In courage signal, and in virtue bright;
 Let ev'n his very failings give delight;
 Let his great actions our attention bind;
 Like Caesar, or like Scipio, frame his mind,
 And not like Œdipus his perjur'd race;
 A common conqueror is a theme too base.
 Choose not your tale of accidents too full; 650
 Too much variety may make it dull:
 Achilles' rage alone, when wrought with skill,
 Abundantly does a whole *Iliad* fill.
 Be your narrations lively, short, and smart;
 In your descriptions show your noblest art:

There 't is your poetry may be employ'd;
 Yet you must trivial accidents avoid.
 Nor imitate that fool, who, to describe
 The wondrous marches of the chosen tribe, 655
 Plac'd on the sides, to see their armies pass,
 The fishes staring thro' the liquid glass;
 Describ'd a child, who, with his little hand,
 Pick'd up the shining pebbles from the sand.
 Such objects are too mean to stay our sight;
 Allow your work a just and nobler flight.
 Be your beginning plain, and take good heed
 Too soon you mount not on the airy steed;
 Nor tell your reader, in a thundering verse,
 "I sing the conqueror of the universe." 660
 What can an author after this produce?
 The lab'ring mountain must bring forth a mouse.
 Much better are we pleas'd with his address,
 Who, without making such vast promises,
 Says, in an easier style and plainer sense:
 "I sing the combats of that pious prince,
 Who from the Phrygian coast his armies bore,
 And landed first on the Lavinian shore."
 His op'ning Muse sets not the world on fire,
 And yet performs more than we can require:
 Quickly you'll hear him celebrate the fame 710
 And future glory of the Roman name;
 Of Styx and Acheron describe the floods,
 And Caesars wand'ring in th' Elysian woods;
 With figures numberless his story grace,
 And everything in beauteous colors trace.
 At once you may be pleasing and sublime:
 I hate a heavy melancholy rhyme;
 I'd rather read Orlando's comic tale,
 Than a dull author always stiff and stale,
 Who thinks himself dishonor'd in his style, 720
 If on his works the Graces do but smile.
 'T is said that Homer, matchless in his art,
 Stole Venus' girdle, to engage the heart:
 His works indeed vast treasures do unfold,
 And whatsoever he touches turns to gold:
 All in his hands new beauty does acquire;
 He always pleases, and can never tire.
 A happy warmth he everywhere may boast,
 Nor is he in too long digressions lost:
 His verses without rule a method find, 725
 And of themselves appear in order join'd:
 All without trouble answers his intent;
 Each syllable is tending to th' event.
 Let his example your endeavors raise;
 To love his writings is a kind of praise.
 A poem where we all perfections find
 Is not the work of a fantastic mind:
 There must be care, and time, and skill, and
 pains;
 Not the first heat of unexperienc'd brains.
 Yet sometimes artless poets, when the rage 730
 Of a warm fancy does their minds engage,
 Puff'd with vain pride, presume they understand,
 And boldly take the trumpet in their hand;
 Their fustian Muse each accident confounds;
 Nor can she fly, but rise by leaps and bounds,
 Till, their small stock of learning quickly spent,
 Their poem dies for want of nourishment.

1 St. Amant.

2 The first line of Soudéry's *Alaric*.3 Virgil's *Æneids*.

In vain mankind the hot-brain'd fools decry,
 No branding censures can unveil his eyes;
 With impudence the laurel they invade, 750
 Resolv'd to like the monsters they have made.
 Virgil, compar'd to them, is flat and dry,
 And Homer understood not poetry;
 Against their merit if this age rebel,
 To future times for justice they appeal.
 But, waiting till mankind shall do 'em right,
 And bring their works triumphantly to light,
 Neglected heaps we in by-corners lay,
 Where they become to worms and moths a prey;
 Forgotten, in dust and cobwebs let 'em rest, 760
 Whilst we return from whence we first digress'd.

The great success which tragic writers found,
 In Athens first the *Comedy* renown'd.
 Th' abusive Grecian there, by pleasing ways,
 Dispers'd his nat'ral malice in his plays;
 Wisdom and virtue, honor, wit, and sense,
 Were subject to buffooning insolence:
 Poets were publicly approv'd, and sought,
 That vice extoll'd, and virtue set at naught;
 And Socrates himself, in that loose age, 770
 Was made the pastime of a scoffing stage.
 At last the public took in hand the cause,
 And cur'd this madness by the pow'r of laws;
 Forbade at any time, or any place,
 To name the person, or describe the face.
 The stage its ancient fury thus let fall,
 And comedy diverted without gall;
 By mild reproofs recover'd minds diseas'd,
 And, sparing persons, innocently pleas'd.
 Each one was nicely shown in this new glass, 780
 And smil'd to think he was not meant the ass:
 A miser oft would laugh the first, to find
 A faithful draught of his own sordid mind;
 And fops were with such care and cunning writ,
 They lik'd the piece for which themselves did
 sit.

You then that would the comic laurels wear,
 To study nature be your only care:
 Whoe'er knows man, and by a curious art
 Discerns the hidden secrets of the heart;
 He who observes and naturally can paint 790
 The jealous fool, the fawning sycophant,
 A sober wit, an enterprising ass,
 A humorous Otter, or a Hudibras, —
 May safely in these noble lists engage,
 And make 'em act and speak upon the stage.
 Strive to be natural in all you write,
 And paint with colors that may please the
 sight.

Nature in various figures does abound,
 And in each mind are diff'rent humors found;
 A glance, a touch, discovers to the wise, 800
 But every man has not discerning eyes.
 All-changing time does also change the mind,
 And diff'rent ages diff'rent pleasures find:
 Youth, hot and furious, cannot brook delay;
 By flattering vice is eas'ly led away;
 Vain in discourse, inconstant in desire;
 In censure, rash; in pleasures, all on fire.
 The manly age does steadier thoughts enjoy;
 Pow'r and ambition do his soul employ;
 Against the turns of fate he sets his mind, 810
 And by the past the future hopes to find.
 Decrepit age, still adding to his stores,

For others heaps the treasure he adores;
 In all his actions keeps a frozen pace;
 Past times extols, the present to debase:
 Incapable of pleasures youth abuse,
 In others blames what age does him refuse.
 Your actors must by reason be controll'd;
 Let young men speak like young, old men like
 old;

Observe the town, and study well the court, 820
 For thither various characters resort:
 Thus 't was great *Jonson* purchas'd his renown,
 And in his art had borne away the crown;
 If, less desirous of the people's praise,
 He had not with low farce debas'd his plays;
 Mixing dull buffoon'ry with wit refin'd,
 And *Harlequin* with noble *Terence* join'd.
 When in *The Fox* I see the tortoise hiss'd,
 I lose the author of *The Alchymist*.

The comic wit, borne with the smiling air, 830
 Must tragic grief and pompous verse forbear;
 Yet may he not, as on a market place,
 With bawdy jests amuse the populace.
 With well-bred conversation you must please,
 And your intrigue unravell'd be with ease;
 Your action still should reason's rules obey,
 Nor in an empty scene may lose its way.
 Your humble style must sometimes gently rise,
 And your discourse sententious be and wise;
 The passions must to nature be confin'd, 840
 And scenes to scenes with artful weaving join'd.
 Your wit must not unseasonably play,
 But follow bus'ness, never lead the way.
 Observe how *Terence* does this error shun;
 A careful father chides his am'rous son:
 Then see that son, whom no advice can move,
 Forget those orders, and pursue his love:
 'T is not a well-drawn picture we discover;
 'T is a true son, a father, and a lover.
 I like an author that reforms the age, 850
 And keeps the right decorum of the stage;
 That always pleases by just reason's rule:
 But for a tedious droll, a quibbling fool,
 Who with low nauseous bawdry fills his plays,
 Let him be gone, and on two trebles raise
 Some *Smithfield* stage, where he may act his
 pranks,
 And make *Jack Puddings* speak to mounte-
 banks.

CANTO IV

In Florence dwelt a doctor of renown,
 The scourge of God, and terror of the town,
 Who all the cant of physic had by heart, 860
 And never murder'd but by rules of art.
 The public mischief was his private gain:
 Children their slaughter'd parents sought in
 vain;
 A brother here his poison'd brother wept;
 Some bloodless died, and some by *opium* slept.
 Colds, at his presence, would to frenzies turn,
 And agues like malignant fevers burn.
 Hated, at last, his practice gives him o'er;
 One friend, unkill'd by drugs, of all his store,
 In his new country house affords him place; 870
 'T was a rich abbot, and a building ass.
 Here first the doctor's talent came in play;

He seems inspir'd, and talks like Wren or May;¹

Of this new portico condemns the face,
And turns the entrance to a better place;
Designs the staircase at the other end.
His friend approves, does for his mason send:
He comes; the doctor's arguments prevail.
In short, to finish this our hum'rous tale,
He Galen's dang'rous science does reject, 880
And from ill doctor turn good architect.

In this example we may have our part:
Rather be mason ('t is an useful art!)
Than a dull poet; for that trade accurst
Admits no mean betwixt the best and worst.
In other sciences, without disgrace
A candidate may fill a second place;
But poetry no medium can admit,
No reader suffers an indiff'rent wit;
The ruin'd stationers against him bawl, 890
And Herringman degrades him from his stall.
Burlesque at least our laughter may excite,
But a cold writer never can delight.
The Counter Scuffle has more wit and art
Than the stiff formal style of *Gondibert*.
Be not affected with that empty praise
Which your vain flatterers will sometimes raise,
And when you read, with ecstasy will say,
"The finish'd piece! the admirable play!"
Which, when expos'd to censure and to light,
Cannot endure a critic's piercing sight. 901
A hundred authors' fates have been foretold,
And Sh—ll's works are printed, but not sold.
Hear all the world; consider every thought;
A fool by chance may stumble on a fault:
Yet, when Apollo does your Muse inspire,
Be not impatient to expose your fire;
Nor imitate the Settles of our times,
Those tameful readers of their own dull rhymes,
Who seize on all th' acquaintance they can 910
meet,

And stop the passengers that walk the street:
There is no sanctuary you can choose
For a defense from their pursuing Muse.
I've said before, be patient when they blame;
To alter for the better is no shame.
Yet yield not to a fool's impertinence:
Sometimes conceited septics, void of sense,
By their false taste condemn some finish'd part,
And blame the noblest flights of wit and art.
In vain their fond opinions you deride; 920
With their lov'd follies they are satisfied,
And their weak judgment, void of sense and
light,

Thinks nothing can escape their feeble sight:
Their dang'rous counsels do not cure, but
wound;
To shun the storm they run your verse
aground;

And, thinking to escape a rock, are drown'd.
Choose a sure judge to censure what you write,
Whose reason leads, and knowledge gives you
light,

Whose steady hand will prove your faithful
guide, 930

And touch the darling follies you would hide:
He, in your doubts, will carefully advise,

¹ The king's architects.

And clear the mist before your feeble eyes.
'Tis he will tell you to what noble height
A generous Muse may sometimes take her
flight;

When, too much fetter'd with the rules of art,
May from her stricter bounds and limits part:
But such a perfect judge is hard to see,
And every rhymers knows not poetry; 934
Nay some there are, for writing verse extoll'd,
Who know not Lucan's dress from Virgil's gold.

Would you in this great art acquire renown?
Authors, observe the rules I here lay down.
In prudent lessons everywhere abound;
With pleasant join the useful and the sound:
A sober reader a vain tale will slight;
He seeks as well instruction as delight.
Let all your thoughts to virtue be confin'd,
Still off'ring noble figures to our mind:
I like not those loose writers, who employ 940
Their guilty Muse, good manners to destroy;
Who with false colors still deceive our eyes,
And show us Vice dress'd in a fair disguise.
Yet do I not their sullen Muse approve,
Who from all modest writings banish love;
That strip the playhouse of its chief intrigue,
And make a murderer of Roderigo:²
The lightest love, if decently express'd,
Will raise no vicious motions in our breast.
Dido in vain may weep, and ask relief;
I blame her folly, whilst I share her grief. 946
A virtuous author, in his charming art,
To please the sense needs not corrupt the heart;
His heat will never cause a guilty fire:
To follow virtue then be your desire.
In vain your art and vigor are express'd;
Th' obscene expression shows th' infected
breast.

But, above all, base jealousies avoid,
In which detracting poets are employ'd.
A noble wit dares lib'rally commend, 950
And scorns to grudge at his deserving friend.
Base rivals, who true wit and merit hate,
Caballing still against it with the great,
Maliciously aspire to gain renown
By standing up and pulling others down.
Never debase yourself by treacherous ways,
Nor by such abject methods seek for praise:
Let not your only bus'ness be to write;
Be virtuous, just, and in your friends delight.
'Tis not enough your poems be admir'd;
But strive your conversation be desir'd: 956
Write for immortal fame, nor ever choose
Gold for the object of a gen'rous Muse.
I know a noble wit may, without crime,
Receive a lawful tribute for his time;
Yet I abhor those writers who despise
Their honor, and alone their profit prize;
Who their Apollo basely will degrade,
And of a noble science make a trade.
Before kind Reason did her light display,
And government taught mortals to obey, 960
Men, like wild beasts, did Nature's laws pursue;
They fed on herbs, and drank from rivers drew:
Their brutal force, on lust and rapine bent,
Committed murders without punishment.
Reason at last, by her all-conquering arts,

² *The Cid*, translated into English.

Redue'd these savages and tan'd their hearts;
Mankind from bogs, and woods, and caverns
calls,

And towns and cities fortifies with walls:
Thus fear of justice made proud rapine cease,
And shelter'd innocence by laws and peace. 1000

These benefits from poets we receiv'd,
From whence are rais'd those fictions since believ'd,

That Orpheus, by his soft harmonious strains,
Tam'd the fierce tigers of the Thracian plains;
Amphion's notes, by their melodious pow'rs,
Drew rocks and woods, and rais'd the Theban
tow'rs:

These miracles from numbers did arise;
Since which, in verse Heav'n taught his mysteries,

And by a priest, possess'd with rage divine,
Apollo spoke from his prophetic shrine. 1010
Soon after, Homer the old heroes prais'd,
And noble minds by great examples rais'd;
Then Hesiod did his Grecian swains incline
To till the fields, and prune the bounteous vine.
Thus useful rules were by the poets' aid,
In easy numbers, to rude men convey'd,
And pleasingly their precepts did impart;
First charm'd the ear, and then engag'd the
heart:

The Muses thus their reputation rais'd, 1015
And with just gratitude in Greece were prais'd.
With pleasure mortals did their wonders see,
And sacrific'd to their divinity;
But want, at last, base flattery entertain'd,
And old Parnassus with this vice was stain'd:
Desire of gain dazzled the poets' eyes,
Their works were fill'd with fulsome flatteries.
Thus needy wits a vile revenue made,
And verse became a mercenary trade.
Debase not with so mean a vice thy art:
If gold must be the idol of thy heart, 1020
Fly, fly th' unfruitful Heliconian strand;
Those streams are not enrich'd with golden
sand:

Great wits, as well as warriors, only gain
Laurels and honors for their toil and pain.
But what? an author cannot live on fame,
Or pay a reek'ning with a lofty name:
A poet to whom fortune is unkind,
Who when he goes to bed has hardly din'd,
Takes little pleasure in Parnassus' dreams,
Or relishes the Heliconian streams. 1025
Horace had ease and plenty when he writ,
And, free from cares for money or for meat,
Did not expect his dinner from his wit.
'Tis true; but verse is cherish'd by the great,
And now none furnish who deserve to eat:
What can we fear, when virtue, arts, and sense,
Receive the stars' propitious influence;
When a sharp-sighted prince, by early grants,
Rewards your merits, and prevents your wants?
Sing then his glory, celebrate his fame;
Your noblest theme is his immortal name. 1030
Let mighty Spenser raise his reverend head,
Cowley and Denham start up from the dead;
Waller his age renew, and off' rings bring;
Our monarch's praise let bright-ey'd virgins
sing;

Let Dryden with new rules our stage refine,
And his great models form by this design:
But where's a second Virgil, to rehearse
Our hero's glories in his epic verse? 1025
What Orpheus sing his triumphs o'er the main,
And make the hills and forests move again;
Show his bold fleet on the Batavian shore,
And Holland trembling as his canons roar;
Paint Europe's balance in his steady hand,
Whilst the two worlds in expectation stand
Of peace or war, that wait on his command? }
But, as I speak, new glories strike my eyes,
Glories which Heav'n itself does give, and prize,
Blessings of peace; that with their milder rays
Adorn his reign, and bring Saturnian days. 1030
Now let rebellion, discord, vice, and rage,
That have in patriots' forms debauch'd our age,
Vanish, with all the ministers of hell:
His rays their poisonous vapors shall dispel.
'Tis he alone our safety did create;
His own firm soul secur'd the nation's fate, }
Oppos'd to all the *boutefleurs* of the state,
Authors, for him your great endeavors raise;
The loftiest numbers will but reach his praise.
For me, whose verse in satire has been bred,
And never durst heroic measures tread; 1035
Yet you shall see me, in that famous field,
With eyes and voice my best assistance yield;
Offer you lessons that my infant Muse
Learnt, when she Horace for her guide did
choose;
Second your zeal with wishes, heart, and eyes,
And afar off hold up the glorious prize.
But pardon too, if, zealous for the right,
A strict observer of each noble flight,
From the fine gold I separate th' alloy. 1040
And show how hasty writers sometimes stray:
Apt to blame, than knowing how to mend;
A sharp, but yet a necessary friend.

ON THE YOUNG STATESMEN

[The following verses are reprinted from *Poems on Affairs of State*, the fourth edition, 1702, where they are headed *On the Young Statesman* [sic]. By J. Dryden, 1689. The style of this piece is entirely unlike Dryden's; and the measures of Danby and at Laurence Hyde, created Earl of Rochester in 1681, both of whom he compliments in dedications, are still more emphatically not in his manner. In *A New Collection of Poems relating to State Affairs*, 1705, this poem is ascribed to the Earl of Rochester [i. e. John Wilmot], who is much more likely to have been its author than is Dryden. Scott, on internal evidence, is "tempted to ascribe" the verses to the Earl of Dorset, whose poem, *On the Countess of Dorchester* they resemble in "the turn of wit and structure of verse." H. C. Foxcroft (*Life and Letters of Sir George Savile, Earl, First Marquis of Halifax*, vol. i, p. 205) states that Burnet attributes them to the Duke of Buckingham.

In *A Collection of Poems on Affairs of State*, 1689, there occurs a poem called *Young Statesman* on the title-page, but headed: *A Young Gentleman, desirous to be a Minister of State, thus pretends to qualify himself*. It has nothing in common with the present piece.]

I

CLARENDON had law and sense,
Clifford was fierce and brave;

Bennet's grave look was a pretense,
And D—y's matchless impudence
Help'd to support the knave.

II

But Sund—d, God—n, L—y,
These will appear such chits in story,
'T will turn all politics to jests,
To be repeated like John Dory,
When fiddlers sing at feasts.

III

Protect us, mighty Providence;
What would these madmen have?
First, they would bribe us without pence,
Deceive us without common sense,
And without pow'r enslave.

IV

Shall freeborn men in humble awe
Submit to servile shame;
Who from consent and custom draw
The same right to be rul'd by law,
Which kings pretend, to reign?

V

The duke shall wield his conqu'ring sword,
The chancellor make a speech;
The king shall pass his honest word,
The pawn'd revenue sums afford—
And then, come kiss my breech.

VI

So have I seen a king on chess,
(His rooks and knights withdrawn,
His queen and bishops in distress,)
Shifting about, grow less and less,
With here and there a pawn.

ÆSACUS TRANSFORM'D INTO A COR- MORANT

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK XI

[So far as the present editor can ascertain, the following piece was first printed in *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, in fifteen books, translated by the most Eminent Hands, published by Tonson in 1717. It is assigned to Dryden in the table of contents of this collection, which was edited by Sir Samuel Garth. It was reprinted in the edition of Dryden's *Original Poems and Translations*, edited by Broughton, and published in 1743.]

THESE some old man sees wanton in the air,
And praises the unhappy constant pair;
Then to his friend the long-neck'd corm'rant
shows,

"The former tale reviving others' woes.
"That sable bird," he cries, "which cuts the
flood

With slender legs, was once of royal blood;
His ancestors from mighty Tros proceed,
The brave Laomedon, and Ganymede,
(Whose beauty tempted Jove to steal the boy.)
And Priam, hapless prince! who fell with
Troy.

Himself was Hector's brother, and (had fate
But giv'n his hopeful youth a longer date)

Perhaps had rival'd warlike Hector's worth,
Tho' on the mother's side of meaner birth.
Fair Alyxothoe, a country maid,
Bare Æsacus by stealth in Ida's shade.
He fled the noisy town and pompous court,
Lov'd the lone hills and simple rural sport,
And seldom to the city would resort. }
Yet he no rustic clownishness profess'd, }
Nor was soft love a stranger to his breast. }
The youth had long the nymph Hesperie woo'd;
Oft thro' the thicket or the mead pursued;
Her haply on her father's bank he spied,
While fearless she her silver tresses dried.
Away she fled: not stags with half such speed
Before the prowling wolf send o'er the mead;
Not ducks, when they the safer flood forsake,
Pursued by hawks, so swift regain the lake.
As fast he follow'd in the hot career; }
Desire the lover wing'd, the virgin fear. }
A snake unseen now pierc'd her heedless foot;
Quick thro' the veins the venom'd juices shoot:
She fell, and 'scaped by death his fierce pur-
suit.

Her lifeless body, frighted, he embrac'd,
And cried: "Not this I dreaded, but thy haste:
O had my love been less, or less thy fear!
The victory, thus bought, is far too dear.
Accurs'd snake! yet I more curs'd than he!
He gave the wound; the cause was giv'n by me.
Yet none shall say that unreveng'd I died."
He spoke; then climb'd a cliff's o'erhanging
side,

And, resolute, leap'd on the foaming tide.
Tethys receiv'd him gently on the wave;
The death he sought denied, and feathers gave.
Debar'd the surest remedy of grief,
And forc'd to live, he curs'd th' unask'd relief;
Then on his airy pinions upward flies,
And at a second fall successful tries;
The downy plume a quick descent denies. }
Enrag'd, he often dives beneath the wave, }
And there in vain expects to find a grave.
His ceaseless sorrow for th' unhappy maid
Meager'd his look, and on his spirits prey'd.
Still near the sounding deep he lives; his name
From frequent diving and emerging came."

KING JAMES TO HIMSELF

[The following poem is taken from *Poems on Affairs of State*, vol. ii, 1703, where it is ascribed to Mr. D—n. Though the style has little of Dryden's vigor, the piece is in itself not uninteresting.]

UNHAPPY I, who once ordain'd did bear
God's justice sword, and his vicegerent here,
Am now depos'd: 'gainst me my children rise;
My life must be their only sacrifice.
Highly they me accuse, but nothing prove;
But this is out of tenderness and love.
They seek to spill my blood; 'tis that alone
Must for the nation's crying sins atone.
But careful Heaven forewarn'd me in a dream,
And shew'd me that my dangers were extreme:
The heavenly vision spoke and bid me flee;
Th' ungrateful wretches were not worthy me.
Alarm'd, I fled at the appointed time;
Thus mere necessity was made my crime.

HYMNS ATTRIBUTED TO DRYDEN

[In 1693 Dryden published in *Examen Poeticum* a translation of the hymn *Veni, Creator Spiritus*, which has been printed above, pages 406, 407.

In his edition of Dryden, 1808, Scott printed as Dryden's work two more hymns, which he had received from manuscript sources: see the Scott-Saintsbury edition, vol. i, pp. xvi, 288-290. His account of their origin contains some peculiar inconsistencies: see the article on Dryden by the Rev. H. Leigh Bennett, in the *Dictionary of Hymnology*, London, 1892. Nevertheless the two hymns have been somewhat rashly accepted as authentic by later editors.

We now turn to a more important matter. After the Reformation, a series of devotional books, under the general title of *Primer*, was published for the use of English Catholic laymen. These books contained English translations of the Latin church hymns, which were modified from time to time to suit the literary fashions of the day. The *Primer* of 1706, of which the full title is, *The Primer; or, Office of the B. Virgin Mary, revis'd: with a New and Approv'd Version of the Church-Hymns throughout the Year*, contains, among the 120 hymns included in it, both Dryden's acknowledged hymn and the two assigned to him by Scott. (This volume is very scarce, and has been inaccessible to the present editor, who draws his information from secondary authorities.) Moreover, these three hymns are linked to others in the collection in such a way as to indicate that, if they are genuine, — as one of them certainly is, — nearly the whole body of verse in the *Primer* of 1706 must be assigned to Dryden. The question of authenticity rests almost entirely on internal evidence.

In a simultaneous, many-volumed edition of Dryden the proper course would be to reprint all the hymns contained in the *Primer* of 1706, give a thorough discussion of the evidence, and let the reader form his own conclusions. In an edition of the present form and scope such a procedure seems out of the question. The present editor reprints only the two hymns published by Scott, and, as a matter of curious interest, preserves Scott's text, which differs somewhat from that of the *Primer*. Several of the hymns from the *Primer* are reprinted in the Scott-Saintsbury edition, xviii. 285-287; many more in *Annus Sanctus* (London, 1884), edited by Mr. Orby Shipley. Discussions of the question of authorship may be found in *Annus Sanctus*, in an article by Mr. Shipley in the *Dublin Review* (Oct., 1884; vol. xciv, pp. 245-269), in two articles in the *Saturday Review* (Aug. 23, Sept. 20, 1884; vol. lviii, pp. 244-246, 370-372), and, most conveniently, in the articles on Dryden and *Primers*, by the Rev. H. Leigh Bennett, in the *Dictionary of Hymnology*.]

THE TE DEUM

THEE, Sovereign God, our grateful accents
praise;
We own thee Lord, and bless thy wondrous
ways;
To thee, Eternal Father, earth's whole frame,
With loudest trumpets, sounds immortal fame.
Lord God of Hosts! for thee the heavenly
powers
With sounding anthems fill the vaulted tow-
ers.
Thy Cherubims thrice, Holy, Holy, Holy, }
cry;
Thrice, Holy, all the Seraphims reply,
And thrice returning echoes endless songs
supply.
Both heaven and earth thy majesty display; 10
They owe their beauty to thy glorious ray.

Thy praises fill the loud apostles' choir;
The train of prophets in the song conspire.
Legions of martyrs in the chorus shine,
And vocal blood with vocal music join.
By these thy church, inspir'd by heavenly art,
Around the world maintains a second part;
And tunes her sweetest notes, O God, to thee,
The Father of unbounded majesty;
The Son, ador'd copartner of thy seat, 20
And equal everlasting Paraclete.
Thou King of Glory, Christ, of the most high,
Thou coeternal filial Deity;
Thou who, to save the world's impending
doom,

Vouchsaf'st to dwell within a Virgin's womb;
Old tyrant Death disarm'd, before thee flew
The bolts of heaven, and back the foldings
drew,

To give access, and make thy faithful way;
From God's right hand thy filial beams dis-
play.

Thou art to judge the living and the dead; 30
Then spare those souls for whom thy veins have
bled.

O take us up amongst thy blest above,
To share with them thy everlasting love.
Preserve, O Lord, thy people, and enhance
Thy blessing on thine own inheritance.
For ever raise their hearts, and rule their ways;
Each day we bless thee, and proclaim thy
praise:

No age shall fail to celebrate thy name,
No hour neglect thy everlasting fame.
Preserve our souls, O Lord, this day from ill; 40
Have mercy on us, Lord, have mercy still:
As we have hop'd, do thou reward our pain;
We've hop'd in thee — let not our hope be vain.

HYMN FOR ST. JOHN'S EVE

(29 June)

I

O SYLVAN prophet, whose eternal fame
Echoes from Judah's hills, and Jordan's
stream,

The music of our numbers raise,
And tune our voices to thy praise.

II

A messenger from high Olympus came
To bear the tidings of thy life and name;
And told thy sire each prodigy
That Heaven design'd to work in thee.

III

Hearing the news, and doubting in surprise,
His falt'ring speech in fetter'd accent dies; 10
But Providence, with happy choice,
In thee restor'd thy father's voice.

IV

In the recess of nature's dark abode,
Thou' still inclos'd, yet knewest thou thy God!
Whilst each glad parent told and bless'd
The secrets of each other's breast.

THRENI CANTABRIGIENSES

[In 1681 there was published at Cambridge a volume entitled *Threni Cantabrigienses in Funere duorum Principum, Henrici Glocestrensis, et Mariae Arausionensis, Serenissimi Regis Caroli II, Fratris et Sororis* (British Museum Catalogue). This contains, according to Malone (I, 1, 17), poems by Jonathan Dryden, a cousin of our author. The pieces are sometimes ascribed to John Dryden.]

SATIRE UPON THE DUTCH

WRITTEN BY MR. DRYDEN IN THE YEAR 1662

[A poem under this title is found in *Poems on Affairs of State*, vol. iii, 1704. See headnote, pages 70, 71.]

THE MALL

OR, THE MODISH LOVERS

[A comedy of this title, published in 1674, has a dedication, *To William Whitecomb, Junior, Esq.*, signed J. D. It has been conjectured that this piece is identical with *The Ladies a la Mode*, a play which Pepys saw on September 15, 1668, and which he terms "a translation out of French by Dryden." This drama signally failed on representation, and, unless it be really the same as *The Mall*, seems never to have been printed.

The Mall is printed in the Scott-Sainsbury edition, viii, 567-576. The evidence does not warrant reproducing here the prologue and the epilogue, and the one song inserted in the play (pages 537, 538.)

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

[A comedy of this title, "printed for J. Magnes and R. Bentley" in 1675, contains a short preface, *The Bookseller to the Reader*, signed "R. Bentley," which begins as follows:

"This play was left in Mr. Dryden's hands many years since. The author of it was unknown to him, and returned not to claim it; 't is therefore to be presum'd that he is dead. After twelve years' expectation, Mr. Dryden gave it to the players, having upon perusal of it found that it deserv'd a better fate than to be buried in obscurity. I have heard him say that finding a scene wanting he supplied it, and many have affirm'd that the style of it is proper to the subject, which is that the French call *basse comedy*."

A. C. Swinburne (in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Oct., 1880; vol. cxxix, pp. 416-423) while arguing that one scene of this play was really written by Dryden, condemns the prologue and epilogue as none of his work. They are not intrinsically interesting, and have no claim to be reprinted in this edition. They may be found in the Scott-Sainsbury edition, where the play is printed, viii, 577-643.]

TO BE WRITTEN UNDER THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH'S PICTURE

[In *Poems on Affairs of State*, vol. iii, 1704, there is found an excellent epigram of six lines, with title as above, which, from the concluding couplet:

A nobler theme had been this poet's boast,
That all the world for love had well been lost —

might well be ascribed to Dryden. Unfortunately it occurs in *Examen Poeticum*, 1693 (a volume edited by Dryden himself), with no mention of the author, and

with the reading *the poet's* instead of *this poet's*, in the next to the last line.

The editor of *Poems on Affairs of State*, while not assigning this epigram to Dryden, does attribute to him (in his *Index*) Another on the same subject, printed on the same page. This second epigram is a piece of no merit, and cannot be regarded as Dryden's work. It may be found in the Scott-Sainsbury edition, xv, 206.]

SATIRE UPON ROMISH CONFESSORS

[A poem under this title, printed in *Poems on Affairs of State*, vol. iii, 1704, and there ascribed to Dryden, is nothing but the epilogue to *The Spanish Friar*, lacking the first four lines. This epilogue was by a friend of Dryden: see headnote, page 103. The epilogue may be found in the Scott-Sainsbury edition, vi, 522, 523.]

EPILOGUE SPOKEN AT MITHRIDATES KING OF PONTUS

THE FIRST PLAY ACTED AT THE THEATER ROYAL, 1681

[Under the title above, Scott reprinted an epilogue from a broadside, but gave no evidence that the piece was by Dryden. Christie (page 434) very properly rejects it. The epilogue may be found in the Scott-Sainsbury edition, x, 351. Compare headnote, page 81.]

TO MR. CREECH, UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIVS INTO ENGLISH

[A complimentary poem under this heading, prefixed to Creech's translation of Lucretius, published in 1682, was early attributed to Dryden; and on it was built a scandalous story, that Dryden "incited Creech to translate Horace, that by his failure in that work he might lose the reputation which he had gained by his poetical version of Lucretius" (Malone). For this assumption the only tangible evidence is that the verses are dated January 25, 1682, and contain the couplet:

Believe me, youth, for I am read in ease,
And bend beneath the weight of fifty years,

which tallies exactly with Dryden's age at the time. Malone (I, 1, 505-511) successfully refuted this ancient calumny. The old story was revived by a writer in *Notes and Queries*, series VI. iv. 24.]

ON THE DUKE OF BUCKS

[A lampoon on George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, is printed under this title in *Poems on Affairs of State*, vol. ii, 1703, where it is ascribed to Mr. Dr — n. A long excerpt is given in Malone, I, 1, 95-97. The style of the piece proves conclusively that it is not Dryden's work.]

EPILOGUE TO DISAPPOINTMENT

OR, THE MOTHER IN FASHION

[The prologue to this play by Southerne has been printed on page 171. In the first edition of the play, 1684, and in the collected editions of Southerne's works, the epilogue is ascribed to the Hon. John Stafford. But it appears in the third edition, 1702, of *Miscellany Poems, the First Part*, under the heading *An Epilogue by Mr. Dryden*. The piece may be found in the Scott-Sainsbury edition, x, 421.]

AN EPITAPH UPON THE E. OF RO—S—
TER'S BEING DISMISS'D FROM THE
TREASURY IN 1687

[A lampoon upon Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, is printed under this title in *Poems on Affairs of State*, vol. ii, 1703, and ascribed to Dryden. It has no claim to authenticity. In 1692 Dryden dedicated *Cleomenes* to Rochester in terms of great respect. The piece may be found in the Scott-Sainsbury edition, xv. 265, 266.]

TARQUIN AND TULLIA

[A poem violently attacking King William and Queen Mary is printed under this title in *Poems on Affairs of State*, vol. iii, 1704, and in the index is ascribed to Mr. D—n. It may be found in the Scott-Sainsbury edition, xv. 257-262.]

In *The Life and Posthumous Works of Arthur Mynsearing, Esq.* (by John Oldmixon), 1715, pages 9-13. Oldmixon gives extensive quotations from this poem, which he says was one of Mainwaring's first productions. On page 14 he says that another poem by Mainwaring, *The King of Hearts*, was falsely attributed to Dryden. Pope told Spence (see *Anecdotes*) "that that very hot copy of verses against King William and Queen Mary . . . was written by the famous Mr. Mainwaring."

SUUM CUIQUE

[This poem may be found in the Scott-Sainsbury edition, xv. 263-265. The present editor has been unable to discover where it was first published. Scott attributes it, like *Tarquin and Tullia*, to Mainwaring, but cites no authority for doing so.]

SONGS FROM THE PROPHETESS

[Professor Sainsbury conjectures, on what seems to the present editor insufficient evidence, that certain songs in the revised version of *The Prophetess*, published in 1690 (see headnote, page 260), may have been written by Dryden. See Scott-Sainsbury edition, viii. 10, and xviii. 302-308.]

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO MR. JULIAN
SECRETARY OF THE MUSES

[A lampoon with this title is printed under Dryden's name in the second edition, 1716, of *The Sixth Part of Miscellaneous Poems*. It may be found in the Scott-Sainsbury edition, xv. 214-219.]

The piece is printed anonymously in *Poems on Affairs of State*, vol. iii, 1704. It is also found in the second volume of *Miscellaneous Works written by his Grace, George, late Duke of Buckingham*, 1705-07. Whether by Buckingham or not, the poem is certainly not by Dryden. The style is entirely unlike his, and the following couplet could not have been written by him:

Less art thou help'd by Dryden's bedrid age;
That drone has lost his sting upon the stage.]

OF A NOBLE RACE WAS SHENKIN

[A song under this title, really by D'Urfey, has been attributed to Dryden: see *Notes and Queries*, series III. xi. 316, 318.]

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE FAIR AND
VIRTUOUS LADY MRS. ANASTASIA
STAFFORD

WITH THAT TRULY WORTHY AND PIOUS GENT
GEORGE HOLMAN, ESQ.

TO MATILDA

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF OUR MARRIAGE

[At the close of the Aldine edition of Dryden (London, 1843, 1844, vol. v, pp. 313, 317) there are found two poems, with titles as above, which have been reprinted in some later editions. The present editor has been unable to discover the place of the original publication of these pieces, or, in fact, to find any notice of them earlier than the Aldine edition, which was first published in 1832, 1833.]

APPENDIX II

TRANSLATIONS FROM VIRGIL INCLUDED IN SYLVÆ (THE SECOND
MISCELLANY), 1685

[The following episodes from the *Æneid*, first published in *Sylva*, 1685 (compare headnote, page 175), Dryden thoroughly recast when he made his complete translation of Virgil. In the texts printed below, lines which Dryden later retained unchanged are inclosed in brackets; those which he retained with minor changes are marked with a single bracket; those which he entirely rewrote are left unmarked. In *The Episode of Mezentius and Lausus*, which Dryden changed comparatively little in rewriting, passages which he left intact are indicated merely by the numbers of the lines in the later text.]

THE ENTIRE EPISODE OF NISUS AND
EURYALUS, TRANSLATED FROM THE
FIFTH AND NINTH BOOKS OF VIR-
GIL'S ÆNEIDS

[See pages 583, 584, lines 373-475, and pages 641-646, lines 221-600.]

Connection of the first part of the Episode in the Fifth Book with the rest of the foregoing poem.

Æneas having buried his father Anchises in Sicily, and setting sail from thence in search of Italy, is driven by a storm on the same coasts from whence he departed. After a year's wand'ring, he is hospitably re-

ceiv'd by his friend Acestes, king of that part of the island, who was born of Trojan parentage. He applies himself to celebrate the memory of his father with divine honors, and accordingly institutes funeral games, and appoints prizes for those who should conquer in them. One of these games was a foot race, in which Nisus and Euryalus were engag'd amongst other Trojans and Sicilians.

[From thence his way the Trojan hero bent]
[Into a grassy plain, with mountains pent,
[Whose brows were shaded with surrounding
wood.
[Full in the midst of this fair valley stood]

[A native theater, which, rising slow]
By just degrees, o'erlook'd the ground below.]
A numerous train attend in solemn state;
High on the new-raised turf their leader state.
Here those who in the rapid race delight,
Desire of honor and the prize invite.]
The Trojans and Sicilians mingled stand,
With Nisus and Euryalus, the foremost of the band:

Euryalus with youth and beauty crown'd,
Nisus, for friendship to the boy renown'd.
Diores next, of Priam's regal race,
Then Salius, join'd with Patroon, took his place;
But from Epirus one deriv'd his birth,
The other own'd it to Arcadian earth:
Then two Sicilian youths — the name of this
Was Helymus, of that was Panopes;
Two jolly huntsmen in the forest bred,
And owning old Acestes for their head;
With many others of obscure name,
[Whom time has not deliver'd o'er to fame.]

To these Æneas in the midst arose,
And pleasingly did thus his mind expose:
"Not one of you shall unrewarded go;
On each I will two Cretan spears bestow,
Pointed with polish'd steel; a battle-axe too,
With silver studded: these in common share;"
[The foremost three shall olive garlands wear.
The victor, who shall first the race obtain,
Shall for his prize a well-breath'd courser gain,
Adorn'd with trappings; to the next in fame,
[The quiver of an Amazonian dame.]
With feather'd Thracian arrows well supplied,
Hang on a golden belt, and with a jewel tied;
The third this Grecian helmet must content,
He said. To their appointed base they went;
With beating hearts th' expected sign receive,
And, starting all at once, the station leave.
Spread out, as on the wings of winds they flew,
And seiz'd the distant goal with eager view.
[Shot from the crowd, swift Nisus all o'er-
pass'd;]

[Not storms, nor thunder, equal half his haste.
The next, but, tho' the next, yet far disjoint'd,
Came Salius: then, a distant space behind,
Euryalus the third:
Next Helymus, whom young Diores plied,
Step after step, and almost side by side,
[His shoulders pressing; and, in longer space,
[Had won, or left at least a doubtful race.

[Now, spent, the goal they almost reach at last.]

[When eager Nisus, hapless in his haste,
[He fell, besmear'd with filth and holy gore.]
Moist with the blood of oxen lately slain.
The careless victor had not mark'd his way;
[But, treading where the treacherous puddle lay.]

[His heels flew up, and on the grassy floor]
[He fell, besmear'd with filth and holy gore.]
Nor mindless then, Euryalus, of thee,
Nor of the sacred bonds of amity,
[He strove th' immediate rival to oppose,
[And caught the foot of Salius as he rose.]
[So Salius lay extended on the plain;
[Euryalus springs out, the prize to gain,
[And cuts the crowd: applauding peals attend

[The conqueror to the goal, who conquer'd thro' his friend.

[Next Helymus; and then Diores came,
[By two misfortunes now the third in fame.
[But Salius euters, and, exclaiming loud,
[For justice, deafens and disturbs the crowd;
[Urges his cause may in the court be heard;
[And pleads the prize is wrongfully conferr'd.]
[But favor for Euryalus appears;
[His blooming beauty and his graceful tears
[Had brib'd the judges to protect his claim;
[Besides, Diores does as loud exclaim,
[Who vainly reaches at the last reward,
[If the first palm on Salius be conferr'd.]
[Then thus the prince: "Let no disputes arise!"
[Where Fortune plac'd it, I award the prize.]
[But give me leave her errors to amend,
[At least to pity a deserving friend."]
Thus having said,

A lion's hide, amazing to behold,
[Pond'rous with bristles, and with paws of gold,
He gave the youth; which Nisus griev'd to view.

"If such rewards to vanquish'd men are due,"

[Said he, "and falling is to rise by you,
[What prize may Nisus from your bounty claim,
[Who merited the first rewards and fame?"]
[In falling, both did equal fortune try;
[Would Fortune make me fall as happily!"]
[With this he pointed to his face, and show'd]
[His hands and body all besmear'd with blood.
[Th' indulgent father of the people smil'd,
[And caus'd to be produc'd a massy shield,
[Of wondrous art, by Didymaon wrought,
[Long since from Neptune's bars in triumph brought.]

With this, the graceful youth he gratified;
Then the remaining presents did divide.

Connection of the remaining part of the Episode, translated out of the Ninth Book of Virgil's *Æneids*, with the foregoing part of the story.

The war being now broken out betwixt the Trojans and Latins, and Æneas being overmatch'd in numbers by his enemies, who were aided by King Turnus, he fortifies his camp, and leaves in it his young son Ascanius, under the direction of his chief counselors and captains, while he goes in person to beg succors from King Evander and the Tuscan. Turnus takes advantage of his absence, and assaults his camp. The Trojans in it are reduc'd to great extremities, which gives the poet the occasion of continuing this admirable episode, wherein he describes the friendship, the generosity, the adventures, and the death of Nisus and Euryalus.

The Trojan camp the common danger shar'd;
By turns they watch'd the walls, and kept the nightly guard.

To warlike Nisus fell the gate by lot,
Whom Hyrtacus on huntress Ida got,
And sent to sea Æneas to attend;
[Well could he dart the spear, and shafts
unerring send.]

[Beside him stood Euryalus, his ever faithful friend:

No youth in all the Trojan host was seen
More beautiful in arms, or of a nobler mien —

[Scarce was the down upon his chin begun.
One was their friendship, their desire was one ;
With minds united in the field they warr'd,
[And now were both by choice upon the guard.]

[Then Nisus thus :
"Or do the gods this warlike warmth inspire,
Or makes each man a god of his desire ?
A noble ardor boils within my breast,
Eager of action, enemy of rest ;
[That urges me to fight, or undertake
Some deed that may my fame immortal make.
[Thou see'st the foe secure ; how faintly shine]
[Their scatter'd fires ! the most, in sleep supine,
Dissolv'd in ease, and drunk with victory ;
[The few awake the fuming flagon ply :
[All hush'd around. Now hear what I revolve]
Within my mind, and what my laboring
thoughts resolve.

[Our absent lord both camp and council mourn ;
By message both would hasten his return :]
[The gifts propos'd if they confer on thee,
(Or tame is recompense enough to me.)
Methinks, beneath yon hill, I have espied]
[A way that safely will my passage guide.]"

[Euryalus stood list'ning while he spoke,
With love of praise and noble envy strook ;
[Then to his ardent friend expos'd his mind :]
["All this, alone, and leaving me behind !
Am I unworthy, Nisus, to be join'd ?]
[Think'st thou my share of honor I will yield,
Or send thee unassisted to the field ?]
[Not so my father taught my childhood arms ;]
[Born in a siege, and bred amongst alarms !
Nor is my youth unworthy of my friend,
Or of the heav'n-born hero I attend.
[The thing call'd life with ease I can disclaim,
[And think it over-sold to purchase fame.]"

To whom his friend :
["I could not think, alas, thy tender years
[Would minister new matter to my fears ;]
Nor is it just thou shouldst thy wish obtain —
So Jove in triumph bring me back again
To those dear eyes ; or if a god there be
To pious friends propitious more than he !
[But if some one — as many sure there are
Of adverse accidents in doubtful war —
[If one should reach my head, there let it fall,]
[And spare thy life ; I would not perish all.]

[Thy youth is worthy of a longer date :
[Do thou remain to mourn thy lover's fate,]
[To bear my mangled body from the foe,]
[Or buy it back, and funeral rites bestow ;]
[Or, if hard fortune shall my corpse deny
Those dues, with empty marble to supply.
[O let not me the widow's tears renew !]
[Let not a mother's curse my name pursue :
[Thy pious mother, who, in love to thee,
Left the fair coast of fruitful Sicily,
Her age committing to the seas and wind,]
[When every weary matron stay'd behind,]"

[To this, Euryalus : "Thou plead'st in vain,
And but delay'st the cause thou canst not gain.
No more ! 'tis loss of time." With that he
wakes
[The nodding watch : each to his office takes.]
[The guard reliev'd, in company they went
To find the council at the royal tent.]

Now every living thing lay void of care,
[And sleep, the common gift of nature, share :]
[Meantime the Trojan peers in council sate,
And call'd their chief commanders, to de-
bate

[The weighty business of th' indanger'd state ;]
[What next was to be done, who to be sent
T' inform Æneas of the foes' intent.
In midst of all the quiet camp they held
Nocturnal council ; each sustains a shield
Which his o'er-labor'd arm can hardly rear,
And leans upon a long projected spear.
[Now Nisus and his friend approach the
guard.]

[And beg admittance, eager to be heard :
[Th' affair important, not to be deferr'd.]"

[Æscanius bids them be conducted in ;
Then thus, commanded, Nisus does begin :
"Ye Trojan fathers, lend attentive ears ;
Nor judge our undertaking by our years.
[The foes, securely drench'd in sleep and wine,
Their watch neglect ; their fires but thinly
shine ;

[And, where the smoke in thick'ning vapors
flies,

[Cov'ring the plain, and clouding all the skies,
Betwixt the spaces we have mark'd a way,
Close by the gate, and coasting by the sea.
This passage undisturb'd, and unespied,
Our steps will safely to Æneas guide :
[Expect each hour to see him back again,
[Loaded with spoils of foes in battle slain,
[Snatch we the lucky minute while we may,]
[Nor can we be mistaken in the way ;]
[For, hunting in the vale, we oft have seen
[The rising turrets with the stream between,
[And know its winding course, with every ford,]"

[Hepaus'd ; and old Ælethes took the word :
["Our country gods, in whom our trust we
place,]

[Will yet from ruin save the Trojan race,]
[While we behold such springing worth appear
[In youth so brave, and breasts so void of fear."]
With this he took the hand of either boy,
Embrac'd them closely both, and wept for joy :
["Ye brave young men, what equal gifts can
we,]

[What recompense for such desert, decree !
[The greatest, sure, and best you can receive,]
[The gods, your virtue, and your fame will
give.

[The rest our grateful general will bestow,]
[And young Æscanius till his manhood owe,]"

["And I, whose welfare in my father lies,]"

[Æscanius adds, "by all the deities,
By our great country, and our household gods,
By hoary Vesta's rites and dark abodes,]
Adjure you both (on yon my fortune stands ;]
[That and my faith I plight into your hands,]
[Make me but happy in his safe return,]
[For I no other loss but only his can mourn,]"

[Nisus, your gift shall two large goblets be,
[Of silver, wrought with curious imagery,]
[And high emboss'd, which, when old Priam
reign'd,]

[My conquering sire at sack'd Arisba gain'd ;]
[And more, two tripods cast in antique mold,]

[With two great talents of the finest gold ;]
 [Besides a bowl which Tyrian art did grave,
 The present that Sidonian Dido gave.
 [But if in conquer'd Italy we reign,]
 [When spoils by lot the victors shall obtain — 230
 [Thou saw'st the courser by proud Turnus
 press'd :]

[That, and his golden arms, and sanguine crest,
 [And shield, from lot exempted, thou shalt
 share :

[With these, twelve captive dam'sels young and
 fair ;

Male slaves as many, well appointed all
 With vests and arms, shall to thy portion fall ;
 And last, a fruitful field to thee shall rest,
 The large demesnes the Latian king possess'd.
 [But thou, whose years are more to mine al-
 lied —]

[No fate my vow'd affection shall divide] 240
 [From thee, O wondrous youth ! Be ever mine ;
 [Take full possession ; all my soul is thine,]
 [My life's companion, and my bosom friend,
 [One faith, one fame, one fate, shall both at-
 tend.

[My peace shall be committed to thy care,]
 [And to thy conduct my concerns in war,]

[Then thus the bold Euryalus replied :
 [“ Whatever fortune, good or bad, betide,]
 [The same shall be my age, as now my youth ;]
 [No time shall find me wanting to my truth.] 250

[This only from your bounty let me gain
 [And this not granted, all rewards are vain :]
 [Of Priam's royal race my mother came —]

[And sure the best that ever bore the name —]
 [Whom neither Troy nor Sicily could hold]

[From me departing, but, o'erspent and old,]
 [My fate she follow'd. Ignorant of this]

[(Whatever) danger, neither parting kiss,]
 [Nor pious blessing taken, her I leave,]

[And in this only act of all my life deceive,] 260
 [By this your hand and conscious Night I swear,
 [My youth so sad a farewell could not bear.

[Be you her patron ; fill my vacant place
 [(Permit me to presume so great a grace) ;]
 [Support her age, forsaken and distress'd.]

[That hope alone will fortify my breast]
 [Against the worst of fortunes, and of fears. ”]

[He said. Th' assistants shed presaging tears ;
 [But, above all, Ascanius, mov'd to see

[That image of paternal piety.] 265
 [Then thus replied :

[“ So great beginnings, in so green an age,]
 [Exact that faith which firmly I engage.

[Thy mother all the privilege shall claim
 [Cræusa had, and only want the name,]
 [Whate'er event thy enterprise shall have,

[’Tis merit to have borne a son so brave,]
 [By this my head, a sacred oath, I swear,

[(My father us'd it,) what, returning here,
 [Crown'd with success, I for thyself prepare,]

[Thy parent and thy family shall share. ”] 270
 [He said, and weeping, while he spoke the
 word,]

[From his broad belt he drew a shining sword,]
 [Magnificent with gold. Lyeon made,]
 [And in an iv'ry scabbard sheath'd the blade,]

[This was his gift ; while Mnestheus did provide,

For Nisus' arms, a grisly lion's hide,
 [And true Aleothes chang'd with him his helm
 of temper tried.

[Thus arm'd they went. The noble Trojans
 wait]

[Their going forth, and follow to the gate] 300
 [With pray'rs and vows. Above the rest
 appears]

[Ascanius, manly far above his years,
 [And messages committed to their care,]

[Which all in winds were lost, and empty air.
 [The trenches first they pass'd ; then took
 their way]

[Where their proud foes in pitch'd pavilions
 lay ;]

[To many fatal, e'er themselves were slain.]
 [The careless host dispers'd upon the plain

[They found, who, drunk with wine, supinely
 snore.

[Unharness'd chariots stand upon the shore ;] 310
 [Midst wheels and reins, and arms, the goblet
 by,

[A medley of debauch and war, they lie,]
 [Observing Nisus shew'd his friend the sight ;]

[Then thus : “ Behold a conquest without fight,
 [Occasion calls the sword to be prepar'd ;
 [Our way lies there : stand thou upon the guard,

[And look behind, while I securely go
 [To cut an ample passage thro' the foe. ”]

[Softly he spoke ; then stalking took his way,
 [With his drawn sword, where haughty Rham-
 nes lay ;] 320

[His head rais'd high on tapestry beneath,]
 [And heaving from his breast, he puff'd his
 breath ;]

[A king and prophet, by King Turnus lov'd :]
 [But fate by prescience cannot be remov'd ;]

[Three sleeping slaves he soon subdues ; then
 spies

[Where Remus, with his proud retinue, lies.
 [His armor-bearer first, and next he kills]

[His charioteer, entrench'd betwixt the wheels]
 [And his lov'd horses ; last invades their lord ;]

[Full on his neck he aims the fatal sword :] 330
 [The gasping head flies off ; a purple flood]
 [Flows from the trunk, that wallows in the
 blood,]

[Which, by the spurning heels dispers'd around,]
 [The bed besprinkles and bedews the ground.]

[Then Lamyrus with Lamus and the young
 Serranus, who with gaming did prolong

[The night : oppress'd with wine and slumber
 lay

[The beauteous youth, and dreamt of lucky
 play —]

[More lucky, had it been protracted till the
 day.

[The famish'd lion thus, with hunger bold,] 340
 [O'erleaps the fences of the nightly fold,]
 [The peaceful flock devours, and tears, and
 draws :

[Wrapp'd up in silent fear, they lie and pant
 beneath his paws.

[Nor with less rage Euryalus employs]
 [The vengeful sword, nor fewer foes destroys ;

[But on th' ignoble crowd his fury flew,]
 [Which Fadius, Hebesus, and Rhœtus slew,

With Abaris : in sleep the rest did fall,
[But Rhœtus waking, and observing all.
Behind a mighty jar he slunk for fear ; 350
The sharp-edg'd iron found and reach'd him
there :

[Full as he rose he plung'd it in his side ;
The cruel sword return'd in crimson dyed.
The wound a blended stream of wine and blood
Pours out ; the purple soul comes floating in
the flood.

[Now, where Messapus quarter'd, they arrive.]
[The fires were fainting there, and just alive ;]
[The warlike horses, tied in order, fed.
Nisus the discipline observ'd, and said :
" Our eagerness of blood may both betray ; 360
Behold the doubtful glimmering of the day,
Foe to these nightly thefts. No more, my
friend ;

[Here let our glutt'd execution end.]
[A lane thro' slaughter'd bodies we have
made."]

[The bold Euryalus, tho' loth, obey'd.]
Rich arms and arras, which they scatter'd find,
[And plate, a precious load, they leave behind.
[Yet, fond of gaudy spoils, the boy would stay]
[To make the proud caparisons his prey,
Which deck'd a neighb'ring steed. 370

[Nor did his eyes less longingly behold]
[The girdle, studded o'er with nails of gold,
Which Rhannus wore. This present long ago
On Remulus did Cædicius bestow,

[And, absent, join'd in hospitable ties ;]
[He, dying, to his heir bequeath'd the prize ;]
[Till, by the conquering Rutuli oppress'd,
He fell, and they the glorious gift possess'd.]

These gaudy spoils Euryalus now bears,
And vainly on his brawny shoulders wears : 380
[Messapus' helm he found amongst the dead,
Garnish'd with plumes, and fitted to his head.
[They leave the camp, and take the safest road.

Meantime a squadron of their foes abroad,
Three hundred horse with bucklers arm'd,
they spied,

Whom Volscens by the king's command did
guide.

To Turnus these were from the city sent,
And to perform their message sought his tent.
Approaching, near their utmost lines they
draw :

When, bending tow'rd's the left, their captain
saw 390

[The faithful pair ; for, thro' the doubtful
shade,

[His glitt'ring helm Euryalus betray'd,
[On which the moon with full reflection
play'd.]

[" 'T is not for naught," cried Volscens from
the crowd,]

[" These men go there ; " then rais'd his voice
aloud ;]

[" Stand ! stand ! why thus in arms ? And
whether bent ?]

[From whence, to whom, and on what errand
sent ? "]

[Silent they make away, and haste their flight
[To neighb'ring woods, and trust themselves to
night.]

The speedy horsemen spur their steeds to
get 400

'Twixt them and home ; and every path be-
set,

And all the windings of the well-known wood.
[Black was the brake, and thick with oak it
stood,

[With fern all horrid, and perplexing thorn,
Where tracks of bears had scarce a passage
worn

[The darkness of the shades, his heavy prey,]
[And fear, misled the younger from his way.]
[But Nisus hit the turns with happier haste,]

Who now, unknowing, had the danger pass'd,
[And Alban lakes, from Alba's name so
call'd, 410

[Where King Latinus then his oxen stall'd ;]
[Till, turning at the length, he stood his
ground,]

[And vainly cast his longing eyes around
For his lost friend !

[" Ah wretch ! " he cried, " where have I left
behind ?]

[Where shall I hope th' unhappy youth to
find ?]

[Or what way take ? " Again he ventures
back,]

[And treads the mazes of his former track]
Thro' the wild wood ; at last he hears the
noise

[Of trampling horses, and the riders' voice. 420
[The sound approach'd ; and suddenly he view'd]
[His foes inclosing, and his friend pursued,

[Forelaid and taken, while he strove in vain]
[The covert of the neighb'ring wood to gain.
[What should he next attempt ? what arms
employ,]

[With fruitless force to free the captive boy ?
Or tempt unequal numbers with the sword,

And die by him whom living he ador'd ?]
[Resolv'd on death, his dreadful spear he
shook ;

[And, casting to the moon a mournful look : 430
" Fair queen," said he, " who dost in woods
delight,

[Grace of the stars, and goddess of the
night,

[Be present, and direct my dart aright.
[If e'er my pious father, for my sake,]

[Did on thy altars grateful offerings make,
Or I increas'd them with successful toils,

[And hung thy sacred roof with savage spoils,
Thro' the brown shadows guide my flying spear

To reach this troop." Then, poised from his
car, 440

The quiv'ring weapon with full force he threw.
Thro' the divided shades the deadly javelin
flew ;

On Salmo's back it splits ; the double dart
Drove deeper onward, and transfix'd his heart.

[He staggers round ; his eyeballs roll in death,]
[And with short sobs he gasps away his breath,]

[All stand amaz'd — a second javelin flies]
From his stretch'd arm, and hisses thro' the
skies.

[The lance thro' Tagus' temples forc'd its way,
[And in his brainpan warmly buried lay.

[Pierce Volscens foams with rage, and, gazing
round,] 450
[Descried no author of the fatal wound,
Nor where to fix revenge: "But thou," he
cries,
["Shalt pay for both," and at the pris'n'r flies]
[With his drawn sword. Then, struck with deep
despair,]
[That fatal sight the lover could not bear;
But from his covert rush'd in open view,
And sent his voice before him as he flew:]
"Me, me, employ your sword on me alone:
The crime confess'd; the fact was all my own.
He neither could nor durst, the guiltless
youth:] 460
[Ye moon and stars, bear witness to the truth!]
[His only fault (if that be to offend)
Was too much loving his unhappy friend."
Too late, alas, he speaks:
The sword, which unrelenting furies guides,
[Driv'n with full force, had pierc'd his tender
sides,]
[Down fell the beauteous youth: the gaping
wound
[Gush'd out a crimson stream, and stain'd the
ground.
[His nodding neck reclines on his white breast,
Like a fair flow'r, in furrow'd fields oppress'd
By the keen share; or poppy on the plain, 471
[Whose heavy head is overcharg'd with rain,]
[Disdain, despair, and deadly vengeance vow'd,
Drove Nisus headlong on the hostile crowd,]
Volscens he seeks; at him alone he bends:
[Borne back, and push'd by his surrounding
friends,
[He still press'd on, and kept him still in sight;
Then whirld aloft his sword with all his
might:]
Th' unerring weapon flew; and, wing'd with
death,
Enter'd his gaping mouth and stopp'd his
breath. 480
[Dying, he slew; and, staggr'ing on the plain,]
Sought for the body of his lover slain;
Then quietly on his dear breast he fell,
Content, in death, to be reveng'd so well.
[O happy pair! for, if my verse can give
Eternity, your fame shall ever live,
[Fix'd as the Capitol's foundation lies,]
And spread, where'er the Roman eagle flies.]

THE ENTIRE EPISODE OF MEZENTIUS
AND LAUSUS, TRANSLATED OUT
OF THE TENTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S
ÆNEIDS

[See pages 667-671, lines 1071-1313.]

Connection of the Episode with the foregoing story.

Mezentius was King of Etruria, or Tuscany, from
whence he was expell'd by his subjects, for his tyrannical
government and cruelty, and a new king elected.
Being thus banish'd, he applies himself to King
Turnus, in whose court he and his son Lausus take
sanctuary. Turnus for the love of Lavinia making
war with Æneas, Mezentius engages in the cause of
his benefactor, and performs many great actions, particularly
in revenging himself on his late subjects,

who now assisted Æneas, out of hatred to him.
Mezentius is everywhere describ'd by Virgil as an
atheist; his son Lausus is made the pattern of filial
piety and virtue; and the death of those two is the
subject of this noble episode.

[THUS equal deaths are dealt, and equal
chance;

[1072-74]

[The gods from heav'n survey the doubtful
strife,

[1077-79]

[Her scourge aloft, and hissing crest of snakes,
[Once more Mezentius, with a proud disdain,
[1082-83]

[Like vast Orion stalking o'er the flood.

[1085-88]

Thus arm'd, he took the field.

[The Trojan prince beheld him from afar,]
With joyful eyes, and undertook the war. 20
[Collected in himself, and like a rock,
[Pois'd on his base, Mezentius stood the shock]
Of his great foe. Then, measuring with his
eyes

[The space his spear could reach, aloud he
cries:]

["My own right hand, and sword, assist my
stroke!

[1096-97]

[Shall by my Lausus be in triumph worn."
[He said; and straight with all his force he
threw 20

[1100-14]

[All these it pass'd with unresisted course,
[1116-20]

[His father's danger Lausus view'd with
grief; 51

[He sigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief,]
[And here, O wondrous youth, 't is here I must
[1124-25]

[Posteriority shall scarce believe it true.
[1127-30]

[The pious youth, resolv'd to undergo 61
[The lifted sword, springs out to face his foe, }
[Protects his father, and prevents the blow. }

[1134-35]

[All, fir'd with noble emulation, strive,
[1137-54]

[For now the Fates prepar'd their cruel shears;
And lifted high the conquering sword ap-
pears,

[Which, full descending with a fearful sway, }
[Thro' shield and cuirass forc'd th' impetu- }
ous way,
[And buried deep in his fair bosom lay.]

[The springing streams thro' the thin armor
strove, 60
[And drench'd the golden coat his careful
mother wove;

[1162-63]

[But when, with blood and paleness all be-
spread,

[1165-67]

[Then stretch'd his hand to raise him up, 65
[1169-76]

[To please thy ghost, at least, if shadows
know,

[Or have a taste of human things below.

[With this, he bids his distant friends draw
near,¹¹¹
[Provokes their duty, and prevents their fear:]
[Himself assists to raise him from the ground;
[His locks deform'd with blood, that well'd
from out his wound,
[Meantime, the father, now no father, stood,
[1186-87]
[His fainting limbs against a tree he leant,
[1189-90]
[Of youth a chosen troop around him stand ;¹²¹
[His head hung down, and rested on his hand :
[1193-95]
[Much he enquir'd, and many a message sent
[1197-98]
[On their broad shields! Still gush'd the gap-
ing wound,¹²⁹
[1200-03]
[Then both his lifted arms to heav'n he spread ;
[1205-18]
[With less injustice could have borne my
fate.
[And yet I live, and yet support the sight¹⁵⁰
[Of hateful men, and of more hated light!
[1222-29]
[The horse seem'd sensible, while thus he
spoke:¹⁶⁰
[“O Rhæbus, we have liv'd too long for
me —
[If long and life were terms that could agree!
[1233-44]
[With crested horsehair, nodding from afar ;
[1246-52]
[“Great Jove,” said he, “and the far-shooting
god,
[Inspire thy mind to make thy challenge
good!”
[He said no more ; but hasten'd to appear,
[1256-59]
This was my only way to be undone.¹⁶⁰
[1261-72]
[To wrench the darts that in his buckler
light,
[Urg'd and o'er-labor'd in unequal fight,
[At last resolv'd, he throws with all his force
[Full at the temples of the warlike horse.
Betwixt the temples pass'd th' unerring spear,
[And, piercing, stood transfix'd from ear to
ear.
[Seiz'd with the sudden pain, surpris'd with
fright,²⁰⁹
The courser bounds aloft and stands upright:
He beats his hoofs a while in air ; then, press'd
With anguish, floundering falls the gen'rous
beast,
And his cast rider with his weight oppress'd.]
[1287-93]
[With scarce recover'd breath, he thus re-
plies:
[“Why these insulting threats, this waste of
breath,²²²
[1296-98]
But, with a glorious fate, to end my pain:
When Lausus fell, I was already slain.
[Nor ask I life:
[My dying son contracted no such band,]

[Nor would I take it from his murd'rer's
hand.
[For this, this only favor let me sue,]²³¹
[If pity to a conquer'd foe be due:
[Refuse not that ; but let my body have
[The last retreat of humankind, a grave.]
[Too well I know my injur'd people's hate ;
[1308-13]

THE SPEECH OF VENUS TO VULCAN

WHEREIN SHE PERSUADES HIM TO MAKE ARMS
FOR HER SON ÆNEAS, THEN ENGAG'D IN A
WAR AGAINST THE LATINS AND KING TUR-
NUS: TRANSLATED OUT OF THE EIGHTH
BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIDS

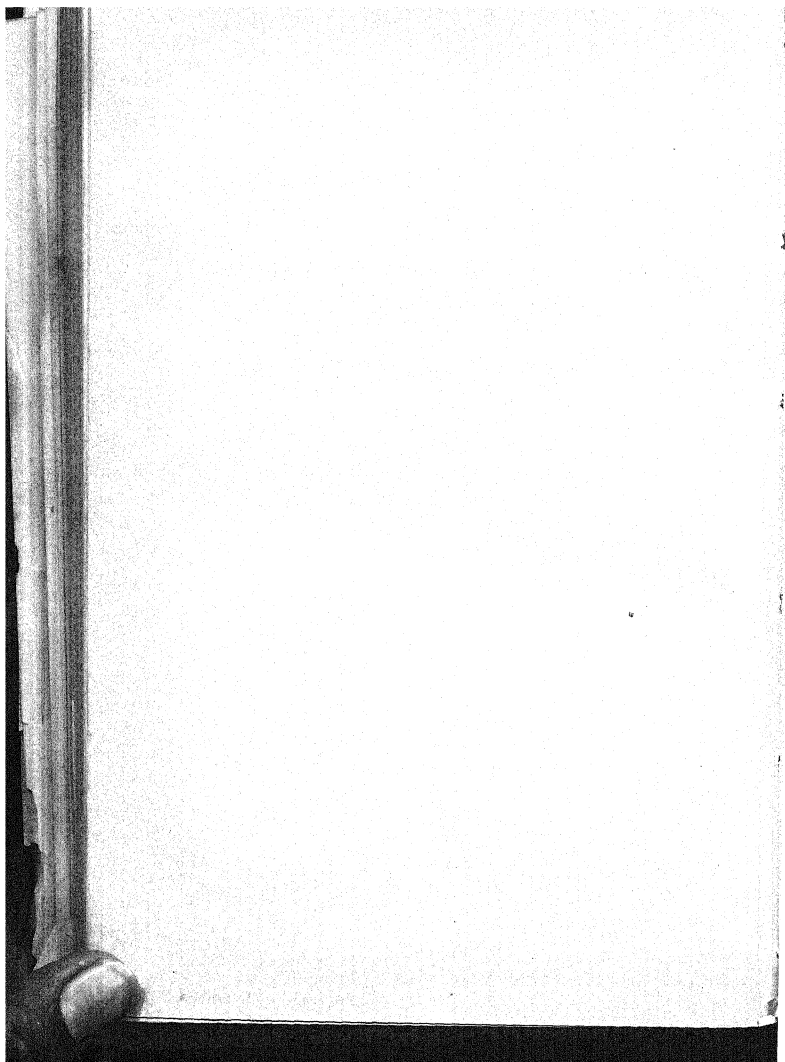
[See pages 631, 632, lines 484-538.]

Now Night with sable wings the world o'er-
spread ;
But Venus, not in vain, surpris'd with dread
Of Latian arms, before the tempest breaks,
Her husband's timely succor thus bespeaks,
[Couch'd in his golden bed ;
[And, that her pleasing speech his mind may
move,]
[Inspires it with diviner charms of love:
[“While adverse fate conspir'd with Grecian
pow'rs,
[To level with the ground the Trojan tow'rs,]
[I begg'd no aid th' unhappy to restore,¹⁰
[Nor did thy succor, nor thy art implore ;
[Nor sought, their sinking empire to sustain,
[To urge the labor of my lord in vain,
[Tho' much I ow'd to Priam's house, and more]
[The dangers of Æneas did deplore.]
[But now, by Jove's command, and fate's de-
cree,]
[His race is doom'd to reign in Italy:]
[With humble suit I ask thy needful art,
[O still propitious pow'r, O sovereign of my
heart!
[A mother stands a suppliant for a son.²⁰
[By silver-footed Thetis thou wert won
For fierce Achilles, and the rosy Morn
Mov'd thee with arms her Memnon to adorn.
Are these my tears less pow'rful on thy mind?
[Behold, what warlike nations are combin'd
[With fire and sword my people to destroy,]
[And twice to triumph over me and Troy,]
[She said ; and straight her arms, of snowy
hues,]
[About her unresolving husband threw,]
[Her soft embraces soon infuse desire,]³⁰
[His bones and marrow sudden warmth in-
spire ;]
[And all the godhead feels the wonted
fire,]
[Not half so swift the rolling thunder flies,
[Or streaks of lightning flash along the skies.
[The goddess, pleas'd with her successful wiles,
[And conscious of her conquer'd beauty, smiles.
[Then thus the good old god, sooth'd with
her charms,
[Panting, and half dissolving in her arms :]
[“Why seek you reasons for a cause so just,]
[Or your own beauty or my love distrust ?⁴⁰

[Long since, had you requir'd my helpful hand,]
[You might the artist and his art command,
To arm your Trojans: nor did Jove or fate
Confine their empire to so short a date.
And, if you now desire new wars to wage,]
[My care, my skill, my labor I engage.
[Whatever melting metals can conspire,]

[Or breathing bellows, or the forming fire,]
[I freely promise: all your doubts remove,
[And think no task is difficult to love."] 50
[He said; and, eager to enjoy her charms,
[He snatch'd the lovely goddess to his arms;
[Till, all infus'd in joy, he lay possess'd
[Of full desire, and sunk to pleasing rest.]

NOTES



NOTES

THE following Notes are to a considerable extent taken from Sir Walter Scott, whose edition of Dryden, first published in 1808, has become an English classic. The text printed in Professor Saintsbury's revision of Scott's edition (London and Edinburgh, 1882-93) has been used as a basis. When a note is taken from Scott with no change whatever, it is inclosed in quotation marks and his name is added. When Scott's note has been modified by the omission, alteration, or addition of even a single word, quotation marks are retained, but the name is inclosed in brackets [SCOTT]. When the note has been entirely rewritten, quotation marks are omitted, but the name, in brackets, is retained. The same notation is used for the comments, comparatively few in number, that have been taken from other critics.

VARIANT readings of Dryden's text are cited in the original spelling, punctuation, and capitals. Quotations from other authors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, however, are usually given in modern spelling. Frequent references are made to the following works:—

The Critical and Miscellaneous Prose Works of John Dryden, edited by Edmond Malone, London, 1800. References to this work here, and in the headnotes throughout the volume, are in the form, "Malone, I, 1, 69;" i. e. vol. i. part i. page 69.

The Poetical Works of John Dryden, edited by W. D. Christie (Globe edition). (Unless otherwise specified, references to Christie are to this edition.)

Select Poems by Dryden, edited by W. D. Christie and C. H. Firth, ed. 5, Oxford, 1893.

The Satires of Dryden, edited by John Churton Collins, London, 1905.

Dryden: The Hind and the Panther, edited by W. H. Williams, London, 1900.

Essays of John Dryden, edited by W. P. Ker, Oxford, 1900.

IN the headnotes throughout the volume there are many references to the *Term Catalogues*, as edited by Professor Arber, London, 1903-06. An expression such as "*Term Catalogue* for Easter Term (May), 1677" [p. 78], indicates that the *Catalogue* in question was itself published in May.

THE system of reference in the following Notes and in the Glossary is as follows: the numbers go in pairs, in which the first (of heavier type) stands for the page, the second for the line on that page. When needed, an exponent indicates the column of the page. Thus 111, 163 = page 111, line 163; 127¹, 35 = page 127, column 1, line 35.

The following abbreviations are used:—

arg. = argument.

B. S. = Biographical Sketch.

C. = Christie's Globe edition.

C. D. = Century Dictionary.

CF. = Christie and Firth's *Select Poems by Dryden*.

cf. = compare.

D. N. B. = Dictionary of National Biography.

E. D. D. = English Dialect Dictionary.

Epil. = Epilogue.

f. = and the following.

l. = line.

ll. = lines.

N. E. D. = New English Dictionary.

p. = page.

pp. = pages.

Prolog. = Prologue.

SS. = Scott-Saintsbury edition of Dryden.

v. = see.

v. n. = see note on.

v. n. 223, 410 = see note on 223, 410; v. 223,

410, n. = see 223, 410, and note.

GENERAL NOTES

DRYDEN'S RHYMES. For extended discussions of this topic, see A. J. ELLIS, *Early English Pronunciation*, pp. 1033-1039; DYERBERGER, *John Dryden's Reime*, Freiburg i. Br., 1895. The reader may find it useful to remember that, according to the pronunciation of the later seventeenth century, rhymes of the following types, among many others that seem peculiar to a modern ear, were nearly or quite perfect:—

war : far ; 206, 169.

hand : wand ; 765, 460.

brought : fault ; 867, 223.

drought : ought ; 236, 1417.

desert : art ; 116, 559.

garment : preferment ; 417, 21.

wreck : back ; 187, 244.

serv'd : starv'd ; 248, 2268.

sea : way ; 27, 42; cf. 850, 360, n.

key : way ; 794, 133.

foil'd : child ; 191, 218.

cain : line ; 237, 1449.

CHANGEABLE ACCENT OF ADJECTIVES. In Dryden there are numerous instances of "Schmidt's rule," according to which dissyllabic adjectives, normally accented on the second syllable, shift the accent to the first syllable when followed by a noun accented on the first syllable. Thus: *sublime soul*, 1, 27; *divine progeny*, 2, 104.

CORPSE. The usual spelling of this word in the early editions is *corps*, which is used both as a singular and as a plural: v. 780, 911; 664, 800. It may be construed as a plural (cf. *remains*) even

when used of a single body: v. 243, 1931. In the present volume *corpse* has been used as the singular and *corps* as the plural form.

NOTES ON TEXT.

1. UPON THE DEATH OF THE LORD HASTINGS. v. B. S. xvi. Only the 1650 issue has been accessible to the present editor, who has depended on an account of the 1649 issue sent him from the British Museum.
27. *Orb*. Christie calls attention to parallel passages in *Stanzas on Cromwell*, *Absalom and Achitophel*, and *Eleonora*: v. 4, 18; 120, 838, 839; 274, 272, 273.
43. *Tycho*. Tycho Brahe, the Danish astronomer (1546-1601), increased his reputation by the discovery of a new star in 1572.
44. *Others' beam*. Printed *others beam* in 1649 edition and *others Beam* in 1702 edition. C. and SS. insert *an* apostrophe and take *beam* as a verb.
- 2, 66. *Constellation*. Dryden occasionally employs, for the sake of rhyme, the archaic pronunciation of *-tion* as two syllables. Cf. 14, 70; 54¹, 2 (*Epil.*).
72. *Metempsychosis*. So printed in the original edition. The word is here accented on the third syllable, as in Greek. Cf. 162, 43, n.
81. *Three-legg'd graybeards*. The reference is of course to the riddle of the Sphinx. An old man's staff is his third leg.
82. *Achis*. Two syllables. In Dryden's time the noun *ache* was pronounced like the name of the letter "h."
84. *An antiquary's room*. The 1649 edition reads *an Antiquaries room*; the 1702 edition omits *an*; C. and SS. restore *an* but read *rooms*.
93. *O virgin-widow*. This refers to Hastings' betrothed, the daughter of Sir Theodore Turquet de Mayerne, a noted physician, who attended the young nobleman in his last illness. Mayerne's name is mentioned by other elegists in *Lachrymæ Musarum*, notably by Marvell.
97. *Platonic love*. This was a favorite subject of interest among the poets of the time: see an article by Professor J. B. Fletcher on "Præcenses at the Court of Charles I." in the *Journal of Comparative Literature*, i, 120-153. *Ideas* in l. 100 of course carries out the conceit; the *ideas* of Hastings' virtue, etc., would be, in the Platonic philosophy, their eternal archetypes. Cf. 6, 103; 28, 41.
- 31, 11. *Young eagle*. Dryden alludes to the familiar story of the eagle, which mounts to heaven and renews its sight by gazing upon the sun. To it he gives a Puritanic flavor by his phrase *the Son of Righteousness*.
20. *Helicon*. "Dryden confuses Helicon and Hippocrene. Helicon was a mount and not a fount." [SAINTSBURY.]
21. *Be*. On this use of *be* for *are*, cf. 11, 22; 12, 78. The form was already archaic in Dryden's time: in his *Defense of the Epilogue*

of *The Conquest of Granada* (published in 1672; v. SS. iv. 233) he condemns Ben Jonson for using it.

LETTER TO MADAME HONOR DRYDEN. On the date of this letter Malone makes the following comment: "Lest the date should too nearly discover her [Madame Honor's] age, the two latter figures have been almost obliterated, but the last numeral, when viewed through a microscope, is manifestly a 5; and that the other numeral, which, as being more material, was more carefully defaced, was not a 4, but a 5 also, may be collected not only from the lady's age, (for in 1645 she was probably not more than eight years old,) but from the time of our author's admission and residence at Cambridge." If this account be correct, it proves that Dryden continued at Cambridge after April, 1655, at which time Christie supposes that he had ceased to reside there: v. CF. pp. xv, xvi.

- 32, 11. *Persons*. That is, *parsons*. For the spelling, cf. *sterve*, *starve*; *kerve*, *carve*, and the like. "An hour, measured by an hourglass fixed at the side of the pulpit, was the usual length of a sermon at this time." [MALONE.]
4. STANZAS ON CROMWELL. The *Three Poems* text is the basis of the present edition, but its frequent italics are neglected, while the more sparing italics of the separate edition are usually preserved.
1. *And now 't is time*. Dryden apparently contrasts his own discretion in awaiting the time of Cromwell's funeral, with the haste of some other poets, who glorified him immediately after his death.
3. *Like eager Romans*, etc. An allusion to the Roman custom of letting fly from the funeral pyre of a deceased emperor an eagle, which was supposed to bear his soul to heaven. After that the emperor was worshipped among the other gods: v. Herodian, iv. 2. 11. [SCOTT.]
18. *A fame so truly circular*. The idea is a common one: v. 1, 27, n. Christie quotes in illustration Horace's *fortis, et in se ipso totus, teres atque rotundus* (2 *Satires*, vii. 86), and Massinger's phrase, "Your wisdom is not circular" (*The Emperor of the East*, iii. 2. 9).
32. *Pompey*. "Pompey began to decline and Cromwell to rise at forty-five." SAINTSBURY.
- 5, 41. *Our former chiefs, like sticklers of the war*, etc. "Essex, Manchester, Sir William Waller, and the earlier generals of the Parliament, were all of the Presbyterian party, who, though they had drawn the sword against the king, had no will to throw away the scabbard. They were disposed so to carry on the war, that, neither party being too much weakened, a sound and honorable peace might have been accomplished on equal terms. Cromwell openly accused the Earl of Manchester of having refused to put an end to the war after the last battle at Newbury, when a single charge upon the King's rear might have dissipated his army for ever." [SCOTT.]

"Sticklers are seconds who first arrange a

- fight, and then, if they can, part the combatants." [SAINTSBURY.]
48. *To stanch the blood by breathing of the vein.* The separate edition reads *stench*. On the meaning of *breathing*, cf. 336, 65; 473, 700. "This passage, which seems to imply nothing further than that Cromwell conducted the war so as to push it to a conclusion, was afterwards invidiously interpreted by Dryden's enemies as containing an explicit approbation of the execution of Charles I." [SCOTT.]
55. *Of conquests.* Christie construes this with *thick*, and compares *thick of bars* (755, 230). This seems a better interpretation than, following Saintsbury, to "take of with maps, and construe *thick* as an adverb with *strew'd*."
56. *Is sown.* The separate edition reads *are sown*. This variant indicates that the separate edition is the older; Dryden later corrected his slip of grammar.
57. *His palms, etc.* Professor E. S. Parsons, in *Modern Language Notes*, xix, 47-49, gives for the first time a satisfactory explanation of this line. The idea that the palm, if loaded with heavy weights, does not give way, but grows with new vigor, is well known. In 1648-49 there had appeared a famous book, the *Elton Basilike*, which was supposed to be by King Charles I, and to contain a "pourtraicture" of him "in his solitudes and sufferings." The frontispiece of this "represents Charles I in his royal robes, kneeling, . . . looking upward toward the heavenly crown, soon to be his. From a cloud in the background a beam of light shines out and rests on the king's head, . . . and two palms are disclosed, carrying heavy weights, with the motto: *Crescit sub Pondere Virtus*." Cromwell's palms, though, unlike those of Charles, under weights they did not stand, still thrived. Cf. 17, 151.
60. *And drew, etc.* Dryden's poems contain several references to the technique of painting: v. 6, 94-96; 8, 125-128; 414, 41-44; 741², 44-49.
63. *Bologna's walls, etc.* During the siege of Bologna in 1512, according to a story told by Guicciardini, a mine was laid beneath a portion of the wall on which stood a chapel of the Virgin. When the mine was fired, the wall was blown into the air, so that through the breach the assailants could see the defenders, but a moment later it returned to its former place, as if it had never been moved.
66. *Tracherous Scotland.* The epithet probably refers rather to the general shifting course of the Scots during the Civil War than to any particular event.
71. *Influence . . . mien.* *Influence* is here used in its astrological sense, of the influence of the stars on human affairs. *Mien* is spelled *mine* in the *Three Poems* text, *mien* in the separate edition; perhaps the former spelling should be retained here, to mark the rhyme.
- 77, 78. *When past, etc.* These two lines are here punctuated as in the separate edition of 1659; the *Three Poems* text omits the comma after *Jose*, and has commas after *depos'd* and *yield*. SS. and C. insert a comma after *when*, thereby making *depos'd* the verb of a subordinate clause. This certainly gives a better sense, but the change does not seem quite necessary.
- Feretrius Jone.* *Pheretrius* in the separate edition. To Jupiter Feretrius there were consecrated only the *spolia opima*, which were won but three times in Roman history. Dryden writes as if all spoils of war were offered to that divinity. As Christie points out, Dryden was apparently fond of the phrase, introducing it, without warrant from the Latin, into his translations of Juvenal and Virgil: v. 350, 208; 609, 1187.
84. *Her idol, gain.* Dryden loses no opportunity for expressing his hostility to the Dutch: see, for example, 233, 1140-1147.
- 6, 90. *Monsieur.* The separate edition reads *Monsieur*.
91. *Where it was.* *Where e'er 't was* in the separate edition.
100. *Complexions.* The *complexion*, or temperament, was supposed to be determined by the mixture in the body of the four humors, blood, phlegm, choler, and melancholy.
103. *Ideas.* Cf. n. 2, 97.
113. *He made us freemen, etc.* "The poet alludes to the exertions of the six thousand British auxiliaries whom Cromwell sent to join Marshal Turenne in Flanders. The English were made freemen of the continent by the cession of Dunkirk." [SCOTT.]
115. *Heard.* So the separate edition; the *Three Poems* text reads *har'd*, which perhaps should have been retained in the present edition.
120. *Alexander.* Alexander VII, pope from 1655 to 1667.
- "The thunder of his guns [those of Admiral Blake, cruising in the Mediterranean], every Puritan believed, would be heard in the castle of St. Angelo, and Rome itself would have to bow to the greatness of Cromwell." J. R. GREEN, *Short History of the English People*, ch. viii, § 10.
121. *By his command, etc.* "A powerful army and squadron were sent by Cromwell, 1654, under the command of Penn and Venables, to attack San Domingo. The main design misgave: they took, however, the island of Jamaica, whose importance long remained unknown; for, notwithstanding the manner in which Dryden has glossed over these operations in the West Indies, they were at the time universally considered as having been unfortunate." [SCOTT.]
136. *Under spoils decease.* "Tarpeia, the virgin who betrayed a gate of Rome to the Sabines, demanded, in recompense, what they wore on their left arms, meaning their golden bracelets. But the Sabines, detesting her treachery, or not disposed to gratify her avarice, chose to understand that her request related to their bucklers, and flung them upon her in such numbers as to kill her." SCOTT.
137. *But first, etc.* Professor Firth (in *Notes*

and *Queries*, series VII. v. 404) well illustrates this stanza by a quotation from James Heath's *Flagellum*, 1663, p. 205:

"It pleased God to call him to an account of all that mischief he had perpetrated; ushering his end with a great whale, some three months before, on the second of June, that came up as far as Greenwich, and was there killed, and more immediately by a terrible storm of wind, the prognostic that the great Leviathan of men, that tempest and overthrow of government, was now going to his own place."

7. 144. *Halcyons*. Cf. 10, 236; 845, 495, n. *Astraea Redux*. This title means *Justice Brought Back*. On the coming of the Iron Age, Astraea, the virgin Goddess of Justice, is fabled to have fled from earth to heaven: v. 335, 28; 346² (n. 4); 389, 191; 462, 671, 672; 630, 425-432. Dryden's idea is that with the restoration of Charles, the Golden Age, when Saturn reigned, has been again established. His motto (*VIRGO, Eclogues*, iv. 6; cf. 428, 5-8) means: "Now too the Virgin returns, and the reign of Saturn returns."

On the title-pages of both the 1660 and the 1688 editions the poet's name is spelled *Driden*.

2. *A world divided from the rest*. Dryden borrows the thought from Virgil: v. 422, 89, 90.

9. *An horrid stillness first invades the ear*. This line was much ridiculed by the wits of the time. Scott quotes a parodying it:

A horrid silence does invade my eye,
While not one sound of voice from you I spy.

9. *Th' ambitious Swede*, etc. "The royal line of Sweden has produced more heroic and chivalrous monarchs than any dynasty of Europe. The gallant Charles X, who is here mentioned, did not degenerate from his warlike stem. He was a nephew of the great Gustavus Adolphus; and, like him, was continually engaged in war, particularly against Poland and Austria. He died at Gothenburg in 1660, and the peace of Sweden was soon afterwards restored by the treaty of Copenhagen." Scott.
13. *And Heaven*, etc. By the treaty of the Pyrenees in 1659 peace was concluded between France and Spain. The union was cemented by the marriage of Louis XIV to the Infanta Maria Theresa, on June 9, 1660, soon after this poem was written.

35. *The sacred purple*, etc. *The sacred purple* refers, as Christie indicates, to the Bishops, and the *scarlet gown* to the Bishops. "The sight of them animated the people to such senseless fury as elephants, and many other animals, are said to show upon seeing any object of a red color." [Scott.]

37. *Typhoeus*. The giant who for a time expelled Jupiter from heaven, but was later overcome by him and imprisoned beneath Mount Aetna: v. 651, 969-972. In the passage just cited the name appears, in accordance with the reading of the early editions, as *Typhoeus*.

41. *The lesser gods*, etc. After the execution of

Charles I, the House of Commons proceeded (1649) to abolish the House of Lords and to take the name of Parliament for itself.

45. *The Cyclops*. Polyphemus, who was blinded by Ulysses. Dryden has translated from Ovid one story in regard to him: v. 403-406.

- 8, 57. *His wounds*, etc. "It is surely unnecessary to point out to the reader the confusion of metaphor, where virtue is said to dress the wounds of Charles with laurels; the impertinent antithesis of finding *light alone in dark afflictions* (l. 96); and the extravagance of representing the winds that wafted Charles as *out of breath with joy* (l. 244)." [Scott.]

67. *Soft Otho*, etc. The Roman emperor Galba, who reigned A. D. 68, 69, refused to make Otho his successor, on account of the latter's effeminate life, and adopted Piso as the heir to the throne. Otho then gained power by a revolt, but, after ruling only three months, was defeated by Vitellius at Brixellum, and slew himself.

74. *And all at Worcester but the honor lost*. "This is in imitation of the famous phrase which Francis I of France is said to have written to his mother after the battle of Pavia: 'Madam, all is lost except our honor.' That of Charles II certainly was not lost at Worcester. He gave many marks of personal courage, and was only hurried off the field by the torrent of fugitives." [Scott.]

94. *On Night*, etc. "That 'night brings counsel' is a well-nigh universal sentiment." [SAINTSBURY.]

98. *His famous grandsire*. "Henry IV of France, maternal grandfather of Charles II." Scott.

101. *A Covenanting League's vast pow'rs*. Cf. 154, 155. There is a reference to the Solemn League and Covenant of 1643.

106. *Chronicles*. For the rhyme, cf. 208, 414; 215, 37.

108. *Epoches*. Three syllables, as is indicated by the spelling *epoche's* in the editions of 1660 and 1688.

117. *Rous'd by the lash*, etc. In illustration of this passage Professor W. A. Neilson of Harvard University kindly sends the following quotation: "By the taylor the boldness & heart of the Lyon is known, . . . for when the Lion is wroth, first he beateeth the Earthe with his Tayle, and afterwards, as the wrath increaseth, he smiteth and beateeth his owne backe." *Batman upon Bartholome*, London, 1582; lib. xvii, cap. 65.

121. *Portunus*. Portunus, the Roman god of harbors, was invoked to secure a safe return from a voyage: cf. 882, 314, 315; 750, 48-50.

125. *Yet as*, etc. Cf. n. 5, 60.

- 9, 144. *As heav'n*, etc. v. Matthew xi. 12.

145. *Booth's forward valor*. After the death of Cromwell, Sir George Booth rose in Cheshire for Charles II, but was speedily defeated by General Lambert.

150. *Lay*. The grammatical subject of this verb is not clear.

151. *Monk*. General George Monk, the com-

- mander of the English forces in Scotland. He took a prominent part in the restoration of Charles II.
154. *Did*, etc. Cf. 774, 442.
162. *It shuns*, etc. "It is said, believe who list, that the ingenious Mr. Robert Boyle invented a metal which had all the properties of gold except malleability." SCOTT.
163. *How hard*, etc. The passage is far from clear: Dryden's style is not yet fully developed. Monk's task is explained in ll. 167, 168. In the natural body this is the charge of three distinct organs, muscles, nerves, and brain. The 1660 edition has no pause after *see* (l. 164); the 1688 edition has a semi-colon. Christie restored the original punctuation.
182. *Whence Legion twice before was disposers'd*. This alludes to Cromwell's dispersing the Rump Parliament, April, 1653, and Lambert's similar act, October, 1659.
195. *Th' incensed*, etc. v. 604, 788-803.
201. *Sforza*. Lodovico Sforza (1451-1508) made himself Duke of Milan by the murder of his nephew. After a series of successful intrigues, he was finally captured by the French, and died in captivity.
205. *Suffer'd to live*, etc. Many prominent Puritans were deprived of the right to hold any public office. "Thus disqualified, the poet compares these republicans to the Spartan slaves, made drunk to excite the contempt of the youth for that degrading vice. By the bye, Dryden's kinsman, Sir Gilbert Pickering, was among the persons so incapacitated." [SCOTT.]
- 10, 211-214. *Like . . . renew*. This construction is supported by the authority of some good writers both before and after Dryden.
219. *Scheveline's*. "A small village near the Hague, at which Charles embarked on his joyful voyage." SCOTT. Now called Scheveningen.
230. *The Naseby*. "After dinner the king and duke altered the name of some of the ships, viz., the Naseby into Charles." *Pepys' Diary*, May 23, 1660.
235. *Gloc'ster's*. Henry, Duke of Gloucester (1639-60), fourth son of Charles I.
236. *Secure*, etc. Cf. 7, 144; 845, 495, n.
249. *Submitted fasces*. The fasces, a bundle of rods surrounding an ax, were the symbol of office of the highest Roman magistrates, showing their power both to flog and to put to death. Valerius Poplicola, consul in the first year of the city, when accused of ambition, defended himself before the people, Livy relates, with lowered fasces (*submitis fascibus*, whence Dryden's *submitted*), as a sign of submission to their superior power. Cf. 31, 199, n.; 312, 27-30; 738, 1 f.
251. *Th' approaching cliffs*. "The civility of such inanimate objects, according to the poets of this reign, was truly wonderful, considering their present insensibility." [SCOTT.]
262. *Thus, when*, etc. v. Exod. xxxiii. 20-23; xxxiv. 5-7.
267. *Your goodness only is above the laws*. Charles II pressed the Act of Indemnity upon the House of Lords in the most earnest terms.
284. *How shall I speak*, etc. "Charles II was born on May 29, 1630; and upon the same day of the same month, 1660, made his triumphal entry into London." [SCOTT.]
- 11, 288. *That star*, etc. "There was a star visible on Charles's birthday, May 29, 1630, a circumstance much dwelt on by his party during the civil wars. Lilly, the astrologer, assures us it was nothing more than the planet Venus, which is sometimes visible in the daytime." [SCOTT.] Cf. 29, 69-72.
292. *Time's whiter series*. The use of *white* in the sense of *fortunate* is, as Christie indicates, a Latinism. On the line, cf. 29, 71, n.; 122, 1028.
305. *Our merchants*, etc. The reference is to the commercial rivalry of England and Holland in the East: cf. 28, 1-4; 71. *Prol.* and *Epil.*
310. *France*. In June, 1654, owing to negotiations for an alliance between Louis XIV and Cromwell, Charles II left France. His presence there was dangerous only because it might be displeasing to Cromwell.
316. *Your edicts*, etc. This refers, as Professor Firth shows, to a proclamation by the king against vicious persons, including Cavaliers who by their riotous lives disgraced the cause they defended, issued on May 30, 1660, the day after his entrance into London. See *Somers' Tracts*, vii. 423-425.
16. *Samson's riddle*. v. Judges xiv. 5-18.
26. *Rele mirabile*. "A network of blood vessels in the basis of the brain of quadrupeds." R. HOOPEN, *Medical Dictionary*.
- 12, 31. *No atoms*, etc. A reference to the atomic theory, as set forth by Lucretius.
37. *Carry weight*. To be handicapped by carrying an extra burden.
68. *Achilles*. According to Statius, Thetis, the mother of Achilles, disguised her son as a maiden, hoping that in this way he might escape being sent to the Trojan War, where she knew he was fated to be slain. — Statius's bad poetry was a favorite object of attack for the critics of Dryden's time.
96. *Rufus'*. Verginius Rufus, who, in the reign of Nero, put down the rebellion of Vindex in Gaul, and later more than once resisted the attempts of his soldiers to make him emperor. He is said to have composed for himself the epitaph quoted in the margin: "Here lies Rufus, who once, defeating Vindex, upheld the empire, not for his own sake, but for his country's."
104. *Geniture*. "The author speaks the language of astrology, in which *geniture* signifies *nativity*, *horoscope*." [SCOTT.] According to Malone (I, 1, 45) Howard's book was entered on the *Stationers' Register* April 16, 1660, so that it must have appeared at about the time of the king's return.
- 13, 18. *Some guilty months*. In Dryden's time the year was reckoned as beginning March 25.

- Had Charles II been crowned before March 25, 1661, the two months (March 25–May 25, 1660) immediately preceding his return from exile would have been included in the year of his coronation.
14. 70. *Fruition*. For the rhyme, cf. 2, 66, n.
79. *Sedition's*. The 1688 edition reads *seditious*, probably a mere misprint.
81. *The jealous sects*, etc. "The conferences held at Savoy House, in April, 1661, betwixt the Presbyterians and the bishops, excited hopes that these two powerful divisions of the Protestant Church might be reconciled to each other. The Quakers, Anabaptists, and other inferior sects, applied, by petitions and humble addresses, to the king, to be permitted to worship God according to their consciences. Thus the whole modeling of ecclesiastical matters seemed to be in the hands of the king." [Scott.] The Nonconformists relied on the king's promises in his Declaration from Breda, which he proved unable to fulfil.
104. *With Caesar's heart*. Plutarch relates that Caesar encouraged a timorous ship captain with the words: "Go on, my friend, and fear nothing; you carry Caesar and his fortune in your boat."
107. *In stately frigates*, etc. Charles II had an amateur's interest and delight in shipbuilding and seamanship.
111. *Beyond your court*, etc. "By the improvements made by Charles II on St. James's Park there was a connection made with the river." [Scott.]
115. *The mistrustful fowl*. "The canal in St. James's Park formed a decoy for water-fowl, with which it was stocked." [Scott.]
127. *Two kingdoms*, etc. Portugal had revolted from Spain in 1640, but its independence was not secure. It received valuable aid from an alliance with England, confirmed by the marriage of Charles II to Catharine of Braganza, daughter to the King of Portugal. This marriage had been favored by France, but opposed by Spain. Spain and Portugal are then the two nations to which Dryden refers.
129. *Your Royal Oak*. "This is in allusion to a device exhibited over the triumphal arch through which the king passed on the day of his coronation. Behind a picture of the king appeared 'the Royal Oak, bearing crowns and scepters, instead of acorns, . . . as designing its reward for the shelter it afforded his Majesty after the fight at Worcester.'" [Scott.] The Royal Oak was that in which Charles once concealed himself, thereby escaping capture, after the battle of Worcester in 1651.
15. 5. *The Muses*, etc. In his youth Hyde was intimate with the most famous literary men of his time, but he was apparently never himself a writer of verse.
14. *As those that see*, etc. The Cardinals.
53. *Young David*, etc. v. 1 Samuel xvii. 38, 39.
16. 81. *Their subjects*. Their subjects in 1688 edition; the 1662 text reads *the* instead of *their*.
106. *War's Wars* in editions of 1662 and 1688.
119. *Envy*, etc. Clarendon's enemies finally triumphed, and secured his banishment in 1667. He died in exile at Rouen in 1674.
139. *Sometimes the hill*, etc. Christie calls attention to the following passage in Denham's *Cooper's Hill*, which was probably in Dryden's mind:
- Windsor the next . . . above the valley swells
Into my eye, and doth itself present
With such an easy and unforced ascent,
That no stupendous precipice denies
Access, no horror turns away our eyes:
But such a rise as doth at once invite
A pleasure and a rev'rence from the sight.
17. 151. *Without a weight*. Cf. 5, 57, n.
- To MY HONOR'D FRIEND, DR. CHARLETON. This poem is signed *John Dryden* in both issues of 1663.
3. *The Stagirite*. Aristotle.
7. *Until 't was bought*. So both issues of 1663; the 1704 text reads *Till it was bought*.
18. 13. *Men, who*. So 1663 text, without *imprimatur*, and 1704 text; the 1663 text, with *imprimatur*, reads *men, that*.
22. *Th' English are not the least*. The 1663 text, with *imprimatur*, reads, *The English are not least*; the 1704 text reads, *Our nation 's not the least*.
25. Gilbert. William Gilbert (1540–1603), physician to Queen Elizabeth, wrote a treatise on the magnet, the first great physical book published in England.
27. Boyle. "The Hon. Robert Boyle (1627–91), who so laudably distinguished his name by his experimental researches, was a son of the great Earl of Cork. He was about this time actively engaged in the formation of the Royal Society. His great brother was Roger, Lord Broghill (1621–79), poet and politician, created upon the Restoration Earl of Orrery, to whom Dryden dedicated *The Rival Ladies*." [Scott.] Cf. B. S. xix.
31. Harvey. "William Harvey (1578–1657), the famous discoverer of the circulation of the blood. His last treatise was published in 1651, at the request of Dr. George Ent, a learned physician, mentioned by Dryden in the next line." [Scott.]
18. 50. *Joy'd with*. So the 1663 text, without *imprimatur*, and the 1704 text; the 1663 text, with *imprimatur*, reads *Chose by*.
52. *Rule*. So the 1663 text, without *imprimatur*, and the 1704 text; the 1663 text, with *imprimatur*, reads *every*.
53. *These ruins*, etc. Charleton, in his dedication of *Chorea Gigantum* to Charles II, alludes to a visit which the king paid to Stonehenge immediately after the defeat of his army at Worcester in 1651.
54. *Then when from Wor'ster's fatal field he fled*. So both issues of 1663; the 1704 text reads, *When he from Wor'ster's fatal battle fled*.
55. *Royal*. So the 1663 text, without *imprimatur*, and the 1704 text; the 1663 text, with *imprimatur*, reads *kingly*.
13. *First Astrol*. Dryden by his frequent refer-

- ences to astrology shows his interest in the science. A passage in one of his letters shows that he had faith in it: v. Malone, I, 2, 57; SS. xviii. 134; cf. 50, 1165, n; 758, 500, n.
- 19¹, 15. *Half an hour after three*, etc. This indicates the hour at which plays began at the time this comedy was first acted.
26. *The ascendant's*. The heavens were divided, by six great circles passing through the north and south poles of the horizon, into twelve houses, of which the first, or ascendant, lay just above the eastern horizon. As the houses were numbered downwards, the twelfth lay just above the first. In l. 36 Dryden puns on the double meaning of house.
28. *Denote*. The form of the verb is affected by the plural idea in the preceding clauses.
37. *Peregrine*. "Situated in a part of the zodiac where it has none of its essential dignities." N. E. D.
38. *One continued song*. This is probably, as Malone says, a reference to Davenant's *Siege of Rhodes*, a semi-operatic play, which had been acted with great success at the Duke's Theater in 1661. *The Wild Gallant* was presented at the rival house, the *Theater Royal*.
43. *A Spanish plot*. v. B. S. xviii, xix.
- 19², 55. *Mistakes*. A reference, as Malone points out, to the mistakes of Teg, an Irish servant in *The Committee*, a comedy by Sir Robert Howard, Dryden's brother-in-law.
23. *Leander*. The lover of Hero, drowned in swimming the Hellespont.
- 20, 9. *Cato's virtue*, etc. The reference is to Lucan's famous line:

Victrix causa deis placuit sed victa Catoni.
(*Pharsalia*, l. 128.)

"The conquering cause pleased the gods; but the conquered cause, Cato." As Scott remarks, there is "little propriety in comparing the influence of the royal mistress to the virtue of Cato."

PROLOGUE TO THE RIVAL LADIES. The two editions of 1664 may be distinguished by the fact that one, "printed by W. W.," lacks the prose preface and has no author's name on the title-page. The other, "printed by T. N.," includes the prose preface, and is said to be by John Dryden, Esquire.

- 21¹, 11. *Habits, dances*, etc. This is probably a reference to *The Siege of Rhodes*: cf. n. 19, 38.
34. *All slighted maids*. There is a possible reference to *The Slighted Maid*, a comedy by Sir Robert Stapylton, acted and published in 1663.
- PROLOGUE . . . TO THE INDIAN EMPEROR**. In *A Defense of an Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, printed with the second edition of *The Indian Emperor* in 1688, Dryden tells us that he has carefully corrected the text of the play since the first edition was published. The text of the second edition is therefore followed in the present volume.
- 21², 6. *Before the Spaniards came*. The Spaniards do not appear in *The Indian Queen*.

7-9. *Our prologue . . . beast*. These lines are found only in the first edition.

- 2 (Epil.). *Sends me*. So all editions from 1667 to 1686; editions from 1692 to 1701 read *sends you*.
- 22¹, 8. *Who write*. So all editions except the first, which reads, *That write*.
20. *To damn the Dutch*. Hostilities had broken out between England and Holland in 1664.
- 22², 5. *Which would too fast*. So all editions except the first, which reads, *that does too fast*.

22. **ANNUS MIRABILIS**. The first Latin motto is taken (with a change of order) from Pliny, *Epist.* x. 33, and means: "It matters much whether the occasion demands, or whether men wish to extend their power." The second is *Æneid*, ii. 363; cf. 542, 490.

In the 1667 edition occurs a note *To the Readers*: "Notwithstanding the diligence which has been us'd in my absence, some faults have escap'd the press: and I have so many of my own to answer for, that I am not willing to be charg'd with those of the printer. I have only noted the grossest of them, not such as by false stops have confounded the sense, but such as by mistaken words have corrupted it." This is followed by a list of errata.

In the following notes the readings of the 1667 edition (in octavo) are marked O, due account being taken of the list of errata; those of the 1688 edition (in quarto) are marked Q. Insignificant variations are not recorded; in general O has the spellings *then, show, latter*; Q has *than, shew, later*.

- 23¹, 3. *It is*. O reads *is it*.
- 23². *Sir Robert Howard*. v. B. S. xvii. This letter is dated from Charlton in Wiltshire, the residence of the Earl of Berkshire, Sir Robert Howard's father. The play to which Dryden refers (l. 9 of *Account*) is probably *Secret Love*.
- 24¹, 12. *Nobless*. That is, the nobility. O reads *noblesse*, which perhaps should have been retained in the text.
34. *Lucan*. Lucan (39?-65) wrote his *Pharsalia* on the war between Caesar and Pompey; Silius Italicus, of about the same date, wrote his *Punica* on the second Punic war.
- 24², 9. *Female rhymes*. Rhymes in which an unaccented syllable follows the rhyming syllable, as *twenty: plenty*.
13. *Alarique . . . Puellæ*. By Georges de Scudéry (1601-87), on the conquest of Rome by Alarie; and by Chapelain (1595-1674), on Joan of Arc. Cf. 491², 5-9.
17. *Chapman*. Chapman's *Iliad* is really in verses of seven feet and his *Odyssey* in verses of five feet.
22. *Gondibert*. An epic poem by Sir William Davenant, in the same stanza as *Annus Mirabilis*, published in 1651. In the present essay Dryden draws some material from Davenant's preface to *Gondibert*, and from the *Answer* to it by Thomas Hobbes, the philosopher. What he borrows he improves, by expressing it in his own terse and elegant style.

30. *Art.* O reads *arts*.
36. In general terms. "Dryden changed his mind about terms of art, and in the *Dedication* of the *Æneid* has given the opposite view. The *Annus Mirabilis* is an Elizabethan poem, reckless in the use of minute particulars." [KSN.] v. 519², 52, n.
40. *Descriptions*, etc. HORACE, *Ars Poet.* 86, 87. "Settled are the various forms and shades of style in poetry: if I lack the ability and knowledge to maintain these, how can I have the honored name of poet?" (*Lonsdale and Lee's translation*.)
- 25¹. 5. *Omnia*, etc. "The earth, with perfect justice, gives back all things of its own free will." The line seems like one from a school-boy's exercise, compounded of Virgil's *Georgics*, ii, 400 and *Eloquies*, iv, 39 and Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, i, 416, 417 and *Fasts*, iv, 370.
15. *It is*. O reads *is it*.
28. *Wit*. Dryden in the following passage is indebted to Davenant and Hobbes.
39. *Of imagination*. O reads, *of that imagination*.
47. *Paronomasia*. A pun: spelled *paronomasia* in O and Q.
57. *Deriving*. O reads *driving*.
- 25², 27. *Tho' he describes*, etc. Contrast Dryden's later comparison of Virgil and Ovid: v. 502, 503; 744¹, 4-10.
40. *Represents us with in*. So O and Q; Christie reads *within*. It seems better to retain the text as printed, and construe *represent* as *re-present*. Compare:
- Thy truth,
Like a transparent mirror, represents
My reason with my errors.
FORD, *Love's Sacrifice*, Act v. sc. 2.
41. *So we*. O reads *we so*.
47. *Totamque*, etc. VIRGIL, *Æneid*, vi, 726, 727: cf. 606, 982, 983.
52. *Lumenque*, etc. *Ibid.* i, 590-93: cf. 532, 826-831.
- 26¹. 5. *Materiam*, etc. "The workmanship surpassed the material." *Metamorphoses*, ii, 5.
15. *Diceris*, etc. "You will express yourself excellently, if a skillful combination makes a well-known word seem a new one." *Ars Poet.* 47, 48.
41. *Et nova*, etc. "And new and newly coined words will have credit, if they are only derived from a Greek source, a little altered in form." *Ars Poet.* 52, 53.
55. *Tediousness*. O reads *the tediousness*.
- 26². 7. *Antic*. Spelled *antique* in O and Q.
14. *Stantes*, etc. "Æmiliani standing in their chariots." JUVENAL, viii, 3.
17. *Spirantia*, etc. "Bronze statues that breathe more tenderly." *Æneid*, vi, 847, torn from its context.
24. *They said*. O reads, *they have said*.
Humi serpens. "Crawl on the ground." Cf. HORACE, *Ars Poet.* 28.
27. *Nunc non erat his locus*. "This was not the place for such things." HORACE, *Ars Poet.* 19. O and Q both read *hic* instead of *his*.
- VERRES TO HER HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS.
"The victory of June 3, 1665, was gained by
- the British fleet, commanded by the Duke of York, over the Dutch, under the famous Opdam. — The duchess came down to Harwich to see her husband embark, and afterwards made the triumphant progress to the North which is here commemorated. — The poem itself is adapted to the capacity and taste of a lady." [SCOTT.]
27. 18. *As when*, etc. v. Exodus xiv, 21, 22.
28. *New vigor*, etc. v. Exodus xvii, 11-13.
30. *We heard the cannon play*. The battle was off the coast of Suffolk, near Lowestoft; the noise of the cannon could be heard even at London.
45. *The stubborn North*. After returning from this battle, the Duke of York was sent into Yorkshire, where a rising was apprehended, and whither the duchess accompanied him.
52. *The newborn Phoenix*. v. 886, 887, 578-611; cf. 208, 364-369.
- 10 (prose). *Nec sunt*, etc. "There are a good many people, who think they show critical ability by picking flaws in their friends." FLIN, *Epist.* vii, 28.
- 24 (prose). *The children*. So O; Q by an evident misprint omits *the*.
28. 1. *In thriving arts*, etc. Cf. n. 11, 305.
5. *Trade*, etc. There is an implied reference to Harvey's discovery: v. n. 181, 31.
11. *The Idumean balm*. An imitation of Virgil: cf. 455, 165, 166.
13. *Their year*. So O; Q reads *the year*, probably by a mere misprint.
20. *Second Punic war*. The first English war against the Dutch (1652-54) had been carried on with great vigor by Cromwell. This second war, which Dryden trusted would result in a victory as complete as that of Rome over Hannibal, ended with the disgrace of England by the entrance of a Dutch fleet into the Thames in 1667. The comparison of Holland to Carthage later became famous by Shaftesbury's repetition of Cato's phrase, *Delenda est Carthago*, "Carthage must be destroyed:" cf. 71², 19, n.
32. *The babe of Spain*. Louis XIV was plotting to seize the Spanish Netherlands in the right of his wife, the elder half-sister of King Charles II of Spain, who was a sickly child. He sought, however, to conceal his designs, thus rocking the cradle of the Spanish king. He at first made a treaty to aid the Dutch against England; later, in 1667, when the English government agreed not to oppose his projects, he abandoned the cause of Holland.
41. *Ideas*. Cf. n. 2, 97.
29. 54. *He in himself did whole armadoes bring*. v. n. 14, 107.
59. *Ceruleus Proteus*, etc. Quoted incorrectly from *Georgics*, iv, 388, 394, 395: cf. 483, 557-568.
64. *Two glaring comets*. A comet had appeared in December, 1664, and another in the following April. By a poetical license (v. 50, 1162) Dryden continues the influence of these comets until the time of the Fire.

69. *Or one*, etc. v. 11, 288, n.
71. *A round*, etc. A Virgilian imitation: cf. 11, 292, 293; 428, 5-8.
73. *Victorious York*. v. 26, VERSES TO . . . THE DUCHESS, and note.
81. *Lawson*. Sir John Lawson, vice admiral to the Duke of York, who died from a wound received in this battle. Lawson had won distinction under the Commonwealth, and had later helped to bring about the Restoration. His death is compared with that of Protesilaus, who was the first of the Greeks to leap on the Trojan shore, where he was killed by Hector: v. 855, 94.
85. *Their chief*, etc. "Admiral Opdam blew up while alongside the Duke of York." [SCOTT.]
94. *The attempt at Berghen*. Two rich Dutch merchant fleets had taken refuge in the Norwegian harbor of Bergen. The King of Denmark, on a promise of a share in the profits connived at their capture by the English. The English, however, began the attack before his orders reached the governor of Bergen, and on August 3, 1665, were repulsed by the combined force of the Danes and the Dutch, and by a contrary wind. But when the Dutch fleet was proceeding on its way, it was shattered by a storm, and several vessels fell into the hands of the English (ll. 117-120).
95. *Southern climates*, etc. The war had opened with hostilities off the coast of Guinea.
- 30, 137. *St bene*, etc. "If you reckon up things well, there is shipwreck everywhere." *Sat.* 115, with a change of *est* to *fit*. Christie points out that the three previous stanzas are suggested by the same chapter in Petronius.
145. *Münster's prelate*. The Bishop of Münster, on the payment of a subsidy by Charles, attacked Holland; later, when Louis XIV joined the Dutch, he retired.
146. *Nullo*, etc. "No men excel the Germans in fighting or in keeping their word." Tacitus (*Annals*, xiii. 54) reports these words (in a slightly different order) as the boast of two Erisian chiefs on an embassy to Nero. The Bishop of Münster had promised Sir William Temple, the English envoy, that he would keep his word *fide sincera et Germanica*, "with a sincere and German faith." (TEMPLE, *Works*, 1814, vol. i, p. 213.)
- 31, 165. *With France*, etc. Early in 1666 France and Denmark both joined Holland against England.
169. *Levis*, etc. On the declaration of war, Louis XIV required all English subjects to leave France; Charles II, on the other hand, promised protection and religious toleration to any French or Dutch subjects who should come to England. [SCOTT.]
171. *Solomon*. v. 1 Kings iii. 16-28.
181. *The doubled charge*, etc. This refers to the enormous grants of money made to the king by parliament.
186. *Prince Rupert*, etc. Prince Rupert of Bavaria, the nephew of Charles I, had served with distinction in the civil wars. George Monk (v. 9, 151, n) had on the Restoration been created Duke of Albemarle. He had commanded the English fleet in a great victory over the Dutch in 1653: v. l. 198.
199. *Fasces*. v. n. 10, 249. According to a story told by Herodotus (*History*, iv. 3, 4) the Scythians, being unable to suppress by arms a revolt of their slaves, laid aside their spears and bows, and went forth with only their horsewhips. "The slaves were so astounded that they forgot to fight, and immediately ran away."
- 32, 204. *Examina*, etc. "Swarms of children, and the future people." PLINY, *Panegyricus*, xxvi.
213. *Our fleet divides*, etc. "When Prince Rupert and Albemarle were about to sail from the Downs, they received advice from the king that the French had fitted out a strong squadron to join with the Dutch fleet, accompanied by a positive order that Prince Rupert, with seventy men-of-war, should sail in quest of the French, and fight them before the intended junction. This order occasioned the separation of the fleet, a circumstance which, as the intelligence concerning the supposed French squadron was totally false, occasioned a heavy, and, but for the bravery of Albemarle, an overwhelming disaster. On June 1 the duke descried the Dutch fleet, consisting of seventy-six sail, under the famous de Ruyter, whereas he himself had not above fifty. After a council of war, the duke began the battle, which was continued with incredible fury during that whole day." [SCOTT.]
223. *Lands unfic'd*, etc. *Æneid*, viii. 691, 692: cf. 637, 915, 916.
231. *In its eye*. Against it.
- 33, 251. *With such respect*. "The Gauls, when they first entered the Roman senate, were so much struck with the solemn appearance of the venerable senators on their chairs of state, that for a time their fury was absorbed in veneration." SCOTT.
253. *Patroclus' body*, etc. v. *Iliad*, xvii.
267. *Berkeley alone, who nearest danger lay*. Christie states that the 1667 edition here reads, *not making equal way*, for the last half of this line; but the British Museum, Harvard, and Yale copies all read, *who nearest Danger lay*. If Christie is correct, there must have been two issues of the book. — Vice Admiral Sir William Berkeley was killed in this battle, after fighting bravely against heavy odds.
268. *Lost Creüsa*. v. 549, 1002-1005.
287. *Of ships*, etc. "The Dutch, in the morning of June 2, were reinforced by a fresh squadron of sixteen men-of-war." [SCOTT.]
292. *Spem*, etc. *Æneid*, i. 209; *alto* should be *altum*: cf. 525, 292.
- 34, 311. *Steer*. O reads *sheer*. Whether the change to *steer* was a misprint, or Dryden's substitution of a familiar word for an archaic one, must remain doubtful.
330. *Fiery Cacus*. v. 629, 335-342.
- 35, 364. *From the noise*. O reads, *are from noise*.
366. *Foll'wing*. So O; Q reads *following*.

374. *As he*, etc. v. 1 Chronicles xiii. 7-10.
384. *Vestigia*, etc. *Æneid*, ix. 797, 798, quoted loosely: cf. 652, 653, 1072-1081.
391. *Nec trucibus*, etc. Incorrectly quoted from *Sylva*, v. 4, 5, 6; *antennis* (*ac tennis* in O), should be *et terribis*: "Fierce rivers have not their wonted sound; the uproar of the deep declines, and the seas, leaning on the lands, become calm."
396. *Two former victories*. "By the English fleet over the Dutch in 1653 and 1665. On the last occasion the fleets met on the third, though the Dutch avoided fighting till the fourth of the month." SCOTT.
- 36, 435. *Him, whom*, etc. Christie calls attention to the imitation of *Æneid*, ii. 726-728: cf. 549, 988-991.
460. *Doth*. O reads *does*.
- 37, 472. *Joshua's*. v. Joshua x. 12, 13.
491. *Quam mediis*, etc. *Georgics*, iii. 423, 424; cf. 473, 614-616.
- 38, 514. *Dreadful*, etc. Christie remarks that there is here a fresh reminiscence of Virgil. Cf. 629, 327, 328.
521. *So have*, etc. Cf. 396, 718-725.
536. *Quos opimus*, etc. *Odes*, iv. 4, 51, 52.
545. *As when fiends*. v. Mark iii. 11.
553. *Unripe*. Cf. 28, 10.
- 39, 578. *Fervet opus*. *Georgics*, iv. 169: cf. 479, 230-273.
577. *Foundations*. O reads *foundation*.
586. *Friendly Sweden*. "Sweden was the only Continental power friendly to Britain during this war." [SCOTT.]
588. *Shakes*. So O and Q, whether by Dryden's error or the printer's.
601. *London*. "The former vessel, called the London, had been destroyed by fire. The city now built a new vessel, under the name of the Loyal London, and presented her as a free gift to Charles." SCOTT.
- 40, 629. *Saturn*. According to the Roman poets, Saturn, after his overthrow by his son Jupiter, came to Italy, introduced civilization, and established a reign of peace and happiness. v. 335, 1; 388, 113-145; 608, 1080, 1081.
699. *Extra anni*, etc. *Æneid*, vi. 796: cf. 608, 1084. For similar expressions, v. 208, 353; 258, 366.
649. *Measure of longitude*. O reads *knowledge of Longitudes*.
653. *Our globe's last verge*. This passage has been condemned as senseless. Lowell, however, in his *Essay on Dryden*, illustrates it by the American "jumping-off place," at the end of the world, which is thought of as a flat plate. There the sea meets the sky and leans upon it.
699. *The Royal Society*. Founded in 1660 for the promotion of science. Dryden himself was elected a member in November, 1662.
- 41, 669. *Already*, etc. "Notwithstanding the exertions of the English, the Dutch fleet, which needed fewer repairs, was first at sea, and their admirals braved the coast of England." [SCOTT.]
681. *Now come in*. O reads, *new come in*.
685. *Allen*. Sir Thomas Allen, an old Cavalier, had routed near Cadiz a large Dutch merchant fleet, on its way home from Smyrna, and had taken valuable prizes. [SCOTT.]
687. *Holmes*. Sir Robert Holmes had begun the war by aggressions on the coast of Guinea. He is compared here to Achilles, the faithful follower of *Æneas*.
689. *Gen'rals*. O and Q read *gen'rals*, which may mean either *general's* or *gen'rals*.
691. *Cato*. Plutarch tells how Cato the Censor, as an argument for the destruction of Carthage, exhibited some fresh figs in the Roman senate, and reminded his hearers that they had been gathered in Africa, only three days' sail from Rome. Cf. 712, 19, n.
693. *Sprag*. Sir Edward Sprag [Spragge], knighted and appointed rear admiral for bravery shown in the fight off Lowestoft.
695. *Harman*. Sir John Harman, who saved his vessel, the Henry, after it had twice been set on fire by the Dutch, in the battle of June 1-4.
697. *Hollis*. Sir Frescheville Hollis, who had lost an arm in the battle of June 3. His father had been distinguished in the civil wars; why his mother is here called a Muse is unknown. [SCOTT.]
701. *Thousands*, etc. A reminiscence of Virgil, as Christie indicates: cf. 583, 397, 398.
- 42, 734. *Hosts*. O reads *host*.
736. *Levat*, etc. *Æneid*, i. 145, 146: cf. 524, 208, 209.
741. *Second battle*. On July 25 and 26, 1666.
742. *Hast'ning*. O reads *hasting*.
760. *Possunt*, etc. *Æneid*, v. 231: cf. 582, 300.
- 43, 773. *O famous leader*, etc. Michael Adrian de Ruyter, chosen lieutenant admiral of the States in 1666. Dryden compares him to Varro, who commanded the Romans at the battle of Cannæ, in which they were fatally defeated by Hannibal, and to whom the senate voted thanks, "because he had not despaired of the Republic." [SCOTT.]
778. *Close to fight*. O reads, *to the fight*.
801. *But what'er*, etc. "The poet here follows up the doctrine he has laid down by a very bold avowal, that Henry IV of France, and the first Prince of Orange, instructed in sound policy by their translation to the blessed, would, the one disown the war against Henry III, into which he was compelled to enter to vindicate his right of succession to the crown against the immediate possessor, and the other detest the Dutch naval power, although the only means which could secure his country's independence." SCOTT.
813. *Nor was this all*, etc. In August, 1666, the English under Sir Robert Holmes destroyed a large Dutch merchant fleet near the Vlie, the strait between the islands of Vlieland and Terschelling, and then burnt a town on the latter island.
824. *Turbants*. O reads *turbans*.
825. *English wool*, etc. Professor Firth explains that the Dutch undersold English cloth manufacturers in foreign markets. English

- wool was exported to Holland, despite laws to the contrary.
827. *Doom into*. "Destine for." SAINTSBURY.
- 44, 836 (margin). *Transit*. O reads *Transitum*.
847. *Quam mare*, etc. Slightly altered from *Metamorphoses*, i, 257, 258; cf. 391, 347-350.
863. *All was the Night's*, etc. The fire of London broke out on the night preceding September 2. The phrase, *All was the Night's* translates part of a line of Varro, *Omnia noctis erant, placida composita quiete*, quoted by the elder Seneca (*Contronerius*, vii. 1 (16). 27).
881. *Hac arte*, etc. "She artfully managed the greedy man, that privation might inflame his mind." Quoted freely from Terence, *Heautontimorumenos*, ii. 3. 125, 126.
- 45, 889. *The Bridge*. "London Bridge was a place allotted for affixing the heads of persons executed for treason. The skulls of the regicides, of the Fifth Monarchy insurgents, and of other fanatics, were placed on the Bridge and on other conspicuous places. The *sabbath notes*, imputed to this assembly of fanatic specters, are the infernal hymns chanted at the witches' sabbath—a meeting concerning which antiquity told and believed many strange things." [SCOTT.] Ghosts' voices were thought to be shrill and feeble.
922. *A blaze*. O reads *the blaze*.
- 922 (margin). *Stigae*, etc. *Aeneid*, ii. 312: cf. 541, 419, 420.
926. *Simois*. The river Xanthus, which had endeavored to drown Achilles, was nearly dried up by Hephæstus. During the conflict it had called for aid on its tributary Simois. Dryden remembered in a general way Homer's account of the battle in *Iliad*, xxi.
- 46, 939. *Struggle*. So O; Q reads *struggle*.
949. *The king*. "It is not indeed imaginable how extraordinary the vigilance and activity of the king and the duke was, even laboring in person, and being present to command, order, reward, or encourage workmen; by which he showed his affection to his people, and gained theirs." *Evelyn's Diary*, Sept. 6, 1666.
- 47, 1004. *Tempests*. O reads *tempest*.
- 48, 1057. *Or, if*, etc. On the prayer of King Charles, cf. 1 Chronicles xxi. 12, 13, 17.
1066. *Spotted deaths*. "In 1665 the plague broke out in London with the most dreadful fury. In one year upwards of 90,000 inhabitants were cut off by this frightful visitation." [SCOTT.]
1077. *Threatings*. O reads *threatnings*.
1004. *In dust*. So O; Q reads *in the Dust*.
- 49, 1099. *A poet's song*. Alluding to Waller's poem, addressed to Charles I, *Upon his Majesty's Repairing of St. Paul's*. The walls of Thebes were fabled to have been built by the music of Amphion's lyre: cf. 917, 1005.
1113. *Th' empyrean heaven*. The highest heaven, the abode of God and the angels. The *Thrones* and the *Dominions* are the third and the fourth of the nine orders of angels.
1120. *Drive on*. O reads *give on*.
1121. *An hollow*, etc. "The flames of London are first a tallow candle; and secondly hawks, which, while pounding on their quarry, are hooded with an extinguisher." [SCOTT.]
- 50, 1157. *The Jews*, etc. v. Ezra i-iii.
1165. *Trines*. Astrologers taught that a trine, that is, an aspect of two planets distant from each other 120 degrees (one third of the zodiac), had a benign influence. To this Dryden adds the happy omen of Jupiter in ascension. Cf. 183, 13, n; 753, 500, n.
1168. *Works*. O reads *work*.
- 1177 (margin). *Augusta*. Cf. 135, 64.
1185. *A maiden queen*. Compare the title of Dryden's play, 51.
1195. *And Seine*, etc. This refers to the designs of Louis XIV on the Spanish Netherlands.
- 51, 1211. *Our trouble*, etc. "The disgraceful surprise of Chatham, in 1667, baffled this prophecy." SCOTT.
4. *The unties*, etc. v. B. S. xix.
- 52, 16 (Epil.). [F]or. CGD reads *or*.
- PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE WILD GALLANT, REVIV'D. Christie apparently makes a mistake in saying that these two pieces are printed in the *Covent Garden Drolery*.
- 53¹, 8 (Prol.). *Whetstone's Park*. This is a narrow street (now, and more usually in Dryden's time, called Whetstone Park) near Lincoln's Inn Fields. It was notorious for its brothels. Cf. 169¹, 31.
15. *He thought*, etc. Pepys, who saw a court performance of *The Wild Gallant* on February 23, 1663, writes: "The play [was] so . . . little answering the name, that from beginning to end, I could not, nor can at this time, tell certainly which was the Wild Gallant."
- 53², 44. *Vests*. Charles II vainly attempted to introduce this garment into England. According to Pepys (October 15, 1666) the king's vest was "a long cassock close to the body, of black cloth, and pinked with white silk under it, and a coat over it, and the legs ruffled with black riband like a pigeon's leg." Pepys adds: "Upon the whole, I wish the king may keep it, for it is a very fine and handsome garment." But on November 22 Pepys has received the news, "how the King of France hath, in defiance to the King of England, caused all his footmen to be put into vests, and that the noblemen of France will do the like; which, if true, is the greatest indignity ever done by one prince to another, and would incite a stone to be revenged."
- 54¹, 10 (Prol.). *Woodcocks*. This word was a cant term for simpleton.
- 2 (Epil.). *Benediction*. For the rhyme, cf. 2, 66, n.
- 54², 13 (Epil.). *Lilly*. William Lilly (1602-81), astrologer and almanac-maker. Cf. n. 11, 288.
- SONG I. In WD this song is headed, *A Song at the Duke's House*. The first line reads: "Make ready, fair Lady, to nights Immacence."
- SONG II. This song is imitated from one by Voiture, beginning, *L'amour sous sa loi*: see *Œuvres de Voiture*, 1856, p. 493.

- 55^a, 3. *Abroad*. So the editions of 1670 and 1690; that of 1675 reads *aboard*.
- 56^a, 5 (Epil.). *The rhyming Mounstieur*, etc. v. B. S. xix.
9. *King Richard's*. Referring, of course, to Shakespeare's *Richard III*, v. 3.
- PROLOGUE TO ALBUMAZAR, REVIV'D. CGD contains the following variant readings: (4) *and fewer*; (6) *And the best*; (8) *by this Astrologer*; (9) *and I should suppose*; (10) *He likes my fashion well, that wears my Cloaths*; (12) *became his Gold*; (16) *a word*; (21) *Who scarce*; (28) *They strip the living, but they rob the dead*; (29) *'T will with the mummery*; (30) *to 'em*; (33) *Yet such in Poetry*; (35) *Such as in Sparta weicht* [sic] *for Laurels stand*; (37) *their benefit*; (39) *Where Broth to claim there's no one has the courage*; (40) *after he has spit*; (41) *y' are all*; (43) *thefts will*; (45, 46) omitted in CGD; (47) *Now should we Letters of reprimall seal*.
- 7 (Prol.). *Subtle*. The chief character in Jonson's *Alchemist*.
- 56^a, 25. *Toms*. "This seems to have been a cant name for highwaymen." [SCOTT.]
- 57^a, 33. *Thrice a year*. A reference to Dryden's recent contract to furnish three plays a year for the King's Company. v. B. S. xx.
4. *Like Jews*, etc. Cf. 1 Kings xxii. 17.
16. *The Feign'd Astrologue*. Dryden's play, as the second title indicates, is imitated from *Le Feint Astrologue* of Thomas Corneille, who again was indebted to *El Astrologo Fingido* of Calderon.
22. *This night or next*. Referring to the discussions over the unity of time. v. B. S. xix. The whole action of the play, as the title would indicate, takes place in one evening.
- 59^a, Song IV. This song is a duet between Wildblood and Jaenitha, the lively hero and heroine of the play.
- 59^a, 14. *And he, who servilely*, etc. Dryden writes as follows in his preface to the second edition of *Tyrannic Love*: "For the little critics, who pleas'd themselves with thinking they have found a flaw in that line of the prologue, 'And he . . .', as if I patroniz'd my own nonsense, I may reasonably suppose they have never read Horace. *Serpil humi tutus*, etc. [*Ars Poet.* 28] are his words: he who creeps after plain, dull, common sense, is safe from committing absurdities, but can never reach any height, or excellence of wit; and sure I could not mean that any excellence were to be found in nonsense."
18. *A tyrant*. Maximin, "tyrant of Rome," is the chief character in the play.
- 60^a, 30. *St. Cathar'n*. "In the *Wentworth Papers* Lady Wentworth and Lady Strafford, whose spelling of proper names is almost purely phonetic, write usually *Cathern*." [SAINTSBURY.] St. Catharine was the heroine of the play, the *Royal Martyr*.
- Song. This is sung by a spirit, in order to tempt St. Catharine to love.
- 60^a, 1. *This jest*, etc. "The dress is said to have been begun by Nokes, a famous comic actor

at the Duke's Theater, as a caricature of French attire when Henrietta of Orleans visited England in May, 1670." [SAINTSBURY.]

- 61^a, 27. *They bring*, etc. This may be a reference to *The Indian Emperor*; v. 21.
33. *To like*. As to like.
- 61^a, 38. *French farce*, etc. v. 65^a, 6; 73^a, 7; 74^a, 38.
19. *When forty comes*, etc. Dryden jests at his own expense; he was thirty-nine at the time.
25. *This year's delay*. Apparently alluding to the lapse of a year since the production of *Tyrannic Love*, despite Dryden's contract to write three plays a year.
26. *The women were away*. On Nell Gwyn, v. headnote; other actresses were apparently away for similar reasons.
- 62^a, 13. *Vizard-mask*. The mark of a courtesan.
- 62^a, EPILOGUE. To justify the arrogant tone of this epilogue Dryden published with the first three editions of his play a critical essay entitled *Defense of the Epilogue*; or, *An Essay on the Dramatic Poetry of the Last Age*.
6. *Cob's tankard*, etc. "The characters alluded to are Cob, the water-bearer, in *Every Man in his Humor*; and Captain Otter, in *Epicene*; or, *The Silent Woman*, whose humor it was to christen his drinking cups by the names of Horse, Bull, and Bear." [SCOTT.]
63. THE ZAMBRA DANCE. This heading merely indicates the occasion at which the song was sung in the play. The text of this song printed in WD under the title, *A Song at the King's House*, supplies the following variants: (2) *Which none but Love, for*; (6) *Whilst*; (7) *Flowers, that*; (8) *bright Virgins*; (10) *temple . . . shady*; (14) *that languish*; (16) *can my bliss and you*; (17) *lovely shade*; (23) *For rather then*; (27) *And yet, Thus, thus, she cry'd*; (32) *I fancy I had done*; (34) *Whilst*; (35) *I must ease*. The text printed in the same collection under the title, *A Vision*, supplies the following variants: (2) *Which Jove for none*; (10) *white shoulders*; (11) *nor too*; (13) *ev'ry part*; (16) *will you*; (17) *by Jove this lonesome shade*; (24) *she spoke mought*; (34) *my scorn*.
- SONG II. In WD the last line in each stanza is repeated. That text also furnishes the following variants: (8) *heart burns*; (11) *mine eyes*; (12) *sweet dream*; (14) *Then I sigh*; (15) *being rival*; (19) *and ever*.
64. PROLOGUE . . . AFTER THE FIRE. CGD supplies the following variants: (2) *on bare*; (4) *from a desert*; (10) *of charity*; (12) *Whilst . . . our guests*; (13) *besides*; (16) *cherish*; (18) *the Fire*; (23-30) omitted in CGD. — WD supplies the following variants: (2, 4, 10, 12, 13, 18) as in CGD; (23) *doth*; (24) *equald*; (25) *doth*.
20. *But as*. Cf. 44, 847, 848.
- 65^a, 1. *With sickly actors*, etc. v. headnote, p. 64.
7. *Broad bloody bills*. Apparently the bills, or advertisements of the French troupe, were red, or printed in red ink. v. Lowe's *Life of Betterton*, pp. 14, 15.

12. *Send lackeys*. Seats were not reserved at this time: *ibid.* pp. 16-18.
- 66², 6. *Wanted*. The 1684 text reads *wanted*.
13. *Burgundian*. A slang term for *bully*, *brag-doccio*. v. N. E. D. under *Burgullian*.
14. *Benches*. The pit seats were apparently without backs.
23. *Gaudy house*. v. headnote, p. 64.
- 66², 26. *Too*. CGD reads *two*.
30. *Mamamouchi*. This refers to a play by Ravenscroft, *The Citizen turned Gentleman*, a free adaptation of Molière's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, which was acted at the Duke's Theater in 1671 or 1672. The citizen in the play is tricked into believing that he has been given the Turkish title of Mamamouchi, and is invested with the office amid much mock solemnity.
- PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO MARRIAGE À LA MODE. These pieces were spoken, as we learn from CGD, by Hart and Mohun, the two chief actors in the King's Company, who played the parts of Palamede and Rhodophil, the principal male characters in the play. The humor of the comedy consists in a double intrigue, between Palamede and Doralice, the wife of Rhodophil, and between Rhodophil and Melantha, the betrothed of Palamede. Neither couple can gain their end, and at the close of the play all resolve to respect one another's rights.
- CGD furnishes the following variant readings: PROLOGUE, (4) *While Wig and Vizard Masks, no longer far*; (5) *hath swept*; (7, 8) found only in CGD: (9) *went from home*; (18) *the grinning*; (23) *venter in*; (24) *her half-Crown*; (26) *heartily roame*; (28) *with gaudy*; (29) *For 'tis presumed*; (31) *cunning Morecraft, strut*; (32) *Here's all . . . to do*; (34, 37) *them (for 'em)*; (38) *falls*. — EPILOGUE, (7) *example*; (8) *see and hear*; (13) *Women faulty bare*; (14) *them (for 'em)*; (15) *were less*; (17) *Satyr lent*; (18) *would fret*; (19) *of Husband*; (21) *which of them*; (26) *are all*; (31) *Town, nor Court*.
- 67¹, 5. *France*, etc. England was now in alliance with France against Holland.
18. *Grinning honor*. The phrase is borrowed from Shakespeare, *1 Henry IV*, v. 3. 62.
24. *Half-crown*. The price of admission to the pit.
25. *The Mall*. A walk in St. James Park: pronounced *Mell*; cf. l. 20 of EPILOGUE.
31. *Cutting Morecraft*. In Beaumont and Fletcher's play, *The Scornful Lady*, Morecraft, a usurer, turns a gallant, and hence receives the title *cutting* (swaggering, ruffling) *Morecraft*. Malone, and Scott following him, see here a reference to the Mamamouchi episode in Ravenscroft's *Citizen turned Gentleman* (v. n. 66², 30), which is of a somewhat similar character, but this conjecture is far from convincing. There may have been a revival of *The Scornful Lady* at the Duke's Theater, of which record is lost.
- 67¹, 32. *The city*. The wives of the city merchants were conventionally regarded as the lawful prey of men of society.

68¹. SONG I. This song is sung by Doralice at the opening of the play, and is overheard by Palamede, who straightway begins his addresses to her. It thus forms the keynote of the action of the comedy.

NCS affords the following variants: (10) *further joys*; (12) *can give*; (15) *When all*; (16) *And neither*.

SONG II. This is sung at a court masquerade. NCS reads *While* in l. 1. WD and CGD read *whilst* in l. 13, and *did* (for *died*) in ll. 19, 20.

68². A SONG. In CGD this song is addressed to *Arminda*: *The Rehearsal* gives the name as *Armida*. CGD furnishes the following variants: (2) *hope no*; (6) *The fate*; (11) *gave, though*; (12) *My fall*; (14) *would lay*.

69. THE ANSWER. CGD furnishes the following variants: (1) *Arminda*; (8) *a fall*; (9) *In Seas*.

70¹, 30. *Mamamouchi*. v. n. 66², 30. The gibberish quoted below is passed off for Turkish upon the citizen in Ravenscroft's play.

36, 37. *Touch you: Mamamouchi*. For the rhyme, cf. ll. 40, 41, *uneasy: please ye*.

45. *Haynes*. Joseph Haynes, a noted comic actor, who played the part of Benito, the fool in Dryden's comedy. Cf. 280², 20, n.

3. *Coleman Street*. "Coleman Street had an ancient notoriety. In Dekker's *Seven Deadly Sins of London* (1606), Lying 'masters together all the Hackney-men and Horse-couriers in and about Coleman-streets.'" (WARD: *History of English Dramatic Literature*, iii. 327.) Cowley wrote a play called, *Cutler of Coleman Street*. Cf. n. 67¹, 31.

70². PROLOGUE . . . FROM AMBOYNA. The "cruelties of the Dutch" on which this play is founded occurred in 1622. Dryden dedicated *Amboyna* in terms of extravagant flattery to Lord Clifford, a colleague of the Earl of Shaftesbury in the Cabal ministry: cf. 419¹, n. On the play, v. B. S. xxii.

71¹, 12. *Love*. The 1673 text reads *loves*, by an evident misprint.

22. *States*. Republics: the Dutch Republic was frequently called simply the *States*.

33. *Least*. The 1673 text reads *less*; the text in the folio of 1701 reads *less*.

71², 1 (Epil.). *A poet*, etc. A reference to Tyrtaeus, who inspired by his verses the Spartans, in their wars against the Messenians.

6. *Boor*. Spelled *bore* in the 1673 edition.

18. *Two kings' touch*. "The poet alludes to the king's evil [scrofula, which the king was supposed to heal by his touch], and to the joint war of France and England against Holland." Scott.

19. *Cato*. v. 41. 691, n. After the incident of the figs, Cato is said to have concluded every speech by urging that Carthage should be destroyed. The comparison of Holland to Carthage was common at the time: cf. 28, 17-20. Shaftesbury used of Holland the phrase *Defenda est Carthago* in a famous speech on the assembling of parliament in February, 1673, but this was after the date of Dryden's play.

- 73¹, 32. *The Lucretian way*. The reference is to the atomic theory, as set forth by Lucretius in his poem, *De Rerum Natura*.
40. *Prætorian bands*. The reference is to the violent election of Roman emperors by the Prætorian guards, in contrast to their legal choice by the senate.
7. *A French troop*. v. 61¹, 38; 65¹, 6; 74¹, 38.
- 73², 30. *Macbeth*, etc. This refers to the performance, at the Duke's Theater, of "the tragedy of Macbeth, altered by Sir William Davenant; being dressed in all its finery, as new clothes, new scenes; machines, as flyings for the witches; with all the singing and dancing in it." (Downes.) It was apparently first acted in 1667 and revived with greater magnificence in 1672, when it proved "a lasting play." It is notable that Dryden here seems to ridicule Davenant, whom, as we know, in general he valued highly at this time: cf. 24², 22, n. For the comparison with *Simon Magus* (Simon the Sorcerer), see Acts viii. 9.
- 74¹, 36. *Empty operas*. v. n. 73², 30.
38. *White troops*. v. 61¹, 38; 65¹, 6; 73¹, 7.
- 74², 53. *Machines and tempests*. This refers to the performance at the Duke's Theater of "*The Tempest* . . . made into an opera by Mr. Shadwell, having all new in it, as scenes, machines; particularly one scene painted with myriads of Ariel [*sic*] spirits; and another flying away, with a table furnished out with fruits, sweetmeats and all sorts of viands, just when Duke Trinculo and his companions were going to dinner." (Downes.) Cf. 90⁹, 90, n.; and see supplementary note in *Additions and Corrections*.
7. *Thro'*. *Tho'* in the 1684 text, probably by a mere misprint.
22. *But leave you*, etc. "This seems to be an allusion to the recent death of a Mr. Scroop, who, about this time, was stabbed in the theater at Dorset Gardens by Sir Thomas Armstrong. Langbaine says he witnessed this real tragedy, which happened during the representation of *Macbeth*, as altered and revised by Davenant." [Scott.]
- 75¹, 27. *Our house relieves*, etc. That is, Drury Lane was a more convenient situation for a theater than Dorset Gardens, where the rival house, the Duke's Theater, was situated.
32. *Three boys in buff*. This may possibly be a reference to a droll, *The Three Merry Boys*, founded on the comic scenes in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Rollo*, which was acted during the suppression of the theaters: see Ward, *English Dramatic Literature*, ii. 734; or perhaps, to the comic parts of *Rollo* itself. Scott, however, supposes that there is a reference to *The Bold Beauclamps*, an old play ascribed to Thomas Heywood, which must have been quite forgotten by Dryden's time.
33. *The poets' heads*. "Some part of the ornaments of Davenant's scenes probably presented the portraits of dramatic writers." Scott. Really, busts of the dramatic writers. That of Shakespeare was recovered in

1845: v. Sidney Lee, *Life of Shakespeare*, ch. xviii.

- 75², 13. *Man, the little world*, etc. Man was termed the *microcosm*, or little universe, in opposition to the exterior universe, or *macrocosm*. The *sphere of crystal* is described in Spenser's *Fæerie Queene*, iii. 2. 18, 19.
24. *Muses so severe*. There is an implied reference to Martial, ix. 12 (11), 16, 17:

Nobis non licet esse tam disertis,
Qui Musas collimus severiores:

"We who serve severer Muses cannot be so eloquent." Cf. 385², 48; 512¹, 36.

Envy not now the godlike Roman's rage.

- being an attribute to be discovered by the audience, but not avowed by the poet." [Scott.] The identification of Sir Fopling with Hewet (cf. 908, 229) is far from certain; it rests only on the authority of Oldys's sketch of Etherege in the *Biographia Britannica*.
- 78², 22. *The toss*, etc. "The toss was presumably a mode of shaking the voluminous wig-hair back, and the *wallow* either a deep courtesying bow or a rolling kind of strut in the walk. The *yard-long snake* must be the tail of the wig, and a *shog* is a shake like that of a wet dog." [SAINTSBURY.] In the present editor's opinion, the *snake* is simply the fop's cane; gentlemen at this time wore full flowing wigs, not those with cues.
- 79¹, 1. *Y' are*. The 1677 text reads *you' re*.
12. *Arbaces*. The chief character in Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and No King*. — *Volpone* is one of Jonson's best comedies.
15. *Slighted Maid*. Dryden elsewhere speaks contemptuously of this play: v. 21¹, 34, n; SS. xvii. 325.
16. *Shakespeare's*. As Scott indicates, this statement, which is entirely incorrect, is doubtless founded only on the inferiority of Pericles as a play.
19. *All hawthorns*. "Alluding to the legend of the Glastonbury thorn, supposed to bloom on Christmas day." Scott.
24. *Stew'd*. Mr. W. A. Wright (v. C. xiii) suggested *sterr'd* (i. e. *starr'd*) as an emendation for this unintelligible word.
- 79², 1. *The blast*, etc. "Our author alludes to the verses addressed to him by Lee, on his drama called *The State of Innocence*. Dryden expresses some apprehension lest his friend and he should be considered as vouching for each other's genius, in the same manner that Bessus and the two swordsmen, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and No King* (act iv. sc. 3) grant certificates of each other's courage, after having been all soundly beaten and kicked by Bacurius." [Scott.]
- 80¹, 31. *His heroic worth*. This probably refers to Sir Edward Spragge, who had in May, 1671, cut a boom defending the Bay of Bugia and attacked Algerine pirates there concealed. [Scott.] He had earlier distinguished himself against the Dutch: v. 41, 693, n.
- 80². PROLOGUE . . . TO ALL FOR LOVE. On this play, v. B. S. xxiii.
15. *Tonies*. *Tony*, the abbreviated form of *Antony*, was a cant term for simpleton.
- 81¹, 37. *And since*, etc. These lines indicate that the play was acted early in the winter season — say in October or November, 1677.
- 81², 17. *Mr. Bayes*. v. B. S. xxi, xxvii.
1. *You' re*. The 1678 text reads, *Yo' re*.
- 82¹. PROLOGUE . . . FROM THE KIND KEEPER. This play and its successors, *Edipus*, *Troilus and Cressida*, and *The Spanish Friar*, Dryden gave to the Duke's Company. In 1678 his partners in the King's Company addressed a memorial to the Lord Chamberlain, in which, after setting forth their liberal treatment of Dryden, they complained of his desertion of them. (Malone, I, 1, 72-75.) How the matter was settled is unknown. The memorial shows Dryden in a bad light, but we must not judge a suit at law merely from the brief for the plaintiff. If Dryden was really guilty of knavery, it is strange that none of his many literary foes made any mention of the affair. Cf. B. S. xx.
8. *Machining lumber*. Another fling at opera (cf. n. 73², 30; n. 74², 53), which had apparently lost its popularity at the Duke's Theater.
- 82², 16 (Prol.). *Sturbridge fair*. "The fair annually held at Cambridge between September 18 and October 10." SAINTSBURY.
23. *Nostradamus*. v. 242, 1814, n.
- EPILOGUE. Limberham, the *kind keeper* of the comedy, after being grossly betrayed by his mistress Mrs. Tricksy (nicknamed Pug), who intrigues with Woodal, finally marries her.
- 83¹, 22. *A Smithfield horse*, etc. "Alluding to an old proverb, that whoso goes to Westminster for a wife, to St. Paul's for a man, and to Smithfield for a horse, may meet with a whore, a knave, and a jade. Falstaff, on being informed that Bardolph is gone to Smithfield to buy him a horse, observes: 'I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield. An I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were mann'd, hors'd, and wiv'd (2 *Henry IV*, i. 2. 58-61)." Scott.
- 9 (Prol.). *Cruise*. The text printed with *The Widow Ranter* reads *cause*, probably by a misprint.
- 83². PROLOGUE . . . TO EDIPUS. v. n. 82¹ (Prol.): This whole prologue shows the influence that Rymer's *Tragedies of the Last Age* had upon Dryden; cf. B. S. xxiii, xxiv. For instance Rymer writes, early in his book: "And now it was that . . . Socrates set up for morality, and all the buzz in Athens was now about virtue and good life. Camerades with him, and confederates in his worthy design, were our Sophocles and Euripides; but these took a different method."
- 84¹, 25. *Mons*. On August 15, 1678, the Prince of Orange, aided by some English and Scotch regiments, attacked and defeated a French army blockading Mons. This date aids in determining the time of the play.
36. *The Woolen Act*. This provided that after August 1, 1678, all persons should be buried in woolen.
1. *What Sophocles*, etc. Sophocles, Seneca, and Corneille had all written tragedies on the subject of *Edipus*; the last two writers proved unequal to their subject.
- 84², 34. *Burning of a pope*. "The burning a pope in effigy was a ceremony performed upon the anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's coronation." [Scott.] Cf. 87¹, 11.
- PROLOGUE . . . FROM TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. Of this play there seem to have been three issues in 1679, which differ in the imprint: one being printed for Jacob Tonson, the second printed for Jacob Tonson . . . and Abel Swail, and the third printed for Abel Swail

- ... and Jacob Tanson. The first two are in the Harvard Library, the third is mentioned in the *Catalogue of the Hoe Library*, vol. ii, pp. 110, 111.
85. PROLOGUE SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON. Betterton, the most famous actor of the Duke's Company, took the part of Troilus in the play.
38. *How Trojan*, etc. "The conceit which our ancestors had adopted of their descent from Brutus, the great-grandson of Aeneas, induced their poets to load the Grecian chiefs with every accusation of cowardice and treachery, and to extol the character of the Trojans in the same proportion." [SCOTT.] The conceit goes back to Geoffrey of Monmouth; on it cf. 494², 52 f.
40. *Homer's*, etc. Cf. 497², 34, n.
- 86¹, 26. *John Lilburne*. "John Lilburne (1614?-57) the most turbulent, but the boldest and most upright of men, had the merit of defying and resisting the tyranny of the king, of the parliament, and of the protector." [SCOTT.] When on trial in 1649 and in 1653 he maintained a defiant attitude towards his judges, but was on both occasions acquitted by the jury.
28. *The plot*. Dryden here avails himself of the anti-Catholic feeling roused by the Popish Plot.
- 86², 8. *Because*, etc. "An obvious reference to the fate of *The Kind Keeper*." [SAINTSBURY.]
23. *Requests*, etc. "The Court of Requests was a general rendezvous for the newsmongers, politicians, and busybodies of the time. Swift, in his *Journal to Stella*, makes frequent mention of it as a scene of political bustle and intrigue." [SCOTT.]
- 87¹, 42. *The Pope*, etc. Dryden again avails himself of the excitement caused by the Popish Plot: cf. 86¹, 28, n. At the burning, the Devil was prominent as the Pope's counselor.
7. *The Shrovetide crew*. Shrovetide is specifically the time between the evening before Quinquagesima Sunday and the morning of Ash Wednesday; it is often used loosely for Shrove Tuesday. That was the traditional holiday of the London apprentices, when they were wont to "take the law in their own hands and do what they list." (DEKKER, *Seven Deadly Sins of London*, ed. Arber, p. 40.) Cf. 824, 106, n.
11. *The Devil and the Pope*. Cf. 86¹, 28, n.; 87¹, 42, n.
16. *The style of forty-one*. "The meaning is that the poets rebel against sense and criticism, as the parliament, in 1641, did against the king; and that the audience judge as ill as those who, in 1648, condemned Charles to the block." [SCOTT.]
- 87². PROLOGUE AT OXFORD. The text printed with *Sophonisba*, 1681, furnishes the following variant readings: (2) *in a cart*; (5) *Eschilus [Escalus in Miscellany]*; (6) *e're trod* [for that trod]; (11) *some years . . . go on*; (12) *will here*; (15) *you Heathen*; (17, 18) not found in this text; (19) *we want*; (21-24) not found in this text; (25) *Occam, Dun, Scotus must, though learn'd, go down*; (27) *Aristotle, for*; (30) *Shall thence be call'd a Pipe of Inspiration*. After (30) this text adds the following lines:
- Your wiser Judgments farther penetrate,
Who late found out one Tareamongst the Wheat.
This is our comfort, none e're cry'd us down,
But who dislik'd both Bishop and a Crown.
- In Tory Oxford, Dryden ventures to ridicule the Popish Plot, instead of playing on the passions raised by it, as he had done in earlier prologues, and as he did later in *The Spanish Friar*.
4. *Dicitur*, etc. "Thespis is said to have carried his poems in wagons." HORACE, *Art. Poet.* 276.
5. *In some page*. Really, in the following lines of the *Art Poetica*.
8. *A tennis court*. "Apparently a tennis court was the place where the temporary stage was erected at Oxford." SCOTT.
18. *The Oxford Bells*. "Probably some pasquinade against the Whigs, then current in the University." SCOTT.
- 88, 25 (verse). *Scot*, etc. Duns Scotus, Thomas Aquinas, and William of Occam (mentioned in the variant reading of this line) were famous scholastic philosophers; Francisco Suarez was a Spanish theologian: the triple crown is of course that of the Pope.
- TRANSLATIONS FROM OVID'S EPISTLES. The text has been collated with that of the first edition, 1680, which is the only one the present editor has seen. The motto of the book is from Ovid, *Art. Amat.* iii. 345, 346: "Or let his *Epistles* be sung to thee with well-modulated voice; that type of poetry, which others knew not, he invented."
- 88¹, 4. *Mr. Sandys*. The translation of the *Metamorphoses* by George Sandys was first published in 1626, and was several times reprinted.
30. *A certain epigram*. MARTIAL, xi. 20.
37. *That author's life*. Suetonius's life of Horace.
- 88², 36. *Cur*, etc. "Why did I behold anything? Why did I make my eyes criminal?" OVID, *Tristia*, ii. 103.
- 89¹, 19. *Nudam*, etc. "Diana naked and unclothed." Quoted inaccurately from *Tristia*, ii. 105.
40. *Cavalièrement*. With courtly grace.
47. *He tells you himself*, etc. In *Tristia*, iv. 10. 43-52. But there Ovid says that with Tibullus, as with Virgil, he was not personally acquainted.
- 89², 18. *Metamorphoses*. The 1680 text reads *Metamorphosis*.
30. *Nescit*, etc. "He did not know how to leave alone what had gone well." From the elder Seneca, *Contronversia*, ix. 5 (28). 17, with a change of tense.
- 90¹, 5. *Purpureus*, etc. "One or two purple patches are sown on, to glitter far and wide." HORACE, *Art. Poet.* 15, 16.
18. *Heinsius*. In his introductory note to the

- Heroides*, to which Dryden is also indebted at the close of this paragraph.
30. *Jupiter*, etc. "Jupiter used to go as suppliant to the heroines of olden times." Ovid, *Ars Amat.* i. 713.
37. *Quam celer*, etc. "How swiftly did my Sabinus return from all parts of the world." Ovid, *Amores*, ii. 18. 27.
40. *Arethusa to Lycotas*. PROPERTIUS, iv. 3.
- 90², 39. *To run division*. "The common old term for executing variations on a musical theme." KER.
45. *Nec verbum*, etc. *Ars Poet.* 133, 134.
48. *The Earl of Roscommon*. Roscommon translated the entire *Ars Poetica*.
55. *That servile*, etc. "Dryden has greatly improved his quotation by omitting four lines after the first couplet." KER.
- 91¹, 9. *Atque*, etc. "And the same winds will bear away your sails and your faith." Ovid, *Heroides*, vii. 8: cf. 98², 9.
33. *Brevis*, etc. "I try to be brief, and become obscure." *Ars Poet.* 25, 26.
39. *Dic mihi*, etc. *Ibid.* 141, 142.
48. *Denham and Cowley*. Dryden refers to Denham's preface to *The Destruction of Troy* (a translation from the second book of the *Æneid*), and Cowley's preface to his *Pindaric Odes*. Cf. 181⁴, 45, n; 319², 50, n.
- 92², 3. *El que*, etc. "You may drop that which you despair of making brilliant, if treated." Slightly altered from Horace, *Ars Poet.* 149, 150.
29. *The author*. Aphra Behn.
- 93, 39-42. *When . . . great*. These four lines are Dryden's own composition, without warrant in the Latin text. The inverted commas, which are here retained from the edition of 1680, were probably intended to call attention to this fact.
95. HELEN TO PARIS. *The foregoing epistle* mentioned in the argument, was that from Paris to Helen, translated by Duke.
- 97, 180. *Let me not live*, etc. A literal translation of the Latin would be: "May I perish, if all things do not invite sin."
- 98, 17. *What people*, etc. Dryden has inserted into his poem a sly reference to the Exclusion Bill, by which the Whigs sought to deprive the Catholic Duke of York of the succession to the crown. The Latin says simply: "Who will yield the possession of their fields to men whom they know not?" Cf. 196, 35, n.
- 100, 139. *Hyarbas*. Properly, *Iarbas*.
101. UPON YOUNG MR. ROGERS. "The family of Rogers seems to have been of considerable antiquity in Gloucestershire. They possessed the estate of Dowdeswell during the greater part of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Many of their monuments are in the church of Dowdeswell, of which they were patrons. The subject of this epitaph was probably of this family." [SCOTT.]
- EPITAPH ON THE MONUMENT OF THE MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER. The editor is indebted for a copy of this epitaph to the courtesy of the Reverend G. Gore Skipwith, rector of Englefield. For the use of *Miscellany Poems*, 1712, he is indebted to Mrs. Edward Deshon Brandegee, of Faulkner Farm, Brookline, Massachusetts.
- In line 1 the text of 1712 reads *undaunted* (for *untainted*).
102. EPITAPH ON MRS. MARGARET PASTON. "This is an ancient and distinguished family in Norfolk. The interest attaching to it from the *Paston Letters* is now considerable. Barningham is a charming Jacobean manor house between Aylsham and Cromer." [SCOTT and SAINTSBURY.]
- EPITAPH ON SIR PALMES FAIRBORNE. The editor is indebted to the kindness of his friend Miss Elizabeth King, for a copy of the inscription in Westminster Abbey.
4. *Undaunted*. On the inscription *un-* seems to have been smoothed down and *dis-* substituted for it.
5. *Palladium*. The sacred image on which the safety of Troy was supposed to depend. *Balladium* on the inscription, by an evident mistake.
- 103¹. PROLOGUE . . . FROM THE SPANISH FRIAR. On this play, v. B. S. xxiv, xxv, xxvii.
11. *Bromington*. Birmingham acquired an evil repute for the coinage of counterfeit groats. Its name, under various forms, of which this is one (see N. E. D. under *Brummagem*), became a cant term for *spurious*: cf. 109⁴, 6, n.
21. *Notch'd*. N. E. D. explains as "having unevenly or closely cropped hair," and cites parallel passages. Scott comments: "It was anciently a part of the apprentice's duty . . . to take notes of the sermon for the edification of his master."
- 103², 43. *A fair attempt*, etc. The reference may be to the assault on Dryden himself in Rose Alley on December 18, 1679 (v. B. S. xxvi), but is more probably to the murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey: v. n. 118, 676.
46. *The new-found*, etc. *The Chambre Ardente* had been in session in 1679-80, investigating the Voisin and other notorious poisoning cases.
- 104¹, 3. *A woman wit*, etc. Aphra Behn.
7. *Cowley*. "Cowley published in his sixteenth year a book called *Poetical Blossoms*." SCOTT.
- 104², 17 (Prol.). *Mercury*. This was a favorite title for newspapers at the time: a *Mercurius Domesticus*, published in 1679, may be intended here, though there need be no definite reference.
- 105¹, 25. *Take him for the blue*. *Blue* here seems equivalent to *bloom*: Dr. Johnson defines *bloom* as "the blue color upon plums and grapes newly gathered." The sense then is: "Accept the fruit, unripe as it is, since it is at least perfectly fresh."
1. *Discord and plots*. A reference to the disorders occasioned by the Popish Plot, and in particular (l. 4) to the suppression of the rebellion of the Scotch Covenanters by Monmouth in June, 1679.
- 105², 19. *Indian Emperor*. Dryden's own play: cf. 21.
27. *Teg*. Cf. n. 19², 55. But *Teg* seems to have

been the regular name for any stage Irishman, as Pat is to-day.

- 106³, 31. *The suffragating tribes*. "The right of voting was only gradually extended to others than Romans proper." [SAINTSBURY.]

- 106³, 35. *Oxford*, etc. This preference of Oxford to Cambridge must not be taken too seriously: cf. the quotation in headnote, p. 72.

PROLOGUE TO OXFORD. The concluding lines of this prologue apparently refer to Dryden's political satires. If that is the case, too early a date has been assigned to the poem in the headnote.

1. *The fam'd Italian Muse*, etc. "Dryden seems, though perhaps unconsciously, to have borrowed the two first lines of this prologue from Drayton:

The Tuscan poet doth advance
The frantic Paladin of France.

Nymphidia." SCOTT.

The reference is to Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, xxxiv. 70, 82-86. (The editor is indebted for aid to Professor J. B. Fletcher, of Columbia University.)

11. *London notes*. London was the stronghold of the king's Whig opponents.

- 107¹. PROLOGUE . . . TO THE UNHAPPY FAVORITE. Christie suggests that this play was selected for the occasion because of a possible parallel between the story of Essex and that of Monmouth.

1. *When first*, etc. Cf. 750, 70 f.

- 107². EPILOGUE. The text of this piece printed with the play furnishes the following variant readings: (11) *The Vision*; (14) *Pent here*; (18) *their venom daily spit*; (20) *To the Upper Gallery* is inserted as a side-note; (22) *Or what is . . . does spite*; (24) *These are the Authors that have*; (25) *exercise*; (31) *You had agreed your Play before the Prize*; (32) *Faith you may hang your Harps*; (36) *her if he*.

5. *Loit'ry cavaliers*. "The lottery cavaliers were the loyal indigent officers, to whom the right of keeping lotteries was granted by patent in the reign of Charles II." [SCOTT.]

8. *Three last ungiving parliaments*. "These were the parliaments of 1679, 1680, and the Oxford parliament of March, 1681. All three refused supplies to the crown, until they should obtain security, as they termed it, for the Protestant religion." [SCOTT.]

10. *Seven lean kine*. v. Genesis xli. 1-4.

- 108³, 13. *Playhouse earth*. Cf. 117, 636, 637.

14. *Our last fire*. v. headnote, p. 64. On *Lilly*, v. n. 11, 288; n. 54², 13 (*Epil.*).

15. *Third-days*. The third day of a play was the author's benefit performance: cf. 417, 13 (*Epil.*).

21. *The Hatfield Maid*. This was a pamphlet telling of the apparition of a ghost of Whigish inclinations to one Elizabeth Freeman, later called the Maid of Hatfield. [SCOTT.]

23. *Democritus*, etc. "*Herakleus Ridens* was a paper published weekly on the part of the court, and answered by one called *Democritus* on that of the Whigs." [SCOTT.] Cf. 442³, 3, n.

32. *Hang their harps*, etc. v. Psalm cxxxvii. 2. ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL. On the general occasion of this poem, see B. S. xxvii, xxviii. The motto: "If you stand nearer, it will attract you more," is from Horace, *Ars Poet.* 361, 362. In the following notes, F designates the first edition, Q the second; later editions are called ed. 3, ed. 4, etc. In 1716, in *The Second Part of Miscellaneous Poems*, Tonsen published a *Key* to both parts of *Absalom and Achitophel*, to which all succeeding commentators are indebted.

- 108², 4. *Whig and Tory*. "These famous expressions of party distinction were just coming into fashion. Whig, a contraction of Whigamore, is derived from a word used by the peasantry in the west of Scotland in driving their horses, and gave a name to those fanatics who were the supporters of the Covenant in that part of Scotland. The Tories owe their name [Irish *toiridhe*, a pursuer] to the Irish banditti." [SCOTT.] Thus one side were fanatic rebels, the other Popish thieves.

- 109¹, 1. *A treasury of merits*. The saints, according to the Catholic doctrine, have merits more than sufficient for their own salvation; these merits may be applied to the saving of less holy persons.

6. *Enough*. F reads *enow*.

Anti-Birmingham. Anti-Whig. For the reputation of Birmingham, see 103¹, 11, n. The Tories applied the term to the Whigs, perhaps in allusion to Monmouth's spurious pretensions to legitimacy. Or, according to another story, the Tories gave the name Birmingham Protestants to the Whigs, in sarcastic allusion to their claim of being the only True Blue Protestants: cf. the title of *Mac Flecknoe*, 134. Cf. 124¹, 40, n.

- 109², 20. *Origen*. Origen believed that salvation was possible for every rational creature. "The evil spirits which fell have not lost that spirit by which they are akin to God, which in its essence is inaccessible to evil, though it can be overgrown and overpowered." WESTCOTT, in *Dictionary of Christian Biography*.

33. *Ense rescindendum*. "Something that must be cut off with the sword." Ovid, *Met.* i. 191, has *ense rescindendum*; Virgil, *Aeneid*, xii. 389, 390, has *ense . . . rescindant*. Cf. 314¹, 27.

- 1 (verse). *In pious times*, etc. The profanity of these lines, which seek to excuse the profligacy of Charles II, aroused the wrath of a Nonconformist parson, who in 1682 published *A Whip for the Fools Back, who styles Honorable Marriage a Curs'd Confinement, in his Profane Poem of Absalom and Achitophel*, followed by, *A Key (with the Whip) to open the Mystery and Iniquity of the Poem call'd Absalom and Achitophel*. The two form one pamphlet, paged continuously: the first consists of just but crude railery at the immorality of Dryden's opening lines. Dryden sneers at this writer in his *Epistle to the Whigs*, prefixed to *The Medal*; v. 127², 30. Halkett and

Laing's *Dictionary of Anonymous and Pseudonymous Literature* identifies him with Christopher Nesse.

7. *Israel's monarch*, etc. David (v. 1 Samuel xiii. 14) and, in the parallel, King Charles II.
11. *Michal*. "Queen Catherine of Portugal, the wife of Charles II, resembled the daughter of Saul in the circumstance mentioned in the text." [Scott.] v. 1 Samuel xviii. 27; 2 Samuel vi. 23.
13. *Several mothers*, etc. This refers to Charles II's numerous family of illegitimate children.
- 110, 18. *Absalon*. F reads *Absolon*. The same variation occurs in line 221.

"James Scott, Duke of Monmouth and Buccleuch, was born at Rotterdam, April 9, 1649. He was the son of Charles II and of Lucy Walters, a beautiful young lady of a good Welsh family. After the Restoration, the king sent for this young gentleman to court, where the royal favor and his own personal and acquired accomplishments soon made him very remarkable. 'Nature,' says Count Hamilton, 'perhaps never formed anything so perfect as the external graces of his person.' Yet his mental qualities did not altogether support this prepossessing exterior. [Cf. 906, 56.]—He was married, by the king's interference, to Anne Scott, Countess of Buccleuch, and heiress of the extensive estate which the powerful family she represented had acquired on the frontiers of Scotland. Thus favored at home, he was also fortunate enough to have an opportunity of acquiring military fame by serving two campaigns in Louis XIV's army against the Dutch, in 1672 and 1673. He also served with the Dutch against the French in 1678, and is on all hands allowed to have displayed great personal bravery. On his return to England, the duke met with a distinguished reception from Charles, by whom he was loaded with favors.

"Thus highly distinguished by rank, reputation, and royal favor, he appears for some time to have dedicated himself to the pleasures of the court. During the agitations over the Popish Plot, he was led to head the faction most inimical to the interests of the Duke of York, and speedily became distinguished by the name of the Protestant Duke. The prospect which now opened itself before Monmouth was such as might have turned the head of a man of deeper political capacity. The heir apparent, his personal enemy, had become the object of popular hatred to such a degree that the bill excluding him from the succession seemed to have every chance of being carried through the House of Lords, as it had already passed the Commons. It seems generally to have been believed that Charles was too fond of Monmouth, and too jealous of his brother, to hesitate at declaring this favorite youth his legitimate successor.

"Thus it is no wonder that Monmouth gave way to the dictates of ambition; and, while he probably conceived that he was only giving his father an opportunity to manifest

his secret partiality, he became more and more deeply involved in the plots of Shaftesbury, whose bustling and intriguing spirit saw at once the use to be made of Monmouth's favor with the king and popularity with the public. From that time their union became close and inseparable. Some of Monmouth's partisans had even the boldness to assert his legitimacy, which, however, was formally denied by the king. When the insurrection of the Covenanters broke out in Scotland, Monmouth was employed against them, a duty which he executed with fidelity and success. This was in the year 1679, and Monmouth's good fortune had then attained its summit. He was beloved by the people and general of all the forces; London was at the devotion of Shaftesbury; the Duke of York banished to Brussels, and universally detested on account of his religion. But either the king's attachment to the Catholic religion, or his sense of justice and hereditary right, occasioned an extraordinary alteration of measures at this momentous crisis. The Duke of York was summoned from abroad, and by his presence and activity at once assumed his ascendancy over Charles. For although he was obliged to retire to Scotland to avoid the fury of the exclusionists, yet a sharper exile awaited his rival Monmouth, who, deprived of his commission as general, was sent into the foreign banishment from which his uncle had just been recalled. Accordingly he retired to Holland. Meanwhile the factions waxed still more furious, and Shaftesbury utterly embroiled the kingdom by persuading Monmouth to return to England (in November, 1679) without license from his father. This conduct deeply injured Monmouth in his father's favor, who refused to see him, had his chief offices taken from him, and caused him to be formally sent out of the kingdom by order in council. Monmouth, instead of leaving the country, in August, 1680, started on a quasi-royal progress through the west of England, with an affectation of popularity which gained the vulgar, but terrified the reflecting. Above all, by a close alliance with the Machiavel, Shaftesbury, he showed his avowed determination to maintain his pretensions against those of the lawful successor. This was the state of parties in 1681, when *Absalom* and *Achitophel* first appeared.

"The permission of so sharp a satire against the party of Monmouth, though much qualified as to his individual person, plainly showed the king's intention to proceed with energy against the leaders of the country party. Monmouth was arrested on September 20, 1682, and obliged to enter bail for his peaceable deportment and appearance when called on to answer any suit against him by the king. He was subsequently involved in the Rye House Plot, but was pardoned by the king. Being banished from court, he retreated to Holland, where he remained until after the

- accession of James II. He then headed a rebellion, which resulted in his entire defeat and in his execution on the scaffold, July 15, 1685." [SCOTT.]
19. *Inspir'd by*. F reads *inspir'd with*.
34. *The charming Annabel*. See note on l. 18, and B. S. xvii.
39. *Amnon's murder*. v. 2 Samuel xiii. 28, 29. Scott and Christie think that this refers to an assault in December, 1670, by some of Monmouth's troopers, upon Sir John Coventry, a member of the House of Commons who had made a sarcastic allusion to the king's amours. Coventry was not murdered, though he was brutally disfigured, so that the parallel is not accurate.
42. *Sion*. London.
45. *The Jews*. The English.
51. *Adam-wits*. Probably only an allusion to the state of Adam in Paradise, free except that he was prohibited to eat of the tree of knowledge. *Want in the next line means lack*.
57. *Saul*. Oliver Cromwell.
58. *Ishbosheth*. Richard Cromwell: v. 2 Samuel iii, iv.
59. *Hebron*. Scotland, where Charles had been crowned on January 1, 1651; in England he was not crowned until April 23, 1661. So David reigned in Hebron before he reigned in Jerusalem: v. 2 Samuel v. 4, 5.
66. *A State*. The word, as in l. 24, means *republic*.
82. *Good Old Cause*. That is, of the Commonwealth; Dryden's aim is to identify the Whigs with the men who rebelled against Charles I. There is, possibly, a more specific reference to the intrigues between Charles I and the Presbyterians and the parliament in 1647-48, which led ultimately to the execution of the king and the establishment of the Commonwealth.
85. *Jerusalem*. London.
86. *Jesuites*. Roman Catholics: for the name, v. Judges i. 21; xix. 10.
87. *And theirs the native right*. As Professor Collins points out, this and other unfinished lines are probably in imitation of Virgil's hemistichs: cf. 517', 55, n.
88. *The chosen people*. The Protestants.
90. *And every loss*, etc. The following lines do not exaggerate the treatment of the Catholics by the government and the people of England.
- 111, 104. *The Jewish rabbins*. "Doctors of the Church of England." CHRISTIE.
108. *That Plot*. The Popish Plot, of which Titus Oates gave the first information in August, 1678. According to Oates' story, Charles was to be murdered and James made king as the agent of the Jesuits. A French army was to support these schemes and aid in suppressing Protestantism. Oates may have had some slight foundation of truth for his structure of lies.
114. *Some truth there was*, etc. A recent investigator of the Popish Plot, Mr. John Pollock, gives Dryden the following high (perhaps excessive) praise:
- "Of all men whose reputation was made or raised by the Popish Plot, none have since maintained their fame at so even a height as John Dryden. His person but not his name suffered from the changes of fortune, and at a distance of more than two centuries the sum of continuous investigation has little to add to the judgments passed on his times by the greatest of satirists. The flashes of Dryden's insight illumine more than the light shed by many records. In politics, no less than in society, his genius had ample room. The Plot gave him a subject worthy of a master. [Lines 114-117, 134-141 quoted.] The lines are a witness against the two great parties whose intrigues were woven to menace the security of the English state. Oates' false oaths ruined the hopes of the Roman Catholics: the designs of the English Whigs were grounded on them." *The Popish Plot*, London, 1903, p. 222.
118. *Egyptian*. French: cf. 113, 281-286. At this time France was the leading Catholic power. The following lines are a sneer at the doctrine of transubstantiation, which Dryden later defends in *The Hind and the Panther*: v. 219, 220, 85-153. Dryden is indebted to the opening lines of Juvenal, xv, where, after describing the Egyptian worship of animals, the satirist exclaims: "It is impious to violate and break with the teeth the leek and the onion. O holy races, to whom such deities as these are born in their gardens! Every table abstains from woolly animals; it is impious there to cut the throat of a young kid; it is lawful to feed on human flesh." (*J. D. Lewis's translation*.)
121. *As serv'd*. F reads *And serv'd*.
128. *Hebrew priests*. Anglican clergymen. The fleece is of course the tithes paid by the parishioners; Dryden's sneers at priests are incessant.
150. *Of these*, etc. Professor Firth calls attention to the following passage in Coleridge's *Table Talk*, August 6, 1832:
- "You will find this a good gauge or criterion of genius — whether it progresses and evolves, or only spins upon itself. Take Dryden's *Achitophel* and *Zimri*: . . . every line adds to or modifies the character, which is, as it were, a-building up to the very last verse; whereas in Pope's *Timon*, &c., the first two or three couplets contain all the pith of the character, and the twenty or thirty lines that follow are so much evidence or proof of overt acts of jealousy, or pride, or whatever it may be that is satirized."
- Achitophel*. Anthony Ashley Cooper (1621-83), created Earl of Shaftesbury in 1672. He inherited a large fortune, and became a member of parliament in 1640. On the outbreak of the civil war he supported the king, and in 1643 raised troops in his aid. In 1644 he changed sides, and performed military service under the parliamentary commanders. He sat in the Barebone's Parliament in 1653, where he was a leader of the moderate party, and in later parliaments under Oliver Crom-

well and Richard Cromwell. He was also a member of Cromwell's Council of State in 1653-54, but did not receive the usual salary of £1000 for his services, and about the close of 1654 became estranged from Cromwell, from whom he afterwards held aloof, and whom he at times opposed. He actively promoted the Restoration, and after it became prominent in the government. In 1661 he was made Baron Ashley. In 1670-73 he was a member of the Cabal ministry and in 1672-73 Lord Chancellor. After the fall of the Cabal he became the most conspicuous leader of the Opposition. In 1678 and the following years he took advantage of the belief in the Popish Plot, and was the chief supporter of the Exclusion Bill, which was brought forward to deprive the Duke of York of the succession. In 1679 he was for a short time in office as Lord President of the Council. On July 2, 1681, he was arrested and confined to the Tower on a charge of high treason, but was released when the Middlesex grand jury refused to indict him. When set free, he remained in London, where he was safe so long as Whig sheriffs remained in power. In 1682, when the Tories had gained control of London, Shaftesbury, with Monmouth and others, formed fruitless plans for a rising against the king. In November, 1682, he fled to Holland, where he died on January 21 of the next year. He was a constant supporter, though sometimes by unscrupulous means, of parliamentary government and, except as regards Catholics, whom he dreaded for political reasons, of religious liberty. Dryden's wonderful satires have done permanent injury, it may be feared, to the reputation of a great man.

152. *Counsels*. F reads *Councils*.

154. *Principles*. F reads *principle*.

156. *A fiery soul*, etc. A writer in *Notes and Queries*, series I. ii. 468, cites the following passages as possibly furnishing Dryden hints for these lines:

"He was one of a lean body and visage, as if his eager soul, biting for anger at the clog of his body, desired to fret a passage through it." FULLER, *The Holy State and the Profane State* (in the life of Alva).

The purest soul that e'er was sent
Into a clayey tenement.

CAREW, *Epitaph on the Lady Mary Wiltiers*.

The general idea of the contrast between Shaftesbury's body and his mind is found in Mulgrave's *Essay on Satire*: v. 907, 100-116.

157. *Pigmy body*. In reference to Shaftesbury's small stature.

163. *Great Wits*, etc. Seneca writes, quoting inaccurately from Aristotle (*Problems*, xxx. 1): "There has been no great genius without a mixture of madness." (*De Tranq. Animi*, xvii.) But Dryden may have taken the idea from Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, i. 3. 3.

170. *To that unfeather'd*, etc. Shaftesbury's son was a man of no capacity. Dryden contempt-

uously applies to him the definition of man attributed to Plato: "A two-legged unfeather'd animal."

112, 175. *The triple bond he broke*. In 1668 a triple alliance had been formed between England, Sweden, and the Dutch Republic, against France. Shaftesbury played a prominent part in breaking up this alliance and bringing on the Dutch war of 1672-74, in which England was aided by France. He was however not privy to any designs of France against English freedom. In 1672 Dryden had been an ardent advocate of the policy of the Cabal: v. B. S. xxii; 70, 71. In 1673 dread of France, and of Catholic influence in England, replaced the previous jealousy of Holland. There were fears, not entirely groundless, of a French invasion in the Catholic interest.

179. *Usurp'd a patriot's*. F reads *Assum'd a Patron's*. The next twelve lines do not appear at all in F. Their absence occasions an abrupt and awkward transition. We may at least conjecture — proof of course is impossible — that they were present in Dryden's original draught of the poem, but omitted, in order to deepen the satire on Shaftesbury, when it was first published; and that line 179 was then altered in order partially to bridge the gap caused by their omission. So far as the editor can learn, Shaftesbury was not specially distinguished as a *patron*, nor can that name be called *atoning*. If this conjecture be correct, Dryden in the second edition simply reverted to his original text.

Patriot was the name affected by the faction (the germ of the Whig party) that in 1680 sent up petitions to Charles asking him to allow Parliament to meet, that the Exclusion Bill might be passed: cf. 121, 122, 963-988.

188. *Abethdin*. A rabbinical term for a certain officer of the high court of justice of the Jews: literally, *father of the house of judgment*. See the *Jewish Encyclopedia* under *bet din*. It is here applied to Shaftesbury as Lord Chancellor, the presiding judge in the Court of Chancery.

196, 197. *David*, etc. Two interpretations are possible for this couplet: David would have made a song in honor of Achitophel, so that (a) one of David's songs (perhaps Psalm iii, or the lament of David for Absalom in 2 Samuel xviii. 33) would have been lacking; or (b) so that Dryden would have had no need to write his immortal poem of *Absalom and Achitophel*. The former meaning seems the more likely to be true. The application to Charles II is by no means clear.

198, 199. *But wild*, etc. "In Knolles' *History of the Turks*, printed more than sixty years before the appearance of *Absalom and Achitophel*, are the following verses, under a portrait of the Sultan Mustapha I:

Greatness on Goodnesse loves to slide, not stand,
And leaves for Fortune's Ice Virtue's firme land.

The circumstance is the more remarkable,

because Dryden has really no couplet more intensely Drydenian than this [lines 198, 199 of *A. and A.*], of which the whole thought, and almost the whole expression, are stolen." MACAULAY, *Essay on Temple*.

The poem from which this couplet is taken is found on p. 1370 of the 1621 edition of Knolles' work; it is in a continuation not included in the earlier editions. — The editor is here indebted to Professor W. A. Neilson of Harvard University.

204. *Manifest of crimes.* A Latinism, from Salust's *manifestus sceleris* (*Jugurtha*, xxxv). [CHRISTIE.] Cf. 767, 623.

209. *More he makes.* Christie remarks that the charge against Shaftesbury of fabricating evidence for the Popish Plot is without foundation. Shaftesbury probably shared in the belief in it by which he profited.

213. *Proves the king himself a Jebusite.* This was, to quote Christie, "no calumnious invention of Shaftesbury." Charles II professed himself a Catholic on his deathbed, and was probably one in heart at the time of the Restoration.

227. *Drawn, etc.* This line is repeated in *The Hind and the Panther*, 220, 211. The hint for it he found in a couplet:

It is decreed, we must be drain'd, I see,
Down to the dregs of a democracy, —

which begins one of the poems in *Lachrymarum Musarum*, 1649, the volume in which Dryden's poem *Upon the Death of the Lord Hastings* was first published. The poem is signed M. N., which is expanded into M. Needham in the copy of the book (in the issue of 1650) once owned by the Countess of Huntingdon, Hastings' mother, and now by Mr. Chew.

235. *Divides.* F reads *Shuts up*.

240. *Thee, Savior, thee, etc.* Dryden is indebted, as Professor Collins shows, to Lucretius, i. 6: *Te, dea, te fugiunt venti* (cf. 182, 7); or to Milton's imitation of that line in *Lycidas*, 39:

Thee, shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves, etc.

113, 264. *Gath.* Explained in Tonson's *Key*, published in *The Second Part of Miscellany Poems*, 1716, as, "The Land of Exile, more particularly Brussels, where King Charles II long resided."

270-272. *He . . . strand.* Cf. 10, 276-279. *Jordan's sand* here means Dover, but in 120, 820 *Jordan's flood* is the Irish Channel.

281. *Pharaoh.* Louis XIV, with whom Charles II was in alliance.

299. *And nobler, etc.* These lines probably express Shaftesbury's real motive. In desiring a king who should hold power only by the will of the people he anticipated the policy of the Revolution.

310. *Metal.* *Metal* and *mettle* were at this time not distinguished in spelling.

314. *Loyal.* So F and Q. Eds. 4, 5, and 6 read *Royal*, probably by a misprint; the editor has not seen ed. 3.

318. *Mankind's delight.* Copied from a phrase

used by Suetonius of the Emperor Titus: *amor ac delicia generis humani*. Cf. 282¹, 11 f. 114, 353. *His brother.* James, Duke of York. For further tributes to him by Dryden, v. 204, 36-77; 247, 2200-2231.

381. *Contemn.* F reads *condemn*.

390. *Sanhedrin.* The high council of the Jews: here, the *parliament*.

402. *My arts, etc.* "In 1679, when the antipathy to Popery had taken the deepest root in men's minds, the House of Commons passed a vote: 'That the Duke of York's being a Papist, and the hopes of his coming to the crown, had given the highest countenance to the present conspiracies and designs of the Papists against the king and the Protestant religion.' Charles endeavored to parry the obvious consequences of this vote by proposing to the Council a set of limitations which deprived his successor, if a Catholic, of the chief branches of royalty. Shaftesbury, then President of the Council, argued against this plan as totally ineffectual; urging that when the future king should find a parliament to his mind the limitations might be as effectually taken off as they could be imposed. When the bill was brought in, for the total exclusion of the Duke of York from the succession, Shaftesbury favored it with all his influence. It passed the Lower House by a very large majority, but was rejected by the House of Lords, where Halifax opposed it with very great ability. Shaftesbury, who had taken so decided a part against the Duke of York in his dearest interests, now could only look for safety in his ruin." [SCOTT.]

416. *A nation.* F reads *a Million*.

418. *God was their king.* Alluding to the Commonwealth "without a king," established in 1649, which is compared to the condition of Israel under the Judges. It was brought to an end by the creation of the Protectorate under Cromwell (*Saul*) in 1653.

115, 447. *And, like a lion, etc.* Cf. 795, 242-244.

455. *Your case, etc.* Shaftesbury's party were justly believed willing and anxious to raise an armed rebellion against the king if they could gain their ends in no other way.

116, 513. *Solymean rout.* The London rabble: Solyma is another name for Jerusalem. The following lines refer to the submission of the City to Cromwell, and its later turbulence under Charles II.

517. *Ethnic plot.* The Popish Plot, made by the Gentiles (*ἔθνη*): that is, here, the Jebusites, or Catholics.

519. *Hot Levites.* The Presbyterian clergymen, who in 1662 had been forced to leave the Church of England by the Act of Uniformity, which required unfeigned consent to everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer as a condition of holding a benefice. Their followers were mainly among the tradesmen and merchants of the towns.

525. *Aaron's race.* The priesthood: v. 1 Chronicles vi. 49.

536. *Fathers'*. Q and eds. 5, 6 read *Father's*; F reads *Fathers*.
539. *Born to be saved*, etc. A sneer at the Calvinistic doctrine of election.
544. *Zimri*. George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham. On his relations with Dryden, v. B. S. xxi, xxviii. Dryden was fully aware of the genius shown in this portrait: v. 313, 314. The portrait is not only brilliant but just. As Scott writes: "The Restoration put into the hands of the most lively, mercurial, ambitious, and licentious genius who ever lived, an estate of £20,000 a year, to be squandered in every wild scheme which the lust of power, of pleasure, of license, or of whim could dictate to an unrestrained imagination." Buckingham was a member of the Cabal ministry, but was dismissed from office in 1674. Changing sides, he strove to become a leader of the Opposition, and "made a most active figure in all proceedings which had relation to the Popish Plot." — "As Dryden owed the Duke no favor, he has shown him none. Yet, even here, the ridiculous rather than the infamous part of his character is touched upon, and the unprincipled libertine, who slew the Earl of Shrewsbury while his adulterous countess held her lover's horse in the disguise of a page, is not exposed to hatred." Yet Dryden glances at this intrigue in the name *Zimri*: v. Numbers xxv. 6-15. A pamphlet, replying to Dryden, *Poetical Reflections on a late Poem entitled Absalom and Achitophel, by a Person of Honour*, is ascribed to Buckingham by Wood in *Athenæ Oxonienses*. Malone (I. i: 36, 37) reprints the opening lines of it. It has none of the sparkle shown in *The Rehearsal*.
- Professor Collins points out that Dryden drew hints for his portrait from Horace, *1 Satires*, iii. 1-20, and Juvenal, iii. 73-77: cf. 329, 133-141.
- Pope, in *Moral Essays*, iii. 297-314 (Cambridge edition, p. 160) gives a brilliant, though inaccurate, description of the death of Buckingham.
- 117, 574. *Balaam*. Theophilus Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon, younger brother of the Lord Hastings whom Dryden lamented in his first poem. At first an adherent of Monmouth, he later changed sides and joined the party of James II. — *Well-hung* may mean *fluent, voluble*, as in the following couplet, cited by Professor Firth:
- Flippant of talk and voluble of tongue,
With words at will, no lawyer better hung.
OLDHAM, *Satire in Imitation of the Third of Juvenal*.
- It has also, however, a coarser meaning, which would make a truly Drydenian antithesis to *cold*: v. N. E. D. and E. D. D.
- Caleb*. Lord Grey, called *cold* because of the report that he consented to an intrigue between his wife and Monmouth.
575. *Nadab*. "William, Lord Howard of Escriek, although an abandoned debauchee, made occasional pretensions to piety. He

had served under Cromwell and been a preacher of the Anabaptists. Being accused of inspiring a treasonable libel on the court party, he was sent to the Tower, where he uttered and published a canting declaration, asserting his innocence, upon the truth of which he received the sacrament. He is said, however, to have taken the communion in *lamb's wool* — ale poured on roasted apples and sugar." [Scott.] There is a certain propriety in the name, since Nadab "offered strange fire before the Lord:" v. Leviticus x. 1.

581. *Jonas*. Sir William Jones, the attorney general who conducted the prosecution of those implicated in the Popish Plot. In November, 1679, he resigned his office, disgusted, it is said, with his work, and became an opponent of the court party. He drew up the Habeas Corpus Act, passed in 1679, which was a most important check on the arbitrary power of the government. Christie conjectures that he also draughted the Exclusion Bill.
585. *Shimei*. Slingsby Bethol, one of the two Whig sheriffs of London. He was a consistent republican, who had written both against royalty and against Cromwell. In lines 614, 615 Dryden probably refers to his recent tract, *The Interest of Princes and States*. Bethol's stinginess, in contrast to the hospitality expected of a sheriff, became proverbial. — By packing juries with Whigs, the sheriffs protected persons prosecuted by the court party, thus securing an *ignoramus* verdict on Shaftesbury himself shortly after this poem was published. — Dryden applies to him the name of the "man of the family of the house of Saul" who cursed David: v. 2 Samuel xvi. 5; 1 Kings ii. 36-46.
- Youth did early*. F reads, *early Youth did*.
598. *Sons of Belial*. For the phrase, cf. Deuteronomy xiii. 13; 1 Samuel x. 27.
617. *Rechabite*. v. Jeremiah xxxv. 14.
624. *Towns once burnt*. Referring to the great fire of London: cf. 44, 833 f.
628. *Moses*. Here and in l. 649 the early editions print *Moses's*.
632. *Corah*. Titus Oates (1649-1705), the contriver of the Popish Plot. Except that Corah was a rebellious Levite (v. Numbers xvi) there is no special appropriateness in the name. Oates was the son of an Anabaptist, of a family of ribbon-weavers, who later became a Church of England clergyman. He himself first took orders in the Church of England; then, being disgraced for misconduct, became ostensibly a Catholic. During his subsequent travels in Spain he professed to have received a degree from the University of Salamanca (l. 658), and to have gained a knowledge of Jesuit plots against the English government. In his testimony, he continually pieced out his original deposition by additional information, which he stated he had at first forgotten. During the reign of James II he was fined, whipped, and pilloried for his perjuries; under William III he received a pension.

633. *Ereot thyself*, etc. Dryden sarcastically compares Oates to the brazen serpent made by Moses, which brought salvation to the children of Israel: v. Numbers xxi. 6-9.
- 118, 649. *A church vermillion*, etc. Jovial churches are proverbially of a ruddy complexion: Molière speaks of Tartuffe's *teint frâis* and *bouche vermeille* in a line (v. *Tartuffe*, l. 4) that may have been in Dryden's mind. — And when Moses came down from Mount Sinai after his talk with the Lord, "the skin of his face shone:" v. Exodus xxxiv. 29-35; cf. 889, 103.
665. *Writ*. F reads *Wit*.
676. *Agag's murder*. Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, the magistrate before whom Oates had made his deposition, was soon after found dead in a field, with his sword run through his body. Oates hastened to assert that he had been murdered by Catholics, and by his complete success gained credence for his other stories. Dryden here represents Oates as instigating Godfrey's murder in order to profit by it, and, though the mystery will probably never be solved, his explanation has important arguments in its favor. (Of the most recent writers, John Pollock, in *The Popish Plot* (1903) maintains that Godfrey was killed by Jesuits, as Oates asserted; Alfred Marks, in *Who killed Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey?* (1905), argues that he committed suicide.) For the scriptural comparison, v. 1 Samuel xv: Samuel reproached Saul for not killing Agag, king of the Amalekites.
682. *Surrounded*, etc. v. n. 110, 18.
688. *His joy conceal'd*. F reads *Dissembling Joy*.
697. *Hybla-drops*. The honey of Hybla in Sicily was famous: cf. 152, 1123, n.
705. *Egypt and Tyrus*. France and Holland.
710. *Bathsheba*. Louise de Kéroualle, Duchess of Portsmouth, the reigning mistress of Charles II. The preceding line refers to the subsidies which Charles received from France.
727. *Believe*. F reads *believe's*.
- 119, 738. *Wise Issachar*. Thomas Thynne, of Longleat in Wiltshire, who entertained Monmouth on his progress through the kingdom in 1680. *Wise* is sarcastic: compare the description (Genesis xlix. 14) of Issachar as "a strong ass couching down between two burdens."
742. *Depths*. F reads *depth*.
750. *A brother and a wife*. Oates attempted to involve both the Duke of York and Queen Catherine in the Popish Plot. The queen's failure to bear children, by opening the way for the Duke of York's succession, was in a sense the cause of the party strife in England.
759. *What shall we think?* etc. In the remarkable passage that follows, Dryden sets forth his views on political philosophy. Unlike most Tories, he grounds the royal power not on *divine right*, but on a *covenant* made by the governed, to avoid the anarchy of a state of nature *where all have right to all* (l. 794). He thus shows his sceptical turn of mind by accepting a fundamental tenet of Hobbes. He will not, however, agree with Hobbes that this covenant once made is irrevocable, since such a conclusion leaves the people defenseless. Yet he sees, as well as Hobbes himself, that to admit that the governed can revoke their covenant, opens the door to anarchy. Unable to extricate himself from this logical dilemma, he subsides into a kind of opportunistic conservatism: innovation is justified in extreme cases, to preserve the falling State; otherwise, it is to be condemned. In *Religio Laici* (165, 166, 276-355) Dryden adopts a similarly shuffling attitude when discussing the relative authority of Scripture and tradition.
777. *Add, that the pow'r*. F reads, *That Pow'r, which is*.
- The pow'r for property allow'd*. The recognized possession of power.
- 785, 786. *What standard*, etc. The couplet is, for Dryden, singularly obscure. The fickle crowd is apparently compared to water, which, after rising to the mark or boundary it was intended to reach, overflows all the faster. (The editor is here somewhat indebted to a note by Professor Collins.)
804. *To touch our ark*. To commit sacrilege: for touching the ark of the covenant Uzzah was struck dead: v. 2 Samuel vi. 6, 7.
- 120, 817. *Barzillai*. James Butler, Duke of Ormond (1610-88). As Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (cf. l. 820) he had fought bravely on the side of Charles I. He was a companion in exile, and later a most loyal and honorable servant, of Charles II. To him Dryden dedicated in 1683 the translation of *Plutarch's Lives* for which he wrote the *Life of Plutarch*. Here he appropriately gives him the name of the aged benefactor of David, "a very great man:" v. 2 Samuel xix. 31-39.
829. *His bed*, etc. "The Duke of Ormond had eight sons and two daughters. Six of those sons were dead in 1681, when this poem was published." [Scott.]
831. *His eldest hope*, etc. Thomas, Earl of Ossory (1634-80). He had distinguished himself on sea in the Dutch wars of 1665-67 and 1672-74; and on land in 1677 and 1678, fighting with the Dutch under the Prince of Orange against the French. At the battle of Mons (v. n. 841, 25) he had commanded the English auxiliaries. He died of a fever in 1680. — In ll. 832, 833 Dryden is indebted to Virgil, *Aeneid*, v. 49, 50.
834. *Unequal fates*. Virgil's *fata iniqua* (unjust fates), *Aeneid*, ii. 257; x. 380.
838. *O narrow circle*, etc. Cf. 4, 18, n; 274, 270-273.
844. *O ancient honor*, etc. Dryden is again indebted to Virgil; *Aeneid*, vi. 878-880.
846. *Thy name*. F reads, *Thy Birth*; eds. 4, 5, 6 read, *his Name*.
847. *Fame*. F reads *Worth*.
858. *And left this verse*, etc. The hearse was, according to N. E. D.: "A temple-shaped structure of wood used in royal and noble

- funerals. . . . It was customary for friends to pin short poems or epitaphs upon it."
864. *Zadoc*. William Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury. v. 2 Samuel viii. 17.
866. *The Sagan of Jerusalem*. Henry Compton, Bishop of London, the youngest son of the second Earl of Northampton. Dryden takes the word *sagan* (more correctly *segen*), meaning *prefect, governor*, from the Hebrew. In post-biblical times the *segen* (abbreviated for *segen of the priests*) was the priest next in rank to the high priest. For this note, and for that on *abbedhin* (l. 188) the editor is indebted to Professor William Popper of the University of California.
868. *Him of the western dome*. John Dolben (1625-86), Dean of Westminster. By the *prophets' sons* (cf. 2 Kings ii. 3) Dryden means the boys of Westminster School. Dolben became Archbishop of York in 1683: cf. 708⁵, 5-7.
877. *Adriel*. John Sheffield (1648-1721), Earl of Mulgrave, and afterwards Marquis of Normanby (1694) and Duke of Buckingham and Normanby (1703). He was the patron to whom Dryden dedicated his *Aureng-Zebe* and his translation of the *Aeneid*. He is probably called *sharp-judging* because of his *Essay on Satire* (v. 905-908) and his *Essay on Poetry*. In 1679 Charles II bestowed on him the governorship of Hull, and the lord lieutenantancy of Yorkshire, two of the offices that had been taken from Monmouth. For further details, v. B. S. xxv, xxvi.
882. *Jotham*. George Savile (1633-95), Viscount, Earl, and finally Marquis of Halifax, was the leader of the *Trimmers*, a small party that sought to mediate between the Whigs and the Tories, thus *trimming the boat*. From 1673 to 1679 he had been in opposition to the government, as a leader of the *Country* party, the predecessors of the Whigs; he was thus associated by political principles with Lord Shaftesbury, with whom he was also connected by marriage. From the first, however, he opposed the project of excluding the Duke of York from the succession; and by his eloquent speeches in the House of Lords, November 15, 1680, in opposition to Shaftesbury, he actually *turned the balance* against the Exclusion Bill (cf. n. 114, 402). (So Jotham in a parable rebuked the conspirator Abimelech and his followers, and foretold their ruin: v. Judges ix.) His services to the king's party gained him a commanding influence in the government from May, 1681, to March, 1682. Dryden in 1691 dedicated to him his opera of *King Arthur*.
- "Curiously enough, Halifax records, on the authority of Dryden himself, that the poet was at one time offered money to write verses against him (Devonshire House 'note book')." H. C. Foxcroft: *Life and Letters of Sir George Savile, Bart., First Marquis of Halifax*, London, 1898, vol. i, p. 327.
- Piercing*. F reads *ready*.
888. *Hushai*. Laurence Hyde (1641-1711), Viscount Hyde, later Earl of Rochester, son of the Earl of Clarendon, whom Dryden addressed in an early poem: v. 15. Hyde, when young, held important diplomatic offices; in 1679 he was made First Lord of the Treasury, and became one of the most important ministers of the time. He was a patron of Dryden, to whom poems ridiculing him are falsely ascribed: v. 917, 921. Hushai, the friend of David, was the chief agent in overthrowing the counsel of Achitophel: v. 2 Samuel xv-xvii.
- 121, 890. *Amiel*. "Edward Seymour was descended of the elder branch of the illustrious family of that name. [The then Duke of Somerset was descended from a younger branch of the same family.] He was Speaker of the House of Commons, 1673-79." [SCOTT.]
910. *Th' unequal ruler of the day*. Phaethon, the son of Apollo, god of the sun, who rashly attempted to drive his father's chariot.
944. *Th' offenders*, etc. The Whigs had questioned the king's power to pardon and commute punishment, notably in the cases of the Earl of Danby and Lord Stafford.
- 957-960. *But O . . . son!* These lines are not found in F; they were added to soften the satire on Monmouth.
965. *Patriot's*. v. n. 112, 179.
966. *Supplant*. F reads *destroy*; the change is again in the direction of mildness.
971. *His old instructor*, etc. "Shaftesbury, who lost his place as Chancellor in November, 1673." CHRISTIE. But the line may possibly refer to Shaftesbury's dismissal in October, 1679, from the post of Lord President of the Council, to which he had been appointed in the preceding April: cf. 140, 203.
- 122, 981. *They petition*. v. n. 112, 179. The next line refers of course to Genesis xxvii. 22.
987. *Unsatiated*, etc. v. Proverbs xxx. 15, 16.
1006. *Law*, etc. Moses on Mount Sinai was not allowed to behold the face of the Lord, "For there shall no man see me, and live;" he was permitted, however, to see the "back parts" of the Lord (Exodus xxxiii. 20-23). Dryden here terms Grace the *hinder parts* of Law: the Whigs have clamored for Law against the Catholics and denied the king's power to grant pardon; hence they shall behold the face of Law and die themselves.
1010. *By their own arts*, etc. Dryden borrows from Ovid: cf. 727, 739, 740.
1012. *Against themselves*, etc. "This is rather an imprudent avowal of what was actually the policy of the court faction at this time. They contrived to turn against Shaftesbury and his party many of those very witnesses by whom so many Catholics had been brought to execution." [SCOTT.]
1028. *Henceforth*, etc. Cf. 11, 292, 293; 29, 71, n.: 428, 5-8.
- PROLOGUE . . . TO THE LOYAL BROTHER. Neither of these pieces is directly assigned to Dryden in the 1682 edition of Southerne's play, from which the present texts are taken.

But in the dedicatory letter in which South-erne offers to the Duke of Richmond "the first fruits of his Muse," there occurs the following sentence: "Nor durst I have attempted thus far into the world, had not the Laureate's own pen secur'd me, maintaining the out-works, while I lay safe intrench'd within his lines; and malice, ill nature, and censure were forc'd to grin at a distance."

The two pieces were also published by Tonson as a broadside (undated), of which the editor has used a copy made at the British Museum. Here both pieces are ascribed to Dryden, and the epilogue is said to have been "spoken by Mrs. Sarah Cook;" cf. 155² (*Epil.*). The only variations of text of any importance are *And* (for *But*) in l. 43 of the *Prologue*, and *to* (for *till*) in l. 2 of the *Epilogue*. In ll. 36 and 46 of the *Prologue* the text published with the play reads, *They miter'd and inspire*: both obvious misprints.

123¹, 7. *Petitions*. v. n. 112, 179.

13. *The Whig*, etc. This was part of the program of Shaftesbury's party in 1681.

19. *Grave penny chronicles*, etc. Scott printed a copy (v. SS. vi. 237-240) of the identical pamphlet to which Dryden refers, and of which his verses might serve as a summary. It describes the pope-burning of November 17, 1679.

20. *Sir Edmond-berry*. v. n. 118, 676.

123², 50. *Five praying saints*, etc. The Conventicle Act of 1664 prohibited all religious meetings, not in accordance with the practice of the Church of England, at which there should be assembled "five persons or more . . . over and above those of the same household."

7. *The King's House*. "Where the play was acted." Scott.

124¹, 15. *An honest jury*, etc. Cf. n. 117, 585.

21. *The leaden farthing*. "Alluding to the tokens issued by tradesmen in place of copper money, which, though not a legal tender of payment, continued to be current by the credit of the individual whose name they bore." [Scott.]

25. *Pension-parliament*. "The parliament which sat from the Restoration till 1678 bore this ignominious epithet among the Whigs." Scott.

40. *True Protestants*. A title that the Whigs arrogated to themselves, insinuating that the Tories were false ones, almost Papists: cf. n. 109¹, 6, and heading to *Mac Flecknoe*, 134. There is also an allusion to the emigration of the French Huguenots into England, caused by the persecuting spirit of the French government.

PROLOGUE . . . TO THE PRINCESS OF CLEVES.

Lee based his play on the celebrated romance of the same title, by Mme. de La Fayette. The virtuous Princess of Cleves confesses her love for the Duke Nemours to her husband, and claims his protection against herself. The Prince of Cleves dies of grief at the thought of her (assumed) infidelity. Thereupon her sense of honor and duty proves

stronger than her love for Nemours, whose advances she rejects, afterwards retiring entirely from life at court: v. *Epilogue*, ll. 23-32. This delicate central situation Lee surrounds with an underplot unusually filthy even for the Restoration stage. Nemours is the person described in the opening lines of the *Prologue*.

124², 19. *Perjuria*, etc. OVID, *Ars Amat.* i. 633: cf. 727, 714, 715.

125¹, 34. *Renouncing*. At this time, to *renounce* was to fail to follow suit, though in possession of a proper card. It now usually means to fail to follow suit through the lack of a proper card.

6. *High-flying*. An epithet applied to the extreme Tories, who supported lofty claims on behalf of the authority of the king and the Church.

THE MEDAL. On this poem, v. B. S. xxviii. The motto is from Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi. 588, 589: cf. 604, 792-795. As in the case of *Absalom* and *Achitophel*, Dryden's name was never directly joined to the poem during his lifetime.

126¹, 14. *Polander*. "It was a standing joke among the opponents of Shaftesbury, that he hoped to be chosen King of Poland at the vacancy in 1673-74 when John Sobieski was elected." [Scott.] Hence his followers were called *Polanders*.

23. B. George Bower, the artist of the Medal: v. headnote.

34. *No-Protestant Plot*. A tract in three parts, by Robert Ferguson (v. 142, 321, n.) published in 1681-82. The full title of the first part is: *No Protestant-Plot: or the pretended conspiracy of Protestants against the King and Government discovered to be a conspiracy of the Papists against the King and his Protestant Subjects*. Mr. T. F. Henderson writes in D. N. B.: "The authorship of the first two parts has usually been ascribed to Shaftesbury, but Ferguson claims the authorship of the whole three." The object of it was to defend Shaftesbury and the Whigs from the charge of having treasonable designs against the king at Oxford.

42. *Scanderbeg*. An Albanian prince (1414?-67), famous for his wars against the Turks. When the Turks captured Alessio, where he was buried, the janizaries disinterred his bones, and used them as amulets.

126², 10. *Association*. Among Shaftesbury's papers there was found the draught of a project, unsigned, and not in his handwriting, for an Association to protect the Protestant religion, the king's person, and the liberties of the subject, against the exercise of arbitrary power. This was a main support of the charge of high treason that had been rejected by the grand jury.

Similar projects had also been mooted in parliament. — "Another vote [in the House of Commons of the second short parliament, 1680] went much higher: it was for an Association, copied from that in Queen Elizabeth's

time, for the revenging the king's death upon all Papists, if he should happen to be killed. The precedent of that time was a specious color. But this difference was assigned between the two cases: Queen Elizabeth was in no danger but from Papists; so that Association struck a terror into that whole party, which did prove a real security to her, and therefore her ministers set it on. But now it was said there were many republicans still in the nation, and many of Cromwell's officers were yet alive, who seemed not to repent of what they had done; so some of these might by this means be encouraged to attempt on the king's life, presuming that both the suspicions and revenges of it would be cast upon the duke and the Papists. Great use was made of this to possess all people that this Association was intended to destroy the king instead of preserving him." BURNER.

"Lord Essex . . . moved [in the House of Lords of the same parliament] that an Association should be entered into to maintain those expedients [of limiting the royal power in case a Catholic should become king], and that some cautionary towns should be put into the hands of the Associates during the king's life to make them good after his death. The king looked on this as a deposing of himself . . . and as worse than the Exclusion." IBID.

37. *To petition in a crowd*. The Act of 13 Car. II. c. 5 (1661), provided that no persons, without previous legal permission, should procure more than twenty signatures to any petition, and that no petition should be presented to the king or the parliament by a body of more than ten persons.

- 127¹. 6. *Your dead author's pamphlet*, etc. The reference is to *An Account of the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government in England*, by Andrew Marvell (1621-78), published in 1677. "As it traced the intrigues of the court of England with that of France, it made a great impression on the nation." [SCORR.]

9. *Buchanan*. George Buchanan (1506-82), famous as historian, political writer, and Latin poet. In the work mentioned in the text he defends limited monarchy. The book was a favorite with the men of the Long Parliament, but the editor can find no confirmation for the statement that Milton was particularly indebted to it.

12. *Guisards*. Cf. 154, 155 (Prol.); 8, 101, 102.

Davila. An Italian historian (1576-1631). His *Storia delle Guerre Civili di Francia* is said to have gone through more than two hundred editions.

20. *Theodore Beza*. A French reformer (Théodore de Bèze, 1519-1605), the leader of the Calvinist party after the death of its founder.

35. *Some*. So in eds. 1 and 3; ed. 2 reads *same*.

53. *A parallel betwixt this Association*, etc. "In 1584 there was a general Association entered into by the subjects of Queen Elizabeth for the defense of her person, supposed to be

endangered by the plots of the Catholics and malcontents." [SCORR.]

56. *Of the one*. Eds. 2 and 3 omit *the*.

- 127². 23. *Let your verses*, etc. Settle, for example, continually introduces parodies of Dryden's own verses into his *Abraham Senior*, which he wrote in reply to *Abraham and Achitophel*; cf. B. S. xxviii.

30. *The Nonconformist parson*, etc. v. n. 109², 1 (verse).

41. *Is printed*. Eds. 2 and 3 read *are printed*.

61. *Saucy Jack*. Jack was a common epithet at this time for a low-bred or ill-mannered fellow.

- 128, 10 (prose). *Irish witnesses*. Certain Irishmen who, protected by Shaftesbury, had told of a Catholic plot in Ireland, later turned against him. The Whigs refused to credit them when they began to swear on the Tory side.

- 3 (verse). *Polish*. v. n. 126¹, 14.

26. *A martial hero*, etc. There is much misrepresentation in the following lines; v. n. 111, 150. Shaftesbury was twenty-three before he became a rebel; and, according to Christie, the charges in ll. 32-35, 38, lack authority, and that in l. 37 is exaggerated.

27. *Pigmy*. Cf. 111, 157, n.

41. *Interlope*. To traffic irregularly, without a proper license: cf. 261, 17.

62. *White witches*. Witches using their supernatural arts only for good purposes.

65. *He loos'd*, etc. v. 112, 175, n.

- 129, 73. *So Samson*, etc. v. Judges xvi. 15-20.

77. *When his just sovereign*, etc. In March, 1672, the king, supported by Ashley, who was shortly afterwards created Earl of Shaftesbury, issued a Declaration of Indulgence, granting toleration to Catholics and Dissenters. When parliament resisted this measure, as an abuse of the prerogative, Charles withdrew it, in March, 1673. Shaftesbury, who seems to have learned in the meantime of the intrigues of Charles with France for the establishment of the Catholic religion in England, then supported, in opposition to the king, the Test Act, by which all honest Catholics and most dissenters were excluded from office. Owing to this proceeding he lost his place as Chancellor in November, 1673, and ceased to be one of the king's advisers. He then entered on a course of violent opposition to the king.

94. *Thou leap'st*, etc. Dryden inserts this long line of fourteen syllables, for which he was unjustly ridiculed by contemporaries, to symbolize, by its departure from regular meter, the departures of the crowd from reason. (Cf. 429, 75, n; 785, 83, n; 820, 666; 891, 106, n; 897, 568.) At this time, also, Pindar was regarded as a peculiarly wild and ungovernable poet: v. 91², 26. Hence, in translating some of his odes, Cowley used an irregular versification, in which he frequently employed Alexandrine lines, of twelve syllables, hence called *Pindaric* lines; and occasionally still longer lines, of fourteen syllables: cf. 181, 512.

95. *Athens*, etc. The Athenians put to death Phocion on a charge of treason (b. c. 317) and Socrates on a charge of impiety (n. c. 399). In both cases they later repented of their acts, and raised statues to the memory of their victims.
119. *Jehu*. v. 2 Kings ix. 20.
131. *We loathe*, etc. v. Numbers xi.
135. *That kings*, etc. A Tory maxim, still maintained as an English legal fiction.
145. *The man*, etc. Dryden is probably indebted, as Saintsbury shows, to Sir Thomas Browne, *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, vii. 16. 2. The story goes back ultimately to an anecdote concerning Marcus Licinius Crassus Agellatus (the never-laughing), the grandfather of the triumvir: v. *C. Lucilii Carminum Reliquiae*, ed. F. Marx, Leipzig, 1904, vol. i, p. 89; vol. ii, pp. 412-414.
130. 149. *The witnesses*, etc. See note on *Irish witnesses*, 128, 10 (prose). Other witnesses also had changed sides. The Whigs were loth to admit that they had been the dupes of men who lived by perjury, and yet could make no other tenable defense against the accusations brought against them.
156. *They rack*, etc. Referring to the dissenters' plea that each individual should interpret the Scriptures for himself; and to some extremists' claim of an immediate inspiration, which authorized them to preach in public, all laws to the contrary notwithstanding. Cf. 159¹, 9-22; 167, 398-426; 223, 224, 452-496; 227, 676-708.
173. *Yet monsters*, etc. A reminiscence of Ovid: cf. 394, 565-572.
174. *Engender'd on*. So ed. 1 (without Latin motto) and eds. 2, 3; ed. 1 (with Latin motto) reads *Enlived by*.
- 179-182. *Thy . . . hands*. So ed. 1 (without Latin motto), and eds. 2, 3; ed. 1 (with Latin motto) transposes the couplets 179, 180 and 181, 182, and in 182 reads, *But what's the Head*.
181. *The head*, etc. "As matters carried more and more the appearance of actual insurrection and civil war, the more wealthy of the citizens of London began to draw to the royal party. By means of this party Sir John Moore, a man favorable to the court, was elected Lord Mayor." [Scorr.] He could, however, accomplish little while hampered by his *two gouty hands*, the Whig sheriffs, Shute and Pilkington. v. 152, 1131-1140, and note on 1135.
201. *Whether*, etc. Cf. 127¹, 159-161.
205. *Their trait'rous combination*. The Association: v. n. 126³, 10.
217. *Thus*, etc. v. Matthew xxi. 33-39.
131. 226. *Cyclop-like*. A reference to the story of the Cyclops Polyphemus, who ate the flesh of men: v. *Odyssey*, ix.
229. *Clip . . . ring*. Until 1662, most of the money coined in England was hammered, not milled, and the hammered money continued in circulation after that date: cf. 518¹, 45, n. Such coins were liable to be clipped on the edge: if the clipping extended within the ring inside which the sovereign's head was placed, the piece would not pass current. v. *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 447: "Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring."
237. *Their crime*. Eds. 2 and 3 read *the Crime*.
240. *Whet like a Croatian band*. Taken merely as a symbol of lawless ferocity, probably with an allusion to the wars between Austria and Turkey.
270. *Stum*. "New wine used to freshen up stale and cause a second fermentation." [Saintsbury.] Cf. n. 741¹, 50.
272. *The formidable cripple*. For further satire on Shaftesbury's bodily infirmities, v. 907, 100-114.
285. *Bedlam*. The popular term for a famous lunatic asylum, the Hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem, in London: cf. 375, 212.
287. *Withoul*, etc. Compare the conclusion to *The Hind and the Panther* (252, 2567 f), which similarly prophesies discord among the poet's opponents.
293. *Thy decrepit age*. "Shaftesbury was at this period little above sixty years old. But he was in a state of premature decrepitude; partly owing to natural feebleness of body, and partly to an injury which he received by an overturn in a Dutch carriage when he was in Holland, in 1660, as one of the Parliamentary Committee." [Scorr.]
132. 317. *Collatine*. Lucius Tarquinius Collatinus took a prominent part in the dethronement of the last king of Rome, his kinsman Tarquinius Superbus, and was elected one of the first two consuls. He was later compelled to withdraw himself, owing to his bearing the name of Tarquin. Thus, Dryden predicts, Monmouth, if he ever became king, would be compelled to withdraw, owing to his kinship with the royal line.
323. *Pudet*, etc. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, i. 757, 758, with a change of *nobis* to *vobis* to suit the context. "Shameful is it that these insults could be spoken to you, and could not be refuted." Cf. 400, 1063, 1064.
20. *Once, when*, etc. v. Job i. 6.
21. *Whitehall*. Cf. 390, 227, n.
- 133¹. 29. *The father*, etc. Cf. 121, 957-960.
- To THE DUCHESS. Dryden had already (1677) dedicated *The State of Innocence* to this lady. Scott writes of her: "She was at this time in all the splendor of beauty; tall, admirably formed in her person; dignified and graceful in her deportment, her complexion very fair, and her hair and eyebrows of the purest black. Her personal charms fully merited the encomiastic strains of the following epistle."
- 133¹. 22. *Three gloomy years*. The Duke of York's continuous residence in Scotland, as high commissioner, had begun only in October, 1680. But Dryden apparently counts the time since his withdrawal to the Low Countries, in March, 1679, during the excitement over the Popish Plot.

24. *Joseph's dream*. The dream of Pharaoh interpreted by Joseph: v. Genesis xli.

38. *The people's*, etc. Cf. 112, 238, 239.

134. *MAC FLECKNOE*. For further details on the occasion of this poem, v. B. S. xxviii, xxix. — Dr. Johnson was probably led into his misstatement in regard to it by a passage in Cibber's life of Dryden.

On *True-Blue-Protestant*, cf. 124¹, 40, n.

3. *Flecknoe*. Flecknoe was, it is said, by birth an Irishman, and by profession a Catholic priest. Marvell saw him in Rome about 1645, and describes the meeting in a rough-hewn satire, *Flecknoe, an English Priest at Rome*. Dryden, who apparently had no personal quarrel with him, selected him for his purpose simply as a man who for a generation had been a notoriously bad poet. The verses in which Flecknoe complimented Dryden are as follows:

*Dryden the Muses darling and delight,
Than whom none ever flew so high a flight,
Some have their vains so drossie, as from earth.
Their Muses only seem to have tane their birth.
Others but water-Poets are, have gon
No further than to th' Fount of Helicon:
And they'r but crier ones, whose Muse soars up
No higher than to mount Parnassus top;
Whilst thou, with thine, dost seem to have mounted
higher,
Then he who fetcht [sic] from Heaven Celestial fire:
And dost as far surpass all others, as
Fire does all other elements surpass.*

FLECKNOE, *Epigrams*, 1670, p. 70.

For a passage in which Dryden seems indebted to Flecknoe, v. 143, 418-420, n.

11. *Was fit*. Ed. 1 reads *were fit*.

12. *War*. Ed. 1 reads *wars*.

15. *Sh—*. Ed. 1, here and elsewhere, reads *Shad—*.

"Thomas Shadwell (1642?-92) made several essays in verse, all of which are deplorably bad. But in comedy he was much more successful; and, in that capacity, Dryden does him great injustice in pronouncing him a dunce. On the contrary, I think most of Shadwell's comedies may be read with great pleasure. They do not, indeed, exhibit any brilliancy of wit, or ingenuity of intrigue; but the characters are truly dramatic, original, and well drawn, and the picture of manners which they exhibit gives us a lively idea of those of the author's age. As Shadwell proposed Jonson for his model, peculiarity of character, or what was then technically called *humor*, was what he chiefly wished to exhibit; and in this it cannot be denied that he has often succeeded admirably.

"In his *Epistle Dedicatory to Bury Fair* (1689) Shadwell complains of the hardships he suffered owing to his Whig principles: 'I never could recant in the worst of times, when my ruin was designed, and my life was sought, and for near ten years I was kept from the exercise of that profession which had afforded me a competent subsistence.' It is no wonder, therefore, he was among the first to hail the dawn of the Revolution, and that

King William distinguished him by the laurel, of which Dryden was deprived. Shadwell did not long enjoy this triumph over his great enemy. His death is said to have been hastened by his taking an overdose of opium, to the use of which he was inordinately addicted. — In person, Shadwell was large, corpulent, and unwieldy, a circumstance which our author generally keeps in the eye of the reader." [SCOTT.] Cf. 153, 33, n.

29. *Heywood and Shirley*. Thomas Heywood (d. 1650?) was probably the most prolific of the Elizabethan dramatists; he claims to have had a hand in the writing of two hundred and twenty plays, of which, however, only twenty-four are preserved. — James Shirley (1596-1666) the last of the Elizabethan dramatists, was also a prolific writer; thirty-six plays by him survive. These authors do not deserve the contempt here shown them by Dryden, who probably was ill acquainted with their writings. Heywood wrote a play called *The Late Lancashire Witches*, the title of which reappears in *The Lancashire Witches* of Shadwell; and in his *Love's Mistress* he treated the story of Psyche, which Shadwell took for the subject of an opera. But it may be doubted whether Dryden had these facts in mind when he made Heywood a type of Shadwell.

33. *And, coarsely*, etc. Ed. 1 reads:

I coarsly Cloath'd in Drugget Russet, came.

Norwich drugget. "This stuff (a coarse woolen fabric) appears to have been sacred to the use of the poorer votaries of Parnassus; and it is somewhat odd that it seems to have been the dress of our poet himself in the earlier stage of his fortunes. An old gentleman who corresponded with the *Gentleman's Magazine* says he remembers our author in this dress." [SCOTT.]

"I remember plain John Dryden (before he paid his court with success to the great) in one uniform clothing of Norwich drugget. I have eat tarts with him and Madam Reeve at the Mulberry Garden, when our author advanced to a sword and chadreur wig." GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, xv. 99 (February, 1745).

36. *King John of Portugal*. Flecknoe had visited Portugal, and boasts of being patronized by the king.

37. *The prelude*. Ed. 1 reads a *prelude*.

135. 41. *Commander*. Ed. 1 reads *commanders*.

42. *Epsom blankets*, etc. Tossing in a blanket is the punishment visited upon Sir Samuel Hearty (v. n. 136, 181) in *The Virtuoso*: see act ii of that play. There is also a reference to the title of Shadwell's play *Epsom Wells*.

43. *The new Arion*. Arion was an ancient Greek musician, who lived about B. C. 700. Once, when he was returning to Corinth from Sicily, where he had won the prize in a musical contest, his life was threatened by the rude sailors, who were greedy for his property. He gained permission once more to delight

himself with his music, placed himself in the prow of the ship, sang and played upon his lyre, and threw himself into the sea. The song-loving dolphins that had crowded about his ship carried him safe to land. — Dryden in these lines apparently refers to some actual festival, now lost to memory, in which Shadwell took part. Shadwell in his preface to *Psyche* boasts of his skill in music.

44. *Trembling*. Ed. 1 reads *trembles*.
 47. *Echoes*. Ed. 1 reads *Echo*. *Pissing Alley* is shown on a map in Stow's *Survey of London*, 1720 (book iv, between pp. 108 and 109), as a passage between the Strand and Hollowell St.
 48. *Aston Hall*. So ed. 1; ed. 2 reads *A — Hall*. This allusion has never been explained.
 50. *As at*, etc. Ed. 1 reads:

And gently wait the over all along.

52. *Papers*, etc. Ed. 1 reads, *Paper in thy Thrashing-Hand*.
 53. *St. André's*. Ed. 1 reads *St. André's*. "St. André was an eminent dancing master of the period." [Scott.]
 54. *Psyche*. "This unfortunate opera was imitated from the French of Molière, and finished, as Shadwell assures us, in the space of five weeks. The author having no talents for poetry and no ear for versification, *Psyche* is one of the most contemptible of the frivolous dramatic class to which it belongs. It was, however, *got up* with extreme magnificence, and received much applause on its first appearance in 1674." [Scott.]

Some expressions in Shadwell's preface might be interpreted as a sneer at the heroic plays of Dryden, with whom, however, he was apparently still on good terms: "Though I expect more candor from the best writers in rhyme, the more moderate of them . . . are very much offended with me for leaving my own province of comedy, to invade their dominion of rhyme. But methinks they might be satisfied, since I have made but a small incursion, and am resolved to retire. And were I never so powerful, they should escape me, as the northern people did the Romans, their craggy barren territories being not worth the conquering."

57. *Singleton*. "Singleton was a musical performer of some eminence, and is mentioned as such in Shadwell's *Bury Pair*, act iii, sc. 1. Villerius, the Grand Master of Rhodes, is a principal character in Davenant's *Siege of Rhodes*, where a great part of the dialogue is in a sort of lyrical recitative. — The combination of the lute and sword is taken from *The Rehearsal* (act v), where Bayes informs his critical friends that his whole battle is to be represented by two persons: 'for I make 'em both come out in armor, *cap-a-pie*, with their swords drawn, and hung with a scarlet ribbon at their wrists, (which, you know, represents fighting enough,) each of 'em holding a lute in his hand. . . . I make 'em, sir, play the battle in recitative.' The adverse generals enter accordingly, and perform

a sort of duet, in parody of passages in *The Siege of Rhodes*." [Scott.]

58. *Bore*. Ed. 1 reads *wore*.

64. *Close to*. Ed. 1 reads *Close by*.

Augusta. v. 50, 1177, n. The following line alludes to the fears, especially rife in the City, of Popish intrigues: cf. 141, 306-309. Professor Sainsbury points out that the phrase, "Augusta is inclin'd to fears," is found in (the prologue of) Crowne's *Calisto* (1675). It is there also applied to London.

69. *Of all*, etc. Ed. 1 reads:

An Empty name of all the Pile Remains.

71. *Loves*. Ed. 1 reads *Love*.

- 72, 73. *Where . . . sleep*. A parody of a couplet in the first book of Cowley's *Davidels*:

Where their vast court the mother waters keep,
 And, undisturb'd by moons, in silence sleep.

Another couplet in the same passage:

Beneath the dens where undetected tempests lie,
 And infant winds their tender voices try, —

is parodied in lines 76, 77.

74. *Nursery*. This was a theater erected under a patent issued by Charles II in 1664: "for the making up and supplying of a company for acting of plays, and instructing boyes and gyrls in the art of playing, to bee in the nature of a Nursery, from time to time to be removed to the said two severall theatres abovementioned [that is, those of the King's Company and of the Duke's Company], which said company shall be called by the name of a Nursery" (*Shakespeare Society's Papers*, vol. iii, 1847, p. 107). The patent adds: "We doe expressly hereby prohibit that any obscene, scandalous, or offensive passages be brought upon the stage, but such onely shalbe there had and used, as may consist with harmless and inoffensive delights and recreations." The Nursery stood in Golding (later Golden) Lane, which adjoins the Barbican, a street which took its name in the manner described by Dryden. It was much ridiculed by the wits of the time. In Buckingham's *Rehearsal* (act ii, sc. 2), Bayes, representing Dryden, makes the following magnificent threat: "I vow to gad, I have been so highly disoblig'd by the peremptoriness of these fellows, that I am resolv'd hereafter to bend all my thoughts for the service of the Nursery, and mump your proud players, 'I gad.'"

78. *Maximins*. Dryden here ridicules the ranting hero of his own early play *Tyrannic Love*.
 81. *Simpkin*. Professor Collins states that a piece entitled *The Humors of Simpkin* is found in "a collection of drolls and farces, compiled by Francis Kirkman in 1673." Simpkin, he tells us, is "a stupid clown who is represented as intriguing with an old man's wife."

82. *Amidst*, etc. Ed. 1 reads:

Amidst these Monuments of Varnish Minds.

Professor Collins points out that Dryden is here indebted to Davenant:

This to a structure led, long known to fame,
And call'd the monument of vanish'd minds.
Gondibert, book ii, canto v. st. 36.

83. *Suburban*. So ed. 2; ed. 1 reads *Suburbane*.
84. *Panton*. "A celebrated punster, according to Derrick." [SCOTT.]
87. *Dekker*. "Dekker, who did not altogether deserve the disgraceful classification which Dryden has here assigned to him, was a writer of the reign of James I. and the antagonist of Jonson. I suspect Dryden knew, or at least recollected, little more of him than that he was ridiculed by his more renowned adversary, under the character of Crispinus in *The Poetaster*." [SCOTT.] v. *Additions and Corrections*. Later critics are emphatic in their praise of Dekker. In *The Poetaster* Demetrius, not Crispinus, is his real representative.
88. *Pile*. Ed. 1 reads *Isle*.
91. *Misers*, etc. Shadwell wrote an adaptation of Molière's *L'Avare* under the title of *The Miser*. Raymond is "a gentleman of wit and honor" in his *Humorists*, and Bruce and Longvil (v. l. 212) are "gentlemen of wit and sense" in his *Virtuoso*. No special application of *hypocrites* is now known, unless Scott is right in his conjecture: "Perhaps Dryden means the characters of the Irish priest and Tory chaplain in *The Lancashire Witches*."
92. *It should*. Ed. 1 reads, *his Pen should*.
94. *Empress Fame*. For the reference to Virgil, v. 567, 251-281.
96. *Fame*. Ed. 1 reads *Pomp*.
97. *And distant*. Ed. 1 reads *to distant*.
98. *Carpets*. Ed. 1 reads *Carpet*.
102. *Ogleby*. John Ogleby (Ogilby), 1600-76. "This gentleman, whose name, thanks to our author and Pope, has become almost proverbial for a bad poet, was originally a Scottish dancing master. He translated the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, the *Æneid*, and *Æsop's Fables* into verse; and his versions were splendidly adorned with sculpture. He also wrote three epic poems, one of which was fortunately burned in the fire of London." [SCOTT.] For further comments on him by Dryden, v. 176², 3-9; 748², 40-46.
105. *Herringman*. So ed. 1; ed. 2 reads H— —. On Herringman, v. B. S. xvii, xviii; xxv. He had published for Shadwell as well as for Dryden.
107. *Throne*. Ed. 1 reads *State*.
108. *Our young Ascanius*, etc. Dryden here adapts Virgil to his satiric purpose: cf. 548, 926-932; 692, 253, 254.
Sate. So ed. 1; ed. 2 reads *sat*.
111. *Around*. Ed. 1 reads *about*.
112. *As Hannibal*, etc. Hannibal, according to a story told by Livy, is said to have been forced by his father, when only nine years old, to swear eternal hatred to Rome.
115. *Till*. Ed. 1 reads *to*.
136, 117. *Ne'er to*, etc. Ed. 1 reads:
 Wou'd bid defiance unto Wit and Sense.
121. *He plac'd*. Ed. 1 reads *Was plac'd*.
122. *Love's Kingdom*. A "pastoral tragedy" by Flecknoe, the only one of his plays ever acted.
124. *Love*. Ed. 1 reads *Love*.
126. *Poppies*. Ed. 1 reads *Poppay*. "Perhaps in allusion to Shadwell's frequent use of opium, as well as to his dullness." [SCOTT.]
132. *Th' admiring*. Ed. 1 reads *Th' advancing*.
133. *His*. Ed. 1 reads *the*.
134. *Of his*. Ed. 1 reads *on his*.
135, 136. *Shed Full on the*. Ed. 1 reads, *Shed : Full of the*.
139. *Heavens*. Ed. 1 reads *Heaven*.
143. *Kingdom let him*. Ed. 1 reads *Kingdoms may he*.
148. *And fruitless*. Ed. 1 reads *a fruitless*.
149. *Let Virtuoso*, etc. "Shadwell's comedy *The Virtuoso* was first acted in 1676, with great applause. As the whole piece seems intended as a satire on the Royal Society, its scope could not be very pleasing to Dryden, even if he could have forgiven some hits leveled against him personally in the preface, prologue, and epilogue." [SCOTT.]
 In the *Epistle Dedicatory to The Virtuoso* Shadwell complains of having scant time for writing, and in the preface to another comedy, *The Libertine*, he boasts of the speed with which he finished his work. Rochester, in his *Allusion to the Tenth Satire of the First Book of Horace*, terms him "hasty Shadwell." Dryden evidently knew the contrary to be the case: in his preface to *All for Love* (1678), written before his quarrel with Shadwell, he censures Rochester for calling "a slow man hasty." Cf. n. 135, 54; 741², 33-43.
150. *Toil*. Ed. 1 reads *Soul*.
151. *Gentle George*. v. headnote, p. 78. In *The Man of Mode*; or, *Sir Fopling Flutter*, Dorimant is the betrayer of Mrs. Lovelace. Cully is found in *The Comical Revenge*; or, *Love in a Tub*, and Cockwood in *She Would if She Could*, other comedies by the same writer.
 In. Ed. 1 reads *with*.
157. *Let 'em be all by thy*. Ed. 1 reads: *Let them be all of thy*.
159. *Future*. Ed. 1 reads *after*.
160. *Issue of thy own*. Ed. 1 reads *issues of thine own*.
162. *Full of thee*. Ed. 1 reads *like to thee*.
163. *S—d—y*. Ed. 1 reads *Sydney*.—Sir Charles Sedley was a noted wit and a minor poet and dramatist; a patron and friend of Dryden, who dedicated to him *The Assignment*, and introduced him, under the name of Lisideus, as one of the speakers in *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy*. He wrote a prologue for Shadwell's *Epsom Wells*, and was apparently suspected of aiding him in the comedy itself. Shadwell acknowledges receiving aid from him in another comedy, *A True Widow*.
167. *And top*. Ed. 1 reads *on th' top*.
168. *Sir Formal*. Sir Formal Trifle is a character in *The Virtuoso*, whom Shadwell justly terms "the orator, a florid coxcomb." In this line ed. 1 reads *Wit* instead of *will*.
170. *Does*. Ed. 1 reads *doth*.
 Northern dedications. An allusion to Shad-

well's frequent dedication of his plays to the Duke of Newcastle and his family. In his *Vindication of the Duke of Guise*, 1683, Dryden terms Shadwell "the northern dedicat-
tor."

172. *Jonson's hostile name.* Shadwell praises Jonson and professes himself his disciple with such fervor that he seems to claim kinship with him. In his *Epistle Dedicatory to The Virtuoso* he writes: "Nor do I hear of any professed enemies to the play, but some women, and some men of feminine understandings, who like slight plays only, that represent a little tattle-sort of conversation, like their own. But true humor is not liked or understood by them, and therefore even my attempt towards it is condemned by them. But the same people, to my great comfort, damn all Mr. Jonson's plays, who was incomparably the best dramatic poet that ever was, or, I believe, ever will be; and I had rather be author of one scene in his best comedies than of any play this age has produced."

175. *Has.* Ed. 1 reads *hath*.

177. *On.* Ed. 1 reads *or*. This line and the following probably refer to Shadwell's satire on the Royal Society in *The Virtuoso*.

178. *And.* Ed. 1 reads *Or*.

179. *Prince Nicander's vetn.* Prince Nicander is a character in Shadwell's *Psyche*.

181. *Where sold he bargains.* Selling bargains consisted in answering innocent questions with coarse phrases like that quoted in the text: cf. 261, 46.

Whip-stitch, etc. A similar phrase is a favorite with Sir Samuel Hearty in *The Virtuoso*, "one that by the help of humorous, nonsensical by-words, takes himself to be a great wit." In this line ed. 1 reads *mine* instead of *my*.

182. *Promis'd*, etc. This apparently refers to the *Epistle Dedicatory of The Virtuoso*. Here Shadwell writes, for example: "I say nothing of impossible, unnatural farce fools, which some intend for comical, who think it the easiest thing in the world to write a comedy, and yet will sooner grow rich upon their ill plays than write a good one."

183. *When . . . Fletcher.* Ed. 1 reads, *Where . . . Fletchers*.

184. *As thou*, etc. No commentator has investigated this charge of wholesale plagiarism, which is probably based mainly on Shadwell's *Epsom Wells*. Raines and Bevil, "men of wit and pleasure" in that play, and their lady-loves Lucia and Carolina, suggest the corresponding pairs Courtal and Freeman and Gatty and Ariana, in Etherege's *She Would if She Could*; and Shadwell's Mrs. Woodyly has many traits of Etherege's Lady Cockwood. In each play the young men first meet the young women wearing vizards, and persuade them to unmask in somewhat the same fashion. Mrs. Woodyly, who is carrying on an intrigue with Bevil, discovers his passion for Carolina, and entraps him by a forged letter,

just as Lady Cockwood endeavors to trick Courtal and Freeman by the same device. Mrs. Woodyly again copies Lady Cockwood's behavior when she hides Bevil in her bed-chamber; when she slanders Bevil and Raines to their sweethearts, saying that they have boasted of the favor accorded them; and when, near the close of the play, she discards the faithless Bevil and tries to gain the affection of Raines. Lucia and Carolina behave towards their slandered lovers in much the same way as do Gatty and Ariana. — Furthermore, Kick and Cuff, two cheating bullies in *Epsom Wells*, resemble Wheedle and Palmer in Etherege's *Comical Revenge*, and trick Clodpate as their predecessors do Sir Nicholas Cully. At the end of the play Clodpate marries Mrs. Jilt just as Sir Nicholas marries Mrs. Lucy.

Yet no fair-minded reader can deny the essential originality of *Epsom Wells*, inferior though its vulgar humor may be to the sprightly dialogue of the better scenes in Etherege. Other dramatists than these two have created pairs of rakish lovers, wanton damsels, and cowardly sharpers; and Etherege would have no good ground of complaint if Shadwell adopted the same familiar devices as himself. Shadwell probably took suggestions for some situations from Etherege, but he made these situations his own by his treatment of them. In another statement, however, Dryden is quite correct: certain scenes in *Epsom Wells* that Shadwell cannot even be accused of purloining, distinctly *sink below* those that remind one of Etherege.

Langbaine, who to be sure is always friendly to Shadwell, writes of *Epsom Wells*: "T is true that some endeavored to fix a calumny upon our author, alleging that this play was not ingenious; but this stain was quickly wiped off by the plea he makes for himself in the prologue spoken to the king and queen at Whitehall, where he says:

If this for him had been by others done,
After this honor sure they'd claim their own."

185. *Oil*, etc. Ed. 1 reads, *Oyls on Water Flow*; ed. 2 reads *Oyl on Waters flow*. Flow is certainly a noun; it is not clear whether one should read *water's* or *waters*.

187. *This is*, etc. "Four of the humors are entirely new; and (without vanity) I may say I ne'er produced a comedy that had not some natural humor in it not represented before, nor I hope ever shall." SHADWELL, *Epistle Dedicatory to The Virtuoso*.

Province. Ed. 1 reads *Promtise*.

189. *This is that*, etc. The passage is a parody of four lines in the epilogue to Shadwell's *The Humorists*:

A humor is the bias of the mind,
By which with violence 'tis one way inclin'd;
It makes our actions lean on one side still,
And in all changes that way bends the will.

Thy. Ed. 1 reads *the*.

191. *Lean*. Ed. 1 reads *lame*.
 192. *Changes*. Ed. 1 reads *Charges*.
 194. *Of likeness*. That is, to Ben Jonson.
 196. *Thou 'rt but a*. Ed. 1 reads, *thou art a*.
 199. *Self'st*. Ed. 1 reads *sets*.
 202. *Dosa*. Ed. 1 reads *dosh*.

Thy Irish pen. In the *Epistle Dedicatory* to his translation of *The Tenth Satyr of Juvenal* (1687) Shadwell retorts indignantly: "— Sure he goes a little too far in calling me the *dullest*, and has no more reason for that than for giving me the Irish name of *Mack*, when he knows I never saw Ireland till I was three-and-twenty years old, and was there but four months."

- 137, 204. *Iambics*. Since the *iambic* was the appropriate meter for Greek satire, the name *iambics* has become equivalent to *satire*, even in languages like English, where it has no special fitness. In this line ed. 1 misprints *wild* instead of *mild*.

207. *There thou may'st wings display*, etc. "Among other efforts of gentle dulness may be noticed the singular fashion which prevailed during the earlier period of the seventeenth century, of writing in such changes of measure that by the different length and arrangement of the lines the poem was made to resemble an egg, an altar, a pair of wings, a cross, or some other fanciful figure." [SCOTT.] Dryden may possibly intend a specific reference to George Herbert's poems *An Altar* and *Easter Wings*.

209. *Diff'rent talents*. Ed. 1 reads *different Talent*.

212. *Bruce*, etc. v. n. 135, 91. The two gentlemen are present at a scene in which their lady-loves, Clarinda and Miranda, entice Sir Formal to stand upon a secret trapdoor while he delivers a speech, and then dispose of him by releasing the trap. v. *The Virtuoso*, act. iii.

213. *Declaiming*. Ed. 1 reads *declining*.

214. *His drugged robe*. Ed. 1 reads *the Drugged Robes*.

216. *The mantle*, etc. v. 2 Kings ii. 12-15, where "Elisha, dividing Jordan with Elijah's mantle, is acknowledged his successor."

217. *Double*. Ed. 1 reads *doubled*.

THE SECOND PART OF AHSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL. Nahum Tate (1652-1715) was a young Tory poet, for whose tragedy, *The Loyal General*, Dryden had written a prologue in 1679 (v. 87). His best known works are an adaptation of *King Lear*, which held the stage until about 1840, and a version of the Psalms, which he made in conjunction with Nicholas Brady. He seems later to have changed his politics, for in 1692 he succeeded Shadwell as poet laureate.

The *Grolier Club's Catalogue of Original and Early Editions of English Writers from Wither to Prior*, New York, 1905, states that two issues of this poem were printed in 1682. The editor has seen only that reading *Fleet-Street* (not *Fleetstreet*) on the title-page.

The notes on Tate's portion of the poem are made as brief as possible. Explanations of

names that occur also in Dryden's poem are not repeated here.

- 138, 9. *Clemency was*. Ed. 1 reads, *Goodness was e'en*.

20. *Flattering*. Ed. 1 reads *Flatterie's*.

33. *As all*. Ed. 1 reads *since all*.

38. *Guilty Jebusites*, etc. Charles II was ambitious for power, and was well inclined to the Catholic religion. During the excitement caused by the Popish Plot, however, he did not deem it prudent to protect such Catholics as were accused, or to pardon those convicted. He refused, for example, to interfere, as he might well have done, in behalf of Lord Stafford.

40. *Nay*, etc. Christie glosses this line: "Some of those employed for sham plots whereby to sacrifice opponents have been executed." One Fitzharris, who swore that he had been bribed to concoct a sham plot and ascribe it to the Whigs, was later condemned and executed. But may not *sacrificers* here mean simply *priests*?

48. *Pamper'd Corah*, etc. "The Salamanca doctor [Oates] . . . robed like a bishop and puffed with insolence . . . became the darling of the Whig party. . . . Each morning there waited at his lodgings to dress him two or three gentlemen who vied for the honor of holding his basin." JOHN POLLOCK, *The Popish Plot*, 1903, p. 227.

51. *Such was*, etc. On November 25, 1678, Oates accused Queen Catherine, before the king and council, of plotting against her husband's life.

58. *The Hermon*, etc. Cf. Song of Solomon ii. 1.
 69. *The pest*, etc. The references are to the Great Plague of 1665, the Fire of London in 1666, and the wars with Holland (Tyre) in 1665-67 and 1672-74.

- 139, 95. *And now*. Ed. 1 reads *For now*.

96. *'T was worse*, etc. "The very breath of him was pestilential; and, if it brought not imprisonment or death over such on whom it fell, it surely poisoned reputation." NORTH, *Examen*, p. 205.

109. *These raise the Plot*, etc. The charge that Shaftesbury was the real author of the Popish Plot, and Oates merely his tool, is supported by no evidence, and is wholly incredible. Shaftesbury was, however, quick to take advantage of a situation that he did not create.

142. *O rather*. Ed. 2 reads *Oh! rather*; ed. 1, *Or rather*.

140, 165-170. *The crown's . . . hour*. Imitated from 115, 441-446.

181. "*The factious tribes—*" "*And this reproof from thee?*" As there are no quotation marks in the early editions, it is hard to tell where one speech ends and the other begins. The text follows C.; SS. makes Achitophel's speech extend through from *thee*.

189. *Who reach*, etc. Those who reach for the crown, but miss that prize, receive death.

190-195. *Did you . . . afar*. Imitated from 118, 119, 688, 689, 729-734.

203. *My removal*. From the office of Lord President of the Council: v. n. 121, 971.
216. *Who at your instance*, etc. This refers to *Shaftesbury's* support of the Declaration of Indulgence: v. n. 120, 77.
220. *Be'n property*, etc. At the opening of 1672, the king, being straitened for money, refused to repay £1,400,000 lent him by the goldsmiths, and arbitrarily reduced the interest from 12 to 6 per cent. This he seems to have done by the advice of Lord Clifford, and against the protest of Ashley, who, however, as a member of the Cabal ministry, received a large share of the blame. Nor is there any good evidence that Ashley turned the proceeding to his personal profit.
226. *Recount*, etc. Cf. 112, 175, n.
- 141, 255. *Debar*, etc. The Commons had desired to make the passage of the Exclusion Bill the condition of their votes of supply: v. 107², 8, n.
268. *Subtle*. Ed. 1 reads *subtle*.
269. *Till peace*, etc. Cf. 119, 752.
270. *Associations*. v. n. 126², 10.
280. *Ishban*. Sir Robert Clayton, alderman, and representative of the City in parliament. Other writers make the same charges against him as those in the text.
298. *Rabsheka*. "Sir Thomas Player, Chamberlain of the City of London, and one of the city members of parliament. When the Duke of York unexpectedly returned from Brussels, Player made his appearance before the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, and gravely demanded that the city guards should be doubled. In the vehemence of his oratory a remarkable expression chanced to escape him, 'that he durst hardly go to sleep, for fear of awaking with his throat cut.'" [SCOTT.] For the name, v. 2 Kings xviii. 17-xix. 4.
310. *Next these*, etc. Cf. 599, 461.
315. *Streams*. Ed. 1 reads *Waves*.
- 142, 321. *Judas*. Robert Ferguson (d. 1714), the "Plotter." He was a Nonconformist preacher, who, being ejected from his living by the Act of Uniformity in 1662, supported himself by teaching boys at Islington, near London. He aided Shaftesbury by his pamphlets (cf. n. 126¹, 34), and fled with him to Holland. He became famous as a plotter against the governments of Charles, James, and William.
340. *Phaleg*. "James Forbes (1620?-1712), a Scotch dissenting clergyman of some distinction. He was placed by the Duke of Ormond as traveling tutor to the young Earl of Derby, who had married his granddaughter." [SCOTT.] The statements of the text seem to lack corroboration, especially as regards Forbes's relations with Ormond. Carte terms him "a gentleman of parts, virtue, and prudence, but of too mild a nature to manage his pupil," and tells how he was maltreated by the young earl and his riotous companions. (*Life of Ormond*, Oxford, 1851, vol. iv, pp. 488, 489.)
353. *Ben-Jochanan*. "The Reverend Samuel

Johnson (1649-1703), a party writer of considerable merit. He was a native of Warwickshire, and took orders after a regular course of study at Cambridge. He obtained a small living of eighty pounds a year, the only church preferment he ever enjoyed. He later became chaplain to Lord Russell, the Whig leader in the House of Commons. During the dependence of the Bill of Exclusion, he endeavored at once to show the danger to a national religion from a sovereign who held opposite tenets, and to explode the doctrine of passive obedience, in a work entitled *Julian the Apostate: being a Short Account of his Life; the Sense of the Primitive Christians about his Succession; and their Behaviour towards him: together with a Comparison of Popery and Paganism* (London, 1682). There can be little doubt that, so far as the argument from the example of the primitive Christians is sound, Johnson has fairly made out his case. Indeed Dryden has little left to say, except that if they did resist Julian, which he seems to admit, they were very wrong in so doing, and the less that is said about it, the more will be the credit of the ancient Church.

"For this and subsequent writings, Johnson was fined, imprisoned, degraded from ecclesiastical orders, pilloried, and whipped. After the Revolution the proceedings against him were declared illegal, and he received a pension of £300 yearly, with £1000 in money, and a post for his son.

"The reader may contrast the character which Dryden has given of Johnson with that of John Hampden, who, in an account of him to the Duchess of Mazarin, says: 'Being two years with him in the same prison, I had the opportunity to know him perfectly well; and, to speak my thoughts of him in one word, I can assure your Grace that I never knew a man of better sense, of a more innocent life, nor of greater virtue, which was proof against all temptation, than Mr. Johnson.' See *Memorials* of his life prefixed to his *Works* in folio." [SCOTT.] The name Ben-Jochanan is taken as an equivalent of Johnson.

384. *But, tell me*, etc. v. Genesis ix. 18-27.

388, 389. *Made? . . . trade*. Eds. 1 and 2 read *made. . . Trade?*

392. *And thy hot father*, etc. St. Gregory Nazianzenus. Johnson in his work relies for his argument largely on the invectives of St. Gregory Nazianzenus against Julian's memory. Gregory rebukes the dead Constantius for allowing Julian to succeed him; Julian he addresses as "Thou traitor next to Judas—only thou hast not testified thy repentance by hanging thyself, as he did." (*Op. cit.* p. 63.) Dryden rightly thinks that Gregory showed sectarian fury rather than Christian charity. He may have taken his cue from Johnson himself, who writes: "And yet how do the Christians treat this emperor! One would take them to be the apostates; one while reproaching him, ruffling with him, and

vezing every vein in his royal heart; another while . . . dancing and leaping for joy at his death, and insulting over his memory. But for the name of Christians, he had better have fallen amongst barbarians." (*Ibid.* p. 66.)

396. *Balak*. "The famous Gilbert Burnet was then preacher at the Rolls Chapel, under the patronage of Sir Harbottle Grimstone, Master of the Rolls. King Charles was so anxious that he should be dismissed, as to make it his particular request to Sir Harbottle, but the Master excused himself." [Scott.] Dryden later satirized him in *The Hind and the Panther* as the *Buzzard*: v. 250, 2415, n.
143. 403. *David's psalms translated*. This refers to the old version by Sternhold and Hopkins, which later gave way to that by Tate and Brady: cf. 168, 456.
405. *Mephibosheth*. Samuel Pordage, a minor writer of the time, the son of a Berkshire clergyman who had been ejected from his cure on a charge of intercourse with spirits. He is the reputed author of *Azaria and Hushai*, a reply to *Absalom and Achitophel*, and *The Medal Revers'd*, a reply to *The Medal*.
407. *Uzza*. In Tonson's *Key* (1716) this name is explained as J. H. The initials are thought to mean Jack Hall, a minor poet of the time, though no quarrel between him and Dryden is known. Cf. 908, 229; n. 119, 804.
412. *Doeg*. Elkanah Settle (1648-1724). On Dryden's quarrel with this writer, v. B. S. xxii, xxviii, xxix. Settle had begun life as a Tory, then turned Whig; he later rejoined his original party. While on the Whig side, he was instrumental in arranging pope-burnings (cf. 122, 123): to this Dryden refers in ll. 451, 452. He sank lower and lower in the literary scale, until, as Scott tells us, "finally he took the prophetic hint conveyed in Dryden's lines, and became, not indeed the master, but the assistant to a puppet show, kept by a Mrs. Mynn, in Bartholomew Fair." He lived to be ridiculed by Pope as well as by Dryden, and died in poverty, a pensioner of the Charterhouse. Cf. 912, 418.
418. *He was too warm*, etc. Malone (I, 1, 170) cites the following from Flecknoe's *Enigmatical Characters*, 1658, p. 77, as giving Dryden the idea of this passage:
"For his [a schoolboy's] learning, 't is all capping verses, and fagotting poets' loose lines, which fall from him as disorderly as fagot-sticks, when the band is broke."
In *Notes and Observations on The Empress of Morocco*, 1674, p. 2 (v. B. S. xxii) Dryden (?) had already attacked Settle in a similar fashion:
"What stuff may not a silly unattending Audience swallow, wrapt up in Rhime; certainly our Poet writes by chance; is resolv'd upon the Rhime before hand, and for the rest of the Verse has a Lottery of words by him, and draws them that come next, let them make sense or nonsense when they come

together he matters not that; and his luck is so bad, that he seldom hits upon any that agree any more, than so many Men of several Languages would do."

444. *Transprose*. A reference to the title of Settle's poem, *Absalom Senior, or Achitophel Transpros'd*. This again refers to a jest in the first act of *The Rehearsal*, where Bayes boasts of his rule of *transversion*, or putting some one else's prose into his own verse. Johnson replies: "Methinks, Mr. Bayes, that putting verse into prose should be called *transprosing*;" and Bayes agrees: "By my troth, a very good notion, and hereafter it shall be so."
446. *Who makes*, etc. Settle's poem just mentioned begins:
In gloomy times, when priestcraft bore the sway,
And made heav'n's gate a lock to their own key,—
448. *Four and twenty letters*. "I" and "j" were accounted one letter; so also were "u" and "v."
459. *Og*. Thomas Shadwell: v. n. 134, 15.
144. 477. *Be thou dull*. Apparently the midwife's blessing is confined to these three words, which are printed in italics in the early editions.
524. *See where*, etc. The following verses describe the Green Ribbon Club, which met at the King's Head Tavern. It included among its members most of the prominent Whigs of the time, and many underlings of the party. v. POLLOCK, *The Popish Plot*, pp. 237-239.
535. *Arod*. "Sir William Waller, son of the parliamentary general of the same name, distinguished himself during the time of the Popish Plot by an uncommon degree of bustling activity." [Scott.] The charges here brought against him reflect contemporary report.
549. *Gehazi*. v. 2 Kings v. 20-27.
555. *Zaken*. An elder or magistrate (used, for example, in Exodus iii. 16). Commentators have stated that the word here means a member of parliament, but either this is incorrect, or Wood (*Athena Oxonienses*, 1721, ii. 419) is wrong in saying that Waller was elected to the Oxford parliament of 1681, the last that had met before the publication of this poem.
145. 574. *Who for*. v. 107², 8, n.
592. *His absence*, etc. In March, 1679, owing to the popular excitement over the Exclusion Bill, the Duke of York, at the king's request, left England, going first to Holland and then to Brussels.
627. *Thy thunder*. Referring to the Duke of York's earlier naval service against the Dutch: cf. 26.
146. 642. *Subjects*. So ed. 1; ed. 2 reads *Subject's*, which may be correct, standing for *subject's*.
661. *Grutch*. Cf. *grudge* (l. 682): the discrepancy is that of the early editions.
689. *Our brib'd Jews*. Some of the Whig leaders were as corrupt in receiving French bribes as was the king himself. Louis XIV aimed to

- weaken England by playing off one party against another.
- 148, 793. *From Hebron*, etc. In August, 1679, on the illness of the king, the Duke of York had come to England for a few days, but almost immediately returned to Brussels. In the following October he was permitted to change his place of exile for Scotland, whence he returned in February, 1680. In the next October he was again forced to retire to Scotland, and returned from there only in March, 1682: cf. headnote, p. 132.
811. *Jothran*. George Legge (1648-91), created Baron of Dartmouth in 1682. He had won distinction in the wars with the Dutch, and later became admiral and commander-in-chief of the fleet. His father had been a noted royalist.
819. *Benaiah*. "General Edward Sackville, who had served at Tangier with great reputation, both for courage and judgment. He was expelled from the House of Commons for contemptuous words concerning those who believed in the Popish Plot." [Scott.]
- 825-828. *White* . . . rest. Cf. 132, 14-25.
- 149, 864. *Confirm*. Ed. 1 reads *secure*.
- 891-906. *Or grant* . . . *king*. These lines are evidently inspired by a passage in *The Medal*: v. 131, 132, 287-317.
913. *An envious festival*, etc. On April 20, 1682, the Duke of York was the guest of honor at a dinner given by the Artillery Company of London. The Whigs arranged for the following day a counter demonstration, consisting of a church service, followed by a dinner, in token of thanksgiving for the deliverance of England from Popish wiles. But the privy council meeting on April 19 unexpectedly forbade this gathering. [LUTRELL, *Brief Relation*, i. 179.] Scott remarks: "This disappointment, trifling as it may seem, was of great disadvantage to the Whigs. It made them ridiculous, which is more fatal to a political party than any other misfortune."
- 150, 930. *For shekel*, etc. Tickets had been sold for the banquet at a guinea apiece.
938. *Asaph*. Dryden. Asaph was one of David's chief musicians: Psalms I and lxxiii-lxxxiii are ascribed to him.
941. *Bezalel*. Henry Somerset, Marquis of Worcester, and later Duke of Beaufort; Lord President of the Council of Wales (the *Kenites' province*). Bezalel was the artificer charged with making works of art required for the tabernacle in the wilderness: v. Exodus xxxi. 2-5.
958. *His son*. Charles Somerset, Marquis of Worcester.
967. *Abdael*. The Duke of Albemarle, son of General Monk, who had the chief share in restoring Charles II: v. 9, 151, n. Though a man of small gifts, he became Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, here termed *the prophets' school*.
985. *Eliab*. Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, a member of the Cabal ministry, and Lord Chamberlain since 1674.
988. *Fortuna*. Eds. 2 and 3 read *Fortunes*, probably by a misprint.
994. *Othriel's*. So ed. 3; eds. 1 and 2 read *Othriel's*. (For the name, v. Joshua xv. 17.) The Duke of Grafton, second son of Charles II by the Duchess of Cleveland, was married to the Lady Isabella Bennet, Arlington's only daughter. After the defection of Monmouth, the king attempted, as Scott says, "to set Grafton, in opposition to him, in the hearts of the people."
- 151, 1003. *Helen*. Louis Duras (1640?-1709) Earl of Feversham. He came of a noted French family, but had become an English subject in 1665.
1013. *Amri*. Heneage Finch, Earl of Notingham, Lord Chancellor from 1674 to 1682: cf. 112, 188, n. Tate's praise of his legal learning is just.
1025. *Sheva*. Sir Roger L'Estrange (1616-1704), a noted newspaper writer for the Tory party, and one of the founders of British journalism. He was licenser of the press under Charles II and James II. Sheva was a scribe of David: v. 2 Samuel xx. 25.
1035. *So Moses*, etc. v. Numbers xxi. 7-9, and cf. 117, 632-635.
1041. *Thy laurel grove*, etc. "The thunder was anciently supposed to spare the laurel." Scott.
1065. *Still Hebron's*, etc. v. headnotes, 132, 133.
1066. *Remains*. Referring to the Duchess of York, who remained behind in Scotland—a peculiar use of the word.
- 152, 1075. *Give not*, etc. v. 2 Samuel i. 20.
1095. *With loud last breaths*, etc. "The *Gazette* says that when the barge put off, the poor sailors, who remained to perish, manned the sides in the usual honorary form, and, indifferent to their own fate, hailed the duke's safety with three cheers." [Scott.]
1100. *Urania*. A title of Venus; here used of the Duchess of York.
1107. *Is*. "The grammar requires to read *he's*." Scott.
1123. *Hyblæan swarms*. The honey from the hills about Hybla, in Sicily, is celebrated by the ancient poets: hence *Hyblæan swarms* means swarms of bees. Cf. 118, 697.
1131. *Ziloah*. Sir John Moore: v. 130, 181, n. The *viler pair* of l. 1133 were, the Whig sheriffs, Shute and Pilkington, who are called worse than Cornish and Bethel (v. 117, 585, n.), the sheriffs of the preceding year: their chief offense was in selecting the jury which refused to indict Shaftesbury.
1132. *Surges*. Eds. 1 and 2 read *Syrtes*, by an evident misprint; ed. 3 reads *Syrtes*, by a mistaken correction of it.
1135. *Ziloah's loyal labors*. By unscrupulous political trickery, the court faction, aided by their tool Moore, brought about the election of two Tory sheriffs in September, 1682, as successors to Shute and Pilkington. This was followed by the choice of a Tory lord mayor, also secured by trickery.

- 153, 4. *Pennsylvania a vir*, etc. In 1681 William Penn had received from the king the patent for his colony, and in September, 1682, he had sailed for America.
5. *Associators*. v. 126², 10, n. Shaftesbury was one of the nine individuals to whom the king made a grant of the province of Carolina in 1663, and he always took an active interest in the colony.
15. *Those playhouse Whigs*, etc. Apparently a reference to some struggles of the actors against the patentees who controlled them.
24. *Charter*. The Charter of the City of London had kept it free in large measure from the encroachments of royal authority. In 1683 the king secured its forfeiture.
33. *No dull fat fool*, etc. A fresh attack on Shadwell: v. n. 134, 15. Apparently the Whig poet was set aside on the union of the companies.
42. *Whip sheriffs*. Cf. nn. 152, 1131, 1135. The word *sheriffs* is to be pronounced as one syllable; cf. 56¹, 13; 156², 3.
- 154, 12. *The mid gallery*. The eighteen-penny place, apparently the special haunt of women of the town; cf. 172², 58.
21. *Lackeys*. Mr. R. W. Lowe (*Life of Betterton*, p. 29) says that at this time servants were not admitted to the theater until the end of the fourth act. "While hanging about the entrances and lobbies their noise might be quite audible in the theater."
24. *Tom Dove*. A bear so called; cf. 899¹, 3, n.
26. *Their unpaying masters*. For an interesting account of how theater-goers in Restoration times avoided payment of the entrance money, v. Lowe's *Life of Betterton*, pp. 22-25.
- 155¹, 1. *Holy League*. Cf. S, 97-102 and 127¹, 10-12.
6. *Sent over*, etc. A reference to the French Huguenots who had sought shelter in England.
15. *Their pois'ning way*. Cf. 103², 46, n.
19. *A flail*. "A joiner named College made his fortune by inventing a pocket flail, tipped with lead, which was called the Protestant flail, and was to be used by sober citizens to brain 'Popish' assassins." (S. R. GARDINER, *Student's History of England*, p. 615.)
- 155², 2. *Once the cause was lost*. The government had for a long time refused to permit the play to be acted, fearing that the assassination of the Duke of Guise might be taken as suggesting that of Monmouth. In the next line Dryden denies, as he does more at length in his *Vindication* of the play, published in 1683, that any parallel between Monmouth and Guise was intended.
41. *London*. Cf. 153, 24, n.
43. *Ignoramus juries*. A reference to the grand jury that refused to indict Shaftesbury, reporting *ignoramus*. Dryden of course puns on the legal and commonplace meanings of the word.
- 156¹, 23. *A Trimmer*. v. n. 120, 882.
30. *Jack Ketch*. Cf. 210, 3, n.
31. *Breathe*. Ed. 1 reads *breath*.
38. *You Trimmers*, etc. It is hard to say whether the quotation ends with this line or continues through the epilogue.
- 156², 8. *Marybone*. Marylebone Gardens, then a fashionable place of amusement.
14. *Pay their four shillings*, etc. The price of a box seat; the pit cost but half a crown.
157. RELIGIO LAICI. Of the two issues of this poem published in 1682, that described in the 1886 *Catalogue of the Rowfant Library*, is probably earlier than the other, number 315 in the Grollier Club's *Catalogue of Original and Early Editions of English Writers from Wither to Prior*, 1905. (This assertion contradicts one in *An Appendix to the Rowfant Library*, London, 1900.) In the latter (Grollier) copy the catch word at the end of the *Preface* is *To*, referring to the first complimentary poem *To Mr. Dryden*, which immediately follows in both issues; in the Rowfant copy it is *Religio*, referring to the title of the poem itself. This indicates that the complimentary poems were received after the Rowfant copy was already in type; hence it must be the first issue and Grollier Club no. 315 the second. Mr. Beverly Chew, President of the Grollier Club, called the editor's attention to this circumstance.
- Aside from frequent variations in spelling and punctuation, a collation shows only the following differences in reading between the two issues of 1682: 157², 6, (1) *ingeniously*, (2) *ingeniously*; 158², 58, (1) *its proper*, (2) *its own proper*; 160¹, 36, (1) *Papists*, (2) *Papist*; 160², 17, (1) *had it been*, (2) *it had been*.
- 158¹, 1. *Intitle them to any of my errors*. "Father my errors on them." [SAINTSBURY.]
39. *Among the sons of Noah*, etc. v. Genesis ix. 24-27.
47. *Bill of exclusion*. A main argument against the Exclusion Bill (v. n. 110, 18) was the injustice done by it to the Duke of York's Protestant children.
- 159¹, 6. *The preface of whose creed*, etc. "Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith. Which faith except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly."
- 159², 37. *Coleman's letters*. Edward Coleman, secretary to the Duchess of York, had carried on a correspondence with Pere de La Chaise, a Jesuit, confessor to Louis XIV, relative to schemes for reestablishing the Catholic religion in England. The discovery of his letters seemed to give at least partial confirmation to Oates's depositions. Coleman was one of the first men to be executed on account of the Popish Plot. Mr. Pollock (*The Popish Plot*, 1903) defends the justice of this sentence.
55. *Mariana*, etc. Catholic writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. All but the last (more correctly Simancas) were Jesuits.
59. *Campion*. Edmund Campian (Campion) and Robert Parsons were English Jesuits, who in 1580-81 tried to spread Catholicism in England. Campian was hanged; Parsons escaped from England. The latter published

- several works, one of them, *A Conference about the next Succession to the Crowne of England*, under the name of R. Doleman.
- 160⁷, 7. *Nebuchadnezzar*. v. Daniel iv. 28-33.
23. *Apology*. The full title is, *Apologia Roberti Bellarmini S. R. E. Cardinalis, pro responsione sua ad librum Jacobi Magnæ Britanniae Regis, cuius titulus est, Triplici Nodo Triplex Cuncus*.
24. *Ratione directi domini*. "After the manner of feudal tenure." The *dominium directum* is the right of the feudal lord in land, as distinguished from the *dominium utile*, or right of the vassal.
46. *Father Cres*. "Serenus Cressy, an English Benedictine monk, attendant on Queen Catherine. He was the principal conductor of controversy on the part of the Papists, and published many treatises against Stillingleet and others." [Scott.]
- 160⁸, 25. *Tyndal*. William Tyndal (Tyndale) (1490?-1536), one of the leaders of the English Reformation. He published translations of the New Testament, the Pentateuch, and the Book of Jonah, which, though condemned by Henry VIII, form the basis of the present Authorized Version.
- Lord Herbert*. Edward Herbert, Lord Herbert of Cherbury (1583-1633).
54. *Hooker*. Richard Hooker (1554?-1600), author of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*. To his life, by Isaac Walton, is appended a letter from his friend George Cranmer, grand-nephew to the archbishop.
- 161¹, 4. *Martin Mar-prelate*. Under this title there was issued from a secret press, in the years 1588-90, a series of bitter Puritan pamphlets. The man chiefly responsible for their publication was John Penry, a Welshman, who in 1593 was hanged as a traitor.
5. *Marvell*. Andrew Marvell, poet and controversialist; cf. 127¹, 6, n.
23. *Thus Sectaries*, etc. "The court writers at this period were anxious to fix upon the Presbyterians and the Nonconformists in general the antimonarchical principles of the fanatics who brought Charles I to the scaffold." [Scott.]
35. *Hacket and Coppinger*. "In 1591, William Hacket, a former serving man, had his brain turned by enthusiasm, and seduced Coppinger and Arthington, two gentlemen, to sally forth with him into the streets of London, where he proclaimed himself to be the Messiah, and Coppinger and Arthington his prophet of mercy and his prophet of judgment. Hacket was executed; Arthington recanted; Coppinger starved himself to death in jail." [Scott.]
40. *Queen Elizabeth's birthnight*. v. headnote, p. 122; n. 143, 412; 235, 1304, 1305.
44. *A Fanatic lord mayor*, etc. Cf. nn. 117, 585 and 130, 181.
50. "There is, etc. Preface to *Ecclesiastical Polity*, viii, 14.
- 161¹, 8. *Maimbourg*. The *Histoire du Calvinisme* of Louis Maimbourg had recently appeared, in 1682. Dryden later (1684), at the command of King Charles, translated the *Histoire de la Ligue* of the same writer.
59. *Ingenious young gentleman*. This person, as is known from a complimentary poem by Duke, was named Henry Dickinson. His translation of *A Critical History of the Old Testament*, from the French of Richard Simon, appeared in 1682. Pere Simon was one of the leading biblical scholars of his time.
- 162, 1, 2. *Stars*. *travelers*. Apparently *travelers* is pronounced with a strong secondary accent on the last syllable. Then the rhyme will be of the type *desert*: *art*; cf. p. 931.
21. *The Stagirite*. Aristotle.
28. *But vanish'd*, etc. Cf. 77¹, 10.
43. *Εἴρεκα*. So 1683 ed.; the issues of 1682 read *εἴρεκα*; the correct form is *εἴρεκα*. The mistake and the meter indicate that Dryden was taught to accent Greek according to the Greek accents, instead of by the Latin rules, as is now usual in England. v. *Notes and Queries*, series VIII. vii. 451.
- 163, 76. *Hast thou*, etc. Cf. Job xi. 7, 8.
80. *Those giant wits*, etc. Christie thinks that the line was suggested by Virgil: cf. 605, 881, 882.
- 164, 193. *Son's*. On the *pleonastic* genitive, v. Sweet, *New English Grammar*, § 2010.
- 165, 213. *Th' Egyptian bishop*. Athanasius, Bishop of Alexandria. Cf. 159¹.
- 224 n. *Father Simon*. v. n. 161¹, 59.
241. *Junius and Tremellius*. "Calvinistic divines of the sixteenth century, who made translations of the Scripture, with commentaries, on which Pere Simon makes learned criticisms." [Scott.] Cf. 507¹, 16.
- 166, 283. "I were worth, etc. In this line *Testaments* is probably to be read *Test'ments*; or the *Creed* may possibly be slurred to *th' Creed*.
291. *Esdras*. v. 2 Esdras xiv.
312. *Socinian*. The Socinians were a sect founded in the sixteenth century by the Italians Lælius and Faustus Socinus. They rejected the doctrine of the Trinity, maintaining that Christ was only man, but man by a miraculous conception.
322. *In gross*. In general, without inquiring into details.
339. *For best authority's next rules are best*. This is the reading of the first three issues, and seems intelligible in the sense: "The nearest (cf. l. 340) rules of the best authority are best." C. and SS. both read: "For best authorities, next rules, are best." This is somewhat easier to interpret, but is not necessarily an improvement.
346. *Arius and Pelagius*. Arius, the great heretic of the fourth century, denied the doctrine of the Trinity, asserting that Christ was a created being. His doctrine was condemned, largely through the efforts of Athanasius, at the Council of Nicea (Nice) in 325. Pelagius, in the next century, is said to have denied original sin and the necessity for internal divine grace, and asserted the entire freedom

of the will, and man's perfectibility by his own unaided efforts.

167, 389. *If they, etc.* Cf. 130, 166.

392. *The will produc'd.* Cf. 230, 948, n.

419. *The fly-blown text, etc.* "Perhaps this idea is borrowed from Butler's *Hudibras*, iii. 2, ll. 1-12.

The learned write, an insect breeze
Is but a mongrel prince of bees,
That falls before a storm on cows,
And stings the founders of his house,
From whose corrupted flesh that breed
Of vermin did at first proceed.
So, ere the storm of war broke out,
Religion spawn'd a various rout
Of petulant capricious sects,
The maggots of corrupted texts,
That first run all religion down,
And after ev'ry swarm its own." [SCOTT.]

168, 456. *Tom Sternhold's, etc.* v. 143, 402, 403, n; headnote, p. 134; n. 134, 15.

POEMS INCLUDED IN MISCELLANY POEMS, 1684.
The editor has been unable to consult the second edition of this volume.

169¹, 31. *Whetstone.* v. 53¹, 8, n; and for the introduction of contemporary references into a translation from an ancient writer, cf. 98, 17, n; 196, 35, n.

169². AMARYLLIS. Upon this piece, and upon those on pp. 192-198, v. Pugh, *John Drydens Übersetzungen aus Theokrit*, Breslau, 1894.

171. PROLOGUE TO THE DISAPPOINTMENT. The 1684 edition of this play has not been accessible to the editor. The text has been collated with a copy made at the British Museum.

172¹, 38. *The high dice, and the low.* "Loaded dice, contrived some for high and others for low throws." SCOTT.

49. *Brings her, etc.* "Our author seems to copy himself in this passage. 'His old father in the country would have given him but little thanks for it, to see him bring down a fine-bred woman, with a lute, and a dressing box, and a handful of money to her portion.' *The Wild Gallant*, act iii, sc. 2." SCOTT.

172², 55, 56. *But while, etc.* Cf. 900, 41, 42.

58. *Our middle galleries.* Cf. 154, 12, n.

3. *Arius.* Lee made Arius the villain of his play: cf. 166, 346, n.

4. *A True Protestant.* Cf. 124¹, 40, n, and heading to *Mac Flecknoe*, p. 134.

5. *Eusebius.* The historian of the Christian Church, who flourished about 300.

8. *Trimmer.* v. n. 120, 882. In this epilogue Dryden apparently uses the word loosely, as equivalent to Whig.

Addressing Tory. Tories who presented to the king addresses in which they expressed their abhorrence of the acts of the *Petitioners*, v. n. 112, 179.

10. *When Clause was king, etc.* This alludes to the rejoicing of the beggars when Clause is chosen their king: v. Fletcher's *Beggars' Bush*, act ii, sc. 1.

173¹, 22. *Teckelites.* "The severity of the Austrian government, in Hungary particularly, towards those who dissented from the Roman

Catholic faith, occasioned several insurrections. The most memorable was headed by Count Teckely, who allied himself with the Sultan, assumed the crown of Transylvania as a vassal of the Porte, and joined with a considerable force the large army of Turks which besieged Vienna. A similarity of situation and of interest induced the Whig party in England to look with a favorable eye upon this Hungarian insurgent, and they hence gained the nickname of Teckelites." [SCOTT.]

28. *Nose.* The 1702 ed. reads *nose*.

32. *The last plot.* Possibly the Rye House Plot (1683), but more likely the Whig Combination of the same year, for participation in which Lord Russell was executed. The first plot (l. 33) is of course the Popish Plot.

173². TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON. Roscommon had prefixed a commendatory poem to the 1683 issue of *Religio Laici*, so that Dryden is now returning a compliment.

Pope praised Roscommon in the famous couplet:

Unhappy Dryden! — In all Charles's days

Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays.

First Epistle of the Second Book of Horace, 213, 214.

Dryden's spelling here and elsewhere is *Roscommon*.

14. *Tinkled in the close.* Christie notes that Marvell had used the expression *tinkling rhyme* in his verses *On Paradise Lost*. By his dispraise of rhyme Dryden delicately flatters Roscommon, who in his *Essay* had advanced similar opinions; cf. n. 178¹, 16.

174¹, 35. *Need.* In the sense of *are needed*.

36. *His own example, etc.* Roscommon translated from Virgil, *Eclage* vi, and from Horace, *Odes* i. 22 and iii. 6, and the *Art of Poetry*.

41. *How much, etc.* "Roscommon, it must be remembered, was born in Ireland, where his property also was situated. But the Dillons were of English extraction." SCOTT.

47. *Were.* Ed. 1 reads *was*, a misprint of which Dryden complains in a letter to Jonson, where he also writes: "For my Lord Roscommon's *Essay*, I am of your opinion that you should reprint it, and that you may safely venture on a thousand more."

60. *An English peer.* Ed. 1 reads *a British Peer*. For the reference, v. p. 95. Roscommon had complimented Mulgrave at the opening of his *Essay*; cf. 179¹, 47, n.

174², 67. *Sand.* Both early editions place a full stop after this word.

72. *Who both.* Ed. 1 reads, *He both*.

74. *Infus'd Titan.* Prometheus: for the legend, v. 388, 97-112; 414, 22, n. Christie points out that Dryden is indebted to Juvenal, xiv. 34, 35:

*Forsitan hæc spernant juvenes, quibus arte benigna
Et meliore luto finit præcordia Titan.*

9. *Thus Nisus, etc.* v. 583, 373-441.

175, 23. *Marcellus.* A reference to Virgil's celebrated tribute to the nephew of Augustus,

- the young Marcellus, who died in his twentieth year: v. 609, 1188-1236.
- POEMS INCLUDED IN SYLVAS, 1685. The editor has been unable to consult the second edition of this volume. The motto is *Æneid*, vi. 143, 144: cf. 596, 215, 216. In the letter quoted Dryden refers to Montaigne, livre iii, ch. 5, *Sur des Vers de Virgile*. (The editor is here indebted to Professor C. H. C. Wright, of Harvard University.)
- 175¹, 5 (prose). *History of the League*. v. n. 161², 8.
- 176¹, 10. Lord Roscommon's *Essay*, etc. v. 173², n.
27. Dutch commentator. Dryden's dilettante patronizing of men like Francisus Douss and Daniel and Nikolaes Heinsius reminds one of certain literary critics of the present day.
- 176², 8. *Our Oglebys*. v. 135, 102, n; 748², 40-46.
- 177¹, 8. *A late noble painter*. Sir Peter Lely (1618-80), the court painter of Charles II.
50. *Hand-gallop*. An easy gallop, in which the horse is kept well in hand.
51. *Carpet-ground*. Ground smooth as a carpet; cf. 310², 11.
52. *Synalephas*. v. 385².
- 177², 5. *My definition of poetical wit*. "From that which has been said, it may be collected that the definition of wit . . . is only this: that it is a propriety of thoughts and words; or, in other terms, thoughts and words elegantly adapted to the subject." *The Author's Apology for Heroic Poetry*, prefixed to *The State of Innocence* (1677): v. SS. v. 124.
- Dryden really took this idea from Rapin: "La vertu la plus essentielle au discours, après la clarté, c'est la pudeur et la modestie, comme remarque Demetrius le Phalaréen. Il faut, dit-il, de la proportion entre les paroles et les choses: et rien n'est plus ridicule que de traiter un petit sujet d'un grand style: parce que ce qui est disproportionné, est ou tout-à-fait faux, ou du moins badin et puerile." *Reflexions sur la Poétique*, part 1, § 30.
- The source for Rapin is Demetrius Phalaréus, *De Elocutione*, 120: "Fitness must be observed, whatever the subject; or in other words the style must be appropriate, — subdued for humble topics, lofty for high themes." (Roberts's translation.)
18. *Hannibal Caro* Lived 1507-66: on his translation, cf. 513², 14-19.
23. *Tasso*, etc. "Not in a letter, but at the end of the first of his *Discorsi dell' Arte Poetica*." KER.
- 178¹, 16. Lord Roscommon, etc.
- O may I live to hail the glorious day,
And sing loud poems through the crowded way,
When in triumphant state the British Muse,
True to herself, shall barb'rous aid [i. e. rhyme] re-
fuse,
And in the Roman majesty appear,
Which none know better, and none come so near.
Essay on Translated Verse.
26. *Breakings*. Dryden may use *breaking* as equivalent to *cæsura* (metrical pause), but more likely as *hiatus* (the use of a word ending in a vowel before one beginning with a vowel, without elision): cf. 512², 15-35, where Dryden incorrectly uses *cæsura* in the sense of *elision*.
44. *When Lausus died*, etc. The text reads *When Lausus fell*; v. 927², 226, and cf. 671, 1299, 1300.
- 178², 20. *Our poet and philosopher of Malmesbury*. Thomas Hobbes (1588-1679).
- 179², 47. *Essay on Poetry*. By the Earl of Mulgrave; cf. 490. Roscommon's *Essay* begins: Happy that author, whose correct *Essay* Repairs so well our old Horatian way.
- Roscommon also, in the same *Essay*, condemns indecent verses.
- 180¹, 17. *Viper*. v. 188, 26. The editor has naturally let the verse stand as the printer left it.
23. *Non ego*, etc. *Ars Poet.* 351-353.
- But in a poem elegantly writ
I would not quarrel with a slight mistake,
Such as our nature's frailty may excuse.
Roscommon's Translation.
41. *Translator of Lucretius*. Thomas Creech (1659-1700), whose *Lucretius* appeared in 1682: cf. 920². "In his translation he omitted the indelicate part of the Fourth Book, a deficiency which Dryden thought fit to supply, for which he has above assigned some very inadequate reasons." [SCOTT.]
- 181¹, 1. *His satires*, etc. Contrast Dryden's later verdict, pp. 307-316, which is in favor of Juvenal.
4. *Any part*. Ed. 1 reads *no part*, but the mistake is corrected in the errata.
8. *As difficult*, etc. HORACE, *Odes*, iv. 2. 1-4.
26. *Curiosa felicitas*. "The felicity gained through diligence." PETRONIUS, *Sat.* 118.
27. *Felicitur audere*. "To be happily bold:" v. HORACE, 2 *Epistles*, l. 166.
33. *One ode*, etc. v. 199. The present Earl of Rochester was Laurence Hyde: v. 120, 888, Dryden distinguishes him from the nobleman mentioned in B. S. xxii, xxv, xxvi.
45. *Mr. Cowley*. For Dryden's varying estimate of this author, v. 91; 283²; 320²; 514², 53 f; 517²; 744², 53 f.
- 181², 36. *Quod nequeo*, etc. "What I cannot express, but only feel;" adapted from Juvenal, vii. 56, *Hunc qualem nequeo monstrare et sentio tantum*.
48. *Fungar*, etc. HORACE, *Ars Poet.* 304, 305.
- But I must rest contented as I am,
And only strive to what that wit in you,
To which I willingly resign my claim.
Roscommon's Translation.
- 185, 138. *Store*. Ed. 1 places a comma after this word, and a semicolon after *more* in the next line.
- 188, 26. *The viper*, etc. Cf. 180¹, 17.
- 191, 218. *Neither*. Possibly a misprint for *neither's*, as Saintsbury suggests.
253. *Nor pierces*, etc. "Notice here, what is very unusual in Dryden, an Alexandrine couplet." SAINTSBURY.
260. *Who after, match'd*, etc. Ed. 1 reads, *Who, after match'd*, which may possibly be correct. But cf. 180¹, 14-16.

- 192¹, 18. *Hand supplies*. Ed. 1 reads, *Hands supplies*.
- 193, 72. *Beauties*. Ed. 1 reads *beauties*, which may mean *beauty's*.
- THEOCRITUS: IDYLLUM THE TWENTY-THIRD. This piece and the following are probably not by Theocritus.
- 196, 35. *Queen Elizabeth*. For the introduction of the modern allusion, cf. 98, 17, n; 169¹, 31, n; 199², 40; 324, 122; 367, 126.
44. *Scarecrow*. Ed. 1 reads *scar Crow*.
- 197, 82. *Menalcas*. Ed. 1 reads *Menelaus*, by a ludicrous misprint. The following words apparently mean: "He is a plain yeoman, not *Master Menalcas*." [SAINTSBURY.]
198. *The Earl of Roscommon*. v. 173.
- 199¹, 32. *Pointed*. For the word, cf. 478, 152.
- HORACE, THE TWENTY-NINTH ODE, etc. v. 181¹, 33, n.
- 199², 40. *The new Lord May'r*, etc. Cf. 152, 1135, n. Dryden inserts political allusions even into his translations. Cf. 98, 17, n; 196, 35, n.
- 201, 14. *Trimmer*. v. n. 120, 882.
202. THE FAIR STRANGER. The original edition does not separate or number the stanzas.
- 203¹. SONG. In the text of this song in the *Second Part of Miscellany Poems*, 1716, lines 3, 4; 7, 8; 9, 10; 13, 14; 15, 16; 18, 19 form single lines. That text furnishes the following variant readings: l. 5, *so frequent a Fire*; l. 14, *and all my*; l. 16, *so faithful, so faithful a Lover*; l. 18, *I'll die, I'll die, I'll die*. The 1704 text is reprinted without change in the second edition, 1716, of *The Fifth Part of Miscellany Poems*.
203. THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS. Of the first edition of this poem there were two issues, both of which are owned by the Harvard Library. One of them (the later) is in larger type than the other. The second edition, as a careful comparison has shown, was apparently printed from the same type as the later issue of the first, without resetting, but with a few corrections of the text, apparently due to Dryden himself. The variations between the two issues of the first edition are very minute. The principal ones are as follows: l. 70 (small type) *sat*, (large type and ed. 2) *sate*; l. 125 (sm.) *then they*, (l. and ed. 2) *that they*; l. 232 (sm.) *in which*, (l. and ed. 2) *on which*; l. 259 (sm.) *inexhausting*, (l. and ed. 2) *inexhausted*; l. 484 (sm.) *The best*, (l.) *There best*, (ed. 2) *Their best*.
- The text in *Poems and Translations*, 1701 (ed. 3), disregards Dryden's corrections and restores the readings of the later issue of ed. 1, from which it was evidently set up. But v. n. 206, 188.
- The motto of the poem is *Æneid*, ix. 446, 447; cf. 646, 597, 598.
- 204, 7. *Niobe*. Niobe, stricken with grief for the loss of her children, who were slain by Apollo and Artemis, was turned into stone.
22. *No sickness*, etc. Charles, who had always been in the best of health, was taken seriously ill on the morning of February 2.
28. *This now*, etc. Cf. 275, 306.
31. *The flaming wall*. Christie cites *flammaria mania mundi*, "the flaming walls of the world" (Lucretius, i. 73).
36. *Our Atlas*, etc. "Alluding to the fable of Hercules supporting the heavenly sphere when Atlas was fatigued." SCOTT.
70. *An iron slumber*. Christie cites Virgil's *ferreus somnus* (*Æneid*, x. 745).
80. *Heav'n*, etc. On February 5, according to Macaulay, the *London Gazette* announced that the physicians thought Charles out of danger.
- 205, 100. *The first*, etc. "A very ill-timed sarcasm on those who petitioned Charles to call his parliament." SCOTT. v. n. 112, 179.
- Christie remarks: "The line must mean that these were the first *rude* petitioners who were *well-meaning*."
106. *His death*, etc. v. 2 Kings xx. 1-11; but the parallel is by no means exact.
126. *Friends*, etc. Eds. 1 and 3 read:
- Each to congratulate his friend made haste.
150. *The laboring moon*. Cf. 342, 571, 572.
- "When the moon was eclipsed, it was supposed that magicians and witches were endeavoring to bring her down from heaven to aid them in their enchantments, and that she could be relieved from her sufferings by loud noises, beating of brass, sounding of trumpets, &c., to drown the voices of the enchanters." J. D. LEWIS, note on Juvenal, vi. 442.
153. *On liking*. "To engage on *liking* (an image rather too familiar for the occasion) is to take a temporary trial of a service, or business, with license to quit it at pleasure." [SCOTT.]
- 206, 164. *Never was losing*. Eds. 1 and 3 read *Was never losing*.
173. *Th' extremest ways*, etc. "The patient was bled largely. Hot iron was applied to his head. A loathsome volatile salt, extracted from human skulls, was forced into his mouth." MACAULAY.
188. *Even Short himself*. So eds. 1 and 2; ed. 3 reads *Even Short and Hobbs*. On this Christie well remarks: "Hobbes was a surgeon of eminence at the time of Dryden's death, and had attended Dryden in his last illness; but there is no other known mention of him among the medical men who attended the bedside of Charles II. This is a very suspicious change of the text in Tonson's volume of 1701." As a further proof that the change was not made by Dryden, it may be noted that in the preceding line (187) *he* remains in the text of ed. 3, but is altered to *They* in the errata.
- "Dr. Thomas Short was a Catholic and a Tory. To this circumstance he probably owes the compliment paid him by our author." [SCOTT.]
236. *Exile*. Referring to the duke's enforced absence from England during the excitement over the Popish Plot; cf. 133², 22, n.
239. *That king*, etc. v. 1 Kings ii. 1-9, where David charges his successor Solomon to take vengeance on certain of his enemies.

207. 244. *Those*, etc. A glance at Monmouth, of whom Charles made no mention when on his deathbed.
267. *Camillus*. Camillus, the Roman general who conquered Veii, went into exile rather than submit to an unjust fine.
288. *Still voice*. Eds. 1 and 3 read *still Sound*. For the reference, v. 1 Kings xix. 12.
311. *Succession*, etc. v. n. 110, 18.
327. *Clio*. The Muse of History.
208. 353. *Out of*, etc. Cf. 40, 639, n.
354. *Geneva reads*. Referring of course to the influence of Calvinism in England. The Presbyterian clergy were driven from the Church of England by the Act of Uniformity of 1662.
364. *As when*, etc. Dryden had already used this comparison in his *Verses to the Duchess*: v. 27, 52-57.
371. *Choir, like*. Ed. 2 reads *Quire like*; eds. 1 and 3 read *Quire of*.
372. *The Muse*, etc. v. *Astræa Redux*, p. 7.
377. *Tho' little*, etc. v. 238, 1541, n.
388. *Thou Fabius*, etc. A reference to Q. Fabius Maximus, the Roman general who, continually avoiding a combat, thwarted Hannibal by his policy of delay. Dryden's praise of the king's statecraft is just. He overcame Shaftesbury and the Whigs by yielding at critical moments and awaiting a change of the public temper.
209. 421. *For twelve*, etc. Charles had been king *de jure* since the execution of his father, January 30, 1649; he returned to England king *de facto* on May 25, 1660, and was crowned on April 23 of the next year. Dryden's arithmetic is not quite exact.
430. *Long exercis'd by fate*. Christie cites Virgil's *Iliacæ exercite fatis* (*Æneid*, iii. 182); cf. 654, 243.
435. *False heroes*, etc. For a similar passage, v. 221, 251-262.
441. *The Cyclops*, etc. v. 632, 633, 579-596.
447. *Alcides*. Hercules, the son of Jupiter and Almena. In his infancy he strangled two serpents sent against him by the jealous Juno; in maturity, one of his labors was to overcome the Lernean hydra; after his death he was numbered among the gods.
456. *Legitimately*. In reference to the defeat of the aspirations of the Duke of Monmouth, the illegitimate son of Charles II.
465. *As after*, etc. Numa was really followed by the martial Tullus Hostilius. Ancus Martius (hence, probably, Dryden's blunder, who succeeded Tullus, led the Romans against the Latins.
494. *Strong*. Eds. 1 and 3 read *great*.
210. 517. *The fasses of the main*. v. 10, 249, n. PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO ALBION AND ALBANUS. This opera celebrates the triumph of the royal brothers, Charles and James, over their Whig adversaries. — The editor has been unable to consult the broadside text of the prologue and epilogue.
3. *John Ketches*. The name of John Ketch (d. 1686), who seems to have been public executioner from 1663 to his death, has become a nickname for his successors in office. Cf. 156¹, 30; 313², 46.
6. *Oates*. v. 117, 632, n. In May, 1685, Oates was sentenced to so terrific a flogging that it is a wonder he survived. He was reported to have bribed the executioner to inflict the punishment lightly.
- 211¹. 4. *Plain Dealing*. "From this epilogue we learn, what is confirmed by many proofs elsewhere, that the attribute for which James desired to be distinguished and praised, was that of openness of purpose, and stern, undeviating inflexibility of conduct. He forgot that it was only the temporizing concessions of his brother which secured his way to the throne, when his exclusion, or a civil war, seemed the only alternatives." [SCOTT.] Contrast Dryden's praise of Charles, 208, 388-398, n.
- 211². TO MY FRIEND, MR. J. NORTHLEIGH. These verses have been collated with a copy of the first edition, made at the Bodleian Library. — For the scriptural references, v. Genesis xli. 25-36, 1 Kings iii. 16-28, and The History of Susanna (in the Apocrypha). In the last case there is of course a sarcastic reference to the Presbyterian party.
- TO MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW. The first edition of this poem has the following variant readings: (12) *be thy place*; (124) *gave Shape unto the Name*; (128) *King the Eye*; (139-141):
- As in that Day she took from Sacred hands
The Crown; 'mong num'rous Heroins was seen,
More yet in Beauty, than in Rank, the Queen!
- (148) *their Progress*.
- Mrs. (Mistress) was in Dryden's time applied both to married and to unmarried women.
212. 26. *Thy father*, etc. Henry Killigrew had written a tragedy, *The Conspiracy*, published in 1638, and "reprinted in a revised form in 1653, under the title of *Pallantus and Eudora*." (WARD.)
43. *In trine*. Cf. 50, 1165, n.
50. *And if*, etc. An allusion to the fable that bees rested on the lips of the infant Plato.
68. *Arethustian*. Arethusa was the nymph of a famous well on the island of Ortygia, near Syracuse: cf. 439, 1-7.
213. 79. *Her father's life*. Other writers do not concur in this praise of Henry Killigrew.
82. *Epictetus*. Dryden apparently confuses Epictetus with Diogenes, who is said to have lit a lantern in the daytime, explaining: "I am looking for a man."
128. *Our martial king*. James II.
134. *Our Phoenix queen*. "Mary of Este, as eminent for beauty as rank." [SCOTT.] She had been crowned Queen of England on April 23, 1685.
214. 147. *To such*, etc. Cf. the motto from Martial quoted in the headnote: "For extraordinary beings life is short and old age rare."
162. *Orinda*. "Mrs. Katherine Philips (1631-64), whom the affectation of her age called

Orinda." [SCOTT.] Her talents as a poetess were praised by Cowley and other eminent men, and, what is important in the present connection, by Anne Killigrew, who addressed some verses to her. Both Mrs. Phillips and Anne Killigrew died of the smallpox.

165. *Her warlike brother.* Henry Killigrew (d. 1712), a captain in the navy, who later became admiral.

180. *The Valley of Jehosaphat.* v. Joel iii. 2.

A LETTER TO SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE. On Etherege's life, and the date of this *Letter*, v. Gosse, *Seventeenth Century Studies*.

2. *As map informs.* The latitude of Ratisbon is really about 49°; Dryden has followed a mistaken statement of Etherege in his letter to Middleton. The jests that follow are in reply to the same letter.

215, 28. *What region, etc.* A reference to Virgil's line:

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris.
Æneid, i. 460.

30. *Triptolemus.* Ceres gave a chariot drawn by dragons and laden with wheat to her favorite Triptolemus, who rode in it over the earth, spreading among men a knowledge of agriculture.

47. *Three holy miter'd Hectors.* The three ecclesiastical electors were the archbishops of Treves, Cologne, and Mainz. These, with five temporal lords (the Count Palatine and the rulers of Bohemia, Bavaria, Saxony, and Brandenburg), constituted at this time the college of Electors.

49. *Is sunk.* The 1702 ed. reads *is drunk*; the correction is made in the following (fourth) edition of *Sylva* (1716).

73. *The Duke St. Aignan.* François de Beauvilliers (1610?-87), a favorite of Louis XIV. A play called *Bradamante* was attributed to him. — The spelling of the original edition is *St. Agnon*.

75. *His Grace of Bucks.* v. B. S. xxi. *The Rehearsal* is said to have been begun about 1663, though it was acted only in 1671.

7. *Bauble.* "A truncheon, with a fool's head and cap upon one end. It was carried by the ancient jester." [SCOTT.]

216, 22. *Your author's principle.* v. 554, 553-561.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER. Ed. 3 of this poem usually agrees with ed. 2; its readings, therefore, are ordinarily not recorded here.

The first line of the motto is from *Æneid*, iii. 96: "Seek your ancient mother;" cf. 552, 127. The second is from *Æneid*, i. 405: "The true goddess was made known by her stately movement;" cf. 529, 561.

This poem produced a famous and truly humorous reply: *The Hind and the Panther transv'd to the Story of the Country Mouse and the City Mouse*, by two young wits, Charles Montagu and Matthew Prior. In it Mr. Bayes and the two gentlemen of *The Rehearsal* were again brought to life.

Professor Williams's excellent commentary on this poem has assisted the editor in many

cases not directly indicated in the following notes. Several of the references cited are due to it. A paper by B. Vildhaut, *Dryden's Fable of The Hind and The Panther* (Lüdinghausen, 1876), in general of very small value, has given hints for the notes on ll. 1550, 2190.

To the Reader. During the early part of his reign James II showed no tolerance for Protestant Dissenters, and tried to carry out his designs in behalf of the Catholic religion by the aid of his Tory Church of England subjects, who professed the doctrine of passive obedience. He disregarded in behalf of Catholics alone the Test Act of 1673, which excluded from office all men who refused to declare their disbelief in the doctrine of transubstantiation, and to receive the sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England. This had hitherto banished every honest Catholic, and most of the Dissenters, from any position under the government, but had not affected some of the less strenuous Dissenters. (The Test Act of 1678, which required of all members of parliament an oath professing disbelief in transubstantiation, but did not require the taking of the sacrament according to the Anglican rites, was aimed against Catholics alone.) Finding that he could not win the support of the Church of England for his dispensing power, James turned for help to the Dissenters, and on April 4, 1687, issued a Declaration of Indulgence, suspending the Test Act and all penal laws against both Catholics and Dissenters, and giving to both the freedom of public worship. By this he hoped to gain the Dissenters to his own side. But the more clear-headed among them saw that this temporary indulgence was only a political trick, and refused to be duped by it.

Dryden in this poem, planned and written while James was carrying out his earlier policy, breathes a spirit of hostility to the dissenting sects, such as the Wolf, the Bear, and the Fox. He hopes for a reconciliation of the Church of England with the Catholic Church (v. 222, 327-330; 244, 245, 1964-2049). The Declaration of Indulgence, issued only a week before *The Hind and the Panther* was licensed for the press, probably startled Dryden as much as it did the rest of the nation not in the king's confidence. In this prose preface he adapts himself to changed circumstances, praises toleration, and censures those who refused to accept it from a Catholic king. Cf. n. 245, 2090.

216^a, 22 (prose). *I hope, etc.* "Most readers will, I think, acknowledge with me the extreme awkwardness with which Dryden apologizes for hoping well of those sectaries against whom he had so often discharged the utmost severity of his pen." [SCOTT.]

217^a, 1. *'T is not, etc.* Referring to Louis XIV's revocation, in 1685, of the Edict of Nantes of 1598, which had secured religious freedom in France. A severe persecution of the Huguenots followed.

7. *That he has*, etc. Scott points out that a similar phrase is found in an actual address of the period.
28. *Classical ordination*. Ordination by a *classis* or presbytery; cf. n. 220, 180.
38. *Cyrus*. v. Ezra i. 1-4.
41. *In specie*. In kind.
- 217². 1. 'T is evident, etc. In 1685 and 1686 King James ordered published two papers in defense of the Catholic religion, said to have been written by King Charles II, and to have been found in his strong box, and a third paper, said to be by Anne, Duchess of York, the first wife of King James, telling how she came to adopt the same faith. An anonymous *Answer* to these papers soon appeared, of which Stillingfleet, a learned Church of England divine, was the principal author. This occasioned a *Defense of the Papers*, in the last division of which, concerning the paper of the Duchess of York, Dryden was concerned. Stillingfleet and his coadjutors then returned to the charge with *A Vindication of the Answer to some late Papers* (1687), to which Dryden here refers under the title *Answer to the Defense of the late King's Papers*. Cf. 237, 1454, n.
12. *Socrates*'s. So ed. 1; eds. 2 and 3 read *Socrate*'s.
19. *Treatise of Humility*. At the end of his *Defense* Dryden had written: "In the mean time, the spirit of meekness and humble charity would become our author better than his boasts for this imaginary victory . . . but it is the less to be admired that he is such a stranger to that spirit, because, among all the volumes of divinity written by the Protestants, there is not one original treatise, at least that I have ever seen or heard of, which has handled distinctly, and by itself, that Christian virtue of humility." This Stillingfleet terms "a bare-faced assertion of a thing well known to be false, since within a few years such a book hath been published in London." Stillingfleet referred without doubt to *A Practical Discourse of Humility*, by William Allen, London, 1681. Dryden confuses this with a *magnified piece of Duncomb*, which turned out to be a translation from the Spanish Jesuit Alonso Rodriguez. Of Duncomb's work the editor can learn nothing; the British Museum Catalogue mentions "*A Treatise of Humility*, translated [by T. B.] into English" from Rodriguez, Rouen, 1631.
33. *Matter of fact*. Dryden echoes a phrase of Stillingfleet at the opening of the *Answer to the Defense of the Third Paper*, which concludes his *Vindication*: "I have now done as to matter of reason and argument: the third paper chiefly relates to matter of fact." But by *matter of fact* Stillingfleet does not refer to the mere question of the reality of the duchess's conversion. v. Stillingfleet, *Vindication*, page 102 (SS. xvii. 255). Cf. n. 239, 1604.
42. *Mrs. James*. Eleanor James, a printer's wife who had published a pamphlet called
- Mrs. James's Vindication of the Church of England*.
218. 1. *Hind*. The Catholic Church. Professor Williams points out that Dryden may have been influenced by scriptural passages such as Genesis xlix. 21; 2 Samuel xxii. 34; Proverbs v. 19.
6. *Scythian shafts*. "The Scythians tip their arrows with vipers' poison and human blood: for this frightful mixture there is no remedy; it brings death immediately at a slight touch." PLINY, *Natural History*, xi. 53 (115).
- Professor Williams cites Ovid's *Scythia sagitta* (*Met.* x. 588).
13. *Of these*, etc. "The Roman Catholic priests executed in England at different times since the Reformation, and regarded as martyrs and saints by those of their communion." SCOTT.
14. *Caledonian wood*. "Not Scottish, but taken generally for Britain, as *Hercynian wood* might be for Germany." SAINTSBURY.
15. *Vocal blood*. Cf. Genesis iv. 10.
19. *So captive Israel*, etc. v. Exodus i. 7-14.
35. *Bear*. The Independents, (the predecessors of the modern Congregationalists,) who rejected all ecclesiastical authority above that of the individual congregation, and discarded most forms and ceremonies. Cf. 886, 550-562.
37. *Hare*. The Quakers, who refused to take oaths of any sort, being guided by Matthew v. 34.
39. *Ape*. The Freethinkers. "The Earl of Sunderland, one of the principal ministers under Charles II and James II, was supposed to hold such opinions, for he made his change to Popery without even the form of previous instruction or conference. Dryden probably intended a sarcasm at him or some such time-serving courtier, for his occasional conformity with the royal faith, of which there were several instances at the time." [SCOTT.]
- To this Christie replies: "Dryden would hardly wish to offend any Roman Catholic convert, and he was not at all likely at this time to run a risk of offending Sunderland, who was in power. He had flatteringly dedicated *Troilus and Cressida* to Sunderland in 1679." Finally, Sunderland apparently did not become a Catholic until many months after the date of this poem: v. H. C. Foxcroft, *Life of Halifax*, i. 508.
41. *Lion*. The King of England.
43. *Boar*. The Anabaptists. The sect originated in Germany, where their early history is connected with a revolt of the peasantry. In 1534 they seized the city of Münster, where their rule (ending in June, 1535) was marked by many excesses, which brought the sect into disrepute. The Baptists were severely persecuted in England: some of the Independent congregations seem to have held Baptist views.
44. *But whiten'd*, etc. "The foam of sanctity refers to the Anabaptist dogma that every true believer attains in this life perfect freedom from sin." WILLIAMS.

53. *Reynard*. Dryden chooses the Fox for his symbol of the Unitarians: v. nn. 166, 312, 346. The Socinians had had much success in Poland, but had been driven out from the country by a law of 1658. Some of the refugees had been well received by Count Teckely. v. 220, 150-152; 173, 22, n.
61. *Hence*, etc. Cf. 700, 838.
- 219, 71. *Whom thou*, etc. Cf. n. 226, 675.
72. *My thoughtless youth*, etc. v. B. S. xxxii.
80. *Can I believe*, etc. "The Protestant divines took a distinction; and, while they admitted they were obliged to surrender their human judgment in matters of divine revelation which were above their reason, they asserted the power of appealing to its guidance in those things of a finite nature which depend on the evidence of sense, and the consequent privilege of rejecting any doctrine which, being within the sphere of human comprehension, is nevertheless repugnant to the understanding; therefore, while they received the doctrine of the Trinity as an infinite mystery, far above their reason, they contended against that of transubstantiation as capable of being tried by human faculties, and as contradicted by an appeal to them." [SCOTT.]
95. *Penetrating parts*. This means, as Christie states, "penetrating the parts of matter, instead of separating them. Matter is impenetrable by matter." (Cf. 274, 252.) Impenetrability, in physics, is defined by Webster as "that property in virtue of which two portions of matter cannot at the same time occupy the same portion of space." Dryden illustrates by a reference to John xx, 19, 24-29; and argues that as Christ's body penetrated the closed doors of the room where the disciples were gathered, so it could penetrate the elements of the consecrated host.
121. *Proponent*. Eds. 1 and 3 have a comma after this word; ed. 2 omits the comma, probably by a misprint, thereby converting *proponent* into an adjective. Christie, followed by C. D. (under *proponent*), adopts the reading of ed. 2.
134. *Could he*, etc. Contrast 111, 118-121.
- 220, 153. *Wolf*. The Presbyterians.
163. *His ragged tail*. The Geneva gown of the Presbyterian clergy. — Their close-cropped hair and black skull cap made their ears prominent; to which fact, and to the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination, Dryden refers in l. 165.
168. *Tho' jaar'd*, etc. A reference to the temporary power of the Presbyterian party in the days of the Long Parliament, as *captain*, and under Cromwell, as *companion of the spoil*.
- 170-173. *Full many . . . France*. Christie's explanation of this vague passage seems the most natural: Dryden, having styled the Presbyterians wolves, applies to them a story told by William of Malmesbury of King Edgar (about 973): "He designed to exterminate every beast of prey from his kingdom; and commanded Judwall, King of the Welsh, to pay him yearly a tribute of three hundred wolves. This he performed for three years, but omitted in the fourth, declaring that he could find no more." Dryden next identifies them with *Wycliffe's brood*, who first resisted ecclesiastical authority in medieval England, and supposes that the last Wycliffite, escaping persecution, started the Swiss reform movement. This is confused enough, but admissible for the purposes of satire. Scott, however, sees in the first two lines a reference to the story told by Bede, of the destruction (about 603) of twelve hundred Welsh monks of Bangor, as a punishment for their resistance to St. Augustine, and refusal to acknowledge him as their archbishop.
177. *Antipathy to kings*. Wycliffe, as Professor Williams notes, was accused of complicity in the rising of Wat Tyler.
180. *Zwinglius*. Ulric Zwingli (1484-1531) began to preach a reformed religion in Switzerland in 1516. John Calvin (1509-64) spent his life after 1536 for the most part in Geneva. The latter, in his *Institutes*, gave clear form to the presbyterian organization of church government, according to which ecclesiastical authority rests in a presbytery (otherwise called *classis* or *class*, l. 189), or assembly of presbyters (elders).
182. *In Israel*, etc. Dryden in the following lines draws on a work by Peter Heylyn, first published in 1670, *Aërius Redivivus; or, The History of the Presbyterians, containing . . . their Oppositions to Monarchical and Episcopal Government . . . and their Imbroilments of the Kingdoms and Estates of Christendom in the Pursuit of their Designs*. In his preface Heylyn writes: "I know that some out of pure zeal unto the cause would fain intitle them to a descent from the Jewish Sanhedrim, ordained by God himself in the time of Moses. And that it might comply the better with their ends and purposes, they have endeavored to make that famous consistory of the seventy elders not only a coördinate power with that of Moses, and after his decease with the kings and princes of that state in this public government, but a power paramount and supreme, from which lay no appeal to any but to God himself; a power by which they were enabled not only to control the actions of their kings and princes, but also to correct their persons." Heylyn denies that the Sanhedrim had any such authority, but adds: "And yet I shall not grutch them an antiquity as great as that which they desire, as great as that of Moses or the Jewish Sanhedrim." He then sarcastically attributes the origin of Presbyterianism to the rebellion of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram against Moses and Aaron (Numbers xvi. 1-35); a hint which Dryden follows in ll. 184-189.
189. *Class*. Cf. 217¹, 28, n; n. 220, 180.
197. *O happy pair*, etc. Cf. 160, 161, nn.
204. *Your native kennel*, etc. The citizens of Geneva had been under the temporal as well

- as the ecclesiastical authority of a bishop. But, after they adopted the reformed religion (1535), their city, famous as the home of Calvin, was regarded as the cradle of Presbytery. As they made choice of a republican form of government, our author infers that democracy is most congenial to their new form of religion. — The territories of the little state were bounded by its ramparts and the lake, which Dryden contemptuously calls a puddle. [SCOTT.] Professor Williams, with more probability, interprets the *wall* as the Alps.
209. *Tweed*. Scotland. "If Dryden had looked to his own times, he would have seen that the Scottish Presbyterians made a very decided stand for monarchy after the death of Charles I; and even such as were engaged in the conspiracy of Baillie of Jerviswood, which was in some respects the counterpart of the Rye House Plot, refused to take arms, because they suspected that the intentions of Sidney, and others of the party in England, were to establish a commonwealth." [SCOTT.]
210. *Effects*. Ed. 1 reads *effects*.
211. *Drawn*, etc. v. 112, 237, n.
212. *As, where*, etc. Cf. 872, 873, 1-45, and 241, 1806, n.
- 221, 222. *Dogs*, etc. Professor Williams aptly quotes from Lyly's *Euphues* (ed. Arber, p. 61): "The dog . . . eateth grasse and findeth remedy."
235. *From Celtic woods*, etc. This probably refers back to ll. 170, 171, though Scott, Christie, and Williams think that there is an allusion to the persecution of the Huguenots in France: cf. n. 217, 1. The whole passage, through l. 307, refers undoubtedly, as Professor Williams suggests, to "the partial toleration granted in Scotland, February, 1687."
- "A few days later James made his first hesitating and ungracious advances towards the Puritans. He had determined to begin with Scotland, where his power to dispense with acts of parliament had been admitted by the obsequious Estates. On February 12, accordingly, was published at Edinburgh a proclamation granting relief to scrupulous consciences. Even in the very act of making concessions to the Presbyterians, James could not conceal the loathing with which he regarded them. The toleration given to the Catholics was complete. But the indulgence vouchsafed to the Presbyterians, who constituted the great body of the Scottish people, was clogged by conditions which made it almost worthless. For the old test, which excluded Catholics and Presbyterians alike from office, was substituted a new test, which admitted the Catholics, but excluded most of the Presbyterians. The Catholics were allowed to build chapels, and even to carry the host in procession anywhere except in the high streets of royal burghs; but the Presbyterians were interdicted from worshipping God anywhere but in private dwellings; they were not to presume to build meetinghouses; they were not even to use a barn or an out-
- house for religious exercises; and it was distinctly notified to them that, if they dared to hold conventicles in the open air, the law which denounced death against both preachers and hearers, should be enforced without mercy. Any Catholic priest might say mass, but the privy council was directed to see that no Presbyterian minister presumed to preach without a special license from the government. Every line of this instrument, and of the letters by which it was accompanied, shows how much it cost the king to relax in the smallest degree the rigor with which he had ever treated the old enemies of his house." MACAULAY, ch. vii (abridged).
271. *Coronation day*. "Which is usually distinguished by an act of grace, or general pardon." SCOTT.
280. *And blood*, etc. v. Genesis iv. 1-10.
283. *The mighty hunter*. Nimrod. v. Genesis x. 9.
284. *The blessed Pan*. Jesus Christ. In the *glosse* on the *Shepherd's Calendar* for May, Spenser explains *great Pan* of his text as follows: "Great Pan is Christ, the very God of all shepherds, which calleth himselfe the greate and good shepherd." The gloss further explains that the idea originated in a connection that was made between the crucifixion of Christ, and a story told by Plutarch in his treatise, *Why the Oracles Cease to Give Answers*.
289. *British Lion*. James II.
- 222, 321. *Shards*. Here undoubtedly in the sense of *dung*, found in provincial English: v. E. D. D. under *cowshard*.
326. *To them*, etc. "In Scotland, large conventicles were held in the mountains and morasses by the fiercest of the Covenanters, whom persecution had driven frantic. These men, known now by the name of Cameronians, considered popery and prelacy as synonymous terms." [SCOTT.]
327. *Panther*. The Church of England.
338. *The Wolf*, etc. v. n. 237, 1454.
339. *Tho' unpolluted*, etc. Christie notes a resemblance to Juvenal, xiii. 209, 210: "He who meditates any secret wickedness within himself incurs the guilt of the deed."
342. *Spirits of a middle sort*. Professor Williams cites in illustration:
- Those argient fields more likely habitants,
Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold,
Betwixt the angelical and human kind.
Paradise Lost, iii. 400-402.
344. *Down*. So ed. 1; eds. 2 and 3 read *done*.
351. *A Lion*, old. etc. "Henry VIII's passion for Anne Boleyn led the way to the Reformation." [SCOTT.]
- Henry was born in 1491, met Anne Boleyn in 1522, began open negotiations for a divorce from Catherine of Aragon in 1527, was secretly married to Anne about January 25, 1533, and received a formal divorce from the archiepiscopal court in May of that year.
354. *Cov'ring*, etc. Cf. 567, 247-250.

361. *The fruit*, etc. "The following lines refer to the dissolution of the monasteries under Henry VIII." [WILLIAMS.]
367. *Where marriage*, etc. "The marriage of the clergy, licensed by the Reformation." SCOTT.
- 223, 385. *Travailing*. It is impossible to say whether the word here means *laboring* or *traveling*.
393. *Yet*, etc. "The king being owned the head of the Church of England, contrary to the doctrine of the other Reformed Churches." SCOTT.
402. *A creature*, etc. Referring to the Minotaur, half man and half bull, confined in the Cretan Labyrinth: cf. 594, 33-46; 722, 325-369.
410. *In doubtful points*, etc. The Catholics believe that in the Eucharist the bread and wine are transformed *into* the body and blood of Christ (transubstantiation); the Lutherans, that the body and blood of Christ are really present *in, with, and under* the elements (consubstantiation); the Calvinists deny entirely the real corporeal presence of the body and blood of Christ, teaching that they are present only spiritually, to be enjoyed by believers only. The doctrine of the Church of England, as expressed in Article 28, is practically Calvinistic; it admits a real (spiritual) presence, but does not exactly define the manner of that presence. The last part of the Article discountenances worship of the sacrament, which was regarded as idolatrous:
- "The Supper of the Lord is not only a sign of the love that Christians ought to have among themselves one to another, but rather it is a sacrament of our redemption by Christ's death; inasmuch that to such as rightly, worthily, and with faith receive the same, the bread which we break is a partaking of the body of Christ, and likewise the cup of blessing is a partaking of the blood of Christ. Transubstantiation, or the change of the substance of bread and wine, in the Supper of the Lord, cannot be proved by Holy Writ; but is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture, overthroweth the nature of a sacrament, and hath given occasion to many superstitions. The body of Christ is given, taken, and eaten in the Supper only after an heavenly and spiritual manner. And the mean whereby the body of Christ is received and eaten in the Supper is faith. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not by Christ's ordinance reserved, carried about, lifted up, or worshipped."
417. *Her novices*, etc. Referring to passages in *A Catechism* [of the Church of England], that is to say, an instruction to be learned of every person, before he be brought to be confirmed by the bishop.
- "Q. What is the outward part or sign of the Lord's Supper?
- "A. Bread and Wine, which the Lord hath commanded to be received.
- "Q. What is the inward part, or thing signified?
- "A. The Body and Blood of Christ, which are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper."
430. *Her wild*, etc. Cf. James i. 6.
431. *But sure*, etc. "The pretensions of the Church of England to loyalty were carried to a degree of extravagance which her divines were finally unable to support, unless they had meant to sign the destruction of their religion by a Catholic king." [SCOTT.]
- In 1675 Danby, the head of the Tory and High Church party, had proposed a bill according to which, "no one was to be allowed to hold office or to sit in parliament unless he would swear that he believed resistance to the crown to be in all cases illegal, and that he would never endeavor to alter the government in Church or State." (GARDINER, *Student's History of England*.)
435. *And seal'd*, etc. "Alluding to the fate of the Church and monarchy of England, which fell together in the great rebellion." SCOTT.
442. *An Indian wife*. "Alluding to the voluntary self-immolation of Hindu widows (*suttee*)." [CHRISTIE.]
447. *And bore*, etc. Cf. 889, 34, n.
449. *Isgrim*. The name of the wolf in the mediæval beast epic of which Reynard the Fox is the hero.
- 224, 480. *If she*, etc. Cf. 130, 156-166.
497. *Thus*, etc. "That is, if the Church of England would be reconciled to Rome, she should be gratified with a delegated portion of innate authority over the rival sectaries, instead of being obliged to depend upon the civil power for protection." SCOTT.
- 252, 531. *The sovereign Lion*, etc. "Alluding to the exercise of the dispensing power." [SCOTT.]
- SCOTT thinks that a reference to the Declaration of Indulgence is also intended, but this is impossible, unless the passage be a late addition to the poem. Cf. n. 216 (*To the Reader*).
537. *The ten-horn'd monster*. "The ten-horned monster (v. Revelation xvii) was usually explained by the reformers as typical of the Church of Rome." [SCOTT.]
540. *Certitude of sense*. v. n. 219, 80.
552. *The Hind had seen him first*. "There was a classical superstition, that, if a wolf saw a man before he saw the wolf, the person lost his voice. (Cf. 438, 73, 74.) Dryden has adopted, apparently without authority, the converse of this superstitious belief." [SCOTT.]
554. *Suffis'd*. So eds. 1 and 2; ed. 3 reads *suffic'd*.
563. *Her friend*, etc. "Although the Popish Plot was made the pretense of persecuting the Papists in the first instance, yet the high-flying party of the Church of England were also leveled at, and accused of being Tanti-vies, Papists in *nu*merate, etc." [SCOTT.] Cf. 124¹, 40, n.; 111, 108, n.
579. *The younger Lion*. "James II, then Duke of York, whom Shaftesbury and his party involved in the odium of the Plot." SCOTT.
580. *Your priestly calves*. "Plunket, the titular primate of Ireland, Whitebread, provincial

- of the Jesuits, and several other Catholic priests, suffered for the alleged plot." [SCOTT.]
- 226, 602. *The Test*. The Test Acts had removed any ambiguities in the Church of England's doctrine concerning the Eucharist. Cf. n. 216 (*To the Reader*).
635. *Cannon*. So in eds. 1, 2, 3; the pun with *canon* is obvious.
639. *Subterranean Rome*. The Catacombs; cf. *Evelyn's Diary*, April 11, 1645. [CHRISTIE.]
651. *For fallacies*, etc. "*Dolus versatur in generalibus* was an axiom of the Schools." SCOTT. Cf. 24th, 35-37.
652. *I then affirm*, etc. "Dryden does not plead the cause of infallibility so high as to declare it lodged in the Pope alone, but inclines to the milder and more moderate opinion which vests it in the Church and Pope jointly. This was the shape in which the doctrine was stated in the pamphlets generally dispersed from the king's printing press about this time." [SCOTT.]
675. *And all*, etc. "The Catholics interpret our Savior's promise: 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world' (Matthew xxviii. 20), as applicable to their own church exclusively." [SCOTT.]
- 227, 677. *But mark*, etc. "Dryden, like a good courtier, adopts here the arguments which converted his master, Charles II, and which are contained in the papers found in his strong box." [SCOTT.] Cf. n. 217², 1.
692. *Jehu*. v. 2 Kings ix. 20.
713. *Luther*. Cf. n. 223, 410.
722. *Arius, Socinus*. Cf. nn. 166, 312, 346.
730. *To those*. The pronoun refers back not to *Scripture* in the preceding line, but to *Scriptures* in l. 727.
735. *Where piles*, etc.
- Infestisque obvia signis
Signa, pares aquilas, et plia minantia plis.
LUCAN, *Pharsalia*, l. 6, 7.
735. *Sathan*. v. Matthew iv. 6.
741. *Those first councils*. An act of 1559 (1 Eliz. c. 1, § 20) recognized the authority of the "first four general councils" in matters of faith.
742. *Sure tradition*. "We mean by traditions, ordinances made in the prime of Christian religion, established with that authority which Christ hath left to his Church for matters indifferent, and in that consideration requisite to be observed, till like authority see just and reasonable cause to alter them. So that traditions ecclesiastical are not rudely and in gross to be shaken off because the inventors of them were men." HOOKER, *Ecclesiastical Polity*, v. 65 (2). Cf. 166, 316-355.
799. *Its omen*. "The gallows." SCOTT.
800. *The Panther's breath*. This was one of the current doctrines of the early natural history; v. Steele, *Medieval Lore from Bartholomew Anglicus*, London, 1905, p. 166.
802. *The Blatant Beast*. "By the Blatant Beast (see Spenser's *Faerie Queene*) we are generally to understand slander. But it is here taken for the Wolf, or Presbyterian clergy, whose violent declamations against the Church of Rome filled up many sermons." [SCOTT.]
818. *The Wolf*, etc. "The Presbyterian Church appeals to the Scripture as the sole rule of faith." [SCOTT.]
- 229, 840. *Statutes*. James II had suspended these before the poem was published—cf. n. 216 (*To the Reader*)—but Dryden did not cancel this line. Cf. 240, 1675, n; 243, 1927, n.
858. *For purging fires*. The doctrine of purgatory, rejected by all the reformed churches, and defended by the Catholics more from tradition than from Scripture.
896. *The apostles*. So ed. 1; eds. 2 and 3 read *the Apostles*.
- 230, 917. *He darkly writ*. v. 2 Peter iii. 16.
939. *Counsels*. Ed. 1 reads *councils*.
948. *Testament*. "It is probable that from this passage Swift took the idea of comparing the Scripture to a testament in his *Tale of a Tub*." SCOTT. Cf. 167, 392.
954. *Hungary*. "Throughout the seventeenth century Austria and the Turks fought for Hungary." SAINTSBURY.
970. *Pronounc'd his words*. v. John xviii. 5, 6. Dryden repeats the latter part of the line in 532, 834.
973. *Modestly*. Ed. 1 reads *modesty*.
979. *Polish diet*. In the Polish diets absolute unanimity was required for each decision. Hence they usually ended in anarchy, often in warfare. This was especially the case with those charged with the election of a new king. Armed rebellion (l. 987) was sanctioned by the laws of Poland. The term *crown-general* (l. 982), which is a translation of a Polish title (v. N. E. D.), *hetman koronny*, is particularly apt in this connection. Sobieski had been *hetman wielki koronny* (great crown-general) before his election to the Polish throne in 1674.
- 231, 988. *To Church decrees*, etc. "The Church hath power to decree rites or ceremonies, and authority in controversies of faith; and yet it is not lawful for the Church to ordain anything that is contrary to God's word written, neither may it so expound one place of Scripture that it be repugnant to another." Article xx.
991. *Curlana*. "This romantic name is given to the sword of mercy, which wants a point, and is said to have been that of Edward the Confessor. It is borne at the Coronation." [SCOTT.]
1026. *Consubstantiating Church*. The Lutherans: v. n. 223, 410.
1028. *The French reform'd*. "The Huguenot preachers, being Calvinists, had received classical (v. n. 217², 28) and not episcopal ordination; hence, unless reordained, they were not admitted to preach in the Church of England." [SCOTT.]
1030. *Donors*, etc. Those who give the right to preach must do the ordaining.
1061. *Here then*, etc. Scott points out that

- much of Dryden's argument is identical with that of a passage in the second paper found in King Charles's strong box.
- 232, 1071. *So when of old, etc.* Cf. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 80-273.
1090. *What, etc.* Cf. Revelation xxi. 2.
- 1101 n. *Marks of the Catholic Church.* Unity, Sanctity, Catholicity (Universality), and Apostolicity, in expansion of the clause of the Nicene Creed: "I believe in one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church." (The word *holy* does not occur in all texts of this creed.)
1110. *But like, etc.* "The magicians imitated Moses in producing the frogs which infested Egypt; but they could not relieve from that, or any of the other plagues. By that of boils and blains they were afflicted themselves, like the other Egyptians." [SCOTT.] v. Exodus viii. ix.
1130. *Our sailing ships, etc.* As Professor Firth explains, this is "a reference to the practice of transporting criminals to . . . the British colonies."
- 233, 1137. *Missioners.* Ed. 1 reads *Missionaires*.
1140. *Yet some, etc.* Catholic missionaries in the sixteenth century had some success in Japan, but were later driven out and their converts exterminated. Of the Europeans, only the Dutch retained the right to trade with Japan. For the sake of this privilege, according to a current report, they were required to abjure Christianity and to trample on the crucifix. [SCOTT.] Cf. 5, 84, n.
1143. *Industrious of.* Cf. 784, 53.
1154. *For all, etc.* "Alluding to the doctrines of Wycliffe and the Lollards, condemned as heresies in their own times, but revived by the reformers." SCOTT.
1159. *'T is said, etc.* v. Matthew vii. 24-27.
1171. *Monumental arms, etc.* Arms put up as a memento, or memorial.
1172. *Goliath's sword.* v. 1 Samuel xxi. 9.
1175. *Standard.* "Perhaps used with a reference to the sense given by Bailey for *standils* or *standards*: 'Trees reserved at the felling of wood for growth for timber.'" [WILLIAMS.]
1181. *What digits, etc.* "Astronomically. There are said to be twelve digits in the diameter of the sun or moon, and the extent of an eclipse is calculated by them." SAINTSBURY.
1202. *Sev'n.* Ed. 1 reads *nine*. St. Augustine, the missionary to the English, reached the country in 597. From that date Dryden apparently reckons, in ed. 1, to the time of Henry VIII; in ed. 2, to that of Wycliffe.
- 234, 1214. *Joseph.* v. Genesis xlii. 29, 30. "The English Benedictine monks executed a renunciation of the abbey lands, belonging to the order before the Reformation, in order to satisfy the minds of the possessors, and reconcile them to the reestablishment of the ancient religion, by guaranteeing the stability of their property. There appeared, however, to the proprietors of these lands, little generosity in this renunciation, in case the monks were to remain in a condition of inability to support their pretended claim; and, on the other hand, some reason to suspect its validity, should they ever be strong enough to plead their title." [SCOTT.]
1223. *Sties a.* Ed. 1 makes no pause after *sties*; eds. 2 and 3 insert a colon.
1226. *Such were, etc.* Alluding to some extraordinary display of the aurora borealis at the time of the battle of Sedgemoor (July 6, 1685), in which King James's troops crushed Monmouth's rebellion. The battle was chiefly fought in the morning, before day-break. [SCOTT.]
1234. *Nuntius.* v. GLOSSARY.
1251. *Content of mind.* Cf. 822, 823, 1-30; n. 241, 1806.
1252. *A grace cup.* N. E. D. defines *grace-drink* as "the drink taken by a company after the giving of thanks at the end of a meal."
- Their common patron.* "King James." SCOTT.
1273. *So might, etc.* The following passage is reminiscent of Virgil: cf. 631, 477-483.
- 235, 1283. *Mighty Pan.* v. 221, 284, n.
1295. *Much malice, etc.* Montagu and Prior took this line for a motto of their satire on *The Hind and the Panther*: v. n. 216 (HIND AND PANTHER).
1302. *Mother Hubbard.* Spenser's *Mother Hubbard's Tale* is a political satire, in which the knavish Ape and Fox find the Lion (representing in the allegory Queen Elizabeth) asleep, and usurp his functions as king of the beasts:
- The Lion sleeping lay in secret shade,
His crowne and scepter lying him beside,
And having doft for heate his dreadfull hide.
(LL. 462-464.)
- Mercury rebukes the Lion for his heedlessness:
- "Arise," said Mercurie, "thou sluggish beast,
That here liest senseless, like the corpse decaist,
The whilst thy kingdom from thy head is rent,
And thy throne royall with dishonour blent."
(LL. 1327-1330.)
1304. *That queen, etc.* v. headnote, p. 122, and 161', 39-42.
1313. *Round eternity.* Cf. 4, 18, n.
1315. *The Lion's peace.* "The Declaration of Indulgence." SCOTT. More probably, unless this line be a late addition to the poem, a reference to the king's earlier use of the dispensing power.
1319. *Furry sons.* "The clergy wearing the fur hoods of graduates." [WILLIAMS.]
- Senate.* Convocation. [SCOTT.]
1336. *Her faith, etc.* "The adherence of the Church of England to the interests of James, while he was an exile at Brussels, and the Bill of Exclusion against him was in dependence, is here, as in other places, made the subject of panegyric. Had the Church joined with the Sectaries, the destruction of the Catholics at the time of the Plot would have been inevitable." SCOTT.
1354. *She paid, etc.* v. Matthew xxii. 21.
- 236, 1359. *I serv'd, etc.* "The Church of England complained, with great reason, of the coldness which they experienced from James, in

whose behalf they had exerted themselves so successfully." *Scott*.

1415. *Some German quarrel. Une querelle d'Allemand* is a French phrase for a quarrel picked without cause. Louis XIV, conscious of superior force, could begin such when he chose.
- 237, 1436. *He of*, etc. Cf. 223, 431, n.
1454. *Your sons of latitude*. On the phrase, cf. II. 1481, 1523. "During the latter years of the reign of Charles II, the dissensions of the State began to creep into the Church. By far the greater part of the clergy were steady in their adherence to the court interest. But a party began to appear, who were distinguished by the name of Latitudinarians, which the High Churchmen conferred upon them. The chief amongst these were Tillotson, Stillingfleet, and Burnet. They distinguished themselves by a less violent ardor for the ceremonies and even the government of the Church; for all those particulars, in short, by which she is distinguished from other Protestant congregations. In 1668 a plan of this party for an accommodation with the Presbyterians was defeated by the uncompromising attitude of the House of Commons. As, on the one hand, the tenets of the moderate clergy approximated those of the Calvinists; so, on the other, their antipathy and opposition to the Church of Rome was more deeply rooted, in proportion to the slighter value which they attached to the particulars in which that of England resembled her. Hence some of the number looked with a favorable eye on the Exclusion Bill, directed against the Catholic Duke of York.
- "The party was of course deeply hated by the Catholics, and hence the severity with which they are treated by Dryden, who objects to them as the illegitimate offspring of the Panther by the Wolf, and traces to their Presbyterian origin their indifference to the fasts and ascetic observances of the more rigid High Churchmen, and their covert disposition to resist regal domination. Their adherence to the English communion he ascribes only to the lure of gain, and endeavors to draw an odious distinction between them and the rest of the Church." *[Scott.]*
- Dryden had personal as well as public reasons for hostility to Stillingfleet; cf. n. 217², 1.
1462. *All that Scorpio claims*. "Alluding to the fact that the different parts of the body were assigned to different signs of the zodiac. The old almanacs have a naked figure in front, surrounded by the usual emblems of the signs, which dart their rays on the parts which they govern. What Scorpio claims, if not apparent from the context, may be found there." *[Scott.]*
1467. *Think you*, etc. "The Huguenot clergy who took refuge in England after the recall of the Edict of Nantes in 1685 did not all adhere to the same Protestant communion. Many conformed to the Church of England;

and, having submitted to new ordination, some of them obtained benefices: others joined in communion with the Presbyterians and Dissenters of various kinds." *[Scott.]*

1482. *Yielding*. Ed. 1 reads *cavie*.
1485. *Delphic*. i. e. ambiguous, and so double-edged. *[SAINTSBURY.]* "The Δελφική μάχασα of Aristotle, *Pol.* i. 2. 3." *[WILLIAMS.]*
1487. *Some*, etc. In the following paragraphs Dryden replies to the *Vindication* of Stillingfleet and his coadjutors; cf. 217², 1, n. "The three steeples *argent* obviously alludes to the pluralities enjoyed, perhaps by Stillingfleet, and certainly by some of the divines of the Established Church." *[Scott.]* Professor Williams, however, thinks that "it may refer to three Church dignitaries, such as Burnet, Stillingfleet, and Tillotson, whom Dryden supposed to be the authors of the three parts of the *Answer*. . . . *Argent* would then represent their professed purity, in strong contrast with the *sable field* of their real motives."
1459. *Have sharply tax'd*, etc. "I must not say the poor Bishop of Winchester is used unmercifully by him, for he calls him that *prelate of rich memory* [a phrase from Dryden's *Defense*]. . . . Had he a mind to tell us he was no poet? or that he was out of the temptation of changing his religion for bread?" *STILLINGFLEET, Vindication*, p. 105 (SS. xvii. 259, 260).
1491. *Such who*, etc. "If I thought there were no such thing in the world as true religion, and that the *priests of all religions are alike* [cf. 111, 99], I might have been as nimble a convert, and as early a defender of the royal papers, as any one of these champions. For why should not one who believes no religion, declare for any?" *Ibid.* p. 2 (SS. x. 208).
1493. *Bare lies*, etc. "But our grim logician proceeds from immediate and original to concomitant causes [of the English Reformation]; which, he saith, were revenge, ambition, and covetousness. But the skill of logicians used to lie in proving; but this is not our author's talent, for not a word is produced to that purpose. If bold sayings and confident declarations will do the business, he is never unprovided; but if you expect any reason from him, he begs your pardon; he finds how ill the character of a grim logician suits with his inclination. However, he takes a leap from causes to effects; and here he tells us the immediate effects of this schism were sacrilege and a bloody persecution of such as denied the king's supremacy in matters wholly spiritual, which no layman, no King of Israel ever exercised." *Ibid.* p. 116 (SS. xvii. 277).
- Stillingfleet writes these words at the close of an attempt to prove that Henry VIII's desire to divorce Catherine was caused by his tender conscience; and that the English casting off of the papal supremacy had "no relation at all" to the king's marriage to Anne Boleyn. Dryden in his *Defense* had applied the title *grim logician* to Stillingfleet (v. SS. xvii. 218), who here retorts it upon him.

1496. *'T is easier*, etc. "At the beginning of the *Vindication* Stillingfleet had said: 'But lest I be again thought to have a mind to flourish before I offer to pass.'" WILLIAMS.
1504. *For sundry*, etc. v. Stillingfleet, in SS. xvii. 287 f.
1508. *Treatise of Humility*. v. n. 217², 19.
- 238, 1509. *But if*, etc. "Stillingfleet's argument: 'Suppose we had not such particular books, we think the Holy Scripture gives the best rules and examples of humility of any book in the world.'" WILLIAMS.
1541. *Hudibras*. Samuel Butler (1612-80). In 1683 Dryden had written, in a begging letter addressed to Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, First Commissioner of the Treasury: "'T is enough for one age to have neglected Mr. Cowley, and sterr'd Mr. Butler." The guilt of neglect, as Scott remarks, belongs to "Charles II and his gay courtiers, who quoted *Hudibras* incessantly, and left the author to struggle with obscurity and indigence," not to the Church of England, which could have done nothing for the poet unless he had been in orders. Cf. 318², 23, n.
1545. *With odious*, etc. v. 237, 1491, 1493, nn. Stillingfleet (SS. xvii. 256) complains similarly of "civil and obliging epithets," such as *disingenuous*, *foul-mouthed*, and *shuffling*, which Dryden had bestowed upon him.
1550. *Imprimatur*. "Stillingfleet's *Vindication* bears this license: '*Imprimatur*. January 10, 1686. Henricus Maurice Rmo P. D. Wilhelmus Archiep. Cant. & Sacris.'" [Scott.] According to the law (14 Charles II, c. 33) the licensing power for all books except those on the common laws, history, affairs of state, and heraldry, was delegated to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, and was thus beyond the immediate control of the king.
1573. *Be vengeance*, etc. "In the following beautiful lines, the poet, who had complained of Stillingfleet's having charged him with atheism, expresses his resolution [very imperfectly carried out] to submit to this reproach with Christian meekness, and without retaliation." [Scott.]
1575. *If joys*, etc. "In these lines Dryden verifies a sentence from the Duchess of York's paper: 'It will be plain enough to everybody, that I must lose all the friends and credit I have here by it; and have very well weighed which I could best part with,—my share in this world or the next: I thank God, I found no difficulty in the choice.'" WILLIAMS.
- 239, 1600. *It now*, etc. "The Hind having shown that her influence over Dryden was such as to induce him to submit patiently and without vengeance to injury and reproach, now calls upon the Panther to exert her authority in turn over Stillingfleet, for his irreverent attack upon the royal papers. Upon a careful perusal of the *Answer* and *Vindication* of that divine, it is impossible to find any grounds for the charge of his having reviled Charles II or the Duchess of York. Dryden, however, like the other Catholics, was pleased to interpret the impugning and confuting the arguments used by the king and duchess into contempt and disrespect for their persons." [Scott.]
1602. *Shimei*. v. 117, 585, n.
1604. *Your son*, etc. "In the beginning of the controversy, Stillingfleet had spoken dubiously of the authenticity of the paper ascribed to the duchess. In his *Vindication* he fully admitted that point, and insisted only upon the weakness of the reasons which she alleged for her conversion. This Dryden compares to a defeated vessel, bearing away under the smokes of her last broadside. (Cf. 217², 29-43.)
- "The person whom he states to have counseled Stillingfleet is probably Burnet; and the score which he paid is the severe description given of him under the character of the Buzzard (250, 2415 f.). Dryden always seems to have viewed the *Answer* to the royal papers as the work of more than one hand. In his *Defense* (SS. xvii. 252) he affirms that the answerer's name is Legion, but tho' the body be possess'd with many evil spirits, it is but one of them who talks." [Scott.] Cf. 217², 9.
1621. *Leap*. v. n. 237, 1493.
1625. *Procession*. The word is especially applied to the ecclesiastical processions of the Catholic Church; hence Dryden's sarcastic *in Protestant procession*.
1627. *Rodriguez*. v. n. 217², 19.
1631. *My altars*, etc. Cf. Isaiah vi. 6.
1638. *Make himself a saver*. "This apparently means 'to indemnify himself for damages.' A metaphor from bowls. Cf. Middleton, *No Wit, No Help like a Woman's*, ii. 3. 82: 'Yet if my bowl take bank, I shall go night to make myself a saver. Here's alley-room enough.'" WILLIAMS.
1649. *Some*, etc. Some among her sons may deserve to have their characters described in satire.
- 240, 1675. *Your bloody*, etc. The penal laws, though they were not strictly enforced, had never been abrogated. [Scott.] Cf. 225, 531, n.; 229, 840, n.; 243, 1927, n.
1683. *By education*, etc. Cf. 116, 535-538.
1713. *The Swallows' fortune*, etc. "The general application of the fable of the Swallows to the short gleam of Catholic prosperity during the reign of James II is sufficiently manifest. But it is probable that a more close and intimate allusion was intended to an event which took place in 1686, when the whole nation was in confusion at the measures of King James, so that the alarm had extended even to the Catholics, who were the objects of his favor. The following account is quoted from Ralph (*History*, 1744, p. 933), who cites as his authority *Secret Consults*, etc. of the Roman Party, p. 59:
- "While the nation was in a manner stunned with these outrageous proceedings,

we are told there was a general meeting of the leading Roman Catholics at the Savoy, to consult how this favorable crisis might be most improved to the advantage of their cause. Father Petre had the chair, and at the very opening of the debates it appeared that the majority were more inclined to provide for their own security than to come to extremities with the Protestants. Notwithstanding the king's zeal, power, and success, they were afraid to push the experiment any farther. The people were already alarmed; the soldiery could not be depended upon; the very courtiers melted out of their grasp; all depended on a single life, which was already on the decline; and if that life should last yet a few years longer, and continue, as hitherto, devoted to their interest and service, they foresaw insurmountable difficulties in their way, and apprehended disappointments without end. Upon these considerations, therefore, some were for a petition to the king, that he would only so far interpose in their favor that their estates might be secured to them by Act of Parliament, with exemption from all employments, and liberty to worship God in their own way, in their own houses. Others were for obtaining the king's leave to sell their estates and transport themselves and their effects to France. All but Father Petre were for a compromise of some sort or another; but he disdained whatever had a tendency to moderation, and was for making the most of the voyage while the sea was smooth and the wind prosperous. All these several opinions, we are farther told, were laid before the king, who was pleased to answer that, before their desires were made known to him, he had provided a sure retreat and sanctuary for them in Ireland, in case all those endeavors which he was making for their security in England should be blasted, and which as yet gave him no reason to despair.

"It will hardly, I think, be disputed that the fable of the Swallows about to cross the seas refers to this consultation of the Catholics; and it is a strong instance of Dryden's prejudice against priests of all persuasions, that, in the character of the Martin, who persuaded the Swallows to postpone the flight, he decidedly appears to have designed Petre, the king's confessor and prime adviser in state matters, both spiritual and temporal. The name of Martin may contain an allusion to the parish of St. Martin's in which Whitehall and the royal chapel are situated. But should this be thought fanciful, it is certain that the portrait of this vain, presumptuous, ambitious, bigoted Jesuit, as given by Burnet, is exactly that of the Martin. Burnet describes him as 'one Peter, descended from a noble family, a man of no learning, nor any way famed for his virtue, but who made all up in boldness and zeal.'

"The close correspondence of the fable with the real events may be further traced. The

Raven (l. 1769) may be conjectured to mean Tenison, within whose parish Whitehall was situated, and who stood in the front of battle during all the Roman Catholic controversy. As Petre is the Martin who persuaded the Catholics not to leave the kingdom, his preparations for maintaining their ground there are also noticed. Lines 1823-1825 allude to the numerous schools and religious establishments which the Jesuits prepared to establish throughout England. The chapel which housed them (l. 1834) is obviously the royal chapel, where the priests were privileged to exercise their functions even during the subsistence of the penal laws. The transient gleam of sunshine (ll. 1844-1854) which invited the Swallows forth from their retirement, is the Declaration of Indulgence. The Irish Catholics, with the sanguine Talbot (Tyreconnel) at their head, may be the first who hailed the imaginary return of spring; they are painted as the Swifts (ll. 1841, 1842).

"I cannot help thinking that our author, still speaking in the character of the English Church, describes himself as the foolish *Cuckoo* (l. 1853), whose premature annunciation of spring completed the Swallows' delusion. Perhaps he intended to mitigate the scornful description of Petre by talking of himself also as a Protestant would have talked of him. The foreign priests and Catholic officers whom hopes of promotion now brought into England are pointed out by the *foreign fowls* of l. 1879.

"The fable concludes in a prophetic strain by indicating the calamities which were likely to overwhelm the Catholics as soon as the death of James, or any similar event, should end their temporary prosperity. It is well known how exactly the event corresponded to the prophecy; even the circumstance of the rabble rising upon the Catholic priests was most literally verified. In most of the seaport towns they watched the coasts to prevent their escape; and, when King James was taken at Feversham, the fishermen by whom he was seized were employed in lying in wait for the fugitive priests." [SCOTT.]

The editor has been unable to verify all the details in the above note by Scott. Despite the fact that the Panther is supposed to be expressing the sentiments of the Church of England, it is probable that Dryden, himself a moderate Papist, had a personal antipathy for Petre and the Jesuit party in the Catholic Church; in ll. 1945-1948 the Hind admits the partial justice of the Panther's satire. — It is so surprising to find the court poet Dryden making a thinly disguised attack on the king's favorite counselor that Scott's identification of the Martin with Petre must be regarded as not absolutely beyond doubt. It is improbable, furthermore, that an allusion to the Declaration of Indulgence is intended in ll. 1844-1854; if so, that passage must be a late addition to the poem: cf. n. 216 (*To the Reader*) and 243, 1953, n.

1728. *Endued*, etc. "Cf. *divina particulam aurea*: Horace, 2 *Satires*, II. 79." [WILLIAMS.]
- 241, 1732. *And time*, etc. Christie suggests that this phrase may be due to Horace's *simul inversum contristat Aquarius annum* (1 *Satires*, I. 36): cf. 406², 4 (*Song*).
1750. *A mack'el gale*. "A strong breeze such as mackerel are best caught in." N. E. D.
1759. *As Martins*, etc. "Perhaps another scoff at Martin Luther." WILLIAMS.
1769. *A Raven*, etc. Cf. 437, 18, 19.
1776. *Signs*. Ed. 1 reads *sign*.
1783. *The Sibyl's hand*, etc. v. 558, 561-577.
1788. *Chelidonian*. From *chelidon*, a swallow. There is a reference to the fable of Icarus, who was drowned in the Ægean Sea, a part of which was called from him the Icarian.
1791. *The wiser sort*. Probably dramatic; the Church of England would naturally welcome a migration of the English Catholics to France.
1806. *Truth in dreams*, etc. Dryden had been reading Chaucer: v. 824, 138-155; cf. 220, 212, n.
- 242, 1814. *Nostradamus*. A famous French Jewish astrologer (1503-66), who published his prophecies in the form of rhymed quatrains. Cf. 260², 1; 82², 23.
1832. *Ahas' dial*, etc. v. 2 *Kings* xx. 8-11; Joshua x. 12-14: cf. 205, 106-109; 37, 472.
1834. *A chapel*, etc. A chapel of ease is "a chapel built for the convenience of parishioners who live far from the parish church." N. E. D.
1843. *Gibeonites*. v. Joshua ix. 23.
1859. *St. Martin's day*. November 11.
1860. *Who but*, etc. This turn of phrase may be another sign of Dryden's reading of Chaucer: cf. 757, 381; 765, 426; *Cant. Tales*, A 1870 (original of the latter passage).
1874. *Marriage-off'rings*. Ed. 1 reads *marriage offsprings*.
1878. *Lucina*. The goddess in the Roman mythology who presides over childbirth.
- 243, 1887. *Need*. So eds. 1 and 2; ed. 3 reads *needs*, a proof that the adverbial *need* was already giving place to *needs*.
1898. *But birds*, etc. "A parody on Lee's famous rant in *Edipus*:"
- May there not be a glimpse, one starry spark,
But gods meet gods, and jostle in the dark!"
SCOTT. Cf. SS. vi. 219.
1925. *Poll'd*. This word, found in eds. 1, 2, 3, seems to have caused needless trouble to commentators, and emendations to *pulled* or *poled* have been suggested. *Poll*, to clip or strip, a word used often of pruning trees, gives an excellent sense.
1927. *The laws*, etc. A law of Queen Elizabeth (27 Eliz. c. 2), confirmed under James I (1 Jac. I. c. 4), provided that any Jesuit or other Catholic priest found in England should be liable to the penalties of high treason; that is, to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. Any one harboring such a person the same law made guilty of felony, and liable to the death penalty.
1931. *And there*, etc. "It is a vulgar idea that a dead swallow, suspended in the air, intimates a change of wind by turning its bill to the point from which it is to blow." SCOTT.
- Corps arc.* v. general note, p. 931.
1949. *An old fanatic author*. "John White, a Puritan member of the Long Parliament, had been very active in the ejection of the clergy. In order to encourage and justify these violent measures, he published his famous treatise, *The First Century of Scandalous Malignant Priests, made and admitted into benefices by the Prelates* (1643), a tract which contains, as may be inferred from its name, a hundred instances of unworthiness, which had been either proved to have existed among the clergy of the Church of England, or had been invented to throw a slander upon them." [SCOTT.]
1953. *The sunshine*, etc. "The Hind intimates that, as the sunshine of Catholic prosperity, in the fable, depended upon the king's life, there existed those among her enemies who would fain have it shortened. But from this insinuation she exempts the Church of England, and only expresses her fears that her passive principles would incline her to neutrality." SCOTT. This passage is an additional proof that no allusion to the Declaration of Indulgence is intended in II. 1844-1854: cf. n. 240, 1713.
- 244, 1961. *Pardelis*. So eds. 1, 2, 3: *pardalis* is Latin (from the Greek) for a female panther.
1966. *If, as*, etc. The following passage is in support of the earlier policy of James II, cf. n. 216 (*To the Reader*). By making a declaration of his intention of maintaining the Church of England, the king hoped he could induce his Tory parliament to repeal the severe penal laws against the Catholics, and the Test Acts of 1673 and 1678. The conduct of the Church of England, in retaining the sanguinary penal laws of Elizabeth and James I, however lax they might be enforced, is shown to be more cruel than that of Louis XIV, who in 1685 had revoked the Edict of Nantes, which, since 1598, had secured toleration for the Huguenots. Cf. n. 217¹, 1.
1983. *Curst*, etc. v. 1 *Kings* xii. 6-11.
1992. *The Test*. The Test Act of 1678 — v. n. 216 (*To the Reader*) — had been brought forward at the height of the excitement over the Popish Plot. The Duke of York with difficulty secured the exemption of himself from its provisions. Shaftesbury, who had supported the Test Act of 1673, was particularly prominent in promoting this later measure, which Dryden, with much reason, represents as a prelude to the effort of the Whigs, in the Exclusion Bill of the next year, to set aside the succession of the Duke of York to the throne. "Though the Test Act was devised by a statesman whom they hated, and carried by a party whom they had opposed, the High Church clergy were not the less unwilling to part with it, when they found the advantages

- which it gave them against the Papists in King James's reign." [Scott.]
2009. *More just*, etc. v. Matthew xxvii. 3-5.
2013. *Ontes*. v. n. 117, 632. Bedloe was a scoundrel whose false testimony in the time of the Popish Plot excitement was second in importance only to that of Oates.
2020. *The painted*, etc. "The poet alludes to the enchantress Dussan (Falsehood), who, when disrobed by Prince Arthar, was changed from a beautiful woman into a loathsome hag (*Faerie Queen*, I. viii. 46-50)." [Scott.]
- 245, 2027. *Miter'd*, etc. The Anglican bishops retain their seats in the House of Lords; the Catholic peers, though spiritually kindred to the king, are excluded.
2029. *Metal*. Eds. 1, 2, 3 read *mettle*; but the two words, etymologically the same, were not in Dryden's time separated in spelling.
2033. *Atheists*, etc. Who could freely deny transubstantiation, and therefore sit in parliament. Some of them might even feel justified in occasionally taking the sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England, as proscribed for office-holders by the Test Act of 1673. Cf. n. 216 (*To the Reader*).
2038. *To the Church*. Ed. 1 reads *from the church*.
2048. *Toby's rival*, etc. "The fiend in the Book of Tobit, who haunted Raguel's daughter, is frightened away by fumigation, by Tobias, her bridegroom." [Scott.] v. Tobit viii. 1-3.
2053. *Butt and peace*. The phrase is taken from Dryden's version of *The Tempest*: v. SS. iii. 166, 167, 191; it had evidently become proverbial. The sense is, "to have what one wants without fighting for it." Cf. 264, 35.
2055. *In forma pauperis*. As a pauper, who was allowed writs and subpoenas gratis, and had counsel assigned him without fee.
2060. *Methinks*, etc. v. 611-615, 68-352.
2084. *When first*, etc. During the first months of the reign of James II the readiness of the nation to trust and oblige him seemed unbodied.
2090. *In vain*, etc. It is impossible to say just what portions of Dryden's poem were written after the Declaration of Indulgence; v. n. 216 (*To the Reader*). Ll. 2090-92 would naturally, but not necessarily, have preceded it; l. 2105 contains a probable, but not a certain allusion to it; ll. 2186 f unquestionably followed it; v. nn. 247, 2190, 2240; 251, 2527. Perhaps ll. 2050-2185 are Dryden's attempt at a transition from one point of view to the other.
- 246, 2103. *Then Conscience*, etc. Lord Halifax (cf. n. 120, 882), for example, published a pamphlet, *A Letter to a Dissenter*, urging the Dissenters to side with the Church of England, and not to be misled by the pretended toleration offered them by the king. But this may have been later than Dryden's poem.
2107. *The associating name*. A reminiscence of the times of Shaftesbury: cf. 126, 10, n.
2112. *O Proteus*, etc. v. 483, 484, 557-598.
2117. *Immortal pow'rs*, etc. v. 819, 554-556; 843, 335, 336.
2119. *Conscience*, etc. Scott points out that the arguments in this speech are versified almost literally from a contemporary tract.
2133. *Possess*, etc. Cf. 308, 19; v. Luke xxi. 19.
2140. *Your*, etc. Cf. 225, 531, n.
2150. *Wishing*, etc. "That is, wishing the accession of the Prince of Orange, then the presumptive heir of the crown." Scott.
2159. *Your neighbor nation*. Holland.
2170. *Your friends oppress'd*. The refugees Huguenots, whom James II had at first welcomed and protected, and the persecution of whom he had publicly denounced. In this he was not sincere: v. MACAULAY, ch. vi.
- 247, 2190. *She gave her up*, etc. A plain intimation of the king's abandonment of hope for a reconciliation between the Catholic Church and the Church of England.
2200. *A plain good man*, etc. James II, portrayed as he wished himself to be known.
2218. *Coward*. So eds. 1 and 2; ed. 3 reads *cowards*.
2235. *The fabric*. "The Catholic chapel at Whitehall." Scott.
2240. *Doves*. "The clergy of the Church of England, and those of London in particular. The virulent and abusive character which our author here draws of the clergy, and particularly those of the metropolis, differs so much from his description of the Church of England in the person of the Panther that we may conclude it was written after the publishing of the Declaration of Indulgence, when the king had decidedly turned his favor from the Established Church. Their quarrel was now irreconcilable, and at immediate issue; and Dryden therefore changes the tone of conciliation with which he had hitherto addressed the heretic Church into that of bitter and unrelenting satire. Dryden calls them Doves, in order to pave the way for terming them, as he does a little below (l. 2358), *birds of Venus*, as disowning the doctrine of celibacy. The popular opinion that a dove has no gall is well known." [Scott.]
2245. *Salt*. "Perhaps with reference to the state endowments of the Established Church (*salarium*, originally 'salt-money')." WILLIAMS.
- 248, 2247. *Bound by promise*. "His Majesty being dead, the duke, now King James II, went immediately to Council, and . . . told their Lordships that . . . he would endeavor . . . to maintain the government both in Church and State, as by law established, its principles being so firm for monarchy, and the members of it showing themselves so good and loyal subjects. . . . This being the substance of what he said, the Lords desired it might be published, as containing matter of great satisfaction to a jealous people upon this change, which his Majesty consented to." Evelyn's *Diary*, Feb. 4 (6), 1685.
2254. *Harpies*. v. 554, 555, 276-347.
2259. *Dan*, etc. Cf. 1 Samuel iii. 20.
2271. *Melancholy*. "Burton (*Anat. Mel.*, pt. i, sec. 2, mem. 2, subs. 1) includes pigeons among fowl whose flesh is 'hard, black, un-

- wholesome, dangerous, melancholy meat." WILLIAMS.
2289. *Domestic poultry*. "The Catholic clergy maintained by King James." [SCOTT.]
2300. *The bird*, etc. "The cock is made an emblem of the regular clergy of Rome, on account of their nocturnal devotions and matins." [SCOTT.]
2318. *Sister Parvlet*. The nuns; v. 823, 68.
2320. *Restiff*. Ed. 1 reads *restless*.
249. 2325. *Undress*. Ed. 1 reads *undrest*. At the end of the verse eds. 1, 2, and 3 read *pleas*, which modern editors have changed to *please*. *Please* may have been what Dryden intended, although N. E. D. cites no instance of the spelling *pleas* for *please* later than 1503, and the expression *make her pleas* in the sense of *plead her cause* seems intelligible.
2328. *A lively faith*, etc. A sarcasm upon Article XII: "Albeit that Good Works, which are the fruits of Faith, and follow after Justification, cannot put away our sins, and endure the severity of God's Judgment; yet are they pleasing and acceptable to God in Christ, and do spring out necessarily of a true and lively Faith; inasmuch that by them a lively Faith may be as evidently known as a tree discerned by the fruit."
2336. *An hideous figure*, etc. "The Roman Catholic pamphlets of the time are filled with complaints that their principles were misrepresented by the Protestant divines." [SCOTT.]
2339. *Some Egyptian*. Ed. 1 reads, *an Egyptian*.
2346. *There*, etc. "The worship of images, charged upon the Romish Church by Protestants as idolatrous." SCOTT.
2350. *No Holland emblem*. "The Dutch seem to have been remarkable for emblems, of which their old-fashioned prints and figured pantiles are existing evidence." [SCOTT.]
2361. *A law*, etc. v. n. 243, 1927.
2370. *Shibboleth*. v. n. 244, 1992 and n. 216 (*To the Reader*). On the word, v. Judges xii. 6.
2387. *For those*, etc. The idea of these lines goes back to Greek literature. Lyeurgus, in *Leocratem*, 92, quotes a similar saying from "some of the old poets."
2392. *The Meccan prophet*. "The foolish fable of Mahomet acoustoming a pigeon to pick peas from his ear, to found his pretensions to inspiration, is well known." [SCOTT.]
250. 2415. *Buzzard*. "Gilbert Burnet, well known as a historian, was born in Scotland in 1643. Being ordained, he obtained the living of Saltoun, in East Lothian. While in this living he drew up a memorial of the abuses of the Scotch bishops, and was instrumental in procuring the induction of some moderate Presbyterian divines into vacant churches. To measures so unfavorable for Episcopacy Dryden seems to allude in ll. 2418-2421. He was next created Professor of Divinity at Glasgow; but, as his active temper led him to mingle much in political life, he speedily distinguished himself rather as a politician than as a theologian. In 1672 he was made one of the king's chaplains, and was in high favor both with Charles and his brother. He enjoyed much of the countenance of the Duke of Lauderdale; but a quarrel taking place between them, the duke represented Burnet's conduct in such terms that he was deprived of his chaplainry, and forced to resign his professor's chair and abandon Scotland. (He later had an opportunity of revenging himself upon Lauderdale; v. n. 2473.) During the time of the Popish Plot he again received a portion of the royal countenance. He was then preacher at the Rolls Chapel (v. n. 142, 396), and enjoyed a high degree of public consideration. By a too frank letter to King Charles, in reproof of the faults of his character and government, he forfeited his favor, at least for a time. This freedom, with his Low Church tenets, gave also offense to the Duke of York, who was moreover offended with him for some interference in the affair of the Exclusion. At length his devotion to Lord Russell drew upon him the full resentment of both brothers. After a final breach with the court he went abroad, and settled in Holland at the court of the Prince of Orange. Here he did not fail, with that ready insinuation which seems to have distinguished him, to make himself of consequence to the prince, and especially to the princess, afterwards Queen Mary. From this place of refuge he sent forth several papers relating to the controversy in England; and the clergy, who had formerly looked upon him with some suspicion, began now to treat with great attention and respect a person so capable of serving their cause. He was consulted upon every emergency; which confidence was no doubt owing partly to his situation near the person of the Prince of Orange, the Protestant heir of the crown. He stood forward as the champion of the Church of England in the controversy with Parker, Bishop of Oxford, who advocated the repeal of the Test Act (v. l. 2486). In the *History of his own Time* he talks with complacency of the sway which circumstances had given him among the clergy, and of the important matters which fell under his management; for he was admitted into all the secrets of the English intrigues. These insinuations of Burnet's importance may, from the very satire of Dryden, be proved to have been well founded. This acquired importance of Burnet is the alliance between the Fignon house and Buzzard which Dryden reproaches, believing, or wishing to make others believe, that Burnet held opinions unfavorable to Episcopacy. — This active politician had a very important share in the Revolution, and reaped his reward by being advanced to the see of Salisbury. He died in 1715." [SCOTT.]
- In Dryden's time the word *buzzard* was often applied to a stupid, blundering, ignorant person.
2436. *Son of Anak*. v. Numbers xiii. 33.
2437. *Like those*, etc. Cf. 18, 48-50.

2445. *His profit*. Ed. 1 reads *ambition*.
 2466. *His praise*, etc. "This applies to the sketches of character introduced by Burnet in his controversial tracts." [SCOTT.]
2468. *A Greek*, etc. Imitated from Virgil's *timeo Danaos et dona ferentes* (*Eneid*, ii. 49).
 2469. *Sev'n*, etc. The Anglican Church retains only two (baptism and the Lord's Supper) of the seven Catholic sacraments.
 2473. *But he*, etc. In 1675 the House of Commons attacked the Duke of Lauderdale, the king's representative in Scotland, seeking his removal from office. Burnet, being summoned before a committee of that body, had testified that he had heard Lauderdale say "he wished the Presbyterians in Scotland would rebel, that he might bring over the Irish Papists to cut their throats." Burnet also gave other information of a private character unfavorable to Lauderdale. He defends himself against the charge of treachery, but admits that his conduct "had an ill appearance." Dryden's account is much exaggerated.
251. 2482. *An Indian muck*. "To run amuck is a phrase derived from a practice of the Malays. When one of them has sustained an insupportable calamity, he intoxicates himself and rushes into the streets, stabbing every one he meets, until he is cut down or shot, like a mad dog." [SCOTT.] *Amuck* was originally an adjective; it was falsely understood as a *muck*.
2497. *Their patron's promise*. v. n. 248, 2247.
 2521. *A gross idolater*. Burnet had merely reiterated the usual Protestant charge, that transubstantiation was an idolatrous doctrine. Cf. n. 223, 410.
 2527. *A doom*. The Declaration of Indulgence: v. n. 216 (*To the Reader*).
 2530. *Licence*. Eds. 2 and 3 read *Licence*; ed. 1 reads *licens'd*. This is doubtless a misprint, though it might be made into sense by placing a semicolon after *infring'd*, and commas after *but* and *oppress*.
 2537. *Fowl of nature*. Wild birds, explained in ll. 2541-2549; cf. 843, 278.
 2549. *Rubicon*. A reference to Cæsar's famous passage (B. C. 49) of the Rubicon, the boundary of his province, by which he entered Italy and began war on the Senate.
 2552. 2552. *Shiloh*. v. Genesis xlix. 10.
 2554. *Dionysius*. "The tyrant of Syracuse, who, after being dethroned, is said to have taught a school at Corinth." [SCOTT.]
2560. *And arts*, etc. "In the Declaration of Indulgence James expressed his conviction that persecution was unfavorable to population and trade." WILLIAMS.
 2562. *The smiths*, etc. *In carminibus Appius ait fabrum esse quemque fortunæ*. (From the opening chapter of a piece attributed to Sallust, *Epistola (Secunda) ad Cæsarem de Republica Ordinanda*.)
 2572. *Two Czars*, etc. Peter the Great and his half-brother Ivan, at this time joint rulers of Russia. Dryden prophesies discord between the High and Low Church parties in the Anglican body. Compare the conclusion of *The Medal*, 131, 287 f.
2577. *Benting times*. Times when pigeons are reduced to feed on *bents*, a sort of coarse grass.
 2580. *College of the bees*. Probably nothing but a reference to Virgil: cf. 477, 478, 92-156; 848, 218.
 SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY. Saintsbury notes: "In Dryden's copy of Spenser, preserved at Trinity College, Cambridge, the note, *Groundwork for a Song on St. Cecilia's Day*, is set against F. Q. VII. vii. 12."
17. *Jubal*. v. Genesis iv. 21.
 253. 52. *Organ*. St. Cecilia is by tradition the patron saint of music, and an angel is said to have visited her while she was still on earth. But the editor cannot discover Dryden's authority for making her the inventress of the organ, or for representing that she drew an angel to her by its notes. Cf. 733, 161-170.
63. *Untune*. When this world and the heavenly bodies are destroyed, the music of the spheres will cease: thus *Musica* (the blast of the divine *Trumpet*) will *untune* (make incapable of harmony) the *sky*. The antithesis of *music shall untune* continues that of *the dead shall live, the living die*, and is typically Drydenian in style. Thus the *universal frame* ends, as it began, *from harmony*. Cf. SS. xviii. 312.
- EPIGRAM ON MILTON. "These lines were perhaps suggested by the distich written by Selvaggi in honor of the youthful poet, while he was at Rome, which Dryden has very happily amplified:
- Græcia Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem;
 Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem."
 MALONE, I, i, 205.
4. *Majesty*. "Impressive stateliness of character, expression, or action" (N. E. D.); hence not a repetition of *loftiness*.
- BRITANNIA REDIVIVA. The heir of James II, the Princess Mary, was married to a Protestant, William, Prince of Orange. By the birth of a son to James her right to the throne after her father's death was set aside, and a Catholic succession seemed assured. Hence the exultation of the Catholic party, which Dryden expresses in this poem.
- The motto is *Georgica*, i. 498-502; cf. 453, 668-675. *Puerum*, which has been substituted for *juvenem* of the original, of course refers to the infant prince, and *perjuria* to the false testimony of Oates and others, in consequence of which many innocent Catholics lost their lives. Cf. 255, 256, 146-164.
- There are no significant variations of text in the two editions of 1688. The folio copy lacks the *imprimatur* that is found in the *quarto*, so that it is probably the later of the two.
254. 5. *The day*. June 10, 1688, of the *old style* corresponds to June 20 of the calendar now in use; Dryden here speaks of it as the longest day in the year.

9. *Son*. This word is a misprint for *sun*; the error was not discovered until after the page was printed. The quibble on *sun, son* is unworthy of Dryden at this period; cf. 251, 47, n.
35. *Holy violence*. Referring to the claims of the Catholics that the prince was sent in answer to their prayers; cf. 9, 139-144.
37. *And late*, etc. In imitation of Horace's, *Serius in calum redeas* (*Odes*, i. 2. 45).
52. *For see*, etc. The opponents of James doubted the genuineness of the child; Dryden affects to believe that the doubts were confined to the Commonwealth party.
55. *Alcides*. v. 209, 447, n.
65. *The manna*, etc. v. Numbers xi. 4-6.
80. *The sign*. A reference to the legend that Constantine the Great (272-337) beheld in the heavens, before his elevation to the throne, a luminous cross, with the inscription, *crux vicia* (conquer by this). Adopting for his standard the symbol of Christianity, he triumphed over his enemies; as emperor, he favored and protected the Christians; shortly before his death he was himself baptized. So Dryden suggests that James's adoption of Catholicism was an omen of Christian success in the war going on between the German Empire and the Turks, in which the English king was much interested.
- 255, 84. *Sylvestre*. *The present Pope* of Dryden's note, Innocent XI, was in reality opposed to the policy of James II, and disliked the Jesuits, whose influence was predominant with the English king.
86. *Large of his treasures*. Christie notes the imitation of Virgil's *largus opum* (*Aeneid*, xi. 338). Innocent XI had given large sums to aid the German Empire in its war with the Turks.
89. *The former*, etc. Constantine spent part of his youth in Britain. A mistaken opinion was current that he was born there, and that his mother was a British princess.
91. *Whose exile*, etc. Cf. nn. 145, 592; 148, 793.
94. *Moon-ey'd*. Purbblind. The king's brief attempt to conciliate the Dissenters having failed, Dryden resumes his natural antipathy to them.
97. *Shipwreck*. v. 151, 152, 1065-1098, and headnote, p. 133.
102. *The surviving eight*. v. Genesis vii. 13.
118. *Born*, etc. The birth took place at about ten o'clock in the morning, in the presence of numerous witnesses.
121. *Eaglet*. v. 3^d, 11, n.
128. *Not*, etc. v. 532, 822-833.
152. *Rebellion*. "The great Civil War." SCOTT.
- 256, 154. *Plagues*. v. 48, 1066, n.
156. *Fire*. Cf. 44-51.
157. *Plots*. v. 111, 108, n.
- Test*. v. n. 216 (*To the Reader*); 244, 1992, n.
158. *Worse*. The deaths of Catholics executed for supposed complicity in the Plot.
165. *Enough*, etc. "All the queen's former children died in infancy." SCOTT.
169. *Enough*, etc. "The year 1688, big with so many events of importance, commenced very unfavorably, with stormy weather, and an epidemical distemper among men and cattle." SCOTT.
176. *Araunah's*, etc. Dryden's reference should be to 2 Samuel xxiv. 18-25.
183. *Year!* The exclamation point is not found in the editions of 1688.
184. *Five months*, etc. "During the five months preceding the birth of the Chevalier de St. George, James was wholly engaged by those feuds and dissensions which tended to render irreparable the breach between him and his subjects. Dryden, like other men of sense, probably began to foresee the consequences of so violent and general irritation; and expresses himself in moderate and soothing language, both as to the past and future. Nothing is therefore dropped which can offend the Church of England." [SCOTT.]
190. *Conscience*, etc. Cf. 246, 2117, 2118.
199. *Rome*. The Latin words in the footnote mean, "lest enemies should entice away the gods by incantations." When the gods had deserted a city, it was thought to be doomed; cf. 542, 471-474; 15, 19-22.
216. *Estian race*. Cf. headnote, p. 133.
- 257, 237. *Gigantic brood*. Dryden's note exaggerates stories told, not of the giants, but of the Alcidae, Otus and Ephialtes, who, when only nine years old, threatened the Olympian gods with war, and would have succeeded in their rebellion had they been allowed to reach manhood. Cf. 604, 784 f.
257. *Mercy*, etc. v. Matthew xiv. 31.
- 258, 296. *Amalek*. Cf. 271, 28, n.
304. *But you*, etc. "The address to the queen has all the smoothness with which Dryden could vary the masculine character of his general poetry, when he addressed the female sex, and forms a marked contrast to the more majestic tone of the rest of the piece." [SCOTT.]
306. *Beyond*, etc. Cf. 40, 639, n; 208, 353.
- 259, 15. *Jove*, etc. Cf. 655, 167.
21. *When*, etc. "An allusion to the gradual exclusion of French wine, owing to the war, which culminated, ten years later, in the Methuen treaty and the establishment of port as the staple drink." [SAINSBURY.]
- By the Methuen treaty (Dec. 27, 1703) England agreed to admit Portuguese wines on payment of two thirds of the duty imposed on French wines.
41. *Horses*, etc. "Alluding to the act for disarming the Catholics, which provided that no Papist should keep a horse or horses above the value of five pounds." [SCOTT.]
- 260, 36. *And make*, etc. "Alluding to the addresses upon the Revolution." SCOTT.
1. *Nostradame*, etc. Cf. 242, 1814, n.
4. *Our vast expenses*. Owing to the elaborate scenery required for an opera.
- 261¹, 34. *Our blacks*. "It was the fashion, at this time, to have black boys in attendance, decorated with silver collars." [SCOTT.]
46. *Selling*, etc. v. 136, 181, n.
47. *Drumfounding*, etc. "Explained by a stage direction in Shadwell's *Bury Fair* (act iii,

- sc. 1), where 'Sir Humphrey dumfounds the count with a smart rap on the shoulders.' The humor seems to have consisted in doing this with such dexterity that the party dumfounded should be unable to discover to whom he was indebted for the favor." [SCOTT.]
- 261¹, 17. *Julian's*. "Julian, who styled himself Secretary to the Muses, made a dirty livelihood by copying and dispersing lampoons at Will's Coffee-House." [SCOTT.] Cf. 921. *Interloping*. Cf. 128, 41, n.
20. *The first*, etc. "The poetasters of that age were so numerous and so active that the most deplorable attempt at wit or satire was usually answered in one which was yet worse. Parody and personal abuse were the implements of this warfare, which sometimes extended to answers, replies, rejoinders, rebutters, and surrebutters, all only distinguished by malignant scurrility." SCOTT. Cf. 308², 39-42.
262. *MERCURY'S SONG TO PHAEDRA*. The intrigue between these characters is of Dryden's own invention; Phædra is one of Alcmena's slaves.
- 263¹, 31. *Height*. This spelling, contrasting with *height* six lines later, is a fair sample of the inconsistencies of the early editions. Cf. *leaves*, 460, 498, 515; *beem*, *bin* (829, 515, 549); *elfe*, *elves* (872, 3; 873, 34).
- 263², *Mr. Williams*. "This was quite in character. Clobber says of Williams (*Apology*, ch. vi), that his industry was not equal to his capacity, for he loved his bottle better than his business." SCOTT.
- 264¹, 10. *Cork*. "The taking of Cork was one of the first exploits of the renowned Marlborough. The assault began on September 25, 1690, and the city surrendered on September 28." [SCOTT.]
35. *Peace and the butt*. Cf. 245, 2053, n.
- 264², 11. *He*, etc. Shovel-board was played by sliding coins or metal weights over a long smooth table. The highest score was gained by making the coin hang over the edge of the table; if it went the merest trifle further, it fell into the *box*, or trough placed to catch it. To score at all, the piece must cross a line drawn about four feet from the end of the table; this is apparently what is meant by *laying* the piece. v. Strutt, *Sports and Pastimes*.
- 265¹, 37. *Ottobuoni*. Cardinal Ottoboni became pope in 1689, as Alexander VIII, and died on February 1, 1691. He had been hostile to France, and friendly to the German Empire, hence to England as well. The policy of his successor was naturally a matter of much speculation. — This reference settles the date of presentation of King Arthur; Innocent XII, Alexander's successor, was elected on July 12. *Mrs. Braecgirdle*. Anne Braecgirdle (1663?-1748), a beautiful and talented actress, and "a woman well reputed," spoke this indecent epilogue.
- 268¹. *EPITAPH ON ERASMUS LAWTON*. The text is from a copy of the inscription courteously furnished to the editor by the Reverend William Woodward, Rector of Great Catworth.
- 268². *THE LADY'S SONG*. The text in *Buckingham's Works* reads *Ladies* (for *beauties*) in l. 1 and *the* (for *our*) in l. 7.
269. *EPITAPH ON DUNDEE*. The text in *Poetical Miscellanies* has the following variants: (5) *Scotland and Thee*; (6) *Nor wou'dst thou her*; (7) *dying did support*.
- ELEONORA. For the motto, cf. 596, 194-197: the original edition, after *Æneid*, reads only "l. 6;" in the last line it reads *Dius*.
- 269¹, 5 (prose). *Ovid*. v. *Tristia*, i. 1.
- 269², 10 (prose). *My disease*. The gout, according to Malone, who cites no authority for his statement.
- 270², 4. *Dr. Donne*. Cf. 283², 22-45; 317¹, 43-51; n. 736, 20. Donne states in a letter to George Gerrard (?): "Since I never saw the gentlewoman, I cannot be understood to have bound myself to have spoken just truth; but I would not be thought to have gone about to praise anybody in rhyme, except I took such a person as might be capable of all that I could say. If any of those ladies think that Mistress Drury was not so, let that lady make herself fit for all those praises in the book, and it shall be hers." Gosse, *Life and Letters of John Donne*, i. 302.
- 271¹, 24. *The dragon's teeth*. Alluding to the legend of Cadmus, who, having slain a dragon, sowed its teeth, whereupon armed men sprang up, who immediately fell to fighting and slew one another, leaving only five survivors.
33. *An elected Speaker of the House*. The Speaker of the House of Commons has not the right to take part in debates.
- 272, 71. *Pharaoh*, etc. v. Genesis xli.
- 273, 181. *So subjects*, etc. A reproach to the English, who had driven into exile James II.
193. *Her children*, etc. "Lady A'vingdon had six sons and three daughters." [SCOTT.]
- On *Charity*, cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, i. x. 4, 16, 29-33.
197. *Anchises*. v. 606, 921 f.
201. *Cybele*. The mother of Jupiter and other deities; cf. 639, 94, 127; 640, 142.
- 274, 207. *And as*, etc. Apparently a loose reference to Exodus xvi. 11-31.
252. *Bodies*. Cf. 219, 95, n.
273. *Orb*. Cf. 1, 27, n.
- 275, 299. *Her Savior's time*. The age at which he is said to have been crucified.
325. *Courtier*. Christie well compares 132, 20-23.
339. *The third errand*. "Enoch and Elijah were the two former instances, though the chariot is not especially mentioned in Enoch's case." [SAINTSBURY.] v. Genesis v. 24; 2 Kings ii. 11.
- 276, 7. *Would wonder*, etc. Cf. 275, 295-298.
23. *Thus then*, etc. Cf. 275, 303-305.
- 278, 9. *The Spanish nymph*. Apparently a reference to the "Spanish plot" of Southerne's play; cf. B. S. xviii.
11. *But let*, etc. Cf. 734¹, 21, 22.
18. *Nokes*. A celebrated actor of low comic parts; cf. 61¹, 7; n. 60², 1.

27. *Copy*, etc. Etherege died early in 1691; Wycherley survived until 1716.
- 279³. 22. *Mr. Fuller*. "William Fuller was an informer who pretended to make discovery of a formidable plot by the Jacobites against the government. The House of Commons, finding him unable to produce the witnesses to whom he referred, on February 24, 1692, declared him 'a notorious impostor, a cheat, and a false accuser.' He was prosecuted by the attorney general and punished by the pillory; notwithstanding which he did not profit by Mrs. Bracegirdle's legacy, for in 1702 he was sentenced to the same painful elevation for publishing more false statements." [SCOTT.]
- 280¹. *Mrs. Bracegirdle*. Cf. 265¹, n. In *Henry the Second* she played the part of Rosamond, who dies of a draught of poison given her by Queen Eleanor.
- 280². 20. *Haynes*. "The facetious Joe Haynes became a Catholic in the latter part of James II's reign. But after the Revolution he read his recantation of the errors of Rome, in a penitentiary prologue." [SCOTT.] Cf. 70¹, 45, n; 900², 47, n.
22. *Chapels of ease*. Cf. 242, 1834, n.
281. TRANSLATIONS FROM JUVENAL AND PERSIUS. The editor has been unable to consult the second edition of this work. The first motto is Juvenal, i. 85, 86: cf. 324, 130-132. The second is Martial, iv. 20, 7, 8: "Persius is more often noticed for his one book of *Satires* than the empty Marsus for his whole *Amazonid*." — The following notes make almost no attempt to explain the substance of Juvenal and Persius, to comment on Dryden's deviations from the literal sense of the Latin, or to correct errors in his commentary. — The headings of Dryden's notes are taken literally from the original edition. In a few cases, as 334, n. 10, they differ from the reading of the text. Cf. n. 418 (VIRGIL). This edition also follows the original in omitting the headings of certain notes.
- 282¹. *Dorset*. Charles Sackville (1638-1706), Earl of Dorset, to whom in 1668 Dryden had dedicated *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy*. He became Lord Chamberlain in 1689 and held the office until 1697. v. 412, 48, n.
12. *The delight*, etc. Cf. 113, 318, n.
- 283¹. 37. *Themistocles*. Every Greek general in the Persian war was voted for himself as the most deserving, but the majority assigned the second place to Themistocles. v. Herodotus, viii. 123.
41. *Longo*, etc. VIRGIL, *Aeneid*, v. 320, with a change of *proximus* to *proximi*: cf. 583, 420.
51. *Lyric poems*. "These lyrical pieces, after all, are only a few smooth songs, where wit is sufficiently overbalanced by indecency." SCOTT.
- 283². 4. *The best*, etc. Said of Dorset by Rochester, in *An Allusion to the Tenth Satire of the First Book of Horace*. On Rochester, v. B. S. xxii, xxvi: cf. 744², 11; 515¹, 46-48.
- "The satires of Lord Dorset seem to have consisted in short lampoons, if we may judge of those which have been probably lost from such as are known to us." [SCOTT.]
22. *Donne*. Pope probably took from this passage the hint for his *Satires of Dr. John Donne, Versified*. On Donne, cf. 270², 4, n.
38. *He affects*, etc. This passage probably suggested the title *metaphysical poets*, which Dr. Johnson gave to Donne, Cowley, and their school.
47. *Cowley*. v. 181¹, 45, n.
- 284¹. 32. *Cicero*. *Tusc. Disp.* v. 16: Cicero, however, there passes over *fame*, as a matter of small consequence.
33. *Virgil*. Cf. 567, 252-254.
35. *Epicurus*. v. Lucretius, vi. 58 f.
- 284². 25. *At rovers*. To shoot at rovers is, according to C. D.: (a) To shoot an arrow for distance or at a mark, but with an elevation, not point-blank; or to shoot an arrow at a distant object, not the butt, which was nearer. (b) To shoot at random, or without any particular aim." Cf. 812, 77.
28. *The Rehearsal*. v. B. S. xxi. Davenant and the Howards were attacked in *The Rehearsal* as well as Dryden.
- 285¹. 47. *A shilling*, etc. "The four scepters were placed satire-wise upon the reverse of guineas, till the gold coinage of his present majesty." SCOTT. "The bath is the chemist's bath, used for gilding." [KER.]
- 286¹. 2. *Eighteen thousand lines*. Really about fourteen thousand.
5. *Martial*. Epigrams, viii. 18.
- 286². 10. *Of your Lordship in the latter sort*. Ker emends to *In your . . . of the . . .*; a reasonable but not a certain correction.
- "Would it be imagined that, of this rival to antiquity, all the satires were little personal invectives, and that his longest composition was a song of eleven stanzas? The blame, however, of this exaggerated praise falls on the encomiast, not upon the author; whose performances are, what they pretend to be, the effusions of a man of wit; gay, vigorous, and airy." JOHNSON, *Life of Dorset*.
50. *Tasso*. Professor Ker points out that Dryden is indebted to Tasso's *Lettere Poetiche*, published with the first edition of his *Discorsi* in 1587, and probably also to Segrais' preface to his *Traduction de l'Enéide* and to Rapin's *Reflexions sur la Poétique*, ii. 13.
- 287¹. 15. *Owen's Epigrams*. The Latin epigrams of John Owen (1560?-1622) won popularity both in England and on the Continent; cf. 515¹, 27.
32. *St. Lewis*, etc. Epic poems by Le Moyne, Chaplain, and Georges de Soudry, all published in the years 1654-58: cf. 491², 4 f.
- 287². 5. *But Prince Arthur*, etc. Dryden's statement is without foundation in fact.
26. *His event is not prosperous*, etc. An idea reflected from René Le Bossu, *Traité du Poème Epique*, ii. 17.
30. *Mr. Rymer's work*. "Mr. Rymer had promised to favor the public with 'some reflections

- on that *Paradise Lost* of Milton's, which some are pleas'd to call a poem, and assert rhyme against the slender sophistry wherewith he attacks it.' But this promise, which is given at the end of his *Tragedies of the Last Age Considered and Examined*, he never filled up the measure of his presumption by attempting to fulfil." [Scott.]
- On Dryden and Rymer, cf. B. S. xxiii, xxiv; n. 382 (Ex. Poet.); 383², 21, n.; 410, 47, n.; 412², 48, n.; 741¹, 50, n.
39. *A flat of thought*. Cf. 181², 5-12.
53. *The rule of Horace*. *Ars Poet.* 47, 48.
- 288¹, 6. *Hannibal Caro*. Cf. 177², 18, n.; 513², 14 f.
- 288², 42. *Boileau*. v. 914, 620-663.
48. *Two victorious monarchies*. v. Daniel vii. The four beasts were interpreted as the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, and Roman monarchies.
- 289¹, 9. *Ariosto*, etc. v. *Orlando Furioso*, xv. 75-81; cf. 710², 53 f.
13. *Tasso*. *Jerusalem Delivered*, ix.
37. *Boileau*. *Boileau* rather implies this than directly states it.
- 289², 23. *Philosophy*. Here used, as often, like the modern science, in the sense of "the study of natural objects and phenomena."
39. *Daniel*. v. Daniel x. Professor Ker notes that Cowley, with whom Dryden was of course familiar, had already used this passage in his *Discourse by way of Vision concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell*.
41. *Platonic philosophy*. "Dryden was thinking of the Platonic opinion about daemons as intermediary between heaven and earth. The idea of tutelary angels was familiar with the Platonists of Dryden's time." [Ker.]
- 290¹, 9. *St. Michael*. v. Daniel x. 21; xii. 1.
- 290², 16. *Virgil*. "The most Platonic passages in Virgil, and those of which Dryden was probably thinking, are the *Fourth Eclogue* and the *Sixth Book of the Æneid*." Ker.
53. *Satan*. v. Job i. 6, 12; ii. 6.
- 291¹, 17. *Milton*. v. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 634 f. and Arg. "To every sphere of the heavens there is assigned an intelligence, or intelligences, which are angels." [Ker.]
50. *Don Pedro*, etc. "Dryden refers to Don Pedro of Castile in his *Vindication of The Duke of Guise* (1683), with Mariana as authority. A relation quoted from Mariana shows that Dryden's projected poem might have been enlivened with modern allusions to English politics, besides those which he indicates in this account of his design." [Ker.] v. SS. vii. 182-184.
52. *One year*. Contemporary critics made this the limit of the action of an epic poem; v. Bossu, *op. cit.* iii. 12.
- 291², 16. *King Charles II*. Cf. B. S. xxvi, xxvii; 208, 370-382; n. 238, 1541.
- 292¹, 15. *Ne, forte*, etc. HORACE, *Ars Poet.* 406, 407: "Let not by any chance the Muse skilled in the lyre, and the singer Apollo, cause you shame."
43. *Curiosa felicitas*. v. 181¹, 26, n.
- 292², 9. *Ut sibi*, etc. *Ars Poet.* 240-242: "That every one hopes to do the same, but sweats much and toils in vain, attempting the same."
28. *Cena dubia*. TERENCE, *Phormio*, 342: "a hesitating banquet."
41. *Miniature*. F reads *miniature*.
- 293¹, 35. *Aristotle*. v. *Poetics*, 26. Dryden, in his *Apology for Heroic Poetry* (1677) [SS. v. 114], had praised heroic poetry as "the greatest work of human nature" and cited Aristotle as his authority. Now he cites Aristotle correctly, but opposes him. Cf. 490¹, 35, n.
51. *Homer*. The time analysis of the *Iliad* here given may be due to Bossu, who, however (*op. cit.* ii. 18), gives the figures as *forty-seven and eleven*.
- 293², 5. *The instruction*, etc. The idea is common; Rapin entitles a chapter of his *Reflexions sur la Poétique*, "La fin de ce poème [le poème épique] est d'instruire les grands," and writes in it: "La poésie héroïque . . . ne donne des leçons qu'aux grands pour gouverner les peuples." See also Sidney (*Apologie for Poetry*, ed. Arber, pp. 46, 47) and Davenant (*Preface to Gondibert*). Davenant writes: "Nor is it needful that Heroic Poesie should be levell'd to the reach of common Men: for if the examples it presents prevail upon their Chiefs, the delight of Imitation . . . will rectify by the rules which those Chiefs establish of their own lives, the lives of all that behold them; for the example of life doth as much surpass the force of Precept as Life doth exceed Death." Cf. 494¹, 34, n.
27. *Vida*. The *De Arte Poetica* of the Italian Marco Girolamo Vida (1489?-1566) was counted an authority. On Bossu, v. B. S. xxiv.
45. *Casaubon*. Isaac Casaubon (1559-1614), *De Satyrica Græcorum Poesi et Romanorum Satira*, Paris, 1605. (Page references in these notes are to that edition.) This is by far the most important in a scholarly sense of the sources of Dryden's *Discourse*.
- Heinsius. Daniel Heinsius, *De Satyra Horatiana* (printed with his edition of Horace). Here cited from the Elzevir edition of 1629.
46. *Rigaultius*. Rigaultius (Nicolas Rigault, 1577-1654), *De Satyra Juvenalis*, published in his edition of Juvenal, 1616, and often reprinted. The editor has used the text included in the Leyden *Juvenal* of 1695.
- Dacier. André Dacier, *Prefatio in Horatii Satiras*, printed with the edition of Horace in *usum Delphinum*. (Professor Ker notes that Dacier's translation of Horace was published in the years 1681-89, and contained a *Preface sur les Satires d'Horace*, which was published in English in 1692, in Gildon's *Miscellany Poems*. Only the Latin form of this preface has been accessible to the present editor.) Notes and illustrations by Dacier are also found in the *Delphin Horace*.
- The *Dauphin's* Juvenal. The *Delphin* editions (so called because they were prepared in *usum Delphinum*, for the use of the Dauphin)

- of the Latin writers, with their copious notes, seem to have been those regularly used by Dryden.
52. *Julius Scaliger*. An Italian scholar (1484-1558), whose *Poetices Libri Septem*, i. 12, gives the etymology of satire referred to on the next page.
- 294¹. 36. *Hook'd nose*. Casaubon quotes from Isidorus: *Satiri homunciones sunt aduncis naribus* (l. i, c. 2, p. 85).
- 294². 1. *Aristotle*, etc. What follows, to 295², 26, is a free epitome of the first chapter of Casaubon, with some hints from Dacier.
- 296¹. 1. *Libertasque*, etc. HORACE, 2 *Epistles*, i, 147-155.
10. *The law*, etc. Dryden found this law in a note by Dacier on this passage, in the Delphin *Horace*. It is not genuine, being made up on the basis of Cicero, *Rep.* iv. 10 (12).
24. *Thespis*, etc. In this paragraph Dryden follows Casaubon (l. i, c. 5), but in mentioning dramatic contests at the Olympic games he makes a blunder that is all his own!
48. *The story*, etc. Appended to the 1605 edition of Casaubon's work is *Cyclops Euripide Latinitate donata a Q. Septimo Florento Christiano*. One may doubt whether Dryden had read the original.
- 296². 44. *The definition*, etc. v. Casaubon, l. i, c. 3, pp. 130, 131.
- 297¹. 1. *Silli*. v. Casaubon, l. ii, c. 3, pp. 281-287. The editor cannot find that Casaubon anywhere derives *σάλλοι* from *Σελλός*.
- 297². 5. *Dacier*. Whom Dryden now proceeds to follow, even in the quotations from Quintilian (*Inst. Orat.* x. 1. 93) and Horace (*I Satires*, x. 66).
20. *Than that satire*. The careless repetition of *than* is probably due to Dryden rather than to the printer.
27. *Sædv*. Scaliger, *Poet.* i. 12; quoted, according to Ker, in the preface to the Delphin *Juvenal*; *σædv* should be *σάdv*.
40. *Casaubon*. l. ii, c. 4, pp. 317 f. The following discussion is mainly from the same writer, with some hints from Dacier.
- 298¹. 3. *Prémices*. A French word.
11. *Lancibus*, etc. *Georgics*, ii. 194, 394.
21. *Tack'd bills*. "When a measure was tacked to a money bill, so as to force its acceptance in the House of Lords." KER.
33. *Porphyrius*. Casaubon (l. ii, c. 4, pp. 319, 323) gives the name correctly, *Porphyrio*; Dryden is misled by his frequent references to Porphyrius, as l. i, c. 2, pp. 82, 83.
- 298². 8. *Tarsians*, etc. From Casaubon, l. i, c. 5, pp. 201, 202.
10. *Scaramoucha*. "The Italian comedy had been much in favor in Paris from the time of Charles IX; the most famous of all Scaramouches, Tiberio Fiorelli, was still alive when Dryden was writing this essay." [KER.] Scaramoucha is a boaster and clown who is in mortal fear of the agile Harlequin. C. D. (Names.)
18. *Perhaps*, etc. This sentence seems not to be from Casaubon or Dacier, and is probably a guess by Dryden. It is contradicted in the next sentence.
39. *Soldiers*, etc. Dryden here draws on Heinsius (p. 17), who quotes the Latin verses from Suetonius.
- 299¹. 15. *In the Tuscan language*, etc. From Dacier, who refers to Livy, vii. 2.
31. *Livius Andronicus*. v. Casaubon, l. i, c. 1, pp. 238 f.
- 300¹. 1. *The people*, etc. On what follows, v. Dacier, and Casaubon (l. ii, c. i, pp. 241 f).
- 300². 7. *As Scaliger observes*. The editor cannot find that Scaliger observes this, but Aristotle (*Poetics*, iv. 8) and Rigaltius do.
14. *Horace*, etc. Dacier says that Horace copied Ennius, but he says nothing about Virgil's doing so.
42. *Perseus*. v. 378, 20-26; 381, n. 3. This story seems not to be quoted by Dacier or Casaubon in the essays that Dryden is following.
54. *Of Pacuvius*, etc. In the following paragraphs Dryden follows Dacier.
- 301¹. 18. *Quid*, etc. 2 *Satires*, i, 62, 63.
24. *Quintilian*. Cf. 297², 13; n. 297², 5.
39. *Ennius and Pacuvius*. This is Dacier's view; Casaubon makes Lucilius the first follower, in Latin satire, of the spirit of the Greek Old Comedy: v. n. 301², 1.
- 301². 1. *Dacier*, etc. Dryden here follows Dacier in a total misinterpretation of Casaubon, who says distinctly: "Differentia præcipua Luciliane satiræ ab Enniana non fuit in genere carminis" (l. ii, c. 3, p. 273). The conclusion of Dryden's paragraph (l. 54 f.) is translated almost literally from Dacier: "Donnam quoque F[ilium] fefellit iste Diomedis locus. Hoc non eo dixi quod errorem levem tantorum virorum notare gaudeam, sed solum ut demonstrem, quanta cum cura et cautela eorum opera legere oporteat, ubi de re agitur obscura adeo et antiqua." This is instructive as to Dryden's general methods of work. Casaubon's real doctrine is that Lucilius differed from Ennius in subject matter and manner of treatment: "Nam spectavit quidem ad doctrinam morum utraque hæc satira, sed Lucilius multo magis quam Ennius personis adhesit. . . . Qua in re . . . visus dictusque fuit, mutato genere metri et facie pœseos, prisecam Atheniensium comœdiam retulisse." From this to the view of Dacier is not a long step.
- 302¹. 19. *Varronian satire*. The account of this topic is taken from Casaubon (l. ii, c. 2, pp. 256-270) and Dacier.
30. *Quintilian*. *Inst. Orat.* x. 1. 95.
- 302². 4. *Academics*. *Acad.* i. 2.
31. *Σρωβογέλοις*. Rather, "blending jest with earnest."
- 303¹. 12. *Petronius*. The reference is to a supplement to Petronius published at about this time, which Bentley styles, in the introduction to his *Dissertation upon Phalaris*, "that scandal to all forgeries:" *Pet. Arb. Satyricon cum fragmentis Albo Græce recuperatis anno 1688, Col. Agr. 1691*. Other editions were

- published at London, Paris, and Rotterdam in 1693 (Græssæ, *Trésor de Livres Rares*).
22. *Mock deification*. The *Apococynosis*, or *Pumpkinification*, a satire on Claudius.
27. *Barclay's Euphormio*. John Barclay (1582-1621), most famous as the author of the *Argenis*, adapted the style of Petronius to the needs of his own time. His first work, *Satyricon*, was published under the name of *Euphormio Lusinus*.
- A volume. "Most probably the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*." KER. This was a collection of satirical letters in dog-Latin, published in 1515-17, of which Crotus Rubianus and Ulrich von Hutten were the chief authors.
- 303², 2. *Satyr*. In the present volume the spelling *satire* is substituted, since the general practice of the edition is to employ modern spelling.
10. *Rigaltius*. Dryden greatly expands the hint taken from this critic.
- 304¹, 10. *Sir Matthew Hale*. This judge (1609-76) was universally celebrated for his justice and integrity. — F reads *Hales*, which perhaps should have been retained, as rather Dryden's error than the printer's.
33. *Casaubon*. His edition of Persius, with *Prolegomena*, to which Dryden constantly refers in the following pages, was published in 1605; Stelluti's in 1630.
- 304², 5. *More corrupted*. "This is a strange mistake in an author who translated Persius entirely and great part of Juvenal. The satires of Persius were written during the reign of Nero, and those of Juvenal in that of Domitian and later. This error is the more extraordinary, as Dryden mentions, a little lower, the very emperors under whom these poets flourished." [SCOTT.]
14. *A Scotch gentleman*. "David Wedderburn, of Aberdeen (1580-1646), whose edition of Persius, with a commentary, was published posthumously at Amsterdam, 1664." [SCOTT.]
34. *A young man*. Persius is said to have died in his twenty-eighth year (A. D. 62), and Lucan in his twenty-sixth (A. D. 65).
- 305¹, 16. *Imitatio*. "Casaubon's edition is accompanied *cum Persiana Horatii imitatione*." SCOTT.
- 305², 17. *Even Horace*. Casaubon does add this of Horace, *Prolegomena*, p. 8 (in Duesbner's edition, Leipzig, 1833). Most of the learning in this paragraph Dryden takes direct from these *Prolegomena*.
24. *Cornutus*. Cf. 372², Arg.
47. *Holyday*. Barten Holyday (1593-1661) was born at Oxford. His *Persius* appeared in 1610, his *Juvenal* not till 1673. v. 321.
- 306¹, 29. *Χεῖρως*. Properly, *torboso*; Dryden adapts the proverb rather than mistranslates it.
- 307¹, 11. *Bishop of Salisbury*. Burnet; cf. 250, 2415, n. Dryden here mentions his *Discourse of the Pastoral Care* (1692) with apparent respect.
- 307², 11. *But Horace*, etc. "Dryden alludes to the beautiful description which Horace has given of his father's paternal and watchful affection, in 1 *Satires*, vi. Wycherley, the friend for whom he wishes a father of equal tenderness, after having been gayest of the gay, applauded by theaters, and the object of a monarch's jealousy, was finally thrown into jail for debt, and lay there seven long years, his father refusing him any assistance." [SCOTT.]
- 308¹, 2. *Non nostrum*, etc. VIRGIL, *Ec.* iii. 108, slightly altered; cf. 427, 167, 168.
11. *He who says*, etc. v. *Odes*, iv. 2. 1-4.
- 308², 19. *Possess'd*, etc. Cf. 246, 2133, n.
40. *Lampooners*. Cf. 261², 20, n.
- 309¹, 28. *Juvenal is the more delightful*. Contrast 181¹, 1, 2, written only seven years before. Dryden in his earlier work quotes Horace more often than Juvenal.
- 309², 23. *Ne sententia*, etc. *Sat.* 118. Bossu, *Traité du Poème Epique*, vi. 4, 5, dwells on this idea at length.
44. *Omne*, etc. PERSIUS, i. 116, 117; cf. 361, 227-230.
- 310¹, 54. *Plain Dealer*. Wycherley, author of the comedy of that name.
- 310², 11. *On carpet-ground*. Cf. 177¹, 51, n.
- 311¹, 10. *Non tu*, etc. *Ec.* iii. 26, 27; cf. 425, 36, 37.
- 311², 37. *Dion Cassius*. Dion, liv. 27, tells the anecdote of Sisenna, but makes no such express intimation as Dryden would have us believe. Dryden presumably is quoting, as usual, from some secondary authority.
- 312¹, 8. *Primus*, etc. TACITUS, *Annals*, i. 72. This paragraph is based on the notes to this passage in the Delphin *Tacitus*, where are found the quotations from Suetonius (*Augustus*, 55) and "Aurelius," used by Dryden.
49. *Aurelius*. Dryden evidently regards this person as a Roman historian. As the form of citation in the Delphin *Tacitus* indicates, he was really a commentator, Louis (Ludovicus) d'Orleans, who published at Paris, in 1622, *Novæ Cogitationes in Libr. Annalium C. Cornelii Taciti, qui extant*. The editor of the Delphin *Tacitus* somewhat abbreviated the note by d'Orleans in transferring it to his own edition.
- 313¹, 22. *Heinsius*, etc. This is in accord with Heinsius's general theory of the connection between Roman satire and Greek dramatic poetry.
31. *Scutis*, etc. PERSIUS, i. 114, 115; cf. 361, 223-226.
34. *Ence*, etc. JUVENAL, i. 165, 166; cf. 326, 251-253.
38. *They chang'd*, etc. Dryden has been making extensive use of Holyday's preface to his translation of Juvenal and Persius, Oxford, 1673. The passage here put in quotation marks is not taken literally from him, but represents his general sense.
55. *Stapylton*. Cf. 79¹, 15, n. Stapylton had published a translation of the first six satires of Juvenal in 1644, and a complete version in 1647.
- 313², 46. *Jack Ketch*. Cf. 156¹, 30; 210, 3, n.
55. *Too witty*, etc. "This is a strange averment,

considering the *Poetical Reflections on Absalom and Achitophel* by a Person of Honour, in composing and publishing which the Duke of Buckingham showed much resentment and very little wit." [SCOTT.]

This tract is assigned to Buckingham only on the evidence of Wood's *Athena Ozonienses*. On Buckingham, cf. 116, 544, n.

- 314¹, 27. *Ense rescindendum*. Cf. 109², 33, n.
 314², 12. *Sarmentus*, etc. v. 1 *Satires*, v, vii.
 26. Mr. Swan. Professor Ker points out that the fame of this punster is preserved by Swift, Dennis, and others, as well as by Dryden.
 315², 4. *Noble similitude*. Dacier took this similitude, along with most of his other material that is of any value, from Casaubon (l. i, c. 2, pp. 62-64), who, however, uses it in a different connection. It goes back ultimately to Plato, *Symposium*, 215 A.
 49. *The words of Virgil*. Cf. 583, 405-412.
 316¹, 30. *Nomen*, etc. *Georgics*, iii. 47, 48; cf. 465, 81, 82.
 37. *Maidwell*. This may have been Lewis Maidwell, who published, in 1705, *An Essay upon the Necessity and Excellency of Education*.
 316², 12. *Quicquid*, etc. Juvenal, i. 85, 86; cf. 324, 130-132.
 28. *Satire*, etc. Heinsius, p. 54.
 317¹, 13. *Grande sophos*. "An oversight for the grande aliquid of Persius, l. 14. *Grande sophos*, 'the loud bravo,' occurs three times in Martial." [Ker.] Dryden took the mistake, if it must be called such, from Rigaltius, who speaks (p. 2, col. 1) of the *grande Persii sophos*.
 50. *Donne*. Cf. 270², 4, n.
 317², 30. *Mascardi*. Professor Ker traces the reference to his *Discorso dell' Unità della Favola Drammatica*, in his *Prose Volgari*, 1630.
 32. *Guarini*. The *Pastor Fido* of Guarini (1537-1612), published in 1590, and the *Aminta* of Tasso are the most famous of the Italian pastoral dramas; cf. 420², 4-11.
 318¹, 47. *Persius*, etc. Dryden is again indebted to Casaubon's *Prolegomena*.
 318², 23. *Hudibras*. v. 238, 1541, n. Dr. Johnson states in his *Life of Dryden*, without citing any authority, that Butler "is said" to have joined Buckingham in the attack on Dryden in *The Rehearsal*. If this be true, Dryden had evidently fully forgiven him.
 51. *Such a little instrument*. "Dryden, in his *Letter to Sir George Etherege* (v. 214, 215), has shown, however, how completely he was master even of a measure he despised." [SCOTT.]
 319¹, 30. *Tassoni*. (F reads *Tassone*.) Alessandro Tassoni (1565-1635) published his *Secchia Rapita* (*The Rape of the Bucket*) in 1622.
Boileau. The first four cantos of his *Lutrin* (*Lecturn*) were published in 1674, the remaining two in 1683.
 32. *Merlin Coccinus*. The assumed name of Teofilo Folengo (1491-1544), an Italian poet who wrote in macaronic (burlesque Latin) verse. *Badus* is the hero of his comic epic *Macaronea*.

37. *Stanza of eight*. Cf. 741¹, 34, n.
 46. *Scarron*. Paul Scarron (1610-60), the first part of whose *Virgile Travesti* had appeared in 1648.
 319², 3. *Nec*, etc. *Aeneid*, iv. 365-367 (cf. 570, 522-525), which Boileau imitated in his *Lutrin*, near the opening of the second canto. He later canceled the passage containing these verses, which do not appear in the editions subsequent to 1682. In the second line of the quotation *horloger* is a mistake of Dryden or the printer for *l'horloger*.
 19. *Admiranda*, etc. *Georgics*, iv. 3-5, 208, 209; cf. 476, 3-7; 480, 303-305.
 41. *Turns of words*, etc. Cf. 385², 5 f.; 513¹, 7 f.; 744¹, 25 f. See Professor C. H. Herford's introduction (§ 24) to *Sponser's Shepherds Calendar*, London, 1895; and Puttenham, *The Arte of English Poesie* (ed. Arber), p. 213.
 48. *Mackenzie*. "Sir George Mackenzie (1636-91) of Rosehaugh was Lord Advocate for Scotland during the reigns of Charles II and his successor. His works are voluminous, and upon various subjects, but chiefly historical and juridical. He left, however, an heroic romance, *Arethusa*, a poem called *Carlisle's Country House*, and some essays on moral subjects. His having been the zealous agent of the crown during the cruel persecution of the fanatical Cameronians renders him still execrated among the common people of Scotland. But he was an accomplished scholar, of lively talents and ready elocution, and very well deserved the appellation of a *noble wit of Scotland*." [SCOTT.]
 50. *Sir John Denham*. Cf. 91; 512², 5; 514¹, 52, n.; 744², 52, n.
 320¹, 12. *Cowley*. Cf. 181¹, 45, n.
 40. *Walsh*. William Walsh (1663-1708), critic and minor poet. Dryden had written a preface for his *Dialogue concerning Women*, published in 1691: v. SS. xviii. 1-7. He is known in literary history as the friend of Pope as well as of Dryden. The life of Walsh in Anderson's *British Poets* states that in 1692 he published *A Collection of Letters and Poems, Amorous and Gallant*; the present editor has been unable to find any other mention of this book. Walsh's *Preface*, as printed in the same collection, does not contain any such statement as is here referred to by Dryden. For another mention of Walsh, v. 708², 36.
 53. *Heu*, etc. *Met.* xv. 88-90; cf. 881, 125-128.
 320², 5. *Tum*, etc. *CATULLUS*, lxi. 143-148.
 14. *Si, nisi*, etc. *Heroides* [xv.] 39, 40, with a change of *facie into forma*. This epistle is of doubtful authenticity.
 22. *Cum*, etc. *Georgics*, iv. 488, 489; cf. 485, 702-705.
 30. *Prosodia*. Cf. 512¹, 36-42.
 43. *Abraham*. v. *Genesis* xviii. 23-33.
 321², 17. *Pulverulenta*, etc. *Aeneid*, viii. 596, misquoted; the first word should be *quadripedante*.
 323, 14. *The Centaurs' fury*. v. 857-863, 292-705.

62. *Thrice concocted blood*. Professor Saintsbury thinks that this is a reminiscence of the phrase *my thrice decocted blood*, in the last line of some verses headed *Ignoto*, attributed to Marlowe.
- 324, 122. *S*—*U*. Shadwell: v. B. S. xxviii, xxix; 134, 15, n; cf. 196, 35, n.
- 327, 24. *Basket*, etc. Cf. 344, 703.
- 334, 39 (Arg.). *Sir C. S.* v. 136, 163, n.
- 335, 26. *Every vice*, etc. The metaphor is from dicing; a *loader* is a doublet.
- 335, 31. *Venerably*. F reads *ven'rably*.
- 336, 55. *Bachelor*. *Batchelour* in F; but the forms *bachiler*, *batchelor*, in use in Dryden's time, will account for the rhyme. Perhaps one of them should have been printed in the text.
90. *Secure* . . . of. Safe from finding.
- 337, 153. *Grisly*. F reads *griecly*.
184. *A fire*. So F: perhaps we should read *afire*.
- 339, 278. *Ζωὴ καὶ ψυχὴ!* Life and soul. (ψυχὴ in the text of the present edition is a mistake for ψυχῇ.)
- 341, 479, 480. *Knows* . . . *drain*. The discrepancy in number is a sign of Dryden's carelessness.
- 342, 538. *Fame*. Dryden introduces a Virgilian reference not found in his original: cf. 567, 252-274.
571. *Tabors*, etc. v. n. 205, 150.
- 343, 578. *Mood and figure*. Terms of formal logic.
586. *Priscian*. A Roman grammarian of the fifth century: the mention of him here is of course an anachronism on Dryden's part.
- 344, 675. *Ice*. F reads *yece*.
688. *Runs*. Contrast *smile* in the next line; the careless grammar shows Dryden's haste in writing, or heedlessness in reading proof. Cf. 479, 264-266; 400, 1031, n.
703. *Basket*, etc. Cf. 327, 24.
- 345, 736. *Adulterer*. F reads *Adul'ter*.
805. *His mother's love*. "*Hippomanes* is a lump of flesh on the forehead of a newborn foal which the dam was supposed to tear off with her teeth. It is also applied to a humor which runs from mares [v. 470, 443]. In any case, it was supposed to stimulate the sexual passions, and also to drive people mad." J. D. Lewis, note on Juvenal, vi. 133.
- 347, n. 33. *Sicilian tyrants*. Cf. 369, n. 5, 6.
- n. 49. *Lénus*. A mistake of Dryden or the printer for *Lyncæus*.
- 348, 41. *The pair of sages*. Democritus and Heraclitus; cf. 442, 3, n.
76. *Heaven*. F reads *Heav'n*.
- 349, 135. *Plays least in sight*. "An obscure phrase. If, as one would think, it equals *keeps out of the way*, this would not go very well with *met*." [SAINTSBURY.]
- 351, 279. "*Death*, etc. The quotation marks, emphasizing the aphorism, are retained from F.
- 352, 359. *Shoulder pains*. F reads *Shoulders pain*.
- 353, 435. *Fever*. F reads *Favour*.
- 355, n. 23. *Phædra*. A blunder for *Phædra*, either by Dryden or by the printer.
- n. 24. *Pætus*. A mistake for *Prætus*.
- n. 25. *Hostia*. i. e. *Ostia*.
- THE SIXTEENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL. The authenticity of this satire has been questioned.
- 356, 4 (Arg.). *Standing army*. Dryden loses no opportunity of expressing his dislike of a standing army, the establishment of which was an important part of King William's policy. Cf. 489, 39, n; 743, 2; 777, 672; 799, 596-601.
- 360, 194. *The Mithonian crew*. Cf. 725, 608.
199. *Evion*. The cry of the Bacchantes.
- 364, 102. *Phlegm*. F reads *steam*, which might well have been retained, to mark the rhyme.
- 365, n. 6. *Æsculapius*. F reads *Esculapius*. On the story here told of Alexander, cf. 751, 133, 134. The passage in Sir Thomas Browne to which Dryden refers is, as Professor Saintsbury shows: "I do think that many mysteries ascribed to our own inventions have been the courteous revelations of spirits." (*Religio Medici*, i. § 31.)
- n. 7 (l. 2). *Treasures* . . . *was kept*. The slip in grammar is perhaps only a printer's error, but cf. 400, 1031, n.
- 367, 126. *Conquest and Gibbons*. On William Gibbons (1649-1728), v. 709, 13; 785, 82; cf. 196, 35, n.
- 370, 6 (Arg.). *Lucan*, etc. In *Pharsalia*, i. 33-38, Lucan explains that, if civil war were needed to secure the happy reign of Nero, he makes no complaint: "If such be the reward, even crimes and sin are pleasing." The complement has sometimes been regarded as sarcastic.
- 35 (Arg.). *Casaubon*. Casaubon's theory has not been accepted by modern scholars.
- 371, 50. "*Say*, etc. F gives no indication of the changes of speakers in this line. In general, it is somewhat difficult to settle the position of quotation marks in this satire: they are not used in F.
- 372, n. 7. This note, and a few words from the following, are here omitted, — the only case of expurgation in the present edition.
- Dr. Busby*. Richard Busby (1606-95), headmaster of Westminster School from 1638. Though famous for his severity, he was beloved by his pupils.
- 374, 80. *Dodder'd*. F reads *Doddard*. v. GLOSSARY.
- 375, 212. *Bethlem's*, etc. v. 131, 285, n.
- 376, 215. *Brown george*. "A loaf of a coarse kind of brown bread." N. E. D.
- 377, n. 21. *Sedley*. v. 136, 163, n. Sedley founded his *Bellamira* on Terence's *Eunuchus*.
382. EXAMEN POETICUM. The mottoes are *Georgics*, iv. 100, 101, 157; cf. for the first, 478, 152, 153; the second means: "They place in the center what they have sought for." The quotations are appropriate for a book of which the title is, *A Poetic Swarm of Bees*.
- The dedication of this volume was not successful financially, and bade fair to involve Dryden in difficulties with the government.

In a letter to Tonson of August 30, 1693, he writes:

"I am sure you thought my Lord Radclyffe would have done something: I guess'd more truly, that he cou'd not; but I was too far engag'd to desist: though I was tempted to it, by the melancholique prospect I had of it. . . .

"About a fortnight ago I had an intimation from a friend by letter, that one of the Secretaries, I suppose Trenchard, had inform'd the Queen, that I had abus'd her Government, (those were the words) in my Epistle to my Lord Radcliffe; and that thereupon, she had commanded her Historiographer, Rymer, to fall upon my plays; which he assures me is now doing. I doubt not his malice, from a former hint you gave me; and if he be employ'd, I am confident 't is of his own seeking, who, you know, has spoken slightly of me in his last critique: and that gave me occasion to snarl againe." v. n. 383², 21. After this, however, Rymer never fell upon Dryden's plays, at least in print.

Lord Radcliffe. "Lord Radcliffe was the eldest son of Francis, Earl of Derwentwater. He married Mary Tudor, a natural daughter of Charles II by Mary Davies." [Scott.]

- 382¹, 20. *The same parts*, etc. There was a story, mentioned for example by Settle in his *Abraham Senior*, that Dryden once wished to enter the priesthood. This Dryden elsewhere denies; cf. 748², 61 f.

- 382², 23. *The best poet*, etc. The Earl of Dorset: v. n. 282. The following quotation is from a satirical epistle by Dorset, *To Mr. Edward Howard, on his Incomparable, Incomprehensible Poem, called The British Princes*:

Wit, like tierce claret, when 't begins to pall,
Neglected lies, and 's of no use at all;
But, in its full perfection of decay,
Turns vinegar, and comes again in play.

(Howard, against whom Dorset's wit was directed, was Dryden's brother-in-law; cf. 907, 192.)

- 383¹, 2. *Zoili and Mom*. The name of Zoilus, a Greek grammarian famous for his attacks on Homer, became proverbial as that of a carping critic. Momus was a mythical personage, the personification of mockery and censure; cf. 901, 13 f.

4. *He who*, etc. Dryden may refer to Carvilius Pictor, who, according to Donatus, wrote a book called *Æneidomastix*.

20. *Petroneus*, etc. *Sat.* 118-124. Dryden may be indebted to Rapin, *Reflexions sur la Poétique*, ii. 15.

27. *Scaliger*. Scaliger attacks Homer in his *Poetices Libri Septem*, v. 3; in the following book (called *Hypercriticus*) he attempts to mend Claudian, and censures Lucan, as Dryden states: *Interdum mihi latrare, non canere videtur*.

57. *Non ingenuis*. 2 *Epistles*, i. 88, 89, quoted inaccurately, from memory: "He does not support buried genius, but attacks our writings; us and our writings he maliciously dislikes."

383², 21. *But there is*, etc. The following passage refers to Rymer — cf. B. S. xxii, xxiv; n. 382 (Ex. Poet.) — who in 1692 (v. Malone, I, 2, 30: title-page reads 1693) had published a new critical work, *A Short View of Tragedy, its Original, Excellency, and Corruption, with some Reflections on Shakespeare and other Practitioners for the Stage*, in which he continued his depreciation of the English school of tragedy. In his first chapter he gives an account of the *Persæ* of Æschylus, and sketches a plan for a similar English tragedy, to be called *The Invincible Armado*. He concludes his chapter: "If Mr. Dryden might try his pen on this subject, doubtless to an audience that heartily love their country, and glory in the virtue of their ancestors, his imitation of Æschylus would have better success, and would *pit, box, and gallery* far beyond anything now in possession of the stage, however wrought up by the unimitable Shakespeare." But, in this seemingly complimentary passage, *pit, box, and gallery* is a phrase that Buckingham had made famous by putting it into the mouth of Mr. Bayes in *The Rehearsal* (act i), and the covert condemnation of Dryden's praises of Shakespeare, and of his actual dramatic performance, is sufficiently pointed.

In a letter to Dennis, dated by Malone in March, 1694, Dryden writes: "You see what success this learned critick has found in the world, after his blaspheming Shakspeare. Almost all the faults which he has discover'd are truly there; yet who will read Mr. Rymer, or not read Shakspeare? For my own part I reverence Mr. Rymer's learning, but I detest his ill-nature and his arrogance. I indeed, and such as I, have reason to be afraid of him, but Shakspeare has not." (Malone, I, 2, 35.) Cf. 287², 30, n; 410, 47, n; 412², 48, n. Dryden seems later to have become reconciled to Rymer: v. 741¹, 50 f.

56. *Quantum mutatus*. "A reference to the *Epistle Dedicatory* of Rymer's *Short View* (to Lord Dorset): 'Three, indeed, of the epic (the two by Homer and Virgil's *Æneid*) are reckon'd in the degree of perfection, but amongst the tragedies, only the *Edipus* of Sophocles. That by Corneille, and by others, of a modern cut, *quantum mutatus!*'" KER. This is a direct attack on the *Edipus* of Dryden and Lee, made more cutting by being addressed to Dryden's favorite patron; cf. 282, n; 412, 48, n; 413, 49.

- 384¹, 14. *Perrault*. Charles Perrault (1628-1703) in his *Parallèle des Anciens et des Modernes* (1688-96) maintained the superiority of the modern writers of France to those of Greece and Rome. He was opposed by most of the great literary men of France, above all by Boileau.

22. *A chorus*. Rymer's *Short View* begins: "What reformation may not we expect now that in France they see the necessity of a chorus to their tragedies? . . . The chorus was the root and original, and is certainly always the most necessary part of tragedy."

33. *Poetry and good sense.* The close coupling of these two expressions is characteristic of Dryden and of his time.
- 384², 5. *Horace. 1 Satires*, x. 1-8.
- 385¹, 11. *Propriety*. v. 177², 5, n.
19. *Mr. Chapman.* See his poem *To the Reader*, prefaced to his *Iliad*, and his prose *Preface*.
34. *Sandys*. v. 88¹, 4, n; 740², 40.
- 385², 5. *Turns*, etc. Cf. 319², 41, n; 513¹, 7 f; 744¹, 25 f.
48. *Musas*, etc. "To worship severer Muscs;" cf. 75², 24, n; 512¹, 36, n.
- 386¹, 8. *Congreve.* Congreve really translated two selections, *Priam's Lamentation and Petition to Achilles for the Body of his Son Hector*, and *The Lamentations of Hecuba, Andromache, and Helen, over the Dead Body of Hector*.
28. *Runs off her bias.* "Said of a bowl that does not run true." Kkr. Cf. 136, 189, n.
- 386², 40. *Sir Samuel Tuke.* Dryden quotes *A modest . . . own*, from the prologue to Tuke's *Adventures of Five Hours*.
- 387¹, 5. *And add*, etc. "This odd phrase merely means, 'Let them go on unbroken.'" SAINTSBURY.
80. *Frozen Wagon.* "The constellation of the Great Bear (Charles's Wain)." SAINTSBURY.
- 390, 227. *Louvre.* Dryden here translates admirably the conceit of Ovid, whose word is *Palatia*, the palace of the Caesars. Had he been well disposed to the English government, he would doubtless have used *Whitehall* instead of *Louvre*; cf. 132, 21.
- 392¹, 417. *The stag*, etc. "Dryden, not Ovid, is answerable for the speed of the stag's exertions in the water." [SCOTT.]
- 393¹, 489. *Our father.* Dryden is somewhat inaccurate: Deucalion was the son of Prometheus, and Pyrrha the daughter of Epimetheus, the brother of Prometheus. Deucalion had addressed Pyrrha as *sister* only as a mark of tenderness.
- 395¹, 680. *Follow*, not. The comma is not found in the 1693 ed.; Ovid has *non insequor hostis*.
- 396¹, 718. *As when*, etc. Cf. 38, 521-528.
- 400, 1031. *Cease.* The form of the verb is affected by the plural immediately preceding: cf. 439, 38; 558, 568; 589, 889; 634, 732; 813, 115, n; 858, 339. The construction is probably due rather to carelessness than to any settled principle of grammar. Cf. 344, 688, n.
- 402¹, 109. *Daughter of the Sun.* Pasiphae: cf. 432, 68-86; 594, 33-46; 601, 604; 722, 325-369.
- 403¹, 208. *Rites*, etc. The 1693 ed. punctuates as follows: *Rites . . . Love . . . Marriage . . . aid*;
- 405¹, 112. *Latter.* Perhaps this should be emended to *later*.
166. *And she's*. So SS; the 1693 ed. reads *and is*, which certainly cannot be correct.
- 406¹, 4 (Song). *Insert the year.* Cf. 241, 1732, n.
- VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS. Cf. headnote, p. 919.
7. *Uncreated light.* v. Genesis i. 3, in contrast to i. 1, 7.
8. *Paraclete.* So in 1693 ed.; cf. *Paraclete*, i. 39.
- 410, 1. *As.* A comma should be inserted after this word.
9. *Provided*, etc. "This seems to be an allusion to the pretended dukedom of Marine, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Noble Gentleman*, which had been revived (in an altered form) in 1688, by Dufrey, under the title of *A Fool's Preference*; or, *The Three Dukes of Dunstable*.
- Gent.* Hark you, sir: the king doth know you are a duke.
- Mar.* No! does he?
- Gent.* Yes, and is content you shall be; but with this cantion,
- That none know it but yourself; for, if you do, He'll take it away by act of parliament.
- Mar.* Here is my hand; and, whilst I live or breathe,
- No living wight shall know I am a duke.
- Act v (near close). [SCOTT.]
47. *Shakespeare's critic.* Rymer: v. 287², 30, n. Rymer's own tragedy, *Edgar*; or, *The English Monarch* (published 1678, reprinted in 1801 and 1693) was a complete failure; it was never acted.
- 411¹, 2. *The poet's dead.* Cf. *Prologue*, i. 34.
7. *Dalinda.* The hoodwinking of the foolish Sancho by the crafty Dalinda (who of course speaks this epilogue) forms the underplot of the play.
- 411², 25. *The fire*, etc. There is a possible reminiscence of Milton's:
- yet from those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible.
Paradise Lost, i. 62, 63.
- 412¹, 7 (CONGREVE). *Janus.* The god Janus was fabled to have reigned as king in Italy, having his city near the hill Janiculum. Here he hospitably received Saturn, who was fleeing from his son Jupiter, and from whom he learned husbandry and other arts. Cf. 630, 425-432; 631, 467-470. Dryden here assigns to him a part that belongs rather to Saturn himself.
- 412², 14. *Second temple.* Referring to the rebuilding of the Jewish temple on the return from exile: v. Ezra v, vi. It was inferior to the temple of Solomon: v. Haggai ii. 1-3.
15. *Vitruvius.* The most famous Roman writer on architecture.
30. *Wycherley.* Called *Manly* in allusion to the name of the hero of his comedy, *The Plain Dealer*.
32. *Nor.* The 1694 ed., by an evident misprint, reads *Now*; *Nor* is found in the collected edition of Congreve's works, 1710.
35. *Fabius.* Scipio, on his return to Rome after successes in Spain, against the Carthaginians, was elected consul, though below the legal age. His policy of carrying the war into Africa was opposed by the old Fabius, who was in part moved by jealousy of the youthful conqueror. Dryden has either made a blunder in his allusion, or he wishes to imply that, had Scipio been as charming as Congreve, Fabius might have rejoiced in his success, instead of envying it.
39. *Romano.* Dryden has made a serious mis-

take: Giulio Romano (1492-1546) was younger than Raphael (1483-1520), and was his pupil, not his master.

48. *Tom*, etc. "Thomas Shadwell [v. 134, 15, n], who at the Revolution was promoted to Dryden's posts of Poet Laureate and Historiographer Royal, was succeeded in his office of Laureate by Nahum Tate, and in that of Historiographer by Thomas Rymer. Our author was at present on bad terms with Rymer; to whom, not to Tate, he applies the sarcastic title of *Tom the Second*. [Cf. 383², 21, n; 410, 47, n.] The Earl of Dorset, although as Lord Chamberlain he was obliged to dispose of Dryden's offices to persons less politically obnoxious, bestowed at the same time such marks of generosity on the abdicated Laureate that Dryden here honors him with the title of *his patron*." [SCOTT.] Cf. 282, n; 291², 22-44.
- 413, 69. *His providence*. Christie notes that Dryden (*Defense of the Epilogue of The Conquest of Granada*, SS. IV. 233) condemns Jonson for his ill *syntaxis* in writing. "Tho' Heaven should speak with all his wrath at once;" and that he himself, in l. 63 of this poem, uses *she* referring to *Heav'n*.
- TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER. The title of this epistle in *Poems and Translations*, 1701, is, *To Sir Godfrey Kneller, Principal Painter to his Majesty*. That text furnishes the following variants, in addition to those mentioned in the headnote: (73, sidenote) *presented to*; (95) *But oh*; (114) *Yet not*; (145) *If yet*; (146) *'Tis only*.
- Kneller (1646-1723), born at Lübeck, settled in England in 1675, where he remained until his death.
- 414, 22. *Prometheus*. Prometheus stole fire from heaven and gave it to mortals; according to another legend, he created men out of earth and water: cf. 174³, 74, n; 388, 97-112. Dryden here mingles classical mythology and Scripture in an almost medieval fashion.
54. *Bantam's embassy*. "Eight ambassadors from the King of Bantam were in England in 1682, and were treated with distinction by Charles II. Their faces were well known by portraits and engravings." [CHRISTIE.]
73. *Shakespeare*. "This portrait was copied from one in the possession of Mr. Betterton, and afterwards in that of the Chandos family. The copy presented by Kneller to Dryden is in the collection of Earl Fitzwilliam, at Wentworth House." [SCOTT.]
78. *Teucer*. Teucer, the best archer of the Greeks, sheltered himself behind the shield of Ajax: v. *Iliad*, viii. 266-272.
96. *Jacob's race*. v. *Genesis* xxvii.
- 100, 101. *Thou*, etc. This couplet is unpleasant, in view of Dryden's earlier adulation of Charles II.
- 415, 145. *That yet*, etc. "Mr. Walpole says that where Sir Godfrey 'offered one picture to fame, he sacrificed twenty to lucre; and he met with customers of so little judgment that they were fond of being painted by a man

who would gladly have disgowned his works the moment they were paid for.' The same author gives us Sir Godfrey's apology for preferring the lucrative, though less honorable line, of portrait painting. 'Painters of history (said he) make the dead live, and do not begin to live themselves till they are dead. I paint the living, and they make me live.' *Anecdotes of Painting (Works)*, 1798, vol. iii, p. 359). Dryden seems to allude to this expression in ll. 150-154." [SCOTT.]

Walpole quotes Kneller's apology from "the author of the *Abregé*."

- 416¹. ODE ON PURCELL. Perhaps the last three words of l. 12 should be made into a separate line, to point the rhyme of *admir'd* and *retir'd*. *Know* (l. 20) is printed *knew* in the separate text of 1696 and in *Orpheus Britannicus*, but appears as *know* in the text with music of 1696: cf. rhyme with *below*. The text with music of 1696 furnishes the following further variants: (6) *Heav'nly Lays*; (12) *the matchless man*; (21) *turn'd the jarring Spheres*; (24) *Musick from on high*.

PREFACE AND EPILOGUE TO THE HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD. According to Malone, John Dryden the younger was born in 1667 or 1668 and "probably went to Rome with his elder brother [Charles] about the end of the year 1692." He became an officer of the Pope's household, and seems never to have returned to England. He is said to have died in 1701. Cf. headnote, pp. 281, 282.

- 416², 26 (prose). Two authors. "Probably Southerne and Congreve." SCOTT.
- 417, 13 (Epi.). *Third day*, etc. Cf. 108, 15, n.
- 418, 36. *For tho'*, etc. Cf. 480, 303.

TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL. In the following notes, the first and second editions are called F1 and F2. When they agree, they are cited as FF. Dryden writes in a letter to Tonson: "You cannot take too great care of the printing this [second] edition exactly after my amendments; for a fault of that nature will disoblige me eternally" (Malone, I, 2, 63). From another letter we know that he "bestow'd nine entire days" on his work of revision (*Ibid.* 61). Accordingly F2 is made the basis of the present text: its readings are rejected only (a) when they seem evidently due to the printer's carelessness rather than to Dryden's correcting hand; or (b) in a few cases where the change, though probably due to Dryden himself, is obviously a perversion of the text rather than an improvement. Cf. notes on 481, 354; 505¹, 4; 601, 614. Dryden was of course as capable of error in correcting his own work as in other things.

In the *errata* of F1 occurs the statement: "There are other errata, both in false pointing and omissions of words, both in the preface and the poem, which the reader will correct without my trouble. I omit them, because they only lame my English, not destroy my meaning."

The motto on the title-page is *Æneid*, ii. 724: "He follows his father with unequal steps."

- The headings of some of Dryden's own notes do not correspond exactly with the text of his translation; these discrepancies are here preserved; see, for example, 601, 586, 587, and Dryden's note (p. 712). Cf. n. 281.
- 419¹. *Hugh, Lord Clifford*. "The son of Lord Treasurer Clifford, a member of the Cabal administration." [Scorr.] Cf. 70², n.
6. *A narrow choice*. "Dryden alludes to his religion and politics. I presume, Hugh, Lord Clifford, was a Catholic, like his father, and entertained the hereditary attachment to the line of Stuart, thus falling within the narrow choice to which Dryden was limited." Scorr.
18. 19. *Pollio . . . Varus*. "The well-known patrons of Virgil." [Scorr.] v. 428, 14; 431, 13. This passage indicates that Dryden was indebted to the elder Clifford for his appointment as Poet Laureate in 1670: v. B. S. xxi.
- 419², 12. *Great climacteric*. "The sixty-third year of human life." [WEBSTER.] Cf. 441², 15.
24. *He found*, etc. "In his prose you come upon passages that persuade you he is a poet, in spite of his verses so often turning state's evidence against him as to convince you he is none. He is a prose-writer, with a kind of Æolian attachment. For example, take this bit of prose from the dedication of his version of Virgil's *Pastorals*: 'He found . . . better music.' This is charming, and yet even this wants the ethereal tincture that pervades the style of Jeremy Taylor, making it, as Burke said of Sheridan's eloquence, 'neither prose nor poetry, but something better than either.'" LOWELL, *Essay on Dryden*.
51. *Manlius*. "Manlius, contrary to the general orders of his father, Manlius Torquatus, engaged and slew a Tuscan noble: his father caused his head to be struck off for disobedience." [Scorr.]
- 420¹, 42. *In medio*, etc. Cf. 426, 60, 61.
- 420², 6. *Shepherds*. FF read *Shepherd's*.
9. *Guarini's Pastor Fido*. Cf. 317², 32, n.
12. *Piscatory Eclogues*. Referring to the *Eloge Piscatorie* of the Italian poet Sannazaro (1458-1530). Malone states that they were published, "together with some pieces of Fracastorius and other Italians who have written Latin poetry, by Bishop Atterbury (then a student of Christ Church), in 1684."
18. *Fontenelle*. Petit de Julleville says of the *Pastorales* of Fontenelle (1657-1757): "Fontenelle, bel esprit, sec et prosaïque, était l'homme le moins fait pour célébrer la nature et faire parler les bergers." (*Leçons de Littérature Française*, li. 141.) In the controversy as to the literary merits of the ancients and the moderns, Fontenelle took the side of the latter.
24. *Si Pergama*, etc. *Æneid*, ii. 291, 292; cf. 541, 387, 388.
54. *Nec*, etc. HORACE, *Odes*, iv. 4. 31, 32. F1 reads *Aquilam Columba*.
- 421, 2. *Tu'rus*. FF read *Tity'rus*. So in 436, 76; 438, 28.
26. *By croaking from the left*. F1 reads, *With frequent Croakes*.
- 422, 56, 57. *What*, etc. F2 puts question marks after both these lines; F1 puts one after the second of them.
89. *Britons*. F1 reads *Britans*; F2, *Britains*.
- 425, 1. *Swain*. F1 reads *Groom*.
15. *Cropp'd*. SS. reads *cropt*; FF read *crept*.
- 426, 88. *By turns*. F1 reads *In turns*.
97. *My*, etc. F1 reads:
- With pelted Fruit, me *Galatea* pyles.
- 427, 143. *Dog-fozes*. So SS.; FF read *Dog Fozes*.
428. *THE FOURTH PASTORAL*. This piece and *The Ninth Pastoral*, as is known from a letter of Dryden to Tonson (Malone, I, 2, 52), were printed from Dryden's wife's copy of *Miscellany Poems*, 1684, the text of which Dryden corrected for his complete *Virgil*.
- 3, 4. *Delight*, etc. The 1684 text reads:
- Delight not all, if thither I repair,
My Song shall make 'em worth a Consul's care.
6. *Saturnian times*. Cf. 630, 425-432.
28. *Serpent's*. FF read *Serpents*.
- 42-44. *Another*, etc. The 1684 text reads:
- Another *Argos* on th' *Iberian* shore
Shall land the chosen Chiefs:
Another *Helen* other Wars create,
And great *Achilles* shall be sent to urge the *Trojan* Fate.
58. *Ready*. The 1684 text reads *awful*.
59. *Seed*. The 1684 text reads *Stem*.
63. *In crowding ranks*. The 1684 text reads *stand crowding to*.
- 429, 70. *In verse*. The 1684 text reads *with me*.
75. *The nauseous*, etc. The fourteen-syllable line is doubtless intended to symbolize the long *qualms and travel* of the mother; cf. 129, 94, n.
5. *Whether*, etc. Dryden has not translated Virgil's line, *Tu maior; tibi me est æquum parere, Menalca*. Possibly a couplet translating it, on which the *whether* . . . or depended, disappeared in transcribing the manuscript or in printing; the use of *whether* . . . or in a direct question is hard to parallel in Dryden. Or the poet may have wished to give only four lines to Mopsus, to correspond with the four given to Menalca.
- 430, 104. *On both are*. F1 reads, *On each is*.
- 432, 61. *Yet few*, etc. This line is not found in F1.
68. *The Cretan queen*. Pasiphae: cf. 402, 109-120; 594, 33-38; 601, 604; 722, 325-369.
- 75, 76. *Tho' tab'ring*, etc. In place of these two lines F1 reads:
- Tho tender and untry'd the Yoke he fear'd,
Tho soft and white as flakes of falling Snow;
And scarce his budding Horns had arm'd his brow.
- 434, 97-100. *These rhymes*, etc. In place of these four lines F1 reads:
- I've heard: and, *Thyrsis*, you contend in vain;
For *Corydon*, young *Corydon* shall reign,
The Prince of Poets, on the *Mantuan* Plain.
- 435, 9. *Whether*. FF read *Whither*.
19. *Scarce*, etc. The text of F1 reads:
- Scarce from our upper World the Shades with-drew,—

- which is changed in the errata to the form here printed.
- 436, 88. *Complaints*. F1 reads *Complaint*.
107. *Straight*. At once (translating the Latin *modo*).
437. THE NINTH PASTORAL. v. n. 428 (FOURTH PASTORAL). This piece is not ascribed to Dryden in *Miscellany Poems*, 1684, but is attributed to him in the third edition of that work, published in 1702.
- 7 (Arg.). *Pastoral*. The 1684 text reads *Eclogue*.
- 10 (Arg.). *Moris . . . Lycidas*. The proper names are not found in the argument of the 1684 text.
9. *Furies*. The 1684 text reads *Devil*.
10. *Your*, etc. The 1684 text reads:
Good Gods, I heard a quite contrary Tale.
- 438, 22, 23. *Now*, etc. The 1684 text reads:
Now Heaven defend! could barbarous rage prevail
So far, the sacred Muses to assail?
26. *Praise — that*. The 1684 text reads *praise that*.
43. *Free*. v. GLOSSARY, and cf. 375, 212.
46. *Varus*. FF read *Varus*.
56. *On*. The 1684 text reads *to*.
- 439, 91. *Request*. The 1684 text reads *entreat*.
38. *Drown*. Cf. 400, 1031, n.
44. *Brouse*. FF here read *Brouse*, possibly to point the rhyme; in l. 114 they have *brouz'd*.
- 440³. *Philip, Earl of Chesterfield*. "Philip Stanhope, second Earl of Chesterfield (1633-1713), was a man of considerable talent and political activity, and enjoyed at the court of Charles II several offices, but was now retired." [SCOTT.] Since he had refused to cooperate in the Revolution, had not taken office under William III, and had declined to join the Association in support of William's title, he was one of the small circle of patrons from whom Dryden could select: cf. 419¹, 6, n; 487¹, n. In his youth he had been notorious for dissipation; cf. 441², 48 f. A letter written to him in 1658 by the Lady Elizabeth Howard, later Dryden's wife, has been thought to imply a dishonorable intimacy between them: v. SS. i. 74, 75; cf. B. S. xvii.
- 3 (prose). *Quod*, etc. *Æneid*, ix. 6, 7; cf. 638, 7, 8. In the second line of the quotation F2 reads *auderit* (misprint).
- 441¹, 18. *Majesty*. F1 reads M—.
44. *Horace*, etc. Dryden apparently thought that the editions of Horace were arranged in chronological order. In reality, the *Satires* were, generally speaking, the earliest of the poet's works.
- 441², 7. *The gleanings*, etc. v. Judges viii. 2.
12. *Jan*, etc. *Æneid*, vi. 304; cf. 599, 420, 421.
15. *Great climacteric*. v. 419², 12, n.
- 442¹, 5. *Principles*. Component parts of the body, elements.
30. *Dignum*, etc. "A man worthy of praise the Muse forbids to die." HORACE, *Odes*, iv. 8. 28.
42. *Digit*, etc. "To be pointed at with the finger, and to have people say of him, 'That is he.'" PERSIUS, i. 28; cf. 359, 60, 61.
- 442², 3. *Heraclitus*. A Greek philosopher (about 535-475 B. C.), proverbial for his melancholy. He was called "the weeping philosopher" in contrast to Democritus, "the laughing philosopher." Cf. 108¹, 23, n; 348, 41 f.
33. *Scipio*. Scipio Africanus, the conqueror of Hannibal, in his later years was accused of corruption. He disdained to answer the charges brought against him, and avoided punishment by retiring to his villa at Liternum.
- 443¹, 27. *Res*, etc. "Wealth gained not by labor, but by inheritance." MARTIAL, x. 47. 3.
33. *Qui*, etc. "Who has lost his purse." 2 *Epistles*, ii. 40. Horace tells the story of a soldier, who, after losing his purse, performed prodigies of valor, by which he gained wealth. Once rich, he refused to venture his life further.
52. *You*, etc. "The second Earl of Chesterfield, in the latter part of his life, passed much of his time at an elegant villa near Twickenham." MALONE.
- 443², 5. *Corycian*. v. 478, 479, 180-217.
12. *O fortunatos*, etc. *Georgics*, ii. 458, 459; cf. 462, 639-642.
36. *Et securo*, etc. *Georgics*, ii. 467, with a change of *at* to *et*; cf. 462, 655, 656.
- 6 (Arg.). *Complements*. FF read *complements*.
- 444, 51. *Whatever*, etc. The following passage is somewhat incoherent, and the punctuation of it is difficult; FF punctuate as follows: (51) *obtain*, (52) *Reign*; (54) *Mind*, . . . *above*. (55) *Retreat*, (56) *Seal*, (57) *remote*, (58) *above*.
63. *And grant*. F1 does not contain these words: for their insertion, cf. 517¹, 2-5.
- 445, 93. *Deucalion*. v. 392-394, 424-556.
- 447, 212. *Deep-mouth*. SS. emends to *deep-mouthed*, perhaps correctly.
- 448, 298. *Astræa's Balance*. *The Balance* is of course the symbol of justice; cf. n. 7 (*ASTRÆA REDUX*).
302. *Linseed*. FF read *Linseed*.
310. *Maia*. FF read *Maja*.
337. *Southern*. "This must be a mistake of the pen or press." [SCOTT, following CAREY.]
- 449, 364. *To float*, etc. F1 reads:
The Meads to water, and to fence the Field.
- 452, 614. *Frith*. In italics in FF, as an unusual word.
- 453, 656. *Nor*, etc. F1 reads:
Nor Light'ning flash'd from so serene a Sky.
657. *Across*. F1 reads *along*.
- 454, 25. *Bay*. So SS.; FF read *Bays*.
- 455, 139. *And . . . lives*, — F1 prints *And . . . lives?* The errata state: "The note of interrogation is false at the end of the line; it ought to be a period." F2, however, has a comma, which, as the Latin text shows, is undoubtedly correct.
- 456, 207. *Rage*. So F1; F2 reads *Land*.
214. *Stupendous*. FF read *stupend'ous*, which perhaps should have been retained, as marking a pronunciation *stupendius*, the ancestor of the familiar *stupenjus*. Cf. n. 908, 281.
- 457, 289. *Sulry*. F1 reads *spleenful*.

306. *The land that joins Vesuvius.* F1 reads, *Vesuvian Nola.*
 458, 330. *Strait.* FF read *straight.*
 348, 349. *Show: yew.* For the rhyme, cf. 462, 628, 629.
 459, 421. *In smoky.* F1 reads *with smoky.*
 457. (*Let me dare to sing*). F1 reads (*so sweet Poets sing*).
 460-467. *Then . . . rise.* F1 reads:
 Earth knew no Season then, but Spring alone:
 On the moist Ground the Sun serenely shone:
 Then Winter Winds their blustering Rage forbear,
 And in a silent Pomp proceeds the mighty Year.
 Sheep soon were sent to people flow'ry Fields,
 And salvage Beasts were banish'd into Wilds.
 Then Heav'n was lighted up with Stars; and Man,
 A hard relentless Race, from Stones began.
 460, 472. *When, etc.* F1 reads:
 When Infant Nature was with Quiet crown'd.
 489. *Sturdy.* F1 reads *struggling.*
 498, 515. *Leaf; leaves.* So FF; cf. 263¹, 31, n. 525. *At Athens, etc.* Cf. 294, 295.
 540. *Honest face.* A translation of *caput honestum*; cf. 602, 668; 732, 52. This use of *honest* in the Latin sense of *comely, beautiful*, is apparently unusual in English of Dryden's time; N. E. D. cites no instance of it later than 1566.
 461, 576. *Nor, etc.* "It is probable that Dryden meant to give the sentence a different construction from what it now presents, but, having changed his purpose, forgot to alter the beginning." [SCOTT.]
 462, 615. *Heav'nly.* F1 reads *thoughtful.*
 637. *Centaur's.* v. 857-863, 292-705.
 671. *Astrea.* v. n. 7 (ASTREA REDUX).
 676. *Poet's.* F1 reads *Virgil's.*
 463, 714. *Nor, etc.* F1 reads:
 Nor with a helpless Hand concedes the Poor.
 730. *Pop'lar.* So F1; F2 reads *popular.* The passage gives Dryden an opportunity to show his power as a satirist.
 731. *Or.* F1 reads *By.*
 464. THE THIRD BOOK OF THE GEORGICS. Variants found in *The Annual Miscellany for the Year 1694* (v. headnote, p. 413) are here marked 4M. It is curious to see that, in ll. 131-233, Dryden, in revising his work, usually returned to the readings of 4M.
 465, 39. *Britons.* Translating *Britanni*; 4M and FF read *Britains.*
 74. *Taygetus.* This word, correctly *Ta-y'-ge-tus*, Dryden apparently pronounced as three syllables, *Tay-ge'-tus*.
 93. *Fleck'd.* 4M reads *fleck'd.*
 466, 131. *Trumpets.* So 4M and F2; F1 reads *Trumpet.*
 142. *Pollex.* So 4M and F2; F1 reads *Castor.*
 143. *God of Thrace.* Mars; cf. 766, 524-529.
 145. *Grim.* So 4M and F2; F1 reads *old.*
 150. *Neighb'ring.* F1 reads *neighboring*; 4M and F2, *neighbouring*. The present text, to be consistent, should read *neighboring*.
 159. *Hasty.* So 4M and F2; F1 reads *faintly*.
 162. *And his.* So 4M and F2; F1 reads *with his*.
 166. *Heaving.* 4M and F1 reads *beating*.
 171, 172. *And now, etc.* So 4M and F2; F1 reads:
 And now aloft; and now allow they fly,
 Now seem to sink in Earth, and now to touch the Sky.
 180. *Lapithæ.* For the story of their combat with the Centaurs, v. 857-863, 292-705.
 Add *the.* So 4M and F2; F1 reads *added*.
 467, 203. *The longing.* So FF; 4M reads *th' expecting*.
 223. *Close involve.* 4M and F1 read, *there enclose*.
 224, 225. *The male, etc.* So 4M and F2; F1 reads:
 No more of Coursers yet: We now proceed
 To teeming Kine; and their laborious breed.
 4M has a side-note: *Here the Poet returns to Cows.*
 233. *Noontide.* So 4M and F2; F1 reads *Evening*.
 244. *Io's punishment.* v. 396-400, 769-1041.
 256. *Smooth the.* 4M and F1 read *harrow*.
 468, 298. *Untried in.* 4M and F1 read *Guiltless of*.
 316. *Impels the flying car.* 4M and F1 read *Sustains the goring spurs*.
 469, 357. *And rough, etc.* In *Examen Poeticum* (v. headnote, p. 382) is an anonymous piece headed, *Amor Omnibus Idem; or, The Force of Love in All Creatures, being a translation of some verses in Virgil's Third Georgick, from verse 209 to verse 285, to which Dryden, in his Postscript to the Reader, refers in terms of high compliment: v. 708², 57 f.* But he fails to state that from this piece he took three whole lines (469, 402; 470, 431, 445), and suggestions for many others, for his own translation. The following excerpts will make the matter plain:
 Rough on the flinty Ground all Night he lies.
 [Cf. 469, 337.]
 'Tis with this Rage the Lyonsess is stung,
 When o're the Forrest (mindless of her Young)
 She sternly stalks: 'Tis then the shapeless Bear
 With fierce desire does to the Woods repair,
 And wide Destruction makes.
 [Cf. 469, 381-386.]
 See how the Winds the trembling Stallions fray,
 When first to their sagacious Nostrils they
 The distant Female's well-known scent convey!
 [Cf. 469, 391, 392.]
 The Sabine Boar does then prepare to wound,
 And whets his foamy Tusks, and paws the Ground:
 His Sides against the rugged Trees does tare,
 And hardens both his Shoulders for the War.
 [Cf. 469, 397-402.]
 What does the Youth in whose enraged Veins,
 [Cf. 469, 403.]
 — whilst from the Throne
 Of Heav'n its loud Artillery rattles down
 On his devoted Head.
 [Cf. 469, 408.]
 'Twere long to tell the spotted Linx's Wars,
 By Love excited: Or the furious Jars
 Of prowling Wolves, or Mastives head-strong Rage:
 Ev'n tim'rous Stags will for their Hinds engage.
 [Cf. 469, 470, 415-418.]

With Rage incens'd they struck their Master dead,
And on his mangled Limbs by piecemeal fed.
[Cf. 470, 424.]

When Spring's soft Fire their melting Marrow
burns

(For 't is in Spring the lusty warmth returns)
They to the tops of steepest hills repair,
And with wide nostrils snuff the Western Air,
Wherewith conceiving, (wonderful to tell)
Without the Stallions help their Bellies swell.

[Cf. 470, 422-423.]

Till from their lustful Groins at last does fall
Their Off-spring, which the Shepherds rightly call
Hippomanes: A slimy, poisonous Juice,
Which muttering *Step-Dames* in *Incantments*
use,

And in the mystick Cup their powerful Herbs in-
fuse,

But time is lost, which never will renew.
Whilst ravish'd, we the pleasing Theam pursue.
[Cf. 470, 440-460.]

403. *The youth*. Leander, as a side-note in 4M
indicates: cf. 19², 23, n.

470, 443. *Hippomanes*. v. n. 345, 805.

453. *What oil*. 4M and FF read *what Oyl*. If
the text is right, it must refer to the student's
midnight oil, an idea without warrant in the
Latin. *What toil* would be an easy emendation.

472. *Cote*. 4M and F1 read *Cot*.

488. *Shie'ring*. 4M and F1 read *wretched*.

490. *Rugged*. So FF; 4M reads *barren*.

471, 491. *Bleating kids*. 4M and F1 read *Family*.

501. *Flow'r*. FF read *Flower*; here altered to
flow'r to conform to *pow'r* above.

510. *Creaking*. So FF; 4M reads *the shrill*.

519. *To the*. So FF; 4M reads *in the*.

549. *West allies*. So FF; 4M reads, —, *Western
Sons*.

472, 587. *Dutch*. Dryden here departs slightly
from his original for the sake of gratifying his
animosity against the Dutch: cf. 5, 84, n;
71, 72.

473, 637. *Painful*. So FF; 4M reads *sweating*.

673. *Them*. 4M and F1 read *'em*.

683. *Oint*. So FF; 4M reads *noint*.

474, 742. *Or*. In the sense of *before*.

475, 808. *Phocæ*. So FF; 4M reads *Sca-Calves*.

476, 27. *Proud*. F1 reads *loud*.

478, 137. *With ease*, etc. v. B. S. xxxv, xxxvi.

139. *Shap'd to his size*. F1 reads, *Large are his
Limbs*.

162. *High-flying*. Cf. 125¹, 6, n.

479, 226. *And, common Sons, beneath*. FF read,
And common Sons, beneath.

253. *Labor'd*. F1 reads *strokes of*.

257. *Busy*. F1 reads *native*.

266. *Plice*. Cf. 344, 688, n.

480, 305. *Grandires' grandsons*. This is prob-
ably an error for *grandires' grandires*, which
is adopted by SS.; Virgil has *avi numerantur
avorum*.

318. *Quarrel*. So F1; F2 reads *Quarrels*.

481, 354. *And worms, that shun the light*. So F1;
F2 reads *And Lizards shunning Light*, a
reading also found in the errata to F1. "As
lizards have been mentioned in the preceding
couplet, the correction itself seems erroneous."
[Scott.]

366. *Man*. F1 reads *us*.

482, 437. *Then*, etc. Cf. 886, 539-544.

471. *They hate pursuits*. F1 reads *thou hat'st*.

484. *Softly*. Dryden's construction is confused,
but the antithesis with *loud* shows that the
fault is his and not the printer's. SS. reads
lofly.

492. *Turn the wheel*. Dryden's mention of the
spinning wheel here is an anachronism, of
course without warrant in the original.

495. *Sisters'*. FF read *Sister's*.

483, 553. *The Vestal fire*. That is, the fire of
Vesta:

Ter liquido ardentem perfundit nectare Vestam.

484, 589. *Will seem*. F1 reads *he seems*.

590. *Imitate*. F1 reads *imitates*.

591. *Break*. F1 reads *Breaks*.

592. *Or hiss a dragon*. F1 reads, *A Dragon
hisses*. Dryden's alteration of this line intro-
duces confusion, but has nevertheless been
followed, since the poet evidently attempted to
change the general construction of the
passage. It would be attractive to emend
stares to stare and to read *snare* in the line
above.

594. *Attempt*. F1 reads *attempts*.

486, 744. *Had*. So FF; perhaps a misprint for
has.

747. *And*, etc. In place of this line F1 reads:

With one continu'd Tenor still complains;
Which fills the Forrest and the neighb'ring Plains.

On revision Dryden evidently disliked the
jingle, complains: plains.

487¹, 801. *His*. F1 reads *their*.

811. *Arms*. So F1; F2 reads *Arts*, an evident
misprint caused by the arts of the following
line.

To THE MOST, etc. The main sources for this
Dedication are the following two books:

Le Bossu, René, *Traité du Poème Epique*,
Paris, 1675. (Here cited by book and chap-
ter.)

Segrais, Jean Regnaud de, *Traduction de
l'Enéide de Virgile*, Paris, 1668. (Cited by
the pages of vol. i of that edition.)

The first of these works, though now com-
pletely forgotten, was at the time a standard
authority in literary criticism. Dryden had
previously been much indebted to it: v. B. S.
xxiv: 293³, 27; n. 287², 26; n. 291¹, 52.

Segrais (1624-1701) was a poet and prose
writer of some eminence, a member of the
circle of M^{re}. de La Fayette.

Besides these main sources, Dryden seems
to have been somewhat indebted to the fol-
lowing two books:

Dacier, André, *La Poétique d'Aristote*,
*traduite en François, avec des remarques cri-
tiques sur tout l'ouvrage*, Paris, 1692. (Cited
by edition of Amsterdam, 1733. Dacier is the
same scholar whose work on Horace Dryden
used in his *Discourse concerning Satire*: v.
293³, 46, n.)

Rapin, René, *Reflexions sur la Poétique*.
(v. B. S. xxii, xxiii. Dryden had not read this
book for a long time, and quotes from memory:

- v. 513', 30, n. It is here cited by book and chapter of the edition of Amsterdam, 1709.)
John, Lord Marquis of Normandy. v. n. 120, 877. Mulgrave had been a staunch adherent of James II, and during most of the reign of William III was a member of the opposition. In 1696 he, like Chesterfield (v. 440², n), refused to join the Association for the support of William as the "rightful and lawful king," against Jacobite attempts.
1. *A heroic poem*, etc. The idea is a commonplace; cf. *Rapin*, ii. 2, 4.
 7. *The least*, etc. Cf. Bossu, ii. 6: "Les épisodes sont les parties nécessaires de l'action, étendus avec des circonstances vrai-semblables." The idea of *convenient* might be deduced from *Rapin*, ii. 8, though it is not directly stated there.
- 489², 11. *Novels*. Used in the sense of *tale, short story*; cf. 747², 56.
Ariosto. "The early editions, by an absurd and continued blunder, read *Aristotle*. Ariosto, and indeed all the heroic Italian poets, Tasso excepted, have checkered their romantic fictions with lighter stories. But neither Ariosto nor his predecessors, Boiardo and Pulci, ever entertained the idea of writing a regular epic poem after the ancient rules. On the contrary, they often drop the mask in the middle of the romantic wonders which they relate, and plainly show how very far they are from considering the narrative as serious. It was, therefore, consistent with their plan to admit such light and frivolous narratives as might relieve the general gravity of their tale, which resembled an epic poem as little as a melodrama does a tragedy." [SCOTT.]
25. Bossu. *Op. cit.* ii. 8; in general, Bossu is never weary of berating Statius.
 48. *Propense*. So in SS.; FF read *propense*.
- 488¹, 3. *Siege*. After this word F1 has the following passage: *I can think of nothing to plead for him, but what I verily believe he thought himself; which was, that as the funerals of Anchises were solemniz'd in Sicily, so those of Archemorus should be celebrated in Candy. For the last was an Island; and a better than the first, because Jove was born there.*
38. *Divina*, etc. "Particle of the divine air." HORACE, 2 *Satires*, ii. 79. Cf. 240, 1728.
 45. *Within the year*. Bossu (iii. 12) assigns a year as the limit of duration of an epic poem.
- 488², 7. *For which*. "A real slip in grammar, it being impossible to adapt it to *practic'd*." SAINTSBURY.
13. *Corneille*, etc. See his *Troisième Discours — Des Trois Unités*.
 41. *Chymical medicines*. "Essences, strong medicines given in small doses; e. g. opium, arsenic, tartar emetic. *Galenical decoctions* are vegetable remedies, simples, given generally in a large drench. The terms belong to a controversy between the Spagirists or Paracelsians, who used chemical medicines, and the School of Paris, which imposed an
- oath on its pupils never to use anything of the kind." [KER.]
- "We, like subtle chymists, extract and refine our pleasure; while they, like fulsome Galenists, take it in gross." SHADWELL, *Epsom Wells*, act i.
47. *One reason of Aristotle's Poetics*, xxvi.
- 489¹, 29. *The courage*, etc. "The cant of supposing that the *Iliad* contained an obvious and intentional moral was at this time established among the critics." [SCOTT.] Bossu insists that an epic poem is really a *fable*, teaching a moral just as do the fables of Æsop.
39. *The manners of the hero*. Dryden's discussion of this topic comes from Bossu, i. 12; iv. 4, 5, 9.
- 489², 13. *Ille habilis*, etc. The idea is found in *Dacier*, pp. iv, 67.
25. *Quinquina*. Peruvian bark, producing quinine; its use was still a novelty in England, dating only from 1655.
 39. *A subject . . . may lend*, etc. This is a bit of sarcasm at the expense of William III, and of the national debt, founded in 1693; cf. 356¹, 4 (*Arg.*), n.
- 490¹, 4. *Tryphon the stationer*. "*Bibliopola Tryphon*, a character twice mentioned by Martial (iv. 72; xiii. 3); Dryden probably means *Tonson*." SCOTT.
7. *Ruelle*. "Properly the space or lane between the bed and the wall; later, the reception of visitors at the lady's toilette; then, generally, any party of ladies and gentlemen that pretended to wit." [KER.] The word is common in the French literature of Dryden's time.
 13. *The fine woman*, etc.
- ut turpiter atrum
 Desinat in placem mulier formosa superne.
 HORACE, *Ars Poet.* 3, 4.
18. *Spectiosa miracula*. "Picturesque marvels." *Ibid.* 144; cf. 503¹, 32.
 20. *Antiphates*. So F1; F2 reads *Antiphantes*.
 26. *Ne Hercules contra duos*. "Not even Hercules against two at once." The saying is first found, in literature, in Plato, *Phædo*, 89 C.
 35. *But I have more than once*, etc. Cf. 293¹, 47 f; SS. iv. 24, 25. But in *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy* Dryden seems to agree with Aristotle: v. SS. xv. 369.
- 490², 11. *Puny*. "i. e. *puisme*, junior." [KER.]
42. *Anonymous*. F1 prints this word in italics.
- 491¹, 18. *Scatiger the Father*. "On the contrary, Scaliger in the epistle before his *Poetices Libri Septem* says: *Nam et Horatius Artem quum inscripsit adeo sine ulla doceat arte ut satyræ proprius totum opus illud esse videatur*." [KER.]
42. *The next*, etc. *Longo sed proximum intervallo*. *Æneid*, v. 320. Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered* was first published complete in 1581.
 52. *Fortunam*, etc. "The fortune of Priam I will sing, and the noble war." HORACE, *Ars Poet.* 137. This bad opening line, attributed by Horace to a "cyclic writer," was by some commentators ascribed to Mævius, on whom v. 427, 141. [KER.]

- 491², 4. *Le Moyne*, etc. Cf. 287¹, 32, n.
16. *Machining persons*. "Supernatural, who come *ex machina*." [SAINTSBURY.]
30. *The style*, etc. Bossu (vi. 7) merely says that the expression of both epic poetry and tragedy should be on a high level, "belle, noble, et élevée."
38. *Volat*, etc. "The irrevocable word flies away." HORACE, *1 Epistles*, xviii. 71.
- 492¹, 22. *Macrobius*. A Roman grammarian of the early part of the fifth century. A large part of his *Saturnalia* is given up to the criticism of Virgil.
24. *Tannequy le Fèvre*. (1615-72.) One of the most famous critics of his time, otherwise known as Tanaquillus Faber. An edition of Virgil with notes by him appeared at Saumur in 1675.
25. *Valois*. "Dryden perhaps means the *Valoisiana*, ou les *Pensées critiques, historiques et morales*, et les *Poésies Latines de Monsieur de Valois Conseiller du Roi et Historiographe de France*, 1694. There are a few notes on Virgil in this collection." [KER.]
- Another, etc. As Professor Ker indicates, this was probably St. Evremont (1613-1703), a distinguished French critic and satirist, who since 1661 had been living in exile in London. Dryden wrote a supplement to a *Character* of him, published with a collection of St. Evremont's *Miscellaneous Essays*, London, 1692. In it he refers to St. Evremont's strictures on Virgil, and attempts to refute some of them: v. SS. xviii. 14-16. His attitude there is more conciliatory than in the present essay: cf. 499¹, 17 f; 506, 23 f.
30. *But let*, etc. Taking a general notion from Bossu (i. 11), Dryden justifies it by historical reflections, apparently of his own composition. The blunder of making the Greeks of Homer's time in danger from the *Assyrian or Median* (or, as Dryden first wrote it, *Persian*) monarchy is all his own.
33. *Homer's [moral]*, etc. Dryden's treatment of this topic is mainly from Bossu, i. 8.
- 492², 7. *Quicquid*, etc. "Whatever be the folly of the kings, the Achæans are the sufferers." HORACE, *1 Epistles*, ii. 14.
13. *Median*. Fl reads *Persian*.
27. *Assyrian or Median*. Fl reads *Persian*.
47. *The cause of religion*, etc. Another of Dryden's sneers at the Revolution. Cf. 493¹, 8 f, 46.
- 493¹, 14. *Stavo*, etc. "I was well; but, endeavoring to be better, I am here." MALONE.
48. *His own son*. Plutarch states in his *Brutus* that Cæsar regarded Brutus as his son by his intrigue with Servilia.
50. *Dante*. v. *Inferno*, xxiv. This is the only allusion to Dante in Dryden's works which even implies personal acquaintance with him. Elsewhere (173², 19; 741¹, 41; SS. vii. 233) he merely mentions him as a refiner of the Italian language.
- 493², 23. *Secretisque*, etc. *Æneid*, viii. 670: the first words should be *secretisque pios*: cf. 637, 889, 890; 713¹, n. 1156.
47. *Montaigne's principles*. v. *Essais*, iii. 9. But the editor cannot discover that Montaigne anywhere expresses the preference for Venice that Dryden attributes to him.
- 494¹, 34. *The moral*, etc. Dryden takes his general idea from Bossu, i. 11: "Il [Virgile] devoit leur faire perdre cette vieille aversion qu'ils avoient pour la monarchie, les persuader de la justice et du bon droit d'Auguste, leur ôter l'envie de s'opposer à ses desseins, et leur donner de l'amour et de la vénération pour ce prince." But Bossu regards the *Æneid* as written primarily for the instruction of Augustus and future Roman emperors; the people are only "le second objet de sa morale."
42. *The receiv'd opinion*, etc. Bossu (i. 11) and Segrais (pp. 31-35) agree that Virgil took from tradition the idea of Æneas's coming to Italy. Segrais cites reasons from Bochart for believing that Æneas was never actually in Italy. — Samuel Bochart (1599-1670) was a French Protestant theologian and philologist. His most famous work was a *Geographia Sacra*. He was called the most learned man of his time.
- 494², 5. *I doubt not but it was*, etc. This sentence is incoherent; the words *it was* are superfluous. They are here retained, as a mark of Dryden's general carelessness in correcting his work.
32. *Memmi*. A Mummus, not a Memmius, destroyed Corinth.
41. *Genus*, etc. "The irritable race of bards." 2 *Epistles*, ii. 102. "I suspect our author spoke from recollection of some of his own satirical strokes." [SCOTT.] Cf. 714, n. 1020.
44. *Animamque*, etc. "He lays down his life to inflict a wound." Imitated from Virgil, *Georgics*, iv. 238; cf. 480, 344-347.
- 495¹, 1. *A descendant of Æneas*. Cf. 85, 38, n.
11. *As Augustus*, etc. v. Bossu, i. 11; iv. 9; the first of these chapters is Dryden's general authority on this page.
- 43-46. *Neither . . . Book*. Fl reads: *Neither has he forgotten Atis, in the Fifth of his Æneis, the Son of Polites, youngest Son to Priam; who was slain by Pyrrhus, in the Second Book. Atis, then, the Favourite Companion of Ascanius, had a better Right than he; tho' I know he was introduc'd by Virgil, to do Honour to the Family, from which Julius Cæsar was descended by the Mothers side.* In the errata of Fl, however, Dryden makes the following statement: "Where Atys is mention'd as having a claim by succession before Æneas, my memory betray'd me; for, had I consulted Virgil, he calls not the son of Polites by the name of Atys, but of Priamus. 'Tis true he mentions Atys immediately afterwards, on the account of the Atian family, from which Julius Cæsar was descended by his grandmother, as I have there mention'd." Cf. 545, 718; 588, 734, 741.
51. *An elective king*. In writing this whole passage Dryden probably had in mind the circumstances of the Revolution of 1688. This is particularly marked in the sentence:

- "Æneus, tho' he married the heiress of the crown, yet claim'd no title to it during the life of his father-in-law" (495², 27-30).
- 495², 30. *Pater*, etc. *Æneid*, xii. 192 (the first word is Dryden's slip for *socer*); cf. 692, 287.
54. *Sacra*, etc. *Æneid*, ii. 293; cf. 541, 389, 390.
- 496¹, 6. *Regnum immeritum*. Dryden's mistake for *gentem immeritam*.
10. *An ode*. *Odes*, iii. 3.
- 496¹, 24. *The author of the Dauphin's Virgil*. Rumeus (Charles de La Rue — 1643-1725); cf. 507¹, 18; 507², 27. In his *argumentum* to the *Æneid*, Rumeus has the words: *Segrestius, in egrégia præfatione in Gallicanæ Æneidos interpretationem*. On the Delphin editions, cf. n. 293², 46.
- 497¹, 18. *Takes notice*. So F1; F2, by an evident misprint, reads *takes no notice*.
21. *Bossu*. *Op. cit.* iv. 5.
43. *Virgil*, etc. From Segrais, pp. 37 f. Quotation marks are not used in FF.
- 497², 34. *Homer*, etc. According to the mediæval view, Homer wrote lies, favoring his countrymen the Greeks. The apocryphal accounts of the Trojan war attributed to Dares Phrygius, a priest of Hephæstus in Troy, and Dictys Cretensis, a follower of Idomeneus, were thought to be more historically accurate.
- v. Chaucer, *House of Fame*, 1464-1480 (Skeat), and cf. 501², 52, n. 827, 391, n.
41. *Stetimus*, etc. *Æneid*, xi. 282-292; cf. 677, 435-448.
- 498¹, 18. *They who*, etc. v. Segrais, pp. 40-43. Dryden's translations merely give the general sense of his authority, in abridged form. He mingles some small material of his own with what he takes from Segrais.
27. *Prozima*, etc. *Æneid*, x. 513; cf. 663, 715, 716.
36. *Invulnerable*. Achilles is not invulnerable in Homer; Dryden follows Segrais in this mistake.
- 498², 4. *Godsmith*. Used in a different sense in 110, 50.
5. *Warlock*. "The Scots, about Dryden's time, had many superstitions concerning individuals whom they supposed to be shotproof, by virtue of a satanic charm. The famous Viscount Dundee [v. 269] was supposed to be invulnerable to bullets of lead. But the word *warlock* [the more common spelling] means a male sorcerer in general, and has not, as Dryden seems to suppose, any reference to this particular charm." [SCOTT.]
35. *Grecian*. So F1; F2 reads *Grecians*, which is possibly an error for *Grecian's*.
- 499¹, 17. *Of St. Swithen*. F1 reads of a *St. Swithen*. Professor Ker shows that Dryden is probably thinking of a passage in Perrault (cf. 384¹, 14, n.). The day of St. Swithen (the usual spelling) is July 15. "The vulgar, to use Gay's account, believe:
- How, if on Swithen's feast the welkin lowers,
And every pent house streams with hasty showers,
Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain,
And wash the pavements with incessant rain."
(*Trivia*, l. 139-166.)" SCOTT.
- One of these censors. "Dryden was thinking (with grief) of St. Evremoud, *Réflexions sur nos Traducteurs*, 1673." [KER.] Cf. 492¹, 25, n.: just below Dryden refers to his own *Character*; v. SS. xviii. 15, 16.
22. *Extemplo*, etc. *Æneid*, i. 92, 93; cf. 523, 135, 136.
37. *Moyle*. Walter Moyle (1672-1721), politician and student. He contributed to the translation of Lucian published in 1711. Dryden compliments him in his *Life of Lucian* prefixed to that work, and in his *Parallel of Poetry and Painting*: v. SS. xviii. 79; xvii. 315.
40. *Death*. FF place a period after this word.
- 499², 4. *Farce*, etc. *Æneid*, i. 257, 258; cf. 526, 350, 351.
19. *Tua*, etc. *Æneid*, x. 632; cf. 665, 894, 895.
22. *St. mora*. *Ibid.* 622-627; cf. 665, 879-887. Dryden, by a queer mistake, inverts the order of his two quotations; Juno's flattery follows her husband's verdict instead of preceding it.
34. *Troja*, etc. *Ibid.* 469-472; cf. 662, 659-662.
42. *Sir Robert Howard*. v. B. S. xvii; 11, 12; cf. 715², n. 662. Dryden follows Howard's idea in his translation; cf. 526, 357.
44. *That I*. F1 omits that.
- 500¹, 1. *With exact*. F1 reads *with an exact*.
24. *Segrais*, etc. *Op. cit.* pp. 38-40.
45. *Vultis*, etc. *Æneid*, i. 572, 573; cf. 532, 803-805.
- 500², 9. *Doctor Cudworth*. "Dr. Ralph Cudworth (1617-88), author of *The True Intellectual System of the Universe*, 1678." [MALONE.]
46. *Fata*, etc. *Æneid*, iv. 440; cf. 572, 637.
- 501¹, 1. *Curam*, etc. *Ibid.* 332, 395; cf. 570, 481, 482; 571, 570.
3. *Humanly*. FF read *humanely*, which may mean either *humanly* or *humanely*.
18. *His two translators*. "Robert et Antoine le Chevalier d'Agneauz, frères, de Vire en Normandie. Their translation of Virgil was first published in 1582." [KER.]
28. *Orpheus*. v. 486, 754-759.
52. *Was of*. F1 reads *was also of*.
53. *Was also*. F1 omits also.
- 501², 17. *Conversation*. Here used, of course, in the sense of *close acquaintance*.
37. *Discourse*. "I am afraid this passage, given as a just description of love, serves to prove that Dryden's ideas of the female sex and of the passion were very gross and malicious." [SCOTT.] Cf. 716¹, n. 100; 1016¹.
52. *Dares Phrygius*. Not Dares Phrygius, but Dictys Cretensis (*De Bello Trojano*, iii. 15) tells the story to which Dryden refers: cf. 497², 34, n.; 827, 391, n.
- 502¹, 30. *Varium*, etc. *Æneid*, iv. 569, 570; cf. 574, 819.
32. *Ever was*. F1 reads *was ever*.
49. *Notumque*, etc. *Æneid*, v. 6; cf. 577, 578, 7-9.
54. *Their queen*. So F1; F2 reads *the Queen*.
- 502², 6. *Sir Henry Wotton*. Walton, in his *Life of Sir Henry Wotton*, tells how Wotton wrote in a German's album "a pleasant definition of an ambassador, in these very words: *Legatus est vir bonus peregre missus ad mentium rei*

- publica causa*; which Sir Henry Wotton could have been content should have been thus Englished: 'An ambassador is an honest man, sent to lie [i. e. *sojourn*] abroad for the good of his country.' But the jest would admit of an ill construction, and through the "malignant pen" of a Catholic writer became an occasion of scandal against the government of King James I.
13. *Boccaline*. "Trajano Boccalini (1556-1613) published his *Ragguagli di Parnaso* (*News of Parnassus*) in 1612-13, at Venice; the book was translated into English by Henry Cary, Earl of Monmouth, in 1656 (*Advertisements from Parnassus in two Centuries, with the Politick Touchstone* . . .). There were many imitators of Boccalini, but for this one it is perhaps unnecessary to make researches." [KER.]
40. *Segrais*. *Op. cit.* pp. 28-31.
48. *Ovid*, etc. Since 1666 Dryden has changed his opinion: cf. 25²; also 744¹, 4-10.
53. *Is for*. So F1; F2 reads *as for*.
- 503¹. 1. *I have translated both*. v. 98-101.
22. *Nothing*, etc. Aristotle does not state this in so epigrammatic a form, but implies it in *Poetics*, xxv; Dryden follows Segrais: "On ne doit appeller faute, dit Aristote, que celles quise font contre l'art qu'on professe, jusques-là mesme qu'il y a des ignorances affectées qui ont bonne grace."
31. *Else are*. F1 reads *are else*.
32. *Splendid miraces*. *Speciosa miracula*; cf. 490¹, 18, n. Segrais does not name Ovid, but clearly has him in mind when he writes: "Pourquoi le [Virgile] condamnera-t-on d'avoir fait une fiction contre l'ordre du temps si on permet bien quelquefois aux autres poëtes de faire mesme contre l'ordre de la nature?"
42. *Tasso*. The discourse referred to, as Professor Ker points out, is the second, *Dell'Arte Poetica*. Segrais mentions Tasso, but not his *Discorsi*, which Dryden had probably himself read. Cf. 286², 50, n.
- 503². 15. *In the mean time*, etc. What follows, to the end of the paragraph, seems to be original with Dryden.
24. *Nec pars*, etc. "Nor of the whole work is any part more read than the tale of a love not made lawful by marriage." *Tristitia*, ii. 535, 536, somewhat incorrectly quoted.
53. *Pulchramque*, etc. "Devoted to thy wife, thou buildest a fair city." *Æneid*, iv. 266, 267.
- 504¹. 14. *Augustus*. "The Emperor Augustus divorced Scribonia, his second wife, in order to make room for his marriage with Livin. But the argument of our author from the *Æneid* seems far-fetched." SCOTT.
24. *Neque*, etc. *Æneid*, iv. 337, 339; cf. 570, 489, 490.
40. *Saith*. F1 reads *says*.
45. *I have detain'd*, etc. In this paragraph Dryden follows very closely Segrais, pp. 24-27. His illustration from Raphael (505¹), however, seems to be original; in 1695 he had published a translation of Du Fresnoy's *Art of Painting*, with a critical preface of his own.
50. *Hath*. F1 reads *has*.
- 504². 1, 9, 16, 22, 29, 30, 44. *Hath*. F1 reads *has*.
3. *Strange*. "Mr. Malone reads *strong*, but *strange* here seems to signify *alarming* or *startling*." [SCOTT.] The present editor thinks Malone's emendation was very likely correct.
9. *Scaliger*. *Op. cit.* v. 2.
10. *Saith*. F1 reads *says*.
16. *Solomon*. v. Ecclesiastes i. 9.
31. *Quid*, etc. "Why do you deny me water? The use of water is free to all." OVID, *Met.* vi. 349.
- 505¹. 4. *Him so like him*. So F1. That is, Æneas so like Augustus. F2 reads, *him so like her*; evidently Dryden was confused in making this change, if it be due to him and not to the printer.
8. *Æneadum genetrix*. "Mother of Æneas's race," the opening words of Lucretius's poem *De Rerum Natura*.
26. *Horace*. *O imitators, servum pecus*: "Imitators, ye servile herd." 1 *Epistles*, xix. 19.
38. *Cain*. v. Genesis iv. 16.
53. *Cities had*. So F1; F2 reads *Cities have*.
- 505². 1. *It*. Not found in F1.
17. *Androgeos*. So F1; F2 reads *Androgeus*.
38. *Orpheus and Eurydice*. Cf. 485, 486, 655-764.
51. *Hath*. F1 reads *has*.
- 506¹. 18. *Is so*. F1 omits *so*.
23. *Another French critic*, etc. "St. Évremond again, *Sur les Poëmes des Anciens*, 1685." [KER.] Cf. 492¹, 25, n; 499¹, 17, n.
40. *Similitudes*, etc. The frequent similes of Dryden's heroic plays were ridiculed in *The Rehearsal* (act ii, sc. 3):
- "BAYES. Now, here she must make a *simile*.
"SMITH. Where's the necessity of that, Mr. Bayes?
"BAYES. Because she's surpris'd. That's a general rule: you must ever make a simile when you are surpris'd; 't is the new way of writing."
[Chloris speaks a simile parodying one in *The Conquest of Granada*.]
Dryden acknowledges this fault in his preface to *Troilus and Cressida* (1679), where he has already adopted the view expressed here. — "No man is at leisure to make sentences and similes, when his soul is in an agony." v. SS. vi. 278. He probably drew from Bossu (vi. 3), who writes: "Il est rare qu'elles [comparaisons] soient naturelles et vraisemblables dans la bouche d'une personne passionnée;" and quotes with disapprobation some verses from Seneca's *Medea*.
- 506². 35. *Ac*, etc. *Æneid*, i. 148-156; cf. 524, 213-225.
- 507¹. 3. *Nuno*, etc. "Now was not the place for such things." HORACE, *Ars Poet.* 19, with a change of *his* to *hisc*.
10. *Macrobius*. Cf. 492¹, 22, n.
- Pontanus*. His edition of Virgil was first published at Augsburg in 1599.

16. *Junius and Tremellius*. v. 165, 241, n.
 23. *What follows*, etc. From this point through 508², 40, Dryden draws most of his material from Segrais, pp. 48 f.
 31. *Bossu*, etc. Bossu himself (iii, 12) inclines to reduce the action of the *Æneid* to a single campaign, making it begin in summer and close before the end of autumn of the same year, but admits that his reasons are not conclusive.
 42. *He has made*, etc. This is really Bossu's view (cf. the previous note), which Dryden remembered vaguely and mixed up with his present subject. Really, Segrais gives the action nearly a year and includes winter in it: v. 507², 41 f. The passage shows Dryden's extreme carelessness.
 47. *Ronsard*. In the preface to his *Franciade* (1572).
 507², 40. *Quintetium*, etc. *Æneid*, iv. 309: cf. 569, 570, 447, 448.
 508¹, 7. *Ten months*. F1 reads *three months*, but has the following statement in the errata: "— towards the bottom of this page here [sic] is a gross error, which is easily corrected by reading *ten months* instead of *three*; the sense will direct you to the place." This gives an interesting glimpse of Dryden's methods of work. The sentence *From which . . . three months* (507², 51–508¹, 7), as it stood in F1, was correct, though carelessly expressed. *Three months* referred only to *landing in Italy, and making the war*, and was taken from Segrais' phrase: "Le reste [the action after Aeneas's arrival in Italy] *peut s'estre passé en moins de trois mois*." (Cf. 508¹, 44.) Reading over his own work, Dryden took as the subject of *may be judg'd* all the phrases from arriving through *making the war*, instead of only the last two of them, and hence changed *three* into *ten*.
 20. *These*, etc. This sentence seems to be original with Dryden.
 40. *Aurora*, etc. *Æneid*, vii. 26, 27, 32–34; cf. 610, 611, 34–49.
 508², 10. *Cum subito*, etc. "When cloudy Orion, suddenly rising from the waves." *Æneid*, i. 535.
 26. *Dum pelago*, etc. "While winter and watery Orion spend their rage on the sea." *Æneid*, iv. 52.
 509¹, 4. *For Virgil then*. F1 reads *then for Virgil*.
 8. *Than Apollo*. So F1; F2 reads *than from Apollo*.
 18. *I name*, etc. The view expressed in this sentence was the usual one in Dryden's time: v. Bossu, v. 5, and cf. 913, 587–619. Segrais (p. 11) seems to differ: "Les anciens ont cru que pour ce sujet il falloit encore se servir de l'entremise des dieux, ne pouvant établir autrement la vray-semblance de ces grands événements qui touchent l'imagination, mais contre qui le jugement se revolteroit d'abord s'il n'estoit captivé par une foy aveugle." This corresponds to the following paragraph of Dryden.
 36. *O nimium*, etc. *Æneid*, v. 870, 871; cf. 593, 1135, 1136.
 38. *But machines*, etc. v. Segrais, in note on l. 18 above. Rapin (i. 23) writes: "Le changement de Niobé en rocher est une aventure qui tient du merveilleux: mais elle devient vray-semblable, dès qu'une divinité à qui ce changement n'est pas impossible, s'en mêle."
 48. *Guardian angels*. Cf. 288²–291¹; 749¹, 14–25.
 50. *No heroic poem*, etc. Segrais (p. 12) was of the same opinion: "Quelques modernes ont voulu mettre les enchantemens en sa [i. e. des dieux] place; et il faut du moins avouer qu'ils ont esté plus raisonnables que ceux qui n'ont voulu ny dieux, ny anges, ny saints, ny enchantemens. On le voit par la ressemblance qu'ont tous ces ouvrages qui pour entretenir le merveilleux n'ont que des prodiges de valeur et des aventures fortuites entassées les unes sur les autres."
 509², 4. *Tasso*, etc. *Gerusalemme Liberata*, xviii. 92–97.
 10. *Camilla*. Cf. 715², n. 312.
 46. *Not have*. F1 reads *not to have*.
 47. *Euxop*. F1 reads *ixup*; the correct word is *ixup*.
 54. *Nec*, etc. "Let not a god intervene, unless the difficulty be worthy a rescuer." *Ars Poet.* 191. Bossu (v. 5) emphasizes the contrast between the drama and epic poetry in the use of machines.
 510¹, 35. *Non*, etc. Inaccurately quoted from *Æneid*, xii. 894, 895: the first words should be, *Non me tua fervida torrent Dicta, ferox*. Cf. 706, 1295, 1296.
 42. *Milton*, etc. v. *Paradise Lost*, iv. 990–1015.
 45. *St. Gabriel*. F1 reads *St. Michael*.
 46. *Satan*. FF read *Sathan*.
 52. *Jupiter*, etc. *Æneid*, xii. 725–727; cf. 703, 1054–1057.
 54. *Lutum*. FF read *lethum*, which should have been retained in the text, as in 499², 22.
 510², 3. *Damnabis*, etc. *Eloques*, v. 80; cf. 431, 126.
 7. *Daniel*. v. Daniel v. 27.
 21. *Impar pugna*. "An unequal fight." *Æneid*, xii. 216.
 26. *Imparibus*, etc. "With the fates against him, with unequal strength, with the gods unfavorable." Apparently a line made up by Dryden; cf. *Æneid*, xii. 149, 218.
 511¹, 11. *O soror*, etc. *Æneid*, xii. 632–634; cf. 701, 918–921.
 38. *Ornari*, etc. This line Dryden earlier took for the motto of *Religio Laici*; cf. 157, n.
 40. *Sermoni propiora*. HORACE, *1 Satires*, iv. 42.
 41. *But Virgil*, etc. Cf. 286¹, 5.
 47. *What he says*, etc. v. 558, 561–577.
 511², 7. *Cæsura*. "Here used for elision of vowels; called *synalepha* in 385², 11." [KER.] This is a blunder on Dryden's part; a *cæsura* is really a metrical pause in the verse.
 512¹, 12. *Si plura*, etc. "If there are many beauties in a poem, I shall not be offended by a few blots, which carelessness has let drop, or against which human nature has

- failed to guard." *Ars Poet.* 351-353, slightly changed at the beginning.
35. *Et*, etc. *Eclogues*, iii. 6.
36. *Nobis*, etc. v. n. 75², 24, n; cf. 385², 46 f. In the epigram referred to, Martial complains that Roman poets cannot use the same metrical licenses as those of Greece.
46. *Malherbe*. Dryden makes too bold a deduction from Boileau's verses in *L'Art Poétique*, i: Enfin Malherbe vint, et, le premier en France, Fit sentir dans les vers une juste cadence.
- Malherbe (1555-1628) was in some respects the founder of the classic French literature; the use of *pauses*, however, is known in the earliest French poems.
51. *Dic*, etc. *Eclogues*, iii. 106, 107; cf. 427, 163-166.
- 512.² 5. *Cooper's Hill*. By Sir John Denham; cf. 514¹, 52, n. Dryden's praise of the couplet he quotes made it famous among eighteenth-century critics.
42. *Ten syllables*. "Dryden probably judged hastily, from the decasyllabic verse of Ronsard's *Franciade* (1572), that the Alexandrine was not of long standing in French poetry." [KER.] Dryden is of course wrong in speaking of *feet* in French or Italian poetry. — Rapin writes (ii. 16): "Le genre de vers qu'il [Ronsard] a pris n'est pas assez majestueux pour un poème héroïque."
54. *Pondere, non numero*. "By weight, not by number."
- 513¹. 1. *The French*, etc. Rapin (i. 31) develops the thought: "La pureté du style qu'on cherche en notre langue affoiblit la poésie."
7. *The turn*, etc. Cf. 319², 41, n; 385², 5 f; 744¹, 25 f.
18. *Ignoscenda*, etc. *Georgics*, iv. 489; cf. 485, 704, 705.
25. *Semivirumque*, etc. "A bull half a man, and a man half a bull." *Ars Amat.* ii. 24, with the order of the hemistichs reversed. "The story, as told by Seneca, is, that some of Ovid's friends having requested him to leave out of his works three verses which they should name, he agreed, provided he might save three, pointed out by himself. The lines, being put by both parties into the hands of arbitrators, proved the same. One of them was that cited by our author. *Controversia*, ii. 2 (10), 12." [MALONE.]
30. *One of their own great authors*. Rapin (ii. 20) complains that French tragedy depends not on terror and pity, but on *galanterie*. "Peut-être que notre nation, qui est naturellement galante, a été obligée par la nécessité de son caractère à se faire un système nouveau de tragédie, pour s'accommoder à son humeur. . . . C'est aussi peut-être par la galanterie que notre siècle s'est avisé de sauver la faiblesse de son génie, ne pouvant pas soutenir toujours une même action par la grandeur des paroles et des sentiments." Professor Ker thinks, however, that Dryden has St. Evremond in mind.
36. *Triumvir and proscriber*. The two nouns are in italics in FF.
44. *His exile*. Cf. 88, 89¹.
49. *Non fu*, etc. "Augustus was not so holy or so benign as the trumpet of Virgil proclaims; his having had good taste in poetry wins him pardon for the unjust proscription." *Orlando Furioso*, xxxv. 26, from the words of St. John to Astolfo. (Dryden's spelling of the Italian is here retained.) On the whole passage, cf. 745¹, 13-18.
- 513². 3. *Spenser*. By the allegorical scheme of his poem, Spenser really is truer to the fundamental tenet of Bossu (cf. n. 489¹, 29) than is any other great epic poet.
12. *The two brothers*. v. 501¹, 18, n.
14. *Hannibal Caro*. Cf. 177², 18, n; 288¹, 6.
20. *Le Clerc*. "Jean Le Clerc (1657-1736) in Bibliothèque Universelle et Historique, t. ix. p. 219 (*de l'Année 1688*): *Essai de Critique, où l'on tâche de montrer en quoi consiste la Poésie des Hébreux*." KER.
31. *Tho' perhaps*, etc. Dryden jestingly compares himself to these voluminous poets, whom he somewhat unjustly despised. On Wither (the correct form of the name), cf. SS. xv. 288.
45. *Doctor Morelli*. "Dr. Henry Morelli, one of the College of Physicians in our author's time." [MALONE.]
- 514¹. 4. *Sorti*, etc. *Æneid*, x. 450; cf. 662, 633. Dryden is probably wrong here; Pallas's words, "My father is able to bear either fate," are in reply to a taunt of Turnus, translated in 661, 625.
24. *Sic ait*, etc. *Ibid.* 473; cf. 662, 665, 666.
48. *Your Lordship*. This refers to a translation published anonymously in *Sylve* (1685) under the title, *Part of Virgil's 4th Georgick, Englished by an unknown hand*. It is reprinted in Sheffield's Works, 1723.
50. *Lord Roscommon*. His translation of the Sixth Eclogue was included in *Miscellany Poems*, 1684; cf. 165.
52. *Sir John Denham*. Denham translated *The Destruction of Troy* (from *Æneid*, ii), and *The Passion of Dido for Æneas* (from *Æneid*, iv): cf. 91; 319², 50; 512², 5; 744¹, 52, n.
53. *Mr. Waller*, etc. Waller translated *Æneid*, iv. 437-583; Cowley translated *Georgics*, ii. 458-540. On Cowley, cf. 181¹, 45, n.
- 514². 23. *A former dissertation*. His *Parallel of Poetry and Painting*, included in his preface to his version of Du Fresnoy's *Art of Painting* (cf. n. 504¹, 45): v. SS. xvii. 328. Cf. 742², 20-24.
30. *And I have*. FF read *and have*; the insertion of *I* seems necessary.
38. *Segrais*, etc. Segrais (pp. 2-4) distinguishes his three classes according to the predominance in them of *memory*, *wit* (esprit), or *judgment*. The first class judges by *words*, the second by *figures* or by *fine thoughts* (belles pensées), the third by the *general structure* of a work (discours). Dryden's three classes are founded on *conceits*, *bombast*, and *true elevation of style*: compare his own literary development, as sketched in B. S. xxxii. Taking his general conception from Segrais, Dryden develops it independently.

16. *Junius and Tremellius*. v. 165, 241, n.
 23. *What follows*, etc. From this point through 508², 40, Dryden draws most of his material from Segrais, pp. 48 f.
 31. *Bossu*, etc. Bossu himself (iii. 12) inclines to reduce the action of the *Aeneid* to a single campaign, making it begin in summer and close before the end of autumn of the same year, but admits that his reasons are not conclusive.
 42. *He has made*, etc. This is really Bossu's view (cf. the previous note), which Dryden remembered vaguely and mixed up with his present subject. Really, Segrais gives the action nearly a year and includes winter in it: v. 507², 41 f. The passage shows Dryden's extreme carelessness.
 47. *Ronsard*. In the preface to his *Franciade* (1572).
 507², 40. *Quintetium*, etc. *Aeneid*, iv. 309: cf. 569, 570, 447, 448.
 508¹, 7. *Ten months*. F1 reads *three Months*, but has the following statement in the errata: "— towards the bottom of this page here [sic] is a gross error, which is easily corrected by reading *ten months* instead of *three*; the sense will direct you to the place." This gives an interesting glimpse of Dryden's methods of work. The sentence *From which . . . three months* (507², 51–508¹, 7), as it stood in F1, was correct, though carelessly expressed. *Three months* referred only to *landing in Italy*, and *making the war*, and was taken from Segrais' phrase: "Le reste [the action after Aeneas's arrival in Italy] *peut s'estre passé en moins de trois mois*." (Of. 508¹, 44.) Reading over his own work, Dryden took as the subject of *may be judg'd* all the phrases from *arriving through making the war*, instead of only the last two of them, and hence changed *three* into *ten*.
 20. *These*, etc. This sentence seems to be original with Dryden.
 40. *Aurora*, etc. *Aeneid*, vii. 26, 27, 32–34; cf. 610, 611, 34–49.
 508², 10. *Cum subito*, etc. "When cloudy Orion, suddenly rising from the waves." *Aeneid*, i. 535.
 26. *Dum pelago*, etc. "While winter and watery Orion spend their rage on the sea." *Aeneid*, iv. 52.
 509¹, 4. *For Virgil then*. F1 reads *then* for *Virgil*.
 8. *Than Apollo*. So F1; F2 reads *than from Apollo*.
 18. *I name*, etc. The view expressed in this sentence was the usual one in Dryden's time: v. Bossu, v. 5, and cf. 913, 587–619. Segrais (p. 11) seems to differ: "Les anciens ont cru que pour ce sujet il falloit encore se servir de l'entremise des dieux, ne pouvant établir autrement la vray-semblance de ces grands evenemens qui touchent l'imagination, mais contre qui le jugement se revolteroit d'abord s'il n'estoit captivé par une foy aveugle." This corresponds to the following paragraph of Dryden.
 36. *O nimium*, etc. *Aeneid*, v. 870, 871; cf. 593, 1135, 1136.
 38. *But machines*, etc. v. Segrais, in note on l. 18 above. Rapin (i. 23) writes: "Le changement de Niobé en rocher est une aventure qui tient du merveilleux: mais elle devient vray-semblable, dès qu'une divinité à qui ce changement n'est pas impossible, s'en mêle."
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48. *Mob.* The word, as Professor Ker notes, was just coming into use at this time.
- 515^a, 14. *Manganares.* Professor Ker thinks that for his illustration Dryden is indebted to Bouhours, *Entretiens d'Ariste et d'Eugène: II. La Langue Française.*
27. Owen's Epigrams. v. 287^a, 15, n.
30. *Paste.* So FF; SS. and K. read *taste.* Cf. 738^a, 40; 798, 503.
47. *A wit,* etc. Lord Rochester: cf. 744^a, 11; and, on Rochester's relations with Dryden, v. B. S. xxv, xxvi; 283^a, 4, n.
54. *He chose,* etc. Dryden now draws on a later section of Segras (pp. 45-48), entitled: "Qu'il faut tascher de plaire seulement aux esprits relevez, et que c'a esté la maxime de Virgile."
- 515^a, 18. *Imagination.* "Imagination has been degraded in meaning since Dryden explained its functions in the *Account of Annus Mirabilis*; what here is called *imagination* is there called *fancy*, or *invention and fancy.*" KER. Cf. 25.
23. *Marini's Adone.* Published at Paris in 1623. The affectation of its style was proverbial. Marini (or *Marino*) (1569-1625) had some influence on English literature; Crashaw's *Sospetto d'Herodé* is a free translation from him.
27. *Mobilitate,* etc. *Æneid*, iv. 175; cf. 567, 253, 254.
40. *Entellus.* v. 586, 605-613.
45. *Nec,* etc. "I care not for the gifts." *Æneid*, v. 400.
- Dampier.* "His *New Voyage round the World* came out in this year. Dampier is speaking of Quito, in the year 1684: 'I know no place where gold is found but what is very unhealthy' (ch. vi.)." [KER.]
- 516^a, 12. *Mr. Creech.* Cf. 180^a, 41, n. Creech's version of Manilius was a new book, being printed in this same year, 1697.
25. *Phylarchus.* "Phyllarchus was Jean Goulu de St. François; his criticism of Balzac's style appeared in 1627, *Lettres de Phylarque à Ariste où il est traité de l'éloquence française.* Dryden refers, not quite accurately, to a passage in Letter xxi." [KER.] Balzac was regarded as the model of French prose style in the earlier seventeenth century.
42. *Articles.* Dryden expands a hint taken from Segras (p. 64): "J'ay resolu d'enfermer le plus de sens que je pourrais en aussi peu de paroles que le desir de la netteté et la contrainte de notre langue, qui ne peut oublier les articles, me le pourroit permettre."
- 516^a, 15. *Ambergria.* FF read *Ambergreece.*
37. *Yet I may,* etc. Cf. Segras (pp. 65, 66): "Enfin mettant en usage tous les matériaux de ce divin auteur, j'ay voulu donner l'Énéide en français, comme j'ay conçu qu'il l'eust donnée luy-mesme, s'il fust né sujet de nostre glorieux monarque; mais en reconnoissant toujours que j'estois bien éloigné de la subtilité de son génie."
- 517^a, 5. *A Pindaric.* "Now more commonly called an Alexandrine. Pope had perhaps this passage in his memory when he composed the famous triplet descriptive of Dryden's versification:
Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.
(*First Epistle of the Second Book of Horace, 287-293.*)" SCOTT.
10. *Chapman.* "Triplets in Chapman's *Odyssey*, c. g. iv. 27, v. 361, vi. 351." [KER.]
12. *Mr. Cowley.* Professor Ker aptly quotes from Johnson's *Life of Cowley*: "Cowley was, I believe, the first poet that mingled Alexandrines at pleasure with the common heroic of ten syllables. . . . Of triplets in his *Davidis* he makes no use, and perhaps did not at first think them allowable; but he appears afterwards to have changed his mind, for, in the verses on the government of Cromwell, he inserts them liberally with great happiness." Cf. 181^a, 45, n.
39. *But at,* etc. Cf. 417^a, 24-34. "Cowley was forced abroad by the ill fate of the royal party in the civil wars." [SCOTT.]
55. *Hemistichs.* Cf. 110, 87, n; 922, 48, n. Dryden has changed his mind since writing *Absalom and Achitophel*.
- 517^a, 15. *Him, or any.* So F1, but with no comma; F2 reads *him any*.
29. *Quem,* etc. *Æneid*, iii. 340. "Whom to you, while Troy was already — smoking, Creusa brought forth."
39. *Misenum,* etc. *Æneid*, vi. 164, 165. "Misenum the son of Æolus, than whom none was more excellent at rousing heroes with his trumpet — and kindling war by his song."
- 518^a, 2. *Nile.* v. 394, 565-572; cf. 130, 167-174; 886, 553.
8. *Boccae,* etc. See his *Conclusiones dell' Autore*, appended to the *Decamerone*. [KER.]
45. *Hammer'd money,* etc. v. 131, 229, n. At this time there was great confusion and distress in England through the circulation of clipped hammered coins: v. Macaulay, ch. xxi. Dryden himself was a sufferer: see his letters to Tonson, SS. xviii. 126, 128. [KER.]
- 518^a, 24. *He instances,* etc. v. Segras, p. 69.
26. *Cupid.* Dryden's slip for *Ascanius*: v. 534, 969-974 (ll. 691-694 of the Latin).
30. *Give.* FF read *gives*, doubtless a misprint.
42. *Quem,* etc. Adapted from Horace, *Odes*, iv. 2: "Whoever is eager to emulate him, poises himself on wings waxened by the craft of Dædalus, and, [falling,] will give his name to the glassy sea."
49. *Aude,* etc. *Æneid*, viii. 364, 365; cf. 631, 479, 480.
52. *I contemn.* "Nevertheless, our author, long before undertaking the translation of Virgil, had given a noble paraphrase of these lines in the Hind's address to the Panther." [SCOTT.] v. 235, 1283-1285.
- 519^a, 5. *Florimel.* v. *Faerie Queene*, V. iii. 22-24.
54. *The late Earl of Lauderdale.* Richard Maitland (1653-95), fourth Earl of Lauderdale. Since the Revolution he had been living abroad, mainly in France, as an exile. His

translation of Virgil was published posthumously in London.

- 519², 30. *Two other worthy friends.* These were Addison and Knightly Chetwood. That Addison wrote *An Essay on the Georgics* is known from Tickell's preface to Addison's collected works, 1721, and from Steele's preface to *The Drummer*. Dryden, in a letter to Tonson concerning the second edition of the *Virgil*, clearly indicates that Chetwood wrote the *Preface to the Pastorals*: "I have also written this day to Mr. Chetwood, and let him know, that the book is immediately going to the press again. My opinion is, that the printer shou'd begin with the first Pastoral, and print on to the end of the Georgiques, or farther, if occasion be, till Dr. Chetwood corrects his preface, which he writes me word is printed very false." (Malone, I, 2; 62, 63; SS. xviii. 139.) Malone (III, 547) states, without giving grounds for his opinion, that Chetwood also wrote the *Life of Virgil*, and Addison the arguments in prose.

36. *Caus'd.* F1 reads *occasion'd*.
52. *The proper terms.* Cf. 24², 36, n. Dryden has now adopted the view typical of the pseudo-classic period, which remained unchanged until the rise of the romantic school.

- 520¹, 10. *Four preliminary lines.*

Ille ego, qui quondam gracili modulatus avena
Carmen, et, aggressus silvis, vicinus coegi
Ut quavis avido parent arva colono,
Gralum opus agricolis: at nunc horrentia Martia.
These lines are rejected as spurious by most editors of Virgil.

42. *Of the opinion.* F1 omits the.
43. *Tucca and Varius.* Servius tells a story that, since Virgil had left his *Aeneid* imperfect, Augustus bade the poet's friends Tucca and Varius edit the work, adding nothing, but destroying what was superfluous; and that they therefore retrenched the *four preliminary lines* of which Dryden speaks.
520², 21. *Place, but.* FF read, *place. But*; and, in the next line, *Translation: Want*.
42. *Sixth Pastoral.* Cf. 514¹, 50, n.
Pharmaceutria. Dryden refers to one of the two translations of *Eclouge viii* in *Miscellany Poems*, 1684; "by Mr. Stafford" and "by Mr. Chetwood"; probably to the former: v. 710¹, n. PAST. VIII.
43. *Orpheus.* v. n. 514¹, 48.
521¹, 1. *Erichthonius.* Cf. 466, 467, 177-184. The story to which Dryden alludes goes back to a note by Servius on that passage.
20. *Your noble kinsman.* "Their mothers were half-sisters." [SCOTT.]
39. *For want.* F1 reads *for your want*.
52. *Ad clerum.* "i. e. addressed to the learned. A Latin sermon preached before the Clergy assembled in Convocation, or in the Universities for degrees in divinity, is entitled *Concio ad Clerum*." MALONE.
523, 102. *Tuscan.* FF here and often read *Thuscan*, but *Tuscan* is also found, as 640, 186. FF have many similar variants, not recorded in these notes. It is difficult to decide

which of them are significant; perhaps *Alethes* (524, 172), for example, should be corrected to *Aletes*.

- 525, 249. *Fiery.* F1 reads *smoking*.
526, 342, 343. *One: throne.* This rhyme was probably already somewhat archaic when Dryden wrote.
357. *Know, etc.* Cf. 499², 42, n.
365. *Iulus.* FF read *Julus*.
527, 394. *Repay.* F1 reads *reward*.
428. *Ledge of rocks.* F1 reads *hollow Rock*.
530, 622. *Fated.* F1 reads *fatal*.
671. *Procession.* F1 reads *Precession*.
531, 734. *Lowly.* F1 reads *humble*.
748. *A land, etc.* Cf. 554, 221, n.
532, 763. *Drive.* F1 reads *drives*.
773. *Augment.* F1 reads *prevent*.
834. "He, etc. Cf. 230, 970.
533, 842, 871. *Shipwreck'd; shipurack'd.* So FF.
873. *Claim?* So SS.; FF read *claim*? Many similar cases occur later, as 574, 774, 776;
575, 866; 577, 975; 596, 185; 602, 620;
609, 1163; 639, 89; 645, 531, 539; 675, 270;
681, 770; 704, 1153; 706, 1261, 1263. Contrast 665, 918, n.
905. *Cost.* So FF; SS. closes the parenthesis after *work* in the next line.
534, 949. *As.* F1 reads *That*.
535, 1000. *The hero.* F1 reads *his Father*.
536, 26. *And.* F1 reads *With*.
45. *Monster fabric.* F1 reads *fatal Engine*.
52. *Laocoon.* So printed in FF; the word can be pronounced as three syllables wherever it occurs in Dryden: cf. 539, 267, 281; 540, 301.
538, 210. *Adjur'd.* So F1; F2 reads *abjur'd*.
540, 324. *God's.* FF read *Gods*; but Virgil's *dei jussu* shows that a singular is intended.
354. *Pelides.* F1 reads *foul Treason*.
541, 416. *And.* F1 reads *The*.
542, 477. *Bold.* F1 reads *fierce*.
544, 646. *Rais'd on spires.* Cf. 731, 29.
545, 660. *Yield.* So F1; F2 reads *yields*, an evident misprint.
546, 761. *Obe'y'd.* Followed by a comma in FF.
763. *A headless carcass, etc.* This is the last line of Deaham's *Destruction of Troy*; cf. 514¹, 52, n. In the footnote FF read *Derhan*, by a misprint.
548, 934. *Slake.* So SS.; FF read *shake*.
549, 970. *Hallow'd.* F1 reads *hollow'd*.
551, 18. *Cleave.* F1 reads *tempt*.
40. *Terror.* F1 reads *Horror*, corrected to *Terror* in the errata.
53. *With gore.* F1 reads *with purple Gore*.
553, 142. *Imperial.* F1 reads *Immortal*.
554, 221-224. *A land . . . name.* Cf. 531, 748-751. The repetition occurs also in the Latin.
555, 356. *The Sun's.* F1 reads *Phabus*.
558, 527. *Veer, etc.* This line is difficult to understand; Professor Saintsbury wishes to emend *veer* to *ware*. But possibly *sea and land* may be taken as the subject of *veer*: "Let sea and land depart (shift their direction) to the starboard."
568. *Are display'd.* Cf. 400, 1031, n.
559, 593. *He gave me license.* He let me go.
560, 728. *Cloud.* So F1; F2 reads *Clouds*.

- 561, 787. *From*. F1 reads *As*.
 809. *Cyclops*. FF read *Cyclop's*, but cf. 562, 852.
 563, 885. *Trembling*. F1 reads *trembled*.
 564, 17. *Fear*, etc. F1 reads:
 *Fear never harbours in a Noble Mind,
 But Modesty, with just Assurance join'd.*
 51. *Hyarbas*. Cf. 570, 471, n.
 565, 105. *Wand'ring*. F1 reads *wond'ring*.
 128. *Short of*, etc. F1 reads:
 And, left unbuilt, are shorter of the Sky.
 151-158. *Who*, etc. FF punctuate as follows:
 (151) *Fool*, . . . *chuse*, (152) *Alliance*, . . .
 refuse? (153) *comply*: (154) *Jove*, . . . *Destiny*.
 (155) *forbid*, . . . *Command*, (156) *Land*.
 (157) *Trojan*, . . . *Line*, (158) *Leagues*,
 . . . *join?* The rearrangement in the text follows SS., and is in accord with the Latin original. *Doubt* (154) is used half in its usual sense, half in that (common in Shakespeare) of *apprehension, dread*; hence it is followed first by *lest* and then by *or*.
 566, 230. *Or see*, etc. F1 reads:
 Or see the Lyon from the Hills descend.
 567, 271. *Things danc*, etc. The fourteen-syllable line may be meant to symbolize the tattling of the goddess. Cf. 129, 94, n.
 293. *Enrich'd*. So SS.; FF read *enrich*, which may possibly be what Dryden wrote: cf. 400, 1031, n.
 303. *Blood of*. F1 reads *offer'd*.
 568, 360. *God begins*. So F1; F2 reads *Gods begins*, an evident misprint.
 373. *Seeks*. So F1; F2 reads *seeks*.
 570, 471. *Hyarba*. Here and in 567, 283; 564, 51, the text follows FF. If FF are printed as Dryden intended, his usage varies between *Hyarba* and *Hyarbas*.
 572, 603, 604. *Bind . . . wind*. F1 reads *binds . . . winds*.
 631. *My death*, etc. F1 reads:
 My Death shall leave yon of my Crown possess'd.
 574, 780. '*T is true*. F1 reads *T's true*; — F2 reads *Tis true?* After this line F1 has the following, omitted in F2:
 An Exile follows whom a Queen reliev'd!
 791. *Sister*. Omitted in F2.
 577, 22 (Arg.). *Who is*. F1 reads *who was*.
 579, 99. *Flow'ry*. F1 reads *fruitful*.
 115. *Thus riding*, etc. Cf. 731, 29.
 580, 160. *Sergesthus*. So F1, as ordinarily; F2 here reads *Serpestus*, but usually *Sergesthus*.
 582, 307. *Guiltily of my vow*. Translating *voti reus*, "bound by my vow (in case my request is granted)" Cf. 757, 427.
 339. *Demoleus*. Here and in l. 347 FF read *Demoleus*.
 583, 404. *Silver-studded*. So SS.; FF read *Silver'd studded*.
 584, 450, 451. *Had briv'd*, etc. F1 reads (cf. 922, 77, 78):
 *Had briv'd the Judges to protect his Claim;
 Besides Diores does as loud exclaim.*
 479. *Gauntlet-fight*. FF read *Gauntlet fight*, suggesting, by the small letter, that *fight* be

- taken as a verb; it is, however, far more natural to regard it as a noun.
 587, 689. *Feather'd*. F1 reads *pointed*.
 690. *Augurs*. FF read *Augures*.
 707. *Give*. So F1; F2 reads *gave*.
 588, 743. *Place*. "Dryden here uses *place* for eminence of rank. Ascanius was the last in order, but the first in dignity; this, by the way, is an Ovidian point superinduced upon the simplicity of *Virgil* — *Extremus, formaque ante omnes pulcher, Iulus*." [SCOTT.] Cf. 513¹, 7 f.
 770. *Ways*. So F1; F2 reads *Wave*.
 589, 838. *Fire*. F1, probably by a misprint, reads *Firr*.
 840. *Wrapp'd in amaze*. FF read *Wrap'd in a maze*; SS. reads *Rapt in amaze*.
 859. *Fires*. F1 reads *Fires*.
 860. *Boughs*. F1 reads *Leaves*.
 869. *Arise*. Cf. 400, 1031, n.
 591, 991. *A rising*. F1 reads *To raise a*.
 592, 1090. *Lie*. So F1; F2 reads *lay*.
 593, 1133. *The*. F1 reads *his*.
 18. *Fly*. F1 reads *shun*.
 594, 29. *Those*. F1 reads *these*.
 34. *The Cretan queen*. Pasiphae; cf. 402, 109, n.
 49. *Assay'd*. F1 reads *essay'd*.
 53. *Eager*. F1 reads *Prepar'd*.
 596, 243. *Son of*. F1 reads *Son to*.
 597, 285. *Glitt'ring*. FF read *glittering*, which should have been retained in the text; but in l. 312 FF have *glitt'ring*.
 598, 381. *Malignant light*. Mistranslating *huc maligna*, "the scanty light." Cf. 794, 116.
 402. *Geryon*. The name is properly *Ge'ryon* or *Gery'ones*; Dryden here and in 628, 267 mistakenly writes *Gery'on*.
 599, 419. *Freights*. So F1; F2 reads *fights*.
 435. *Wond'ring*. So F1; F2 reads *wand'ring*.
 461. *Amidst*, etc. Cf. 141, 310.
 600, 519. *Calm'd*. So F1; F2 reads *claim'd*.
 601, 558. *She sails*. So SS.; FF read *he sails*.
 604. *Pasiphae*. Cf. 402, 109, n.
 605. *Phadra's ghost*. Cf. 723, 381; 725, 576; 729, 851.
 606. *There*. F1 reads *Chast*. Dryden accents incorrectly *Laoda'mia* instead of *Laodam'a*: cf. 730, 7, n; 854, 44, n.
 608. *Caneus*. Cf. 856, 857, 234-237; 787, 53.
 614. *Sees*. So F1; F2 reads *runs*. The change, even if made by Dryden himself, is an evident deterioration of the text.
 603, 733. *Lo*. So F1; F2 reads *Let*.
 604, 784. *The Alean twins*. Cf. 257, 237, n.
 605, 892. *The choir*. So F1; F2 reads *their Choir*.
 606, 931. *Gods'*. F1 reads *Gods*; F2 reads *God's*.
 948. *Embraces*. So F1; F2 reads *Embrace*: misprints are frequent in this part of F2.
 962. *Fields*. So F1; F2 reads *Field*.
 607, 1057. *Your*. F1 reads *our*.
 1062. *The seat*. F1 reads *his Seat*.
 608, 1092. *Nephew's*. So FF; perhaps *nepheus'* should be substituted. *Nephew* is used in the sense of *descendant*; cf. 845, 499.
 1099. *Nisus'*. FF read *Nisus*, which may be a misprint for *Nisa's*, representing *Nysæ* of the Latin.

1111. *He shall*, etc. F1 reads:

For fighting Fields his Troops he shall prepare.

610, 1237, 1238. *True . . . lies*. These lines are not found in F1; but in the *Notes*, at the head of the note on l. 1235 (cf. 714¹) occurs the statement: *By the carelessness of the Amanuensis, the two next Lines are wanting, which I thus supply out of the Original Copy*, — (text as printed.) In F2 this statement is of course omitted.

7 (Arg.). *Others*. So F1; F2 reads *other*.

28. *Which*. So F1; F2 reads *With*.

38. *Sate*. So F1; F2 reads *sat*.

611, 84. *High*. F1 reads *great*.

612, 142. *Thy*. So F1; F2 reads *the*.

179. *Blest*. So F1; F2 reads *best*.

613, 205. *Selects*. F1 reads *elects*.

266. *In this*. F1 reads *On this*, by a misprint, corrected in the errata, but repeated in F2.

614, 302. *From*. So F1; omitted in F2, by a misprint.

328. *Seek*. So F1; F2 reads *see*.

615, 360. *All*. So F1; F2 reads *And*.

616, 439. *Near*. F1 reads *to*.

446. *Another*. F1 reads *her native*, changed in the errata.

617, 549. *Wreathes*. F1 reads *crowns*, corrected in the errata to *wreaths*.

554. *Suffring*. F1 reads *passive*.

619, 668. *Feed*. F1 reads *fill*, changed in the errata.

716. *Was*. So F1; omitted in F2 by a misprint.

620, 745. *Around*. F1 reads *above*.

621, 857. *Shot*. F1 reads *came*.

622, 910. *His ample*. So F1; F2 reads *the ample*.

925. *Pomp*. F2 has a colon after this word; F1 has no pause at all.

946. *Devy*. F1 reads *rosie*, changed in the errata.

623, 1015. *Smethis*. So FF; perhaps merely a misprint for *Sebethis*.

1022. *And*. F1 reads *All*.

624, 1036. *Wounds*. So F1; F2 reads *wound*.

1047. *Allars*. So F1; F2 reads *Altar*.

1075. *The more*, etc. F1 reads:

The more the Winds his kindled Course inspire,
The more with fury burnd the blazing Fire.

1097. *The nobler Pallas*. Cf. 728, 782.

625, 20. *Fate*. FF place a period after this word, and a colon after *name* (l. 22).

23. *Mischief*. F1 reads *Mischiefs*.

626, 73. *Great-grandshire's*. This translates Virgil's *proavi*; FF read *great Grandshire's*.

141, 142. *Skies . . . fries*. F1 reads *Sky : . . . fry*.

627, 183, 184. *Maia*. FF read *Maia*.

628, 267. *Geryon*. Cf. 598, 402, n.

629, 313. *Adverse*. So F1; F2 reads *Averse*.

326. *Beheld*. So FF; SS. emends, perhaps correctly, into *behold*.

349. *Thoro'*. F1 reads *thorough*; F2, *through*.

352. *Wond'ring*. So F1; F2 reads *wand'ring*.

353. *Behold*. So F1; F2 reads *Beheld*.

630, 398. *Typhæus*. So FF; Dryden has the name correctly, *Typhoeus*, in 7, 37.

631, 446. *Carmental*. So F1; F2 reads *Carmetal*.

474. *Once*, etc. Dryden introduces a satirical touch not found in the original.

483. *With*. F1 reads *which*.

632, 524. *Or my*. So F1; F2 reads *of my*.

542. *When*. F1 reads *And*.

633, 641. *Tir'd*. So F1; F2 reads *try'd*.

669. *Lisless*. F1 reads *lifeless*, changed in the errata.

634, 681. *Apprentiship*. So FF.

726. *Refuse*. Meaning, of course, nothing more than the residue — *pars cetera*. [SAINTSBURY.]

732. *Infold*. Cf. 400, 1031, n.

636, 828. *Plated*. So F1; F2 reads *Plaited*.

637, 886. *Catiline*. FF place a colon after this word and make no pause after *rock* in the next line; the text follows SS.

928. *Th' ethereal*. F1 reads *th' Ætherial*; F2, *the Ætherial*.

638, 1 (Arg.). *Æneas'*. FF read *Æneas's*, but forms occurring in verse show that Dryden did not make an extra syllable of the genitive ending after a final *s*, even though he wrote (or Tonson printed) an *—s*.

640, 163. *Myriads . . . men*. F1 reads *Milions . . . Troops*.

643, 415. *Gale*. FF punctuate this and the succeeding lines as follows: *Gale . . . vows, . . . Ascanius, . . . years*, — a punctuation which is retained from *Sylvæ* (1685), except that there no comma is found after *vows*. The present editor follows SS. in an almost certain emendation. The long inversion involved in the original punctuation seems entirely unlike Dryden's style.

644, 504. *Prevent*. F1 reads *outwent*.

645, 527. *At the length*. "At length." SAINTSBURY.

646, 588. *Bor'd*. v. GLOSSARY.

602. *Leader*. F1 reads *General*.

611. *Dawns*. So FF; perhaps a misprint for *dawn*. N. E. D. cites no similar passage.

647, 672. *Form*. F1 reads *from*.

650, 920. *With*, etc. SS. alters punctuation so as to take this line with the preceding rather than with the following clauses.

653, 17. *Contend*. F1 reads *Contest*.

654, 107. *Takes*. F1 reads *makes*.

655, 140. *Fatal*. F1 reads *bloody*.

656, 247. *Asium*. The word is here retained from FF, though it is probably a mere blunder for *Clusium*, caused by careless handwriting.

657, 284. *And roll'd*, etc. "This conceit is not Virgil's." [SCOTT.]

658, 368. *Courage*. F1 reads *Anger*.

388. *Ardent*. F1 reads *equal*.

660, 503. *Mingled*. F1 reads *crowded*.

520. *Trust*, etc. The antithesis of *feet* and *hands* is Dryden's, not Virgil's.

662, 639, 640. *War*, etc. FF punctuate *War ; . . . Neck, . . . Sand, . . .*

688. *Rest*. F1 reads *please*.

663, 735. *Will*. FF read *shall*, but the word is changed to *will* in the errata of F1.

664, 849. *Gaping*. F1 reads *bloody*.

665, 864. *Sov'reign*. F1 reads *loving*, changed in the errata to *Sov'reign*.

918. *Bride!* FF read *Bride!* Similar cases are 669, 1209; 698, 730. Contrast 533, 873, n. 924. *Plank* was. F1 reads *Planks were*, changed in the errata.
- 668, 1114. *Fold*. So the text in *Sylve*; FF read *roul'd* (i. e. *roll'd*), which is evidently a misprint, by influence of the rhyme word just above.
- 669, 1155. *Sharpen'd*. F1 reads *cruel*.
- 670, 1270. *Wood*. Translating *steam*; the play on words in *iron wood* is doubtless unintentional.
- 671, 1299. *Nor ask*, etc. Cf. 178¹, 35-54.
1311. *To the sword his throat apply'd*. F1 reads, to his *throat the Sword apply'd*, changed in the errata.
1312. *The crimson stream*, etc. Dryden repeats this couplet, with a slight change, in 707, 1376, 1377. The jingle of *distain'd, disdainful* is sufficiently disagreeable.
14. *Besmeas'd with*. F1 reads *distilling*.
- 672, 66. *Needless*. F1 reads *needful*.
90. *Breathless*. F1 reads *lifeless*.
120. *Loaded hands*. F1 reads *heads and hands*, changed in the errata.
- 673, 125. *Ev'ry*. So F1; F2 reads *every*.
- 674, 245. *My Pallas*, etc. This conceit is not found in Virgil.
- 678, 550. *Others'*. F1 reads *others*; F2, *other*.
- 679, 578. *Undoubted*. F1 reads *unquestion'd*.
588. *In*. F1 reads *at*.
643. *Fathers'*. FF read *Father's*.
- 680, 659. *Then fall*, etc. This conceit is without warrant in the Latin, and is emphatically not in Virgil's manner.
- 681, 776. *Horse*. F1 reads *Foot*.
- 683, 900. *Horribly*. F1 reads *horrible*.
- 684, 957. *Flying*. This word is not found in F1.
958. *Feather'd*. F1 reads *flying*.
- 685, 1066. *Dove*. F1 reads *Drove*.
- 687, 1184. *A*. F1 reads *the*.
- 688, 1284. *The moats*. F1 reads *their Moats*.
1318. *Involved*. F1 reads *o'respreads*.
- 689, 2 (Arg.). *Rutili*. So FF.
16. *Thro'*. F1 reads *And*.
60. *Blanch*. So F1; F2 reads *glance*.
64. *Whist*. F1 reads *while*.
- 691, 158. *Steam*. So F1; F2 reads *Stream*.
- 693, 322. *Deem*. F1 reads *deem'd*.
- 697, 671. *Like*. So F1; F2 reads *less*.
677. *Gyas'*, *Mnestheus'*, *Achates'*. The apostrophes are not found in FF.
- 698, 746. *Tagus*. So FF; an error, by Dryden or the printer, for *Talus*; cf. l. 513 of the Latin text.
- 699, 787. *The*. F1 reads *his*.
798. *Heav'n*. So F1; F2 reads *Heaven*.
- 700, 836. *Will*. "Not a Scotticism, but chooses so." SAINTSBURY.
838. *There*, etc. Cf. 218, 61.
- 701, 939. *Insult*. F1 reads *be pleas'd*.
- 702, 1041. *Yet*, and. F1 reads *and with*.
- 705, 1102. *Father's*. In reference to Saturn; cf. 630, 425-430. FF read *Fathers*.
1289. *Beauteous*. F1 reads *comely*.
- 707, 1378. *The streaming*, etc. Cf. 671, 1312, n.
- 708¹, 20. *Cynobius*, etc. *Eclogues*, vi. 3, 4; "Apollo plucks my ear, and warns me." Cf. 431, 5.
32. *Cerberus*, etc. v. 601, 562-575.
41. *Darby*. William George Richard Stanley (1655?-1702), ninth Earl of Derby. *Peterborough*. Charles Mordaunt (1658-1735), third Earl of Peterborough, had been active in the Revolution as an adherent of William III. In 1705 and 1706 he became famous as the commander of the English forces in Spain. He was the friend of Pope, Swift, and Gay.
43. *Was*. Not in FF.
56. *Trumbull*. So FF. Sir William Trumbull (1639-1716) was Secretary of State 1695-97. From 1705 to his death he was an intimate friend of Pope.
- 708², 3. *Extremum*, etc. *Eclogues*, x. 1, 3; *negat* is a mistake for *negat*: "Grant me this last favor, Arethusa.—Who denies songs to Gallus?" Cf. 439, 1-5.
6. *Gilbert Dolben*. On his father, cf. 120, 868, n.
11. *The Dolphin's*. i. e. the Dauphin's; *dauphin* is the French form of the word *dolphin*; cf. n. 293², 46; 496², 24, n.
13. *Fabrizi*. First published at Venice in 1568, and often reprinted.
18. *Bowyer*. Cf. 710¹, n. Geor. II.
28. *Exeter*. John Cecil (1650?-1700), fifth Earl of Exeter. He was a non-juror, and lived in retirement at his noble seat of Burghley. [SCOTT.]
36. *Walsh*. v. 320¹, 40, n.
40. *Shrewsbury*. Charles Talbot (1660-1718), twelfth Earl and only Duke of Shrewsbury. He took a prominent part in the Revolution, and later held important offices. "As to the personal attractions of Shrewsbury there is a general consensus of testimony." (A. W. Ward, in D. N. B.) He was the son of the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury mentioned in n. 116, 544.
57. *Whoever*, etc. v. n. 469, 357. "From the high praise here given to these verses, which greatly exceeds their merit, I suspect that the concealed translator was our author's friend, George Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdowne [cf. 733]. The poem which immediately preceded this in *Examen Poeticum* was written by him." [MALONE.]
- 709¹, 1. *Lord Roscommon's* Silenus. Cf. 514¹, 50, n.
6. *Bees*. Alluding to *A Translation of all Virgil's 4th Georgick, except the Story of Aristaeus*. By Mr. Jo. Addison, of Magdalen College, Oxon., included in *The Annual Miscellany for the Year 1694*.
7. *Mr. Cowley's*, etc. Cf. 181¹, 45, n; 514¹, 53 n.
13. *Dr. Gibbons*. Cf. 367, 126; 785, 82.
14. *Dr. Hobbs*. v. n. 206, 188.
17. *The only one*, etc. Cf. 748², 27, n; 785, 83-87; 899, 16-53.
24. *Par maniere d'acquies*. "For form's sake." "A passage in a letter from our author to Jacob Tonson, dated by Malone, February, 1696, lets us know yet more plainly, that to the niggard disposition of this bookseller we

owe that the *Notes*, as here acknowledged, were rather slurred over than written with due care: 'I am not sorry that you will not allow any thing towards the *Notes*; for to make them good, would have cost me half a year's time at least. Those I write shall be only marginal, to help the unlearned, who understand not the poetical fables. The Prefaces, as I intend them, will be somewhat more learned. It would require seven years to translate Virgil exactly. But I promise you once more to do my best in the four remaining books, as I have hitherto done in the foregoing. — Upon trial I find all of your trade are sharper, and you not more than others; therefore I have not wholly left you. Mr. Aston does not blame you for getting as good a bargain as you could, though I could have got an hundred pounds more; and you might have spared almost all your trouble, if you had thought fit to publish the proposals for the first subscriptions; for I have guineas offer'd me every day, if there had been room: I believe, modestly speaking, I have refus'd already 25. I mislike nothing in your letter therefore, but only your upbraiding me with the publique encouragement, and my own reputation concern'd in the notes; when I assure you I could not make them to my mind in less than half a year's time.'" [SCOTT.]

709^a, n. Post. IV. 72. *Dea nec*. So F1; F2 reads *dea non*.

Virgil had. F1 reads *Virgil has*, which perhaps should have been retained in the text. *Condé's father*. F1 reads *Condé*, omitting *father*.

710^a, n. Geor. II. *The Praises of Italy*. Dryden refers to a piece printed in *Miscellany Poems*, 1684.

My Miscellany. F1 reads *the Miscellany*. *Bouyer*. Cf. 708^a, 18.

710^b, n. Geor. II. *Laudato*. *Georgics*, ii. 412, 413: cf. 461, 570, 571.

n. Geor. IV. 27. *Le roi*, etc. "The king will think it over;" the formula for refusing the royal assent to a bill passed by parliament.

n. Geor. IV. 477. *Fifty*. Dryden's, or the printer's, mistake for *fifteen*.

n. Geor. IV. 656. *Ariosto*. Cf. 289^a, 9, n.

711^a, n. *Æn*. I. 111. *Macareus and Canace*. Cf. 92-95.

n. *Æn*. I. 196. *In a passion*. F1 reads *in Passion*.

n. *Æn*. I. 451. *Ancient Greek poem*. The *Homeric Hymn to Aphrodite*.

711^b, n. *Æn*. III. 132. *Bochartus*. v. 494^a, 47, and n. 494^a, 42.

n. *Æn*. IV. 944. *Dira*, etc. Garbled from, *Dira detestatio Nulla expiatur victima* (*Epode* v. 89, 90).

712^a, n. *Æn*. IV. 944. *Uses, in the*. F1 reads *uses in the*; F2 *uses the*.

Omina. FF read *omnia*.

712^b, n. *Æn*. VI. 586. *Sir Robert Howard*. Cf. B. S. xvii; 11.

713^a, n. *Æn*. VI. 1156. *Secretisque piis*. v. 493^a, 23, n.

714^a, n. *Æn*. VI. 1235. *Two gates*, etc. v. n. 610, 1237. Two lines below the first quotation F2 has *9th* (for *19th*, which is the reading of F1).

n. *Æn*. VII. 367. *That Lavinia was averse*, etc. Cf. 716^a (n. *Æn*. XII. 100).

714^b, n. *Æn*. VII. 1020. *On the same*. Perhaps a misprint for *in the same*.

When a poet. Cf. 494^a, 41, n.

n. *Æn*. VIII. 34. *Χρυσέα χαλκείων* "As gold [is richer] than brass." *Iliad*, vi. 236.

n. *Æn*. IX. 853. *Σόν*, etc. *Odyssey*, v. 295, 296.

715^a, n. *Æn*. IX. 1094. *Sic quia*, etc. "Because the poverty of my native language forces me to do so." Dryden writes from a hazy memory of Lucretius, i. 830-833; iii. 258-261.

Si Græco, etc. Cf. 26^a, 41, n.

Ma si, etc. "Each man's civiness was so perfect that it could not be pierced in any corner." *Orlando Furioso*, xxvi. 124.

715^b, n. *Æn*. X. 312. *Camilla*. Cf. 509^a, 10, n. *Æn*. X. 662. *Sir Robert Howard*. Cf. 499^a, 42, n.

716^a, n. *Æn*. X. 662. *Accus'd*. So F1; F2 reads *accus'd*.

716^b, n. *Æn*. XII. 808. *Six last*. FF read *six last*.

717. TRANSLATIONS FROM OVID'S ART OF LOVE, etc. It is pleasant to conjecture that Dryden withheld these pieces from the press because of their extreme indecency: cf. 741^a, 44 f; 746^a, 18 f. In the following notes the 1709 edition of the *Art of Love* is cited as ed. 1, and the 1704 texts as 5M.

719. *Sd. Ivis*. v. 306-400, 709-1041.

103. *Berries*. Probably *hillocks*; less likely, *barrows*: v. N. E. D.

127. *Plaudit*. In italics in ed. 1 and 5M.

132. *The Best*. "Alluding to a well-known toast — a favorite with our straightforward fathers." SAINTSBUARY. More definite information as to this toast may be gathered from the second stanza of Dorset's song to *Bonny Black Bess*. Cf. Byron, *Don Juan*, ix. 55-57.

149. *Nor*. 5M reads *not*.

720, 206. *Urn*. Ed. 1 reads *Urns*, but cf. rhyme.

721, 253. *Know'st*. Ed. 1 reads *knowest*, which should have been retained in the text.

291. *Bajan*. Spelled *Bajan* in ed. 1.

722, 321. *Myrrha*. Cf. 806-811.

325. *In Ida's*, etc. Cf. 402, 109-120; 432, 68-86; 594, 33-46; 601, 604.

364. *Io*. v. 396-400, 709-1041.

369. The son. "The Minotaur." SCOTT.

723, 374. *Thy daughter*. "Scylla." SCOTT.

381. *Phædra*. Cf. 601, 605; 725, 576; 729, 851.

725, 577. *Adonis*. Cf. 811, 380-389.

605. *On the shore*. So 5M; ed. 1 reads *in the shore*.

608. *The Mimallonian dames*. Cf. 360, 194.

726, 610. *Silenus*. Cf. 297^a, 7; 431-433.

611. *Clear*. Very drunk: v. N. E. D., under *Clear*, 24.

727, 737. *Phalaris*. "The famous brazen bull of Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigentum in Sicily (about B. C. 570), in which he burnt alive his victims, is here, for the sake of rhyme, con-

- verted into a cow. Perillus, the inventor of the engine of torture, was the first to suffer by it." [Scorr.]
739. *A rightful doom, etc.* Cf. 122, 1010, 1011.
- 728, 778. *Achilles.* Cf. 868, 261-287.
732. *The nobler Pallas.* Cf. 624, 1097.
799. *Grateful.* Here used for *pleasing*. [Scorr.] Suggested by *gratum* in the Latin.
- 729, 851. *Perithous.* Cf. 787, 50, n; 756, 358.
871. *Proteus.* Cf. 483, 484, 557-598.
4. *But Cupid, etc.* Latin heroic poetry is written in hexameters; Latin elegiac poetry in couplets, the hexameter alternating with the pentameter: hence the term *unequal* (l. 34), which, however, is Dryden's, not Ovid's.
- 730, 7. *Hippodamia's.* Dryden accents incorrectly, *Hippodamia* instead of *Hippodami's*; cf. 601, 606, n. For the story, v. 857, 292 f.
731. ALEXANDER'S FEAST. On September 3, 1697, Dryden wrote in a letter to his sons at Rome: "I am writing a Song for St. Cecilia's Feast, who, you know, is the patroness of musick. This is troublesome, and no way beneficial; but I could not deny the Stewards of the Feast, who came in a body to me to desire that kindness, one of them being Mr. Bridgman, whose parents are your mother's friends." Notwithstanding this statement, which shows that Dryden had begun work on his poem nearly three months before St. Cecilia's Day, an apocryphal story has been often repeated, that he wrote *Alexander's Feast* at a single sitting. (The tale goes back to Warton, *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope*, § 8, where it is given on fifth-hand authority. Against it also is a statement in a lost letter by Dryden, referred to by Birch — see Malone, I, 1, 286 — that he spent almost a fortnight in composing and correcting the poem.) According to another story (first printed by Derrick), which may be true, Dryden ultimately received forty pounds for his work (*Ibid.* 287).
- Malone relates that Lord Chief Justice Marlay, when a young man, frequented Will's Coffee-House, and, "*Alexander's Feast*, not long after its appearance, being the theme of every critic, young Marlay, among others, took an opportunity of paying his court to the author; and happening to sit next him, congratulated him on having produced the finest and noblest ode that had ever been written in any language. 'You are right, young gentleman,' replied Dryden, 'a nobler ode never was produced, nor ever will.'" (*Ibid.* 476, 477.)
- It would be interesting to know Dryden's direct source for the incidents of this poem. Athenæus (576 D) writes: "Did not Alexander the Great keep with him Thais the Athenian courtesan, of whom Clitarchus relates that she was the cause of the burning of the palace in Persepolis?" The same writer (538 F) speaks of Timotheus as one of the flute-players at the marriage feast celebrated by Alexander after his capture of Darius. Suidas (under *Timotheos*) relates that

Alexander was extremely fond of music, and that Timotheus so moved him by his strains, that, as he was listening to him, he jumped up to arms. (This Timotheus of Alexander's time must be distinguished from the great musician and poet Timotheus, who died in B. C. 357.) But Dryden is not likely to have read either Athenæus or Suidas.

Burton relates: "Timotheus the musician compelled Alexander to skip up and down and leave his dinner" (*Anatomy of Melancholy*, ii, § 2, mem. 6, subs. 3). This passage may be the germ of Dryden's ode. Burton's authority is Cardan, *De Subtilitate*, xiii: *Alterum Timothei, qui modo mutato Alexandrum coegit alacritate impulsu exilire e convivio.*

On St. Cecilia, v. n. 253, 52.

9. *Thais.* Dryden originally wrote *Lais*; in a letter to Tonson he cautions him: "Remember in the copy of verses for St. Cecilia, to alter the name of *Lais*, which is twice there, for *Thais*; those two ladies were contemporaries, which caused that small mistake." (Malone, I, 2, 60.)
29. *Sublime, etc.* Cf. 544, 646; 579, 115.
30. *Olympia.* The name of Alexander's mother was *Olympias*; the change to *Olympia* may be either a blunder or a deliberate alteration to avoid accumulation of sibilants. [SAINTSBURY.]
40. *Affects to nod.* Cf. 655, 153, 154.
- 732, 49. *The jolly god, etc.* Lines 49-60 might well be inclosed in quotation marks, which are not used at all in the original editions.
52. *Honest face.* Cf. 460, 540, n; 769, 100.
57. *Soldier's.* Ed. 1 and that in *Fables* read *Soldiers*, but *Soldier's* is found in l. 62, making it clear that a singular is intended.
67. *Battles.* The early texts read *Battails*.
107. *The many, etc.* Cf. 775, 545, n; 777, 665.
733. To MR. GRANVILLE. In 1695 several of the leading actors, including Betterton and Mrs. Bracegirdle, seceded from the United Patentees (cf. headnote, p. 153), whose theater was in Drury Lane, and established a house of their own in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Granville's play was acted by Betterton's company. Dryden's references, in this poem, to the rivalry between the two houses, brought forth a retort from George Powell, the principal actor at the theater in Drury Lane, in the preface to an anonymous tragedy, *The Fatal Discovery*, published in 1698. The following extracts are reprinted from Malone (I, 1, 311, 312):
- "— Here I am afraid he makes but a coarse compliment, when this great wit, with his treacherous memory, forgets that he had given away his laurels upon record twice before, viz. once to Mr. Congreve [p. 412] and another time to Mr. Southerne [p. 278, but Powell exaggerates]. Pr'ythee, old Ædipus, expound this mystery! Dost thou set up thy transubstantiation miracle in the donation of thy idol bays, that thou hast them fresh, new, and whole, to give them three times over? . . .

"— For the most mortal stroke at us, he charges us with downright murdering of plays, which we call reviving. I will not derogate from the merit of those senior actors of both sexes, of the other house, that shine in their several perfections, in whose lavish praises he is so highly transported; but, at the same time, he makes himself but an arbitrary judge on our side, to condemn unheard, and that under no less a conviction than murder, when I cannot learn, for a fair judgment upon us, that his reverend crutches have ever brought him within our doors since the division of the companies. 'Tis true, I think, we have revived some pieces of Dryden, as his *Sebastian, Maiden Queen, Marriage à la Mode, King Arthur*, etc. But here let us be tried by a Christian Jury, the Audience, and not receive the bowstring from his Mahometan Grand Signiorship. 'Tis true, his more particular pique against us, as he has declared himself, is in relation to our reviving his *Almanzor [The Conquest of Granada]*. . . . I confess, he is a little severe, when he will allow our best performance to bear no better fruit than a crab vintage. Indeed, if we young actors spoke but half as sourly as his old gall scribbles, we should be all crab all over."

This is a peculiar diatribe, since it is obvious that all Dryden's strictures, with the exception of the *crab vintage* (l. 38), refer to the senior actors at Lincoln's Inn Fields. The text of the poem contained in *The Genuine Works in Verse and Prose of the Right Honourable George Granville, Lord Lansdowne*, 1736, contains the following notes: (on l. 35) "Mr. Betterton's Company in Lincoln's-Inn Fields;" (on l. 38) "Drury Lane Play-House." As these do not occur in the 1698 edition of *Heroic Love*, they can scarcely be due to Dryden himself.

The following passage in Downes's *Roscius Anglicanus* (ed. Knight, 1886, p. 46) will serve as a commentary on ll. 19-22: "In the space of Ten Years past, Mr. Betterton to gratify the desires and Fancies of the Nobility and Gentry; procur'd from Abroad the best Dances and Singers, as, Monsieur L'Abbe, Madam Subtini, Monsieur Balon, Margarita Delpine, Maria Galtia and divers others; who, being Exorbitantly Expensive, produc'd small Profit to him and his Company, but vast Gain to themselves." Apparently the Drury Lane Company adopted similar devices to win favor: v. Epilogue to *Farguhar's Love and a Bottle*.

734¹, 21. *And*, etc. Cf. 278, 11.

29. *Ilys*. Slain by his mother Proene, and offered by her as food to his father Tereus. To my friend Mr. MOTTREUX. This epistle is in large part a feeble reply to Collier's *Short View*: v. B. S. xxxvi; n. 734², 18; and cf. 742¹, 13-22; 745¹, 29 f.; 749¹, 30 f.; 873, 61-68; 890, 1-41; 899 (*Epil.*). Collier's book had a great and salutary influence on the morals of the English stage; Dryden seeks to confuse the issue by likening him to the Puritans, who in 1642 had suppressed the

theater entirely. Collier himself was a Tory, an High Churchman, and a fanatical adherent of James II.

734², 4. *Solomon*. Ed. 1698 reads *Salomon*.

18. *Their faults*, etc. "The poet here endeavors to vindicate himself from the charge of having often, and designedly, ridiculed the clerical function." SCOTT. This had been one of the charges pressed most vigorously by Collier against Dryden: cf. 745¹, 23 f.; and, for the grounds of the accusation, 111, 99; 111, 128, n.; 492², 46-49.

19. *Rebellion*, etc. "Cf. I Samuel xv. 23: 'For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft.'" [CHRISTIE.]

35. *His tripled unity*. v. B. S. xviii, xix.

735². EPIGRAM ON TONSON. *Faction Display'd*, a satirical poem first published in 1704, and attributed to William Shippen, contains the following passage:

Now the Assembly to adjourn prepar'd,
When *Bibliopolo* from behind appear'd,
As well describ'd by th' old Satyrick Bard;
With leering Looks, Bulf'ac'd, and Freckled fair,
With two left Legs, and Judas-colour'd Hair,
With Frowzy Pores, that taint the ambient Air.

In regard to this epigram, Malone (I, 1, 525) tells the following anecdote, the source of which the present editor has been unable to discover:

"On another occasion, Tonson having refused to advance him a sum of money for a work on which he was employed, he sent a second messenger to the bookseller, with a very satirical triplet: adding, 'Tell the dog that he who wrote these lines can write more.'"

LINES TO MRS. CREED. Mrs. Creed was the daughter of the Sir Gilbert Pickering mentioned in B. S. xvi. Of this Sir Gilbert Pickering both Dryden and his mother were own cousins (Malone, I, 1, 28).

Christie notes that "skilful would do as well" as *well-wrought* to fill up the gap in the third line.

735². THE MONUMENT OF A FAIR MAIDEN LADY. The text on the monument in Bath Abbey reads *but seem'd* in l. 29. The other variations mentioned by Christie do not occur in the *Fables* or in the copy of the inscription sent to the editor by the Rector of Bath.

736, 20. *For marriage*, etc.

But like a lampe of balsamum, desir'd
Rather t'adorn than last, shee soone expird,
Cloth'd in her virgin-white integritie;
For marriage, though it doe not stain, doth dye.

DONNE, *A Funerall Elegie* (ed. Grosart, i. 127; Riverside ed. p. 97).

Cf. 270², 4, n.

FABLES. Dryden received from Tonson only £300 for this volume, of which £268, 15s. were paid to him at the time of contract, and the remainder to his heirs on the publication of a second edition in 1713.

The motto is from *Æneid*, v. 55-57: "Now are we near the ashes and the bones of our

parent, surely, I think, not without the purpose and the guidance of the gods." The reference of course is to the translations from Chaucer in the volume.

The following excerpts from a letter of Wordsworth to Sir Walter Scott, November 7, 1805, are of special interest in connection with the *Fables*:

"I was much pleased to hear of your engagement with Dryden; not that he is, as a poet, any great favourite of mine. I admire his talents and genius highly, but his is not a poetical genius. The only qualities I can find in Dryden that are essentially poetical, are a certain ardour and impetuosity of mind, with an excellent ear. It may seem strange that I do not add to this great command of language; that he certainly has, and of such language too, as it is most desirable that a poet should possess, or rather, that he should not be without. But it is not language that is, in the highest sense of the word, poetical, being neither of the imagination nor of the passions—I mean of the amiable, the ennobling, or intense passions. I do not mean to say that there is nothing of this in Dryden, but as little, I think, as is possible, considering how much he has written. You will easily understand my meaning, when I refer to his versification of *Palamon and Arcite*, as contrasted with the language of Chaucer. Dryden has neither a tender heart, nor a lofty sense of moral dignity. Whenever his language is poetically impassioned, it is mostly upon unpleasing subjects, such as the follies, vices, and crimes of classes of men, or of individuals. That his cannot be the language of imagination, must have necessarily followed from this; that there is not a single image from nature in the whole body of his works; and in his translation from Virgil, whenever Virgil can be fairly said to have his eye upon his object, Dryden always soils [*spoils?*] the passage.

"—I think his translations from Boccaccio are the best, at least the most poetical, of his poems. It is many years since I saw Boccaccio, but I remember that Sigismunda is not married by him to Guiscard (the names are different in Boccaccio in both tales, I believe, certainly in Theodore, &c.) [Really, only in the latter tale.] I think Dryden has much injured the story by the marriage, and degraded Sigismunda's character by it. He has also, to the best of my remembrance, degraded her still more, by making her love absolute sensuality and appetite; Dryden had no other notion of the passion. [Cf. n. 501³, 37.] With all these defects, and they are very gross ones, it is a noble poem. Guiscard's answer, when first reproached by Tancred, is noble in Boccaccio, nothing but this: *Amor può molto più che ne voi ne to possiamo*. This, Dryden has spoiled. He says first very well: 'The faults of love by love are justified,' and then come four lines of miserable rant, quite à la Maximin." [v. 135, 78, n.] (KNEATT, *Life of Wordsworth*, 1889, vol. ii, pp. 27-29.)

737¹. *The Duke of Ormond*. "James Butler (1665-1745), second Duke of Ormond, was second son of the gallant Earl of Ossory, and grandson to the great Duke of Ormond [v. n. 120, 817], to whose honors he succeeded in 1688. After being favored by King William, and holding high office under Queen Anne, he entered into relations with the Pretender, and in 1715, soon after the accession of George I, he was impeached of high treason. He consulted his safety by flying abroad, and passed the remainder of his life in exile." [SCOTT.]

5. *The lives of Plutarch*. v. B. S. xxx.

737². 2. *Your heroic father*. v. 120, 831, n.

738¹. 43. *The last*, etc. "This character of the unfortunate nobleman was not exaggerated." [SCOTT.] He atoned by private virtues for lack of public capacity.

738². 1. *Popticola*. Publius Valerius Publicola (or *Popticola*, the name meaning "the people's friend"), the successor of Collatinus (v. n. 132, 317) in the consulship. Cf. n. 10, 249.

31. *Human*. So F; perhaps *humane* should be substituted, since the two words were not distinguished in spelling.

60. *Aiōuai Tōues*. "I stand in awe of the Trojans." HOMER, *Iliad*, vi. 442; xxii. 105, quoted by Cicero *ad Atticum*, ii. 5 and elsewhere.

739¹. 24. *Numen commune*, etc. "A common divinity, having fellowship with two worlds." Adapted freely from *De Raptu Proserpinae*, i. 89-91, where Claudian addresses Mercury as belonging both to the gods of heaven and to those of Hades.

39. *That*. "That often serves as a substitute for *because*, after *because* has been once used." [SAINTSBURY.]

60. *Ulysses*, etc. v. 870, 449-450.

739². 24. *Spatius*, etc. *Georgics*, iv. 147; cf. 479, 218, 219.

28. *When*, etc. "At the battle of Landen, 29 July, 1693, after nearly losing his life amidst the terrible carnage of the day, he was taken prisoner by the French; but, after a brief captivity at Namur, where he found opportunities of munificence towards his fellow prisoners, he was exchanged for the Duke of Berwick." A. W. WARD, in D. N. B.

61. *Non ignara*, etc. *Æneid*, i. 630; cf. 533, 890, 891.

740¹. 5. *De meliore luto*. "Of better clay." Juvenal, xiv. 35, with *de* added by Dryden. Cf. 174², 74, n.

8. *Teuerti*, etc. *Æneid*, vi. 648, 649; cf. 605, 881, 882.

46. *Ostendunt*. *Æneid*, vi. 869, 870, with a change of tense from future to present; cf. 609, 1202, 1203.

740². 5. *Of the expense*. So F; SS. reads in *the expense*. The original phrase is confused, but probably by Dryden's error rather than the printer's.

11. *A certain noblieman*. "This was, I suppose, our author's old foe, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the tardy progress of whose great

buildings at Cliefden was often the subject of satire." [SCOTT.] Cf. B. S. xxi; 116, 544, n.

40. *Sandys*. v. 88¹, 4, n; 385¹, 34.

43. *Fairfax*. Cf. 909, 115, n.

50. *Spenser*, etc.

— Through infusion sweets
Of thine [Chaucer's] owne spirit, which doth in
me survive,
I follow here the footing of thy teete.

Faerie Queene, IV. ii. 34.

741¹, 29. *Mr. Hobbes*. v. *Leviathan*, i. 3: "Of the
Consequence or Train of Imaginations."

34. *The octave rhyme*. "The stanza was used,
in French, by Thibaut, King of Navarre, in
the previous century, and before Boccaccio,
in Italian, by the author of the *Cantare di
Pioro e Biancofiore*. But Boccaccio was the
first author to give the octave its rank as the
Italian measure for heroic verse [319¹, 38]."
KER.

50. *Mr. Rymer*. On this critic, v. B. S. xxiii,
xxiv; 287¹, 30, n. He is the source of
Dryden's misinformation in this passage as
to Chaucer, who was strongly affected by
French and Italian literature, but not at all
by Provençal.

"— And they, with us, that would write
verse, as King Richard, *Savery de Mauleon*,
and Rob. Grostead, finding the English stub-
born and unweildy, fell readily to that of
Provence, as more glib, and lighter on the
Tongue. But they who attempted verse in
English, down till Chaucer's time, made an
heavy pudder, and are always miserably put
to 't for a word to clink: which commonly
fall so awkward, and unexpectedly as dropping
from the Clouds by some Machine or Miracle.

"Chaucer found an Herculean labour on
his Hands; And did perform to Admiration.
He seizes all Provençal, French or Latin that
came in his way, gives them a new garb and
livery, and mingles them amongst our Eng-
lish: turns out English, gowty, or superannu-
ated, to place in their room the foreigners, fit
for service, train'd and accustomed to Poeti-
cal Discipline.

"But tho' the Italian reformation was be-
gun and finished well nigh at the same time by
Boccaccio, Dante, and Petrarch. Our language
retain'd something of the churl; something of
the Stiff and Gothish did stick upon it, till
long after Chaucer.

"Chaucer threw in Latin, French, Pro-
vençal, and other Languages, like new Stum
to raise a Fermentation: In Queen Elizabeth's
time it grew fine, but came not to an Head
and Spirit, did not shine and sparkle till Mr.
Waller set it a running." *A Short View of
Tragedy*, 1693, pp. 78, 79.

"Rymer knew something about Provençal
poetry, and something about Chaucer, and
through Dryden and Pope has made it a mat-
ter of traditional belief that Chaucer belongs,
in some way or other, to 'the Provençal
School.' Dryden seems not to have distin-
guished between Provençal and old French."
[KER.]

741¹, 22. *The other harmony of prose*. "A remi-
niscence of Aristotle, *Poetics*, iv., τῆς λεκτικῆς
ἀρμονίας." KER.

33. *They who*, etc. Cf. n. 135, 54; n. 136, 149.
There may also be a reference to Blackmore;
v. 748¹, 27, n; 899¹, 16, n; 899¹, 41, n.

48. *Dead coloring*. Cf. 51, 7: the *dead coloring*
is the first coat of paint applied to the canvas,
used as a foundation for the rest. Dryden
seems to have had much interest in the
technique of painting; cf. 5, 60, n.

57. *Stav'd*. "Like contraband hogsheads."
KER.

742¹, 12. *Versus*, etc. *Ars Poet.* 322: "Verses
empty of content, and tuneful trifles."

18. *A religious lawyer*, etc. Collier: v. B. S.
xxxvi; 734 (MOTTEUX), n.

23. *I resume*, etc. A letter of October, 1699,
from Dryden to Charles Montagu, of which
the earlier portion is given in n. 784 (TO
JOHN DRIDEN), concludes as follows:

"My thoughts at present are fix'd on
Homer: and by my translation of the first
Iliad, I find him a poet more according to my
genius than Virgil, and consequently hope I
may do him more justice, in his fiery way of
writing; which, as it is liable to more faults,
so it is capable of more beauties than the
exactness and sobriety of Virgil. Since 't is
for my country's honour as well as for my
own, that I am willing to undertake this task,
I despair not of being encourag'd in it by your
favour, who am,

Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,
JOHN DRYDEN."

58. *Copying*. Possibly a word has dropped out
at this point.

61. *Dido*, etc. Contrast 505¹, 27-35.

742¹, 15. *Mr. Hobbes*, etc. Hobbes completed his
translation of Homer at eighty-six. His
blunders in mathematics had brought ridicule
upon him.

22. *Now the words are the coloring*, etc. Cf.
514¹, 23 f.

43. *Cholerick*, etc. "Dryden had before him the
locus classicus on humors: v. 824, 138-161."
[KER.]

50. *Impiger*, etc. HORACE, *Ars Poet.* 121.

53. *Quo fata*, etc. VIRGIL, *Æneid*, v. 709:
"However much the fates may drag us to and
fro, let us follow them."

743¹, 3. *Longinus*, etc. *On the Sublime*, ch. xii.
Dryden knew the work in Boileau's transla-
tion; v. B. S. xxiii.

10. *A new machine*. "Dryden's memory had
misplaced the dream of Agamemnon, which
in the second book comes before the Catalogue
of the Ships." KER.

43. *Chaucer's stories*, etc. Dryden's information
on this topic is sadly at fault. There is no evi-
dence that Chaucer was acquainted with the
Decameron. He drew the plot, and much
of the detail, of *Palamon and Arcite* from
Boccaccio's epic the *Teseide*. The story of
Griselda he took from Petrarch, whose source
was Boccaccio. The main source of his

Tronius and Criseyde was Boccaccio's poem *Il Filostrato*. Though the direct originals of *The Wife of Bath's Tale* and *The Cook and the Fox* are unknown, Chaucer certainly did not invent the plot of either of them; the first story is probably of Celtic origin, the second is found in the mediæval beast epic of Reynard the Fox.

743². 2. *Who love*, etc. Cf. 356¹, 4 (*Arg.*), n. 57. *Inopem*, etc. *Metamorphoses*, iii. 406: "Plenty has made me poor."

744¹. 2. *Bartholomew Fair*. By Ben Jonson. Dryden apparently remembers vaguely the general course of the action of the play, and the words of Littlewit at the opening of it: "A pretty conceit, and worth the finding! I have such luck to spin out these fine things still, and like a silkworm, out of myself. . . . When a quirk or a quibblin does 'scape thee, and thou dost not watch and apprehend it, and bring it afore the constable of conceit, . . . let them carry thee out o' the archdeacon's court into his kitchen, and make a Jack of thee, instead of a John."

7. *Virgil*, etc. Cf. 25²; 502², 48, n.

22. *They who*, etc. Cf. 514², 515.

25. *The turn of words*, etc. Cf. 319², 41, n.; 385², 5 f.; 513², 7 f.

53. *One of our late great poets*. Cowley; cf. 181¹, 45, n.

744². 11. *Lord Rochester*. Cf. 515¹, 46-48; B. S. xxv, xxvi; 283², 4, n.

16. *Nimis poeta*. "Too much a poet." The source is not Catullus, but Martial, iii. 44.

21. *Auribus*, etc. "Fitted to the ears of that time." Tacitus (*Dialogus*, 21) describes an oration of Calvus as *auribus iudicium accomodata*.

29. *'T is true*, etc. This refers to a passage in Speght's preface to his edition of Chaucer, published in 1598 and 1602, reprinted in 1687, quoted by Scott: "And for his [Chaucer's] verses, although in divers places they seem to us to stand of unequal measures, yet a skilful reader, who can scan them in their nature, shall find it otherwise." Modern study of the pronunciation of English in Chaucer's time has shown the correctness of Speght's view, which is now universally accepted.

51. *Harrington*. "Sir John Harrington's translation of the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto appeared in 1591." [Ker.]

52. *Our numbers*, etc. Rymer's summary of the contents of chapter vi of his *Short View of Tragedy*, from which an excerpt has already been given (n. 741¹, 50) contains the passage: "Chaucer refin'd our English. Which in perfection by Waller. His Poem on the Navy Royal, beyond all modern Poetry in any Language. Before him our Poets better expressed their thoughts in Latin."

But, as Christie points out, Dryden had already written, in the dedication of *The Rival Ladies* (1664):

"—But the excellence and dignity of it [rhyme] were never fully known till Mr. Waller taught it; he first made writing easily

an art; first show'd us to conclude the sense most commonly in distichs, which, in the verse of those before him, runs on for so many lines together that the reader is out of breath to overtake it. This sweetness of Mr. Waller's lyric poesy was afterwards follow'd in the epic by Sir John Denham, in his *Cooper's Hill*, a poem which, . . . for the majesty of the style, is, and ever will be, the exact standard of good writing." (SS. ii. 137.) Cf. 91¹; 319², 44 f.; 512², 5; 514², 52, n.

54. *I need*, etc. The little that Dryden says of Chaucer's life is of course inaccurate; correct accounts are now easily accessible.

745¹. 13. *Augustus*, etc. Cf. 513¹, 35-52.

22. *The tale of Piers Plowman*. Referring to *The Plowman's Tale*, a spurious poem included in all editions of Chaucer from 1542 to 1775, when Tyrwhitt rejected it from his *Canterbury Tales*.

31. *The scandal*, etc. Cf. 734², 18, n.

52. *Scandalum magnatum*. "Words spoken in derogation of a peer, a judge, or other great officer of the realm. This was distinct from mere slander in the earlier law, and was considered a more heinous offense." BOUVIER, *Law Dictionary*.

745². 7. *A king of England*. "It is almost unnecessary to mention their names — Henry II and Thomas à Becket." SCOTT.

13. *Dr. Drake*. Dr. James Drake wrote, in answer to Collier, a work called *The Antient and Modern Stages Survey'd; or, Mr. Collier's View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage set in a true light*, published anonymously in 1699.

21. *Prior læsit*. "He was the aggressor."

47. *Baptista Porta*. Giambattista della Porta (1543?-1615), Neapolitan physician. His *De Humana Physiognomia Libri IV* was published in 1586.

746¹. 19. *My enemies*. Collier and Blackmore, and possibly Milbourne also: cf. 734 (To MOTTEUX), n.; 748², 27, nn.

40. *Tatum*, etc. "I wish all this unsaid."

46. *Novels*. Cf. 487², 11, n.

746². 17. *Wincing*, etc. From *The Miller's Tale*, 77, 78.

25. *Reviving*. So SS. and K; F reads *receiving*.

26. *The late Earl of Leicester*. Philip Sidney (1619-98), third Earl of Leicester, to whom Dryden had dedicated *Don Sebastian* in 1690. He was the elder brother of Algernon Sidney.

747¹. 34. *My lord*, etc. For evidences of Dryden's earlier reading of Chaucer, v. 220, 212, n.; 241, 1806, n.; 242, 1860, n. He may have been prompted to it by the appearance of a reprint of Speght's Chaucer in 1687; cf. n. 744², 29.

43. *Mulla*, etc. HORACE, *Ars Poet.* 70-72: "Many words that now have declined shall be born again; and others, which are now in honor, shall fall, if usage wills it, on which depend the judgment and the law and the rules of our discourse." In the first line *nunc* is Dryden's error for *jam*; in the same line F reads *renascuntur*.

- 747², 6. *Some old Saxon friends*. The most distinguished Saxon student of Dryden's time was George Hickes (1642-1715), but the editor can find no evidence that he was a friend of Dryden. Professor Ker conjectures that "Dryden was probably thinking particularly of Rymer."
21. *Grandam gold*. Professor Ker points out that Dryden uses the phrase *old grandam-and-aunt gold* in *The Wild Gallant* (act iv, sc. 1; SS. II. 93).
31. *Facile*, etc. "It is easy to add to what is already invented."
38. *Mademoiselle de Scudéry*. The famous French writer of chivalric romances (1607-1701): cf. B. S. xix. "Her huge romances, *Artamenes* and *Clelia*, were in my childhood still read in some old-fashioned Scottish families, though now absolutely forgotten, and in no chance of being revived." [SCOTT.]
43. *Provençal*. v. n. 741¹, 50.
- 748¹, 49. *Palamon and Arcite*. On the real source of the poem, v. n. 743¹, 43. On the duration of the action of an epic poem, v. 507¹, 23 f.
- 748², 27. *M*——. Luke Milbourne (1649-1720), a clergyman of the Church of England, had himself planned a translation of Virgil. He attacked Dryden's version in *Notes on Dryden's Virgil* (1698), where he fortified his criticisms by specimens of his own verses. Scott states (SS. xi. 76) that he also attacked Dryden's "person, and principles political and religious." Cf. 785, 87.
- B——. Sir Richard Blackmore (1650?-1729), physician and poet, had written two epic poems, *Prince Arthur* (1695) and *King Arthur* (1697). In a passage of the preface to the former (quoted by Malone, III, 647-649) he attacked Dryden for the indecency of his writings, resulting from his "irreligion and folly." In *A Satyr against Wit*, dated 1700, but probably published in the previous year, he renewed the charge. (Among the books mentioned in the *Term Catalogue* for Hilary Term, 1700, is *A Satyr upon a late Pamphlet entitled A Satyr against Wit*.) Dr. Johnson gives a specimen of Blackmore's rillery in this poem, and states that in a later edition of it, angered by Dryden's reply, he omitted a compliment to the poet which had mitigated the satire of the first edition. Cf. 785, 83; 899¹, 16, n.
41. *Ogleby*. v. 135, 102, n.; cf. 176², 3-9.
61. *If I*, etc. Cf. 882¹, 20, n.
- 749¹, 20. *The guardian angels*, etc. Cf. 289²-291¹.
23. *Dares*, etc. v. 585, 533-559.
30. *Mr. Collier*. v. B. S. xxxvi; 734 (To MOTTEUX), n.
47. "The zeal, etc. v. Psalm lxxix. 9; John ii. 17.
- 749², 20. *Seneffe*. F reads *Senneph*. "The battle of Seneffe in Flanders, in which the Prince of Condé was opposed to the Prince of Orange, was fought on August 11, 1674. Condé, not content with having defeated the rear guard of the enemy, in attempting to destroy the remainder of the Prince of Orange's army,

who had left his flank exposed as he decamped, lost a great number of men." [MALONE.]

29. *Demetri*, etc. HORACE, *1 Satires*, x. 90, 91: "You, Demetrius and Tigellius, I bid lament among the chairs of your scholars." Blackmore had once been a schoolmaster.
- TO THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND. "Lady Mary Somerset, second wife of the duke. She was second daughter of Henry Somerset, first Duke of Beaufort." [SCOTT.] Cf. 150, 941, n.
- 4 (verse). *A doubtful palm*. "Dryden here says of Chaucer in reference to Virgil what Juvenal said of Virgil in reference to Homer: 'The composer of the *Iliad* shall be sung, and the lays of high-sounding Maro, which make the palm of victory doubtful' (*Satires*, xi. 180, 181)." [CHRISTIE.]
- 750, 14. *Plantagenet*. Scott thought that the reference was to Blanche, first wife of John of Gaunt, Chaucer's patron, the fourth son of Edward III. Like her husband, this lady was a Plantagenet, being the daughter of Henry, Duke of Lancaster, the grandson of Edmund, brother of Edward I. But Professor Craik is doubtless right in rejecting this supposition. "The explanation" given by Scott, he writes, "leaves the principal part of the passage entirely unexplained. Chaucer's Plantagenet here is clearly not the Duchess Blanche, but Joan, daughter of Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, second son of Edward I by his second wife, Margaret of France, famous as the Fair Maid of Kent, married for the third and last time to Edward the Black Prince, by whom she was the mother of Richard II, having been previously the wife, first (it is understood) of Thomas Holland (later Earl of Kent), . . . secondly, of William Montague (Montacute), Earl of Salisbury (making the three contending princes), and commonly believed to be the Countess of Salisbury from whom the Order of the Garter, according to the well-known story, derived its name." (*History of English Literature*, 1871, vol. ii. pp. 116, 117.)
- The fact that the *Fables* volume includes a version of *The Flower and the Leaf*, with its compliment to the Order of the Garter (v. 852, 546-558), is an additional argument in favor of Professor Craik's explanation.
29. *Platonic year*. "A cycle imagined by some ancient astronomers, in which the heavenly bodies were supposed to go through all their possible movements and return to their original relative positions (after which, according to some, all events would recur in the same order as before)." N. E. D.
30. *O true Plantagenet*, etc. "John of Gaunt had by his mistress, Catharine Swynford, whom he afterwards married, three sons and a daughter, who were legitimated by act of parliament. John de Beaufort, the eldest of these, was created Earl of Somerset, and from him the dual family of Beaufort are lineally descended. The patent of the first duke, the father of this Duchess of Ormond,

- bears to be in consideration of his services, and of his most noble descent from Edward III." [SCOTT.]
46. *Etesian*. Properly, a name applied by Greek and Latin writers to certain annual winds, especially those that blow for forty days during the dog-days. Dryden uses it here of a gentle, steady breeze. N. E. D. quotes from *Phil. Trans.* xiv. 561 (1684): "These Eastern Winds (which I call our English Etesians)."
48. *Portunus*. Cf. 8, 121, n; 582, 314, 315.
51. *The land*, etc. Cf. 10, 251, n.
59. *Nor hear the reins*. Christie aptly cites *Neque audit currus habenas*. (VIRGIL, *Georgics*, i. 514.)
62. *As Ormond's harbinger*. The Duchess of Ormond went to Ireland in April, 1697, and her husband followed in October. (LUTTRELL, *Brief Relation*, 1857, vol. iv, pp. 214, 288.)
64. *The waste*, etc. "Alluding to the wars of the Revolution in Ireland." SCOTT.
65. *Pales*. The god (goddess?) of flocks and shepherds; Ceres, the goddess of agriculture: cf. 464, 1; 787, 7, 8.
70. *As when*, etc. Cf. 1071, 1 f.
- 751, 101. *Nor dare*, etc. "She seems to have been just recovered from a fever." SCOTT.
125. *Young Vespasian*. Titus Flavius Sabinus Vespasianus, better known, as a Roman emperor, by his first name. During the siege of Jerusalem, which he directed, he sought to spare the temple, and he mourned its destruction.
130. *The table of my vow*. The *tabula votiva* of Horace (*Odes*, i. 5. 13; 2 *Satires*, i. 83). Persons saved from shipwreck used to hang up in the temple of Neptune or some other appropriate divinity a picture representing their escape: cf. 703, 1114, 1115.
131. *Morley's*. "Dr. Christopher Love Morley, a physician of eminence." SCOTT.
133. *The Macedon*, etc. Alexander the Great; cf. 365, note 6. The story is told by several writers, as Quintus Curtius, ix. 8.
- 752, 162. *Elisa*. Another name of Dido; cf. 12, 65.
- PALAMON AND ARCITE. On this and Dryden's other translations and adaptations from early English, see Lounsbury, *Studies in Chaucer*, ch. vii; Schöpke, *Ueber Dryden's Bearbeitung Chaucer'scher Gedichte* (in *Anglia*, ii. 314-353, iii. 35-58); Tupper, *Dryden and Speght's Chaucer* (in *Modern Language Notes*, xii. 347-353).
12. *With Love*, etc. Repeated in 897, 518.
- 763, 115. *His pennon*. "The poet here introduces a distinction well known in heraldry. The banner was a square flag, which only barons of a great lineage and power had a right to display. The pennon was a forked streamer borne by a knight: Theseus carried both to the field, each bearing a separate device. Chaucer says:
And by his baner born is his pennon."
SCOTT.
- 754, 175. *To do th' observance*, etc. Cf. 760, 44, which translates Chaucer's:
And, for to doon his observance to May.
204. *Was one partition*, etc. "This may mean that the tower and the palace had a party wall in common, or that the tower was part of the outer wall of the palace." SAINTSBURY.
- 755, 222. *Shady walks between*. A reminiscence of Milton:
—a pillared shade
High overarched, and echoing walks between.
Paradise Lost, ix. 1106, 1107.
230. *Thick of bars*. Cf. 5, 55, n. Chaucer's words are *thikke of many a barre*.
- 756, 301, 308. *Council*. So F; in Dryden's time *council* and *counsel* were not yet carefully distinguished: cf. 816, 367.
358. *Perithous*. Dryden seems always to use this form in place of the correct *Pirithous*; cf. 787, 50.
361. *Man*. F places a full stop after this word.
- 757, 404. *Extremest line*. Professor Saintsbury explains this as *outermost region*. Perhaps it is easier to suppose that Dryden was seeking to draw a metaphor from the two poles of the earth, where day and night are each six months long.
427. *Guilty of their vows*. "A Latinism, *voti reus*; cf. 582, 307, n." [CHRISTIE.]
- 758, 500. *Or Mars*, etc. "Dryden has introduced Mars and the *quartil*; they are not in Chaucer." [CHRISTIE.] Cf. 18, 13, n; 50, 1165, n.
515. *Beholds*, etc. "This play of words, which is truly Ovidian, does not occur in Chaucer, nor is it in conformity with our author's general ideas of translating him: v. 743^f, 45 f; 744^f, 25 f." [SCOTT.]
- 759, 552. *Argus*. v. 398, 399, 856-1003.
- 760, 12. *In causes*. "One of Dryden's frequent scholasticisms: in their causes would have been clearer." SAINTSBURY.
34. *Style*. Christie thinks that the word is used here in the sense of the Latin *stylus*, and refers for support to 151, 1051. His argument is not convincing.
- 761, 88. *And angry*, etc. Cf. 521, 2.
89. *Curst*, etc. Chaucer has simply, "Alas, that day that I was bore." Warton thinks that Dryden remembered Job iii. 3 f.
93. *Cadmus*, etc. Cf. 542, 436.
- 115, 116. *Of such*, etc. This couplet (with the readings *times leave* and *That burn*) concludes a short poem by Carew, *A Cruel Mistress*. Warton noted Dryden's appropriation of it.
149. *And Jove*, etc. Cf. 727, 714, 715.
- 764, 364. *The proverb*, etc. *Amare et sapere viz deo conceditur*. "To love and to be wise is hardly granted to a god." From Publilius Syrus.
383. *Lover's*. F reads *Lovers*.
- 765, 414. *The bars*. "The palisades of the lists." [SCOTT.]
- 766, 483. *Sigils*. Cf. 853, 606, n.
489. *Down-look'd*. With a downcast glance.
498. *Citheron*. Cf. 770, 145, n.

515. *Below*. So F; but the sense requires *above*.
 527. *Thrace*. Cf. 466, 143.
 548. *Strait*. F has *streight*, which, as often, obviously stands for *strait*, not *straight*.
 767, 565. *Soft smiling*. So SS.; F reads *soft, smiling*.
 580. *Sat*. So F; it might be better to substitute *sate*, to point the rhyme.
 600. *Conquest*. This is personified, *Conquest*, in Chaucer; Dryden has confused the passage by prefixing the article.
 614. *Two geomantic figures*. Chaucer wrote
 And over his heed ther shynen two figures
 Of sterres, that been cleped in scriptures,
 That oon Puella, that other Rubeus.
 On this Speght comments, partially incorrectly: "The names of two figures in geomancy, representing two constellations in heaven. Puella signifieth Mars retrograde, and Rubeus Mars direct." This is sufficient to explain Dryden's rehandling of the passage; for an explanation of the subject matter, see Skeat's note on *Cant. Tales*, A 2045.
 623. *Calisto*. A nymph of Diana, who was seduced by Jupiter. When her guilt had been discovered by Diana, as they were bathing, Juno turned her into a bear, in which form she was nearly slain by her son, Arcas. Jupiter, to avert this crime, gave mother and son places in the skies, as the constellations of the Great and the Little Bear. (F reads *Calisto*; the correct form is *Calisto*. Cf. p. 76, where *Calisto* is retained from the early editions.)
Manifest of shame. Cf. 112, 204, n.
 627. *Acteon*. A hunter who chanced to see Diana bathing. She changed him into a stag, and he was torn in pieces by his own dogs.
 631. *Daphne*. v. 394, 606 f.
 634. *The Caledonian beast*. This is an error, by Dryden or the printer, for *Calydonian*; cf. 787, 1, n. On the story, v. 787-792.
 768, 639. *The Volscian queen*. v. 624, 1094 f; 681-688, 753-1256.
 661. *So princes*, etc. Dryden's complaint, not Chaucer's; cf. 414, 100, n.
 8. *Such chiefs*, etc. Cf. 623, 975.
 31. *Pruce*. Prussia. Scott.
 769, 100. *Their honest god*. Cf. 460, 540, n; 732, 52.
 104. *Posts*. The editions of 1700 and 1713 read *Pots*. The emendation to *posts*, adopted by all modern editors except Professor Saintsbury, seems practically certain; cf. 897, 561.
 770, 129. *Creator Venus*, etc. Dryden here mingles Lucretius with Chaucer; cf. 182, 1-27. Spenser also imitates the same passage; v. *Faerie Queene*, IV. x. 44-47.
 145. *Thou gladder*, etc. This line is directly from Chaucer; the island Cythera, not the mountain Cithæron, was really sacred to Venus. Cf. 766, 498.
 146. *Increase of Jove*. Cf. 256, 208, and Dryden's footnote.
 147. *Adonis*. Cf. 725, 577; 811, 382, n.
 771, 201. *But such*, etc. Dryden here remembers Juvenal, vi. 314.
 773, 381. *Leadon*. "His planetary metal." SAINTSBURY.
 388. *Outridden*. Dryden has "most ridiculously mistaken" (Tyrrwhitt) the sense of Chaucer's *outride* (*at-ride* in Skeat's text), which really means *surpass* in *conest*.
 389. *Trin'd*. v. 50, 1165, n.
 774, 411. *Bought senates*, etc. "This line, containing a political allusion to the events of the Revolution, is Dryden's exclusively." [Scott.]
 426. *Chronos*. i. e. Saturn's.
 442. *Leaning*, etc. Cf. 9, 154.
 775, 545. *Mamy*. In this substantive use of *mamy* there is probably confusion with the noun *meiny*, retinue; cf. 732, 107.
 777, 665. *The people*, etc. Cf. 732, 107.
 672. *The standing army*. Cf. 356¹, 4 (*Arg.*), n.
 689. *Popularly low*. Cf. 118, 689.
 778, 757, 758. *Destroy'd*: *void*. The repetition of this rhyme just below (ll. 766, 767) is a sign of Dryden's haste in writing.
 779, 787. *Spirit's*. F reads *Spirits*.
 844-853. *But . . . know*. Dryden has modified Chaucer's lines into a passage that gives expression to his own sceptical temperament, which, however, did not preclude acceptance of the doctrines of the Catholic Church. On the concluding couplet, cf. 164, 165, 208-211.
 780, 891. *With words*, etc. Here Dryden adds a touch of sarcasm not found in Chaucer.
 781, 927. *Mourning Bride*. The italics (retained from F) point the compliment to Congreve's tragedy *The Mourning Bride*, acted and published in 1697.
 960. *Mountain-ash*. So F.
 982. *Swoond*. F reads *Swoond*.
 985. *While*, etc. In this description Dryden follows Chaucer closely, but compare also 675, 281-303.
 782, 1066. *A drop*. Cf. 811, 384.
 783, 1074. *Reckless*. F reads *Reckless*.
 1144. *Eros and Anteros*. Here understood by Dryden as the gods of Love and Reciprocal Love.
 784. *TO JOHN DRIDEN*. This country gentleman was the second son of Sir John Driden, baronet, the elder brother of Erasmus Dryden (or Driden), the poet's father (Malone, I. 1, 321). He was born in 1635; he represented the county of Huntingdon in parliament in 1690, and from 1700 till his death in 1708.
 Some interesting information as to this poem is contained in Dryden's letters. His former antagonist, Charles Montagu (v. n. 216, HIND AND PANTHER), was now First Lord of the Treasury, and a prominent member of the ministry to which John Driden of Chesterton, as is evident from ll. 127-134, 171-194, of the poem, was opposed. Desiring his patronage for his projected translation of Homer, the poet wrote to him in October, 1699, inclosing the epistle to his cousin:
 "Sir,
 "These verses had waited on you with the former [those *To the Duchess of Ormond*], but

that they wanted that correction which I have given them, that they may the better endure the sight of so great a judge and poet. I am now in fears that I have purg'd them out of their spirit; as our Master Busby us'd to whip a boy so long, till he made him a confirm'd blockhead. My cousin Driden saw them in the country; and the greatest exception he made to them was, a satire against the Dutch valour in the last war. He desir'd me to omit it, (to use his own words) *out of the respect he had to his Sovereign*. I obey'd his commands, and left only the praises, which I think are due to the gallantry of my own countrymen. In the description which I have made of a Parliament-man, I think I have not only drawn the features of my worthy kinsman, but have also given my own opinion of what an Englishman in Parliament ought to be; and deliver it as a memorial of my own principles to all posterity. I have consulted the judgment of my unbysass'd friends, who have some of them the honour to be known to you; and they think there is nothing which can justly give offence in that part of the poem. I say not this, to cast a blind on your judgment, (which I cou'd not do, if I endeavour'd it,) but to assure you, that nothing relating to the publick shall stand without your permission; for it were to want common sense to desire your patronage, and resolve to disoblige you: And as I will not hazard my hopes of your protection, by refusing to obey you in any thing which I can perform with my conscience or my honour, so I am very confident you will never impose any other terms on me." (Malone, i, 2; 90, 91; the remainder of the letter is given in n. 742¹, 23.)

For other notices, see the excerpts on p. 737. Malone (i, 1, 325-327) mentions a tradition, of which he doubts the accuracy, that the *noble present* to which Dryden refers was the sum of five hundred pounds. Lines 7-13 of the poem, according to Scott, are added to John Driden's epitaph in the church at Chesterton.

43. *But you*, etc. "Sir Robert Driden inherited the paternal estate of Canons Ashby, while that of Chesterton descended to John, his second brother, to whom this poem is addressed, through his mother, daughter of Sir Robert Beville." [Scott.]

53. *Industrious of*. Cf. 233, 1143.

785, 75. *Pity*, etc. "It is a pity that the generous kind, etc." [Christie.]

82. *Gibbons*. Cf. 367, 126, n; 709¹, 13.

83. *Maurus*. Cf. 748², 27, n; 899¹, 16, n. The editor cannot find that Blackmore *robb'd and murder'd Maro's Muse*, and thinks that in l. 85 he may be confused with Milbourne. — "The fourteen-syllable line is of course used intentionally, and, as it were, pictorially. The sweep of the verse is as vast as that of *Maurus*." [SAINTSBURY, Cf. 129, 94, n.]

87. *M-U-me*. Milbourne; cf. 748², 27, n.

107. *Garth*. "Sir Samuel Garth (1661-1719), the ingenious author of *The Dispensary* (1699).

Although this celebrated wit and physician differed widely from Dryden in politics, being a violent Whig, they seem, nevertheless, to have lived in the most intimate terms. Sir Samuel had the honor to pronounce a Latin oration at the funeral of our poet. Garth's generosity consisted in maintaining a Dispensary for issuing advice and prescriptions gratis to the poor. This was highly disapproved of by the more selfish of his brethren, and by the apothecaries. The resulting disputes led to Sir Samuel's humorous poem." [Scott.]

109. *The viper's brood*.

Thou mak'st th' ingratefull *Viper* (at his birth)
His dying Mother's belly to gnaw forth.

STYLYSTER, *Dubartas his First Weekes* (Sixth Day, li, 350, 351).

118. *Produce*. F has periods after both this word and *bear* (l. 122); after *will* (l. 124) it has an exclamation point, and after *found* (l. 126) a question mark. SS. and C. retain the period after *produce* and place a colon after *bear*.

786, 140. *Munster*. Cf. 30, 145, n.

142. *Our foes*, etc. "A very bloody war had been recently concluded by the Peace of Ryswick in 1697. The House of Commons were averse to a renewal of the conflict, and, from fear of tyranny, were jealous of every attempt to maintain any military force. In 1698 the army was reduced to 7000 men, and in 1699 William saw himself compelled to dismiss his faithful and favorite Dutch guards. — The subsequent lines point obliquely at these measures, which were now matter of public discussion. Dryden's cousin was one of the Whig faction that opposed the king on the question of the army. As for the poet, his Jacobitical principles assented to everything that could embarrass King William. But, for the reasons which he has assigned in his letter to Montagu, he leaves his opinion concerning the disbanding of the army to be inferred from his panegyric on the navy, and his declamation against the renewal of the war."

[Scott.] Cf. 356¹, 4 (Arg.), n.

152. *Namur*. The capture of Namur in Belgium by William III in 1695 had led up to the Peace of Ryswick two years later.

188. *Your generous grandsire*. Malone, and Scott following him, stated, apparently without other evidence than this poem, that this was Sir Robert Beville, maternal grandfather of John Driden of Chesterton. Christie writes, on the other hand: "The laborious and accurate Mr. Holt White, in his MS. notes, ascertained that Sir Erasmus Dryden, the common grandfather of the two cousins, is referred to; and he refers to a list in Rushworth's *Historical Collections* (i. 473), where occurs the name of Sir Erasmus Draiton, as one of those sent to prison on account of the loan money, and liberated on the eve of the general election for Charles I's third parliament, 1628."

787, 1. *Calydonians*. F reads *Caledonians* (and

in l. 77 *Caledonian*), but prints *Calydon* in the argument just above, and *Calidon* in l. 364.
 2, 44, 227. *Meleagrus*. . . *Meleagros*. So F.
 7, 8. *Ceres*. . . *Fales*. Cf. 750, 65, n.
 50. *Perithous*. Cf. 756, 358, n.
 53. *Cæneus*. Cf. 856, 857, 234-287; 601, 608.
 790, 237. *Plerippus*. F reads *Ploarippus*, probably by a misprint.

791, 288. *Brother's*. So F; in l. 296 F reads *Brothers*.

792. SIGISMONDA and GUISCARDO. On this and on Dryden's other adaptations from Boccaccio, see Wieruszowski, *Untersuchungen über John Drydens Boccaccio-Paraphrasen*, Bonn, 1904.

Sigismonda and Guiscardo is from the first tale of the fourth day of the *Decameron*. The only essential change that Dryden has made in the plot is his introduction of a marriage between the hero and heroine. (v. n. 736 (FABLES) for Wordsworth's opinion on this.) Wieruszowski thinks that the main aim of our argument-loving poet in this alteration was to provide Sigismonda with a new plea in her defense of her act; v. 797, 402-420. Perhaps Dryden, despite the coarseness of ll. 147-172, really thought the change made the tale *savor less of immodesty*: cf. 746¹, 25; and, for a similar change in *Cymon and Iphigenia*, v. n. 890 (CYMON).

Scott's criticism on the tale may be added to Wordsworth's: "—Dryden . . . made Boccaccio's story his own, and told it in his own way. One gross fault he has engrafted upon his original; I mean the coarseness of Sigismonda's character, whose love is that of temperament, not of affection. This error, grounded upon Dryden's false view of the passion and of the female character, and perhaps arising from the depravity of the age rather than of the poet, pervades and greatly injures the effect of the tale. Yet it is more than counterbalanced by preponderating beauties. Without repeating the praise, elsewhere given to the majesty of the poet's versification, and which this piece alone would be sufficient to justify, the reader's attention may be solicited to the colors with which Dryden has drawn a mind wrought up to the highest pitch of despair. Sigismonda is placed in that situation in which, above all others, the human disposition seems to acquire a sort of supernatural strength or obstinacy; for although guilty of a crime, she is punished in a degree far exceeding the measure of the offence. In such a situation, that acuteness of feeling, which would otherwise waste itself in fluctuations betwixt shame, fear, and remorse, is willingly and eagerly turned into the channel of resistance and recommitment; and perhaps no reader mode can be discovered of hardening the human heart, even to the consistency of the nether millstone. It is in this state that Sigismonda resolutely, and even joyfully, embraces death, in order to punish her father, and rejoice her lover. The previous arguments with Tancred sufficiently, and, in

the circumstances, naturally, intimate the tone of her mind, and are a striking instance of Dryden's power in painting passion wrought up to desperation." [SCOTT.]

793, 66. *The royal maid*. "Dryden constantly forces the rhyme for the sake of a word. But he very seldom, as here, forces a word for the sake of a rhyme. Sigismonda was not a maid." [SAINTSBURY.]

794, 116. *Malignant light*. Cf. 598, 381, n.

154. *Nothing wanted*. "Nothing was wanting." [CHRISTIE.]

795, 242. *So, like*, etc. Cf. 115, 445-454.

796, 306. *Thrice*, etc. Christie points out the imitation of *Paradise Lost*, i. 619-621:

Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
 Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth: at last
 Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

332. *The guest*, etc. Saintsbury points out the influence of Lucretius; cf. 185, 126-134.

798, 503. *One paste*, etc. Cf. 738¹, 40.

799, 597. *The soldier*. Cf. 356¹, 4 (Arg.), n.

802, 14. *Manufacter'd mass*. F reads *Manufac-ture Mass*, which, though retained by SS., seems to the present editor unintelligible.

803, 90. *Pallas*. "To whom the olive was sacred." SCOTT.

805, 41. *Parrots*. "These are of Dryden's introduction." [SCOTT.]

806. CYNTHAS and MYRRHA. Cf. 722, 319-324.

809, 272. *The bell*. "The Zodiac." SAINTSBURY.

811, 382. *The babe*. Adonis: cf. 725, 577; 770, 147.

384. *The drop*. Cf. 782, 1066.

812, 77. *At rovers*. Cf. 284¹, 25, n.

813, 115. *Dispose*. The verb is apparently made plural by the influence of *those* in the preceding line; cf. 400, 1031, n.

815, 295. *Falchion*. F reads *Faulchion*.

816, 328. *He said*, etc. "What a difference," he [Tennyson] would add, 'between Pope's little poisonous barbs, and Dryden's strong invective! And how much more real poetic force there is in Dryden! Look at Pope:

He said, observant of the blue-eyed maid,
 Then in the sheath return'd the slitting blade.

Then at Dryden:

He said: with smirly faith believ'd her word,
 And in the sheath, reluctant, plung'd the sword."
 HALLAM TENNYSON, *Alfred, Lord Tennyson*, 1898, vol. ii, p. 287.

367. *Council*. Cf. 756, 301, n.

377. *Cæneus*. Cf. 856, 857, 234-287; 601, 608; 787, 53.

817, 385. *Counsels*. F reads *Councils*; cf. 756, 301, n.

820, 634. *Inbibing*. "Not drawing flavor from, but giving it to; a sense now obsolete." SAINTSBURY. But apparently either sense will fit this passage; the original gives no aid in determining which to prefer.

666. *And of*, etc. Cf. 129, 94, n.

822, 3. *Dell*. F reads *Cell*; the emendation was suggested, but not adopted, by Christie. Perhaps *Dale* (Chaucer's word) was what Dryden really wrote.

- 823, 21. *Payant*. F reads *paynant*, probably by a misprint.
35. *Holidays*. F reads *Holy-Days*; the same spelling is often found elsewhere.
43. *The cock*. So Aldine and Riverside editions; F, followed by SS. and C., reads a *Cock*, which can hardly be correct.
65. *Some lines*, etc. "The exact object of this curious fling is not obvious. The cousinhood of William and Mary will not do, for many reasons. Perhaps the Hapsburgs and the 'Austrian lip' are glanced at." SAINTSBURY
- 824, 104. *Sprite*. F reads *Spright*.
106. *Shrovetide*. "The recognized and privileged time for cockfighting, and pelling cocks with sticks, especially in schools." SAINTSBURY. Cf. 87¹, 7, n.
136. *Aferd*. F reads *offer'd*; Chaucer has *aferd*.
146. *The canting style*. "In technical terms;" used with a bit of sarcasm at doctors, not at Puritans.
161. *Humor*. Cf. 6, 100, n.
162. *Cato*. The reference is to a work in easy Latin, used as a schoolbook in the middle ages. *Dionysii Calonis Disticha de Moribus ad Filium*. It has no connection with either of the two famous Catos of Roman history; hence ll. 203, 204, which are Dryden's addition to the story.
- 825, 187. *Under*. F reads *over*, an obvious mistake.
188. *Because*, etc. Cf. 436, 105.
202. *For Homer*, etc. Dryden's addition; cf. 813, 91-93.
254. *For sacred*, etc. Cf. 552, 80.
- 826, 279. *Found*. F reads *bound*.
300. *Waiting*, etc. Cf. 10, 223, 224.
328. *A mob*, etc. "There may be room to suspect that the line should run:
- A court of cobblers, and a mob of kings, —
- as better expressing the confusion of ideas incident to dreaming." SCOTT.
- 827, 391. *The wife*, etc. This vision Chaucer found, not in Homer, but in Dares Phrygius: cf. 497², 34, n; 501², 52, n.
417. *In principio*. "In the beginning," a reference to the opening words of the Gospel of John, which begin the "second Gospel," ordinarily read at the close of Mass.
418. *Mulier*, etc. "Woman is man's undoing," a mediaeval saying that Chaucer is supposed to have taken from Vincent of Beauvais.
- 828, 480. *Man*, etc. Dryden's addition to the story; cf. 111, 170, n.
473. *And Heav'n*, etc. "An allusion to Homer's allegory of the two tuns (*Iliad*, xxiv. 527 f), used by Achilles in consolation to the afflicted Priam." [WARTON.]
479. *Book of Martyrs*. The Catholic Dryden introduces a sarcastic reference to John Foxe's *Acts and Monuments*, commonly known as the *Book of Martyrs*, a favorite book with the English Protestants, and a work of which the accuracy is by no means equal to its anti-Catholic enthusiasm.
480. *A fox*, etc. "Indulging, as usual, his political antipathies, Dryden fails not to make the fox a Puritan." SCOTT.
499. *O hypocrite*, etc. "According to the romantic history of Charlemagne, Gano, or Ganelon, betrayed the Christian army at the battle of Roncesvalles, where Orlando and the peers of France were slain. The pun upon *Gallie* (Latin *gallus*, a cock), which is renewed in deriving the cock from Brennus and Belinus (l. 636), is entirely Dryden's." [SCOTT.]
- 529, 515, 549, 559. *Bin, been*. Cf. 263¹, 31, n.
523. *I cannot*, etc. Dryden, true to his taste for argument in verse, expands the following passage; and, true to his Catholic faith, makes plain his preference for the free will solution: cf. 877, 424. In ll. 517-522 there is a sneer at Calvinism; cf. 116, 539, n.
524. *Bradwardin*. Thomas Bradwardine (1290?-1349), Archbishop of Canterbury. His work *On the Cause of God* earned him the title of Doctor Profundus, and remained a theological authority for ages. Austin is of course St. Augustine.
555. *With a mischief to their kind*. A mild curse — "deuce take 'em!"
565. *Silence*, etc. An expression of Dryden's own principles after the Revolution.
- 830, 599. *So profane*. So SS. and C.; F reads *to prophane*.
636. *Brennus and Belinus*. Brennus was the leader of the Gauls who overran Italy in a. c. 390. Belinus (or Belenus) was a divinity of the Gauls.
652. *Solar*. "That is, born under the influence of the sun; this addition to Chaucer well illustrates Dryden's interest in astrology." [SAINTSBURY.]
- 831, 686. *Native*. "In astrology, the person whose scheme of nativity is calculated." [SCOTT.]
693. *Gaufride*, etc. "Gaufride, or Geoffrey de Vinsauf, bewailed the death of Richard I in would-be plaintive hexameters, in which he particularly exclaims against Friday, the day on which that hero was shot by Bertrand de Gurdun." [SCOTT.] Chaucer's compliment is of course ironical.
728. *Talbot with the band*. "Probably Dryden took Talbot in its sense of *dog*, and then *band* will be as in *bandog*, 'the chained hound.'" [SAINTSBURY.]
742. *Jack Straw*, etc. "Dryden has given Jack Straw the national antipathies of the mob in his own time. The gathering cry *one and all* he also takes from modern London." [SCOTT.]
750. *And inflated box*. "Blew into musical instruments of boxwood;" or *inflated* may be taken as a participle.
- 832, 759. *Fours*, etc. "This excellent parody upon Virgil is introduced by Dryden, and marks his late labors." [SCOTT.] Cf. 707, 1357, 1358.
790. *So loyal subjects*, etc. Another utterance of the Tory Dryden, capable of being applied to the events of the English Revolution.
806. *A peace*, etc. This closing speech of the cock was added to the story by Dryden.

THEODORE AND HONORIA. This story is from the eighth tale of the fifth day of the *Decameron*. Dryden has altered the names of the characters, changing Nastagio degli Onesti into Theodore, the daughter of Paolo Traversaro into Honoria, and Guido degli Anastagi into Guido Cavalcanti. The last name is found in the tenth canto of Dante's *Inferno*, but Dryden is more likely to have taken it from the ninth tale of the sixth day of the *Decameron*. — In the plot the English poet makes but one essential change, greatly expanding (ll. 340–409) the description of the inward struggle of Honoria, which Boccaccio treats very summarily, in about ten lines.

Byron's praise of this tale is well known:

Sweet hour of twilight! — in the solitude
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flow'd o'er,
To where the last Caesarean fortress stood,
Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
And vesper bell's that rose the boughs along:
The specter huntsman of Onesti's line,
His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng
Which learn'd from this example not to fly
From a true lover, — shadow'd my mind's eye.

Don Juan, iii. 105, 106.

1. *Romanian lands*. Boccaccio's phrase is, *In Ravenna antichissima città di Romagna*.

835, 193. *Stern*. F reads *Stern'd*.

220. *Would*. "Used purposely here as expressing desire." [SAINTSBURY.]

836, 228. *Destruction*. F reads *Distraction*.

268. *Mastiffs*. F reads *Mastiffs*, which may be either nominative or possessive, since the apostrophe is ordinarily not used in plural possessives.

280. *Close*. F reads *clos'd*.

838, 425. *Beware*. Since Dryden frequently shifts tenses in successive lines (as, for example, in 536, 31, 32; 859, 407, 408), this may be taken as a present tense: cf. 832, 709.

CEYX AND ALCYONE. The words *out of* . . . *Metamorphoses* do not occur in the heading in F; they are supplied from the table of contents, which, however, has *Tenth* instead of *Eleventh*.

839, 51. *And present*, etc. "And, being present, fear nothing except what I actually suffer."

54. *Starlike*. Ovid's *sidericus*; Ceyx was the son of Lucifer, the morning star.

842, 278. *Beast of nature*. Wild beasts (*fera*); cf. 251, 2537.

311. *Renew*. F reads *renews*, doubtless a misprint.

844, 395, 396. *Her nurse*, etc. The punctuation follows SS.; F has no stop after *cause*, and places commas after *Cries* and *Griefs*.

845, 495. *See'n days*, etc. These are the "haleyon days" (cf. 7, 144; 10, 236) of winter, when the sea is calm and the kingfisher sits brooding on her nest. Other authors give their number as fourteen.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF. The words *out of Chaucer* do not occur in the heading of this poem in F, but are found in the table of contents.

Modern students of Chaucer do not regard the original of this poem as one of his works. It probably dates from the middle of the fifteenth century, and seems to have been written by a woman (cf. 851, 471). It is in a seven-line stanza, rhyming a b a b b c c (rhyme royal). Dryden is freer in handling this poem than in any other of his adaptations from early English, except of course *The Character of a Good Parson*; ll. 480–501, which identify the companies of knights and ladies with fairies, are his addition to the story.

29. *The balmy dew*. "That is, sleep." [SAINTSBURY.]

846, 46. *The painted birds*. Christie notes the borrowing from Virgil: *pictæ volucres*, *Georgics*, iii. 243.

53. *And wanted*, etc. "One prognostic was missing to add to the others that announced the spring." [SAINTSBURY.]

847, 129. *Her opposite*. "The goldfinch." SAINTSBURY.

155. *A train*, etc. "The mass of the Fathers (Justin, Athenagoras, Irenæus, Clement, Tertullian, Origen, Lactantius, Sulpicius, Ambrose, Nazianzen) hold that, though Satan fell from the beginning, the Angels fell before the deluge, falling in love with the daughters of men." NEWMAN, *Apologetica*, ch. i (London, 1887, p. 29). Cf. *Genesis* vi. 2.

158. *Less*. "That is, a comparison less." [SAINTSBURY.]

159. *Of a kind*. "Of one kind; uniform." [SAINTSBURY.] After *kind* F has a comma, retained here and in SS.; C. deletes it.

848, 228. *Trumpets*. "In the sense of *trumpeters*. These and other warlike musicians long held some part of the character of heralds and of ancient minstrels. They were distinguished by collars and tabards, and often employed on messages, during which their persons were sacred." [SCOTT.]

233. *Charge*. "Bearings." SAINTSBURY.

257. *The rivets*, etc. "The joints of the armor were riveted with nails after the warrior had put it on." [SCOTT.]

264. *Henchmen*. "Personal attendants, who followed the knights in battle, and never quitted their side. Before a battle the henchmen carried, as in the text, the arms of the knight ready for use." [SCOTT.]

849, 297. *Courasers*. F reads *Courses*.

850, 345. *On arow*. F reads *on a-row*.

353. *Masters*. F reads *Master's*.

360. *Lea*. F reads *Lay*, a spelling which helps to explain rhymes such as *sea*: *way*, 27, 42.

851, 493. *Demogorgon*. "Demogorgon, one of the more apocryphal deities of mythology, has not much propriety here, except as supplying a name of excellent sound." [SAINTSBURY.]

852, 535. *Nine worthies*. "The common list of the nine worthies comprehends: Hector, Pompey, and Alexander, pagans; Joshua,

- David, and Judas Maccabeus, Jews; and Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Boulogne, Christians; but it is sometimes varied." SCOTT.
542. *Who bear the bows*, etc. "This is a mistake of Dryden, who was misled by the spelling of his text of the old English; *bows* here, but *boughs* in line corresponding to 849, 282. The bow, though the youth trained to chivalry were taught to use it, made no part of a knight's proper weapons. But it is curious how Dryden, having fallen into an error, finds out a reason for his false reading, by alleging that the bows were borne as an emblem of strength of arm, valor, and victory." [SCOTT.]
- 853, 806. *Sigils*. "Planetary or other signs, used as talismans." [SAINTSBURY.] Dryden's addition; cf. 766, 483.
- 854, 24. *Ostent*. "Dryden probably took this term (it is not in Ovid) from Chapman (*Iliad*, ii. 280), which, considering his previous condemnation of that translator (386², 21-29), was unkind." [SAINTSBURY.]
36. *Yet*, etc. Yet, despite this prodigy, the navy did not weigh anchor.
44. *Iphigenia*. Dryden accents incorrectly, *Iphige'nia* instead of *Iphigeni'a*; cf. 601, 606, n; 730, 7, n; 895, 419.
- 855, 98. *Heroes*. Possibly this should be changed to *heroes*.
- 856, 203. *The bird*. "The swan." SCOTT.
236. *These*. So SS.; F reads *Those*. On *Caneus*, cf. 601, 808; 787, 53.
- 857, 294. *The cloud-begotten race*. "The Centaurs, a people of Thessaly, said to be begotten by Ixion, on the cloud which he took for Juno." SCOTT.
307. *And little wanted*, etc. "The translation is somewhat obscure; it means: 'All wished her joy, and it had nearly happened that all had wished it in vain.'" [SCOTT.]
- 858, 339. *Supply*. Cf. 400, 1031, n.
- 861, 578. *Strange*, etc. *Habit* and *dress* are ordinarily synonyms. Scott thinks that here the former applies "to the furniture of the horse," but suggests as an alternative that it "means his mode of life." N. E. D. gives no instance of *habit* used in any such sense as *trappings* of a horse.
- 862, 607. *Divin'd*. F reads *devin'd*.
634. *Beast*. F reads *Breast*; the emendation was suggested, but not adopted, by Saintsbury.
- 863, 742. *Tow'r'd*. F reads *tow'r'd*.
- 864, 811. *Warrior*. So SS.; F reads *Warrior*; perhaps *warriors* would be a better correction.
- 868, 254. *Phlvia*. F reads *Phya*.
- 869, 395. *The spy*. Dolon, whom Diomedes and Ulysses surprised setting out to explore the Greek camp: v. *Iliad*, x. 299-464; cf. 695, 520-529.
- 871, 501. *Counsels*. So SS.; F reads *Counsel*, probably by a misprint.
- 872, 609. *A flow'r*. The hyacinth. This flower was fabled to have sprung from the blood of the beautiful youth Hyacinthus, a favorite of Apollo, and accidentally slain by him. It bore on its petals the Greek letters AI, an exclamation of woe, symbolizing the grief of Apollo for his loss. The same letters begin the name Aïes, Ajax.
- THE WIFE OF BATH, HER TALE. On this poem Professor Lounsbury writes:
- "This is essentially a fairy story. In Chaucer the heroine is a young and beautiful woman who has by unmentioned, but evidently malignant agency been transformed into a foul, ill-favored crone. It is implied, though not asserted, that in this condition she must remain until some one can be prevailed upon to receive her as a bride with all her deformity, and ignorant of the transformation that is to restore her to her true shape. It is for this end, therefore, that she is laboring solely. But in Dryden's version she is no mere passive sufferer from a wrong inflicted by a malign and hostile influence possessed of preternatural power. She is herself a proficient in magic art. She has the infernal world at her command. When her offer is accepted by the knight, she spreads her mantle on the ground, and transfers him with furious rapidity to King Arthur's court, while his horse is also brought thither by some devil subject to her will [v. 875, 253-265]. The alteration was objectionable because it was false to the original, false to the belief upon which the original was founded, and false to the central idea of the story. The beautiful woman of Chaucer, suffering from the influence of malignant hate, becomes in Dryden a practitioner of the black art, leagued with the powers of the lower world, and sharing in the privileges with which subservience to their will is rewarded." *Studies in Chaucer*, iii. 176, 177.
- Though this criticism is just, it merely shows Dryden's lack of knowledge and appreciation of mediæval literature. His contemporaries, if they noted his addition to the original, were probably pleased by it.
3. *Elfs*. On the discrepancy with *elves* (873, 34), cf. 263¹, 31, n.
28. *Friars*. F reads *Fry'rs*.
- 873, 61-68. *Then courts*, etc. An oblique reply to Collier: v. B. S. xxxvi; n. 734 (MORRÆUX); cf. 899 (*Epil.*).
73. *Geneura*. Guinevere.
80. *Covering*, etc. This line is Dryden's addition, and is very characteristic of him.
84. *Speaker*. The speaker of the House of Commons was so called because in the old days he was the spokesman of the Commons in their communications with the Crown. The older sense of the word survives here.
104. *But, not*, etc. The 1700 ed. reads *But not to hold our Proffer in Scorn*; that of 1713 inserts *turn'd* after *Proffer*. Some emendation is necessary, and that suggested in the text seems as likely as any.
- 874, 156. *Witness*, etc. "Ovid, indeed, tells the story in the *Metamorphoses*, lib. xi. But how will the fair reader excuse Chaucer for converting the talkative male domestic of Midas into that king's wife?" SCOTT.

194. *Bitter*. F reads *Bitlour*.

Bumps. The name given to the cry of the bittern. "That a bittern maketh that mugient noise, or as we term it, *bumping*, by putting its bill into a reed, . . . is not so easily made out. For my own part, though after diligent enquiry, I could never behold them in this motion." SIR THOMAS BROWNE, *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, iii. 27, § 4.

875, 245. *Kerchief*. "I do not remember another example of this synecdoche, though the similar, but much less graceful, *petticoat*, is of course common." SAINTSBURY.

Chaucer has:

—the proudeste of hem alle,
That wereth on a coverchief or a calle.

876, 340. *À la mort*. F reads *a-la-mort*. This phrase was once completely naturalized in English, and felt as *all amori*; the italics of F show, however, that Dryden regarded it as still French.

877, 374. *Ah benedicite*, etc. The following passage, through l. 457, is greatly altered and expanded from Chaucer. Dryden owes much to Lucretius; cf. 191, 208–236. Line 436, however, is from Horace; cf. 490¹, 13, n.

387. *Earth*. "That is, his *earthly part, body*." [SAINTSBURY.]

424. *The will is free*. Cf. 829, 523, n.

878, 431. *Whichever*. One of the two.

434. *Sodom blue*. "That is, the blue flame of sulphur, wherewith Sodom perished." [SAINTSBURY.]

448. *Servius Tullius*. The sixth king of Rome, the son of a female captive, who was a slave in the family of Tarquinius Priscus, the fifth king. — F reads *Tullus*, probably by a misprint.

450. *Fabritius*. One of the poor and honest heroes of the Roman republic, famous for his exploits in the war against Pyrrhus. (Added to the story by Dryden.)

471. *The ragged beggar*, etc. From Juvenal, as Chaucer indicates; cf. 348, 33, 34.

879, 534. *Pygmalion*. Added to the story by Dryden; v. 804–806.

543. *Often as they*. So SS.; F reads *often they*.

3. *Sate*. F reads *sat*, but of rhyme.

16. *Alcides*. Hercules; cf. 628, 266–270.

881, 160. *Cov'ous*. F reads *cove'ous*.

882, 260. *Tiphys*. The helmsman of the ship *Argo*; cf. 885, 505.

883, 304. *Flourets*. F reads *Flourets*.

339. *The rolling chair*. "The rolling chair, or go-cart, and the stick are not in Ovid." SAINTSBURY.

Dryden's addition here of concrete detail to Ovid's vague *aliquo conamine* is in contrast with his general tendency to abstraction.

343. *Years*. F places a comma after this word; SS., a colon.

884, 434. *Hurt by Hercules*, etc. Cf. 857, 292 f, and 863, 706–710.

885, 505. *Tiphys*. Cf. 882, 260, n.

886, 539. *But this*, etc. Cf. 481–487, 401–806.

541. *Hollow*. So SS.; F reads *hollow*, which may be a misprint for either *hollow* or *shallow*.

550. *Backward*. That is, walking backward, referring to the crab's gait.

583, 592. *Amomum* . . . *cassia, cinnamon* . . . *nard*. All these words are in italics in F.

586. *Centuries*. F reads *Cent'ries*.

887, 658. *Birch*. So SS.; F reads *Breath*, but of rhyme.

888, 702. *Nor purple feathers*, etc. "Alluding to the plan of fastening bright feathers to a string to frighten game." SAINTSBURY.

THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON. "This piece may be considered as an *amendement honorable* to the reverend order whom Dryden had often satirized, — cf. 734 (MORTEUX), n; 734², 18, n; 111, 99; 492², 46–49, — and himself seems to wish it to be viewed in that light (v. 745², 26–35). With a freedom which he has frequently employed elsewhere, though to a less extent, Dryden has added the last thirty-five lines, in which, availing himself of the revolution which in Chaucer's time placed Henry IV on the throne, he represents the political principles of his priest as the same with those of the non-juring clergy of his own day. Indeed the whole piece is greatly enlarged upon Chaucer's sketch." [SCOTT.]

As we know from a letter (printed on p. 737), Dryden wrote this poem at the suggestion of Samuel Pepys, the diarist. To the poet's letter Pepys replied as follows:

"Friday, July 14, 1699.

"SIR,

"You truly have obliged mee; and possibly in saying so, I am more in earnest than you can readily think; as verily hoping from this your copy of one GOOD PARSON, to fancy some amends made mee for the hourly offence I beare with from the sight of soe many lewd originals.

"I shall with great pleasure attend you on this occasion, when ere you'll permit it; unless you would have the kindness to double it to mee, by suffering my coach to wayte on you (and who you can gayne mee y^e same favour from) hither, to a cold chicken and a sallade, any noone after Sunday, as being just stepping into the ayre for 2 days. I am most respectfully

Your honor^d and obed^t Servant,
S. P." (Malone I, 2, 86.)

The writer of the preface to the 1711 edition of *Expostulatoria*, a work attributed to Bishop Thomas Ken (1637–1711) applies to Ken Dryden's *Character of a Good Parson*. (The editor here follows the account of Ken by the Rev. William Hunt in D. N. B., which, however, gives the title of Ken's work as *Expostulatoria*.) The age of the parson, his writing of hymns (ll. 21–24), and his principles as a non-juror, all circumstances added to Chaucer by Dryden, favor this view, but external evidence is lacking.

19. *For, letting down*, etc. Dryden's addition; cf. 782, 1024, 1025. The idea of the *chain of love* goes back to Boethius; v. Skeat's note on *Cant. Tales*, A 2991–93.

- 889, 34. *To threats*, etc. "A reference to the well-known fable of *The Sun, the Wind, and the Traveler*." SAINTSBURY. Cf. 223, 447.
97. *Zabedee*. v. Mark x. 35-45.
98. *Not but*, etc. "This passage is obviously introduced by the author to apologize for the splendid establishment of the clergy of his own community. What follows applies, as has been noticed, to the non-juring clergy, who lost their benefices for refusing the oath of allegiance to King William." SCOTT.
103. *Reflecting*, etc. v. Exodus xxiv. 29-35; cf. 118, 649, n.
- 890, 115. *An odious name*. "How odious, Burnet found when his Pastoral Letter urging it was burnt by order of the Commons, January, 1693. The flattering priest below is, however, pretty certainly William Sherlock, Dean of St. Paul's, whose *Case of the Allegiance due to Sovereign Powers*, etc., appeared in 1690 or 1691. See Macaulay, ch. xvii. xix." [SAINTSBURY.]
- CYMON AND IPHIGENIA. This story is from the first tale of the fifth day of the *Decameron*. Dryden's principal alteration of the plot is that he makes Iphigenia respond to Cymon's love, so that she, as well as her father, regrets the previous contract to Pasimond (v. l. 251). The aim, as Wieruszowski conjectures, is probably to create some moral justification for the hero's acts. Cf. the similar change of *Sigismonda and Guscardo*; v. n. 792.
- This poem was reprinted in the third edition (1702) of *Sylvia (The Second Miscellany)*.
- 1-41. *Old*, etc. This passage is a reply to Collier's attack: v. B. S. xxxvi, and 734 (MORTEUX), n, and references given there. Christie justly remarks: "Unable to make a good defense, Dryden resorts to abuse; and, a Roman Catholic convert, he denounces the marriage of Protestant clergymen."
39. *Ormond*. Cf. 749² (ORMOND), n.
- 891, 67. *And Cymon*, etc. "Era chiamato Cimone, il che nella lor lingua sonava quanto nella nostra bestione." MORTEUX.
106. *The fanning wind*, etc. The fourteen-syllable verse is used purposely to give a suggestion of prolonged repose; cf. 129, 94, n.
- 892, 132. *As barren grounds*, etc. Dryden's addition; cf. 445, 122-136.
- 894, 322. *Who now*, etc. Cf. 757, 381; 765, 426; 242, 1860, n.
- 895, 400. *The rude militia*. "Dryden willingly seizes the opportunity of being witty at the expense of the militia of England." [SCOTT.]
419. *Iphigenia*. On the accent, cf. 854, 44, n.
424. *So passive*, etc. A sarcastic allusion to the Church of England, which in time of stress had not adhered to its doctrine of passive obedience; cf. 236, 1428; 237, 1432-1437; 244, 1956-1960.
427. *To dismiss*, etc. "That is, to shake him off altogether." [SAINTSBURY.]
- 897, 518. *With Love*, etc. Repeated from 752, 12.
557. *Retir'd*. F, followed by SS. and C., places only a comma after this word, and has no

pause after *troop* in the next line. Lines 558, 559, mean clearly: "His soldiers . . . all determined to fight, and all begged for (demanded) their accustomed work (fighting)." (N. E. D., however, does not cite any instance of *fix* used in the sense of *determine* earlier than 1788.)

568. *These lead*, etc. Cf. 129, 94, n.

898, 622. *Grind*. F reads *grin'd*, which may possibly mean *grinn'd*.

PROLOGUE . . . FROM THE PILGRIM. "Cibber informs us that Sir John Vanbrugh, who cast the parts, being pleased with the young actor's [Cibber's] moderation in contenting himself with those of the Stuttering Cook and Mad Englishman, assigned him also the creditable task of speaking the epilogue, which, as it was so much above the ordinary strain, highly gratified his vanity. Dryden himself, on hearing Cibber recite it, made him the further compliment of trusting him with the prologue also; an honorable distinction, which drew upon him the jealousy of the other actors (*Apology*, ch. viii)." [SCOTT.]

899¹, 3. *Tom Dove*. "The savage amusement of bear baiting was much in fashion in England during the seventeenth century. Tom Dove seems to have been a bear of great celebrity." [SCOTT.] Cf. 154, 24.

16. *Maurus*. Blackmore. Cf. 748², 27, n; 785, 83. Blackmore took a B.A. from Oxford in 1674 and an M.A. in 1676, but had his medical degree from the University of Padua. He had just published — since Dryden wrote his preface to the *Fables — A Paraphrase on the Book of Job*; as likewise on the *Songs of Moses, Deborah, David*; on four *Select Psalms*, some *Chapters of Isaiah*, and the *Third Chapter of Habakkuk*, mentioned in the Term Catalogue for Trinity Term, 1700. In 1687 he was admitted fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, under the charter of James II; in 1697 he was knighted by William III. (The name is spelled *Marus* in the 1700 text, but cf. 785, 83.)

899², 35. *Hopkins*. Cf. 143, 403, n.

41. *At leisure hours*, etc. In his preface to *King Arthur* (1697) Blackmore states that Prince Arthur was written "by such catches and starts, and in such occasional, uncertain hours, as the business of my profession would afford me." He continues: "And therefore for the greatest part that poem was written in coffee-houses, and in passing up and down the streets, because I had little leisure elsewhere to apply to it." Cf. 741², 33 f.

EPILOGUE. This is largely a reply to Collier; v. B. S. xxxvi, and 734 (MORTEUX), n; cf. 873, 61-68. (Collier in 1699 had published *A Defense of the Short View*, etc., in answer to attacks on his work by Congreve and Vanbrugh.)

900¹, 21. *Misses*. In italics in 1700 text.

41, 42. *For while*, etc. Repeated from 172, 55, 56, with the alteration of two words.

900², 47. *Oates*. v. 117, 632, n. Dryden here

alludes to his continual appendixes to his information concerning the Popish Plot.

Haynes. "The allusion seems to be partly to Bryan Haines, the Tory evidence against Shaftesbury and College, a fellow almost as infamous as Oates; but chiefly, by way of equivocation, to the wicked wag Joe Haynes [Haines], the comedian, who, amongst other pranks, chose, during the reign of James II, to become Roman Catholic. Whether he took this step from any serious prospect of advantage, or to throw ridicule on the new converts, is somewhat dubious; at least his apostasy was not founded upon conviction, for, after the Revolution, he abjured the errors of Popery, spoke a penitentiary prologue, and reconciled himself to the Church and theater of England." SCOTT. Cf. 70, 45, n; 280², 20, n.

11. *St. Hermo*. "The electric appearances, sometimes seen on the masts or yards of a ship during stormy nights, called by sailors in the Mediterranean the Lights of St. Elmo. They are supposed to presage the safety of the vessel and the termination of the storm." [SCOTT.]

20. *Charms*. The 1700 text reads *Charm*, but cf. rhyme.

901. *THE SECULAR MASQUE*. "The moral of this emblematical representation is sufficiently intelligible. By the introduction of the deities of the chase, of war, and of love, as governing the various changes of the seventeenth century, the poet alludes to the sylvan sports of James I, the bloody wars of his son, and the licentious gallantry which reigned in the courts of Charles II and James, his successor." [SCOTT.]

Janus is introduced here as the god of beginnings; Chronos, as the god of time; and Momus, as the personification of mockery and censure. Cf. 383¹, 2, n.

902. 82. *But since*, etc. "There seems here to be a secret allusion to the exile of the beautiful queen of James II, so much admired by the Tory poets of the time." SCOTT. Cf. 268, *The Lady's Song*.

903. *POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO DRYDEN*. The notes on pp. 903-919 have been made as brief as possible.

Among the titles on pp. 920, 921, should have been included —

THE HAPPY SHEPHERD

a ballad, the first two verses of which the British Museum Catalogue (under *Shepherd*, p. 184) ascribes to Dryden. This, as the editor learns from a correspondent at the British Museum, is a broadside (single sheet), undated, but, as is shown by an advertisement on the reverse of the leaf, published in the reign of King William (1689-1702). "There is no evidence from the ballad itself that Dryden is the author, nor indeed does the MS. list of contents at the beginning of the volume in which the ballad is bound, suggest Dryden's name." The ballad contains seven stanzas, of which the first two, and the title, are as follows:

THE HAPPY SHEPHERD:

OR;

The Young Gallants Courtship to his Coy Lady:

To a pleasant New Tune, Sung in the last New OPERA.

How blest are Shepherds, how happy their Lasses,
while Drums and Trumpets are sounding Allarms;
Over our lowly sheds all the storm passes,
and when we dye, 'tis in each others Arms:
All the Day on our Herds and Flocks employing,
All the Night on our Flutes, and in enjoying.

(2)

Bright Nymphs of BRITAIN, with graces attended,
let not your Days without pleasure expire:
Honour's but empty, when your youth is ended,
all Men will praise you, but none will desire:
Let not Youth fly away without contenting,
Age will come time enough for your repenting.

PROLOGUE . . . FROM THE INDIAN QUEEN.
On Howard, v. B. S. xvii. *The Indian Queen*, as might be inferred from the *Epilogue*, was presented with much magnificence. Pepys writes that it "for show, they say, exceeds *Henry the Eighth*."

903², 17. *Will*. 'T will in original edition.

904¹, 3 (A Song). *Do*. CGD reads *do's*.

3 (Enjoyment). *So o'er-blest*. CGD reads *so over blest*.

9. *Whilst*. CGD reads *While*.

904², 14. *His soul*. CGD reads *His flying Soul*.

19, 20. "*O now*, etc. CGD reads:

Oh! now my dear let us go
Dye with me *Damon*, for now I dye too.

21. *Sweet*. CGD reads *secret*.

A SONG. The "A" of the heading is not found in CGD.

905. LINES ON SETTLE'S EMPRESS OF MOROCCO. If, as Settle himself asserts (Malone, II, 273), Shadwell had a hand in *Notes and Observations on The Empress of Morocco*, that pamphlet must have been written before the disagreement between Dryden and Shadwell referred to in nn. 74², 53 (pp. 944 and 1031).

AN ESSAY UPON SATIRE. It has seemed needless to give full text variants for this poem. The text printed in Sheffield's *Works*, 1723 (a collection edited by Pope), differs considerably from that given here.

906, 30. *Armstrong*. Cf. 74², 22, n.

56. *Monmouth*. Cf. 110, 18, n.

Sir Carr. Sir Carr Scrope, courtier and minor poet. He contributed a version of *Sappho to Phaon* to the cooperative translation of *Ovid's Epistles* in which Dryden had a leading share (cf. pp. 88-101).

61. *The royal mistresses*. The Duchess of Cleveland (cf. headnote, p. 20) and the Duchess of Portsmouth (cf. headnote, p. 202).

74. *Ayles—y*. Robert Bruce, Earl of Aylesbury.

76. *D—by's*. Thomas Osborne, Earl of Danby.

907, 89. *Nokes*. Cf. 60², 1, n.

102. *Machianel*. The Earl of Shaftesbury; cf. 111, 150, n. The 1702 text reads *Matchianel*, which illustrates the pronunciation of the name in Dryden's time.

122. *Earl of Essex*. Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex (1631-83).
145. *Tropos*. "This was the infamous Lord Chief Justice Scroggs. At first he stickled hard for the Popish Plot; but, finding that ceased to be the road to preferment, he became as eager on the other side." [SCOTT.] Scott gives no authority for this identification, which is at least doubtful. Mr. Pollock has recently defended the reputation of Scroggs. (*The Popish Plot*, 1903, pp. 352-359.)
180. *D—et Dorset*; cf. 282¹ (DORSET), n.
186. *Swell'd by contract*. So SS.; the texts of 1702 and 1703 read *Suck'd by contract*; the line is not found in the 1723 edition.
192. *Ned Howard*. "Alluding to Dorset's verses *To Mr. Edward Howard, on his Incomparable, Incomprehensible Poem, called The British Princes*." [SCOTT.] Howard was Dryden's brother-in-law.
194. *Mul—ve*. The Earl of Mulgrave, author of the poem.
210. *Sid*. Sir Charles Sedley (Sidley); cf. 136, 163, n. The texts of 1702 and 1703 read *Sid—y*; that of 1723 has *Sid*.
- 908, 229. *Hewet*. Cf. 78¹ (EPICL. MAN OF MODE), n. *Jack Hall*. Cf. 143, 407, n.
230. *For's want*. So in the 1703 text; that of 1702 reads *for's meer want*.
243. *Killigrew*. Thomas Killigrew (1612-83), dramatist, theatrical manager, and wit. He was the uncle of the Mrs. Anne Killigrew whose talents are celebrated by Dryden; v. 211-214.
244. *Bessus*. Cf. 80⁴, 8; n. 79⁴, 1.
266. *Thought's*. The texts of 1702 and 1703 read *Thought*; the line is not found in the 1723 edition.
281. *Stupendous*. So in 1703 text; the 1702 text reads *stupendious*. Cf. n. 456, 214.
- THE ART OF POETRY. The variant readings of this poem are omitted from these notes.
21. *Dubartas*. Josuah Sylvester (1563-1618) is chiefly known in literature by his translation of *Du Bartas his Divine Weekes and Workes*. The work was popular among the translator's contemporaries, but after 1660 it was comparatively little read; cf. n. 32, 235, on p. 1031.
- 909, 90. *The Mock-Tempest*. This play, by Thomas Duffet, was acted at the Theater Royal, in ridicule of the performance at the Duke's Theater of Shadwell's operatic version of Dryden and Davenant's adaptation of Shakespeare's *Tempest*; cf. n. 74², 53. Duffet also wrote parodies of Settle's *Empress of Morocco* and Shadwell's *Psyche*.
98. *Bumbast*. On the discrepancy with *bombast* (910, 180), cf. 263¹, 31, n.
101. *Nor*, etc. "Thus an injudicious poet, who aims at loftiness, runs easily into the swelling puffy style, because it looks like greatness. I remember, when I was a boy, I thought imitable Spenser a mean poet in comparison of Sylvester's *Dubartas*, and was rapt into an ecstasy when I read these lines:
- Now when the winter's keener breath began
To crystalize the Baltic ocean;
To glaze the lakes, to bridle up the floods,
And periwig with snow the halpaine woods.
- I am much deceiv'd if this be not abominable fustian, that is, thoughts and words ill-sorted, and without the least relation to each other." DRYDEN, *Dedication of The Spanish Friar* (1681); SS. vi. 407, 408.
- For the lines quoted (somewhat incorrectly) by Dryden, v. Sylvester, *Dubartas his Second Weekes* (Fourth Part of the First Day. ll. 184-187).
115. *Paisfraz*. As a matter of fact, the translation of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered* by Edward Fairfax (d. 1635) was not published until 1600, after the death of Spenser (1552?-99). Dryden's views on literary history are generally not to be relied on.
126. *Their mock Gondibert*. Cf. 24², 22, n. A group of wits, including, it is said, Denham and Donne, issued in 1653 two successive satires on *Gondibert*, entitled *Certain Verses written by severall of the Authors Friends, to be re-printed with the second edition of Gondibert*, and, *The Incomparable Poem Gondibert Vindicated*, etc. Professor F. N. Robinson writes to the editor that the first of these volumes (which alone is in the Harvard Library) contains no poem called *The Mock Gondibert*, "though two of the pieces might be not inappropriately so characterized." The name *Mock Gondibert* was probably composed in imitation of *The Mock-Tempest* in l. 90. — Davenant in his *Preface* noted the errors of his predecessors in epic poetry, and praised his own originality. He constructed his poem, for example, on the model of a drama, "proportioning five books to five acts, and cantos to scenes."
- 910, 251. *Randal*. "It is difficult to guess who is meant. Certainly the description does not apply to Thomas Randolph, whose pastorals are rather ornate, and duly garnished with classical names. Probably Dryden, if he filled up this name, was contented to speak at large, from a general recollection, that Thomas Randolph, the 'adopted son' of Ben Jonson, had written pastorals." [SCOTT.]
- 912, 418. *S—*. Settle: v. B. S. xxii, xxix; 143, 412, n; 905. "These concluding lines are probably Dryden's, being marked with his usual inveteracy against Ilkhanah Settle, and his peculiar sense of that bard's presumption in prefixing an engraving of his portrait to *The Empress of Morocco* — a circumstance which Dryden took more to heart than was necessary, or becoming: David Logan was the engraver of this offensive plate." SCOTT.
- This note is here retained as a sample of the less admirable side of Scott's editorial work. The real frontispiece of *The Empress of Morocco* is an exterior view of the Duke's Theater, engraved by Sherwin. Mrs. C. S. Whipple writes to the editor in regard to the private library of Mr. Robert Hoe of New York: "Mr. Hoe owns fifteen of Settle's

- works [including *The Empress of Morocco*], in none of which is a portrait."
- 913, 526. *Ariamène*. Ed. 1683 reads *Ariamen*. The reference is to *Ariamène ou Le Grand Cyrus*, a romance written by Mlle. de Soudéry, but published under the name of her brother Georges de Soudéry.
555. *Your bully poets*, etc. "I have sometimes wonder'd, in the reading, what was become of those glaring colors which amaz'd me in *Bussy d'Ambois* upon the theater; but when I had taken up what I suppos'd a fallen star, I found I had been cozen'd with a jelly; nothing but a cold, dull mass, which glitter'd no longer than it was shooting; a dwarfish thought, dress'd up in gigantic words, repetition in abundance, looseness of expression, and gross hyperboles." DRYDEN, *Dedication of The Spanish Friar* (1681); SS. vi. 404.
- Bussy d'Ambois* and *The Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois* are the most famous tragedies of George Chapman (1559?-1634), the translator of Homer.
- 914, 620. *In vain*, etc. Cf. 288², 37 f.
- 915, 793. *Otter*. "A whimsical character in Jonson's *Epicæne*." SCOTT.
828. *When*, etc. "In the *Volpone*; or, *The Fox* (act v, sc. 2) of Ben Jonson, Sir Politic Would-be, a foolish politician, disguises himself as a tortoise, and is detected on the stage: a machine much too farcical for the rest of the piece." [SCOTT.]
- 916, 891. *Herringman*. v. B. S. xvii, xviii, xxv; 135, 105.
894. *The Counter Scuffle*. "A burlesque poem on a quarrel and scuffle in the Counter Prison, printed in *The Third Part of Miscellany Poems*, 1716. It is written with considerable humor, though too long to be supported throughout." [SCOTT.]
917. ON THE YOUNG STATESMEN. The names in this poem not spelled completely are Danby, Sunderland, Godolphin, Lory [Laurence Hyde], the last three of whom are the *young statesmen*, in power in 1679-80.
918. *ÆSACUS TRANSFORM'D INTO A CORMORANT*. The 1717 text is followed in this edition.
919. THE TE DEUM. In *The Primer* this hymn is headed *The Hymn of S. Ambrose and S. Augustine. Te Deum Laudamus*. The *Primer* text has the following variant readings: (6) *thy vaulted*; (16) *with heav'nly*; (18) *for Thee*; (24) *to stave*; (25) *Vouchsaf'st*; (28) *the Faithful*; (32) *the Blest*; (35) *thy own*; (39) *Nor hour*.
- HYMN FOR ST. JOHN'S EVE. In *The Primer* this hymn is headed *On the Feast of the Nativity of S. John Baptist, June 24. The Hymn at Evensong. Ut quænt laus*. The *Primer* text has the following variant readings: (2) *Resounds from Jewry's*; (4) *tune our Voice to sing thy Praise*; (5) *Heaven's Messenger*; (9) *He heard the News, and dubious with surprise*; (10) *Accents*; (13, 14)
- From the recesses of Nature's inmost Room,
Thou knew'st thy Lord unborn from Womb to Womb.

It also adds a fifth stanza:

Glory to God the Father and the Son,
And Holy Ghost with both in Nature One;
Whose equal Pow'r unites the Three
In one eternal Trinity.

- 922, 48. *Euryalus the third*. On the hemistichs in these early translations from Virgil, cf. 110, 87, n; 517¹, 53 f.
- 924, 300. *Gale*. v. 643, 415, n.

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS

- 28, 14. *Waring*. O reads *waring* in both text and side-note.
- 32, 235. *The elephant*, etc.
- But, his [the elephant's] huge strength, or subtle Wit, cannot
Defend him from the sly *Rhinoceros*:
Who (never with blinde fury led) doth venter
Upon his Foe, but (yer the lists he enter)
Against a Rock he wheteth round about
The dangerous pike upon his armed snout;
Then buckling close, doth not (at random) hack
On the hard Cuirass on his Enemy's back;
But under's belly (cunning) finds a skin,
Where (and but there) his sharpened blade will in.
SYLVESTER, *Dubartas his First Weekes* (Sixth Day, ll. 52-61).
- 51, 7. *Dead Colors*. Cf. 741¹, 48, n.
- 59¹, Song iv. The text of this song printed in WD supplies the following variants: (3) *by your*; (9) *dam your*; (11) *as pale*; (16) *by anger*; (18) *Physician*; (20) *Pats*; (21) *rouseth*; (22) *its onely*; (23) *guide to*; (26, 28) *do fall*.
- 73¹, 30. *Macbeth*. The fact that Dryden was now in the employ of the *King's Company* is sufficient reason for his slur on Davenant's *Macbeth*, which was acted at the *Duke's Theater*, the house of the rival company.
- 74¹, 53. *Tempests*. At the time of writing the note on this line, an excellent article by Mr. William J. Lawrence, "Did Thomas Shadwell write an *Opera on The Tempest*?" (*Anglia*, xxvii. 205-217), had escaped the editor's attention, nor did he discover his oversight until it was too late to recast the note. Mr. Lawrence shows that Herrington's 1674 edition of *The Tempest*, previously regarded as merely a second edition of Dryden and Davenant's version of the play, really represents Shadwell's opera. He reprints from Egerton MS. 2623 a prologue and epilogue to this opera, probably by Shadwell himself, which were not included with it on its publication. The prologue has every appearance of being a reply to Dryden's *Prologue at the Opening of the New House*, March 26, 1674 (pp. 73, 74). From this he argues that Shadwell's operatic *Tempest* must have been produced, not in 1673, but "sometime in April, 1674." Hence, he reasons, Dryden's concluding line,
- Machines and tempests will destroy the new, —
cannot refer to Shadwell's *Tempest*, but probably is a fresh allusion to Davenant's *Macbeth*, cf. 73¹, 30, n; 74¹, 22, n.
- This argument is but partially convincing. The passage:

'Tis to be fear'd, etc. —

may refer to *The Tempest*, not as an opera already produced, but as one known to be in preparation; and which, the King's Company correctly apprehended, would win their rivals still more success than *Macheth*. This supposition would make it even clearer why Shadwell chose to reply to this particular prologue in that written for his own opera.

- 135, 87. Dekker. In the preface to *Notes and Observations on The Empress of Morocco* (cf. B. S. xxii) the following passage occurs: "I knew indeed that to write against him [Settle], was to do him too great an honor; but I consider'd Ben Jonson had done it before to Dekker, our author's predecessor, whom he chastis'd in his *Poetaster* under the character of Crispinus, and brought him in vomiting up his fustian and nonsense."

216. THE HIND AND THE PANTHER. Shortly before the present volume went to press, the editor received from Professor W. H. Williams, of the University of Tasmania, some pages of manuscript notes to this poem, supplementary to those in his printed edition. These were sent "with Professor Williams' compliments, hoping they will not be too late for Professor Noyes to use as he thinks fit." From them the following material is selected, with grateful acknowledgments to Professor Williams. (The editor is responsible for some trifling additions to Professor Williams' references.)

- 221, 298. *The common benefit of vital air*. Cf. Virgil, *Æneid*, vii. 230; translated in 614, 312-314.

- 222, 311. A *slizmy-born*, etc. Cf. 394, 565-572; 518, 1-4; 886, 553.

342. *Spirits of a middle sort*. "Also, besides the hosts of evil spirits, I considered there was a middle race, *δαμόνα*, neither in heaven, nor in hell; partially fallen, capricious, wayward." NEWMAN, *Apologia*, ch. i (London, 1887, p. 28). Cf. n. 289², 41.

- 223, 390. *Burnish'd*. Cf. Greene, *Frier Bacon*, x. 62: "And fortie kine with faire and bur-

nish heads." [*Burnish*, of a stag, means to rub the dead skin, or "velvet," from his horns; it is also applied loosely to the annual renewal of the horns: v. N. E. D. Hence *burnished*, of cattle, apparently in the sense of "having bright, fresh horns." Editor.]

- 233, 1172. *Goliath's sword*. Cf. 157², 5-15.

- 239, 1638. *Make himself a savor*. Cf. Jonson, *Epicæne*, iii. 1: "To make you good again, and, as it were, a savor in the main."

- 240, 1703. *Half-read gentleman*. Cf. Locke, *Conduct of the Understanding*, § 3: "A country gentleman, who, leaving Latin and learning in the university, removes thence to his mansion house, and associates with neighbors of the same strain, who relish nothing but hunting and a bottle; with those alone he spends his time, with those alone he converses, and can away with no company whose discourse goes beyond what claret and dissoluteness inspire."

- 241, 1745. *Or dream*, etc. Cf. Fletcher, *The Night-Walker*, i. 1. 2, 3:

In what old hollow tree, or rotten wall,
Hast thou been, like a swallow, all this winter?

- 242, 1816. *One casual truth*, etc. "It is the peculiar and perpetual error of the human intellect to be more moved and excited by affirmatives than by negatives." Bacon, *Novum Organum*, i. 46.

- 249, 2392. *The Meccan prophet*. Cf. Massinger, *The Renegado*, iv. 3:

He taught a pigeon to feed in his ear,
Then made his credulous followers believe
It was an angel, that instructed him
In the framing of his Alcoran.

253. EPIGRAM ON MILTON. On a flyleaf bound up with a copy of the first edition of *Paradise Lost*, 1667, now owned by Mr. Beverly Chew of New York, there is a manuscript text of these lines, signed *John Dryden*, and written in a hand which, after comparison with undoubted autographs of the poet, Mr. Chew is inclined to regard as Dryden's own.

GLOSSARY

This Glossary is for the most part compiled from the New English Dictionary; quotations from that work, however, are not indicated, except in a few special cases. It is designed merely to assist the reader, not to provide material for the study of Dryden's language. It includes (a) words the meaning of which might perplex persons unfamiliar with seventeenth-century English; (b) words which Dryden employs with a different accent from that now in common use; (c) a few words like *boatsman*, *fauchion*, *haulser*, which would probably cause no difficulty to the reader, but which by their unusual form might seem misprints when found in the text.

The following abbreviations are employed, in addition to those used in the Notes:—

adj. = adjective.
adv. = adverb.
fig. = figurative.
Fr. = French.
int. = interjection.
intrans. = intransitive.
Lat. = Latin.

p. p. = past participle.
pl. = plural.
prep. = preposition.
pret. = preterit.
sb. = substantive.
trans. = transitive.
vb. = verb.

Abate of, diminish, lessen in amount, 216², 17.
Abbehdin. v. n. 112, 188.

Ac/cessary.

Accident, incident, 384¹, 47.

Achès. v. n. 2, 82.

Achievement, an escutcheon or ensign armorial, granted in memory of some achievement or distinguished feat; sometimes used as "the arms . . . well marshaled with the supporters, helmet, wreath, and crests, etc.," 773, 344. (Quotation is from *Gulliver*, cited in N. E. D.)

Acknowledging, grateful, 500¹, 38.

Action (*Fr.*), share (of stock), 265¹, 30.

Admiration, wonder, surprise, 95, 19.

Admire, wonder, marvel.

Adown, down.

Adult'rate, of base origin, 3, 25.

Adust, "burnt up," dry; applied in medical sense to a certain condition of the body, 824, 156.

Afear'd, afraid, 834, 136.

Affect, seek to obtain, 48, 1091; like to frequent, 482, 441; show ostentatiously a liking for, 494², 52.

Affright (*sb.*), fright, 110, 71.

Affright (*vb.*), frighten, 16, 137.

Aland, on dry land, 524, 161.

Alga, seaweed.

Allay, inferior metal mixed with one of greater value, alloy, 89², 39.

Allow, approve of, sanction, 244, 1991; admit, 496², 30.

Allude, refer to, with symbolic meaning, 240, 1660.

Almain, German.

Alow, low, downwards, 466, 171; 895, 370.

Amain, vehemently, violently; at full speed; immediately.

Amaze, amazement, bewilderment, 674, 215.

Ambient, surrounding, 735, 2 (*Tonson*).

Ambition, ostentation, 177², 4.

Ames-ace, ambs-ace, double ace, the lowest throw at dice.

Anomum, an odoriferous plant.

Anneal'd, having colors burnt in, as glass, 735², 12.

Anniverse, anniversary.

Annoy (*sb.*), trouble, discomfort.

Antic, *Antique*, grotesque, 26², 7; ancient, 453, 666. These two words, distinct in origin (one from Italian and one from French), were confused in Dryden's time. The spelling of the early editions varies between *antick* and *antique*; the accent in each instance is on the first syllable.

Apoplex, apoplexy.

Apos'tolic.

Appeach, impeach, accuse, 756, 300.

Ardent, flaming, fierce.

Arlequin, Harlequin, a merry-andrew; originally a droll rogue of the Italian comedy.

Armado, armada, fleet, 29, 54.

Armipotent, mighty in arms, 766, 545 (*Chaucer*).

Arow, in a row, 848, 249.

Artificially, artistically, ingeniously, 154, 12 (*prose*).

Artique', arctic, 214, 6.

As, as if, 824, 104.

Aspect, the relative positions of the heavenly bodies as they appear to an observer on the earth's surface; used with reference to the influence of such positions on the fortunes of men, 755, 247.

Assay, essay, try, put to the proof.

Assist, be present.

Assistant, person present, bystander, 837, 306.

Astragal, molding used on columns, 909, 56 (*Soame*).

Atone, reconcile, bring into concord, make propitious.

Atrip, of yards: hoisted up and ready to be swayed across, 840, 93.

- Attend**, wait, wait for; wait to see, 837, 317.
Attent, attentive, 576, 310.
At/tribute (*vb.*), 802, 7.
Auctor, authority.
Auspex, one who took omens by the flight of birds; then, a director of marriage ceremonies, 354, 517.
Auspice, propitious influence, patronage, 49, 150; a well-omened introduction, 254, 50.
Authentic, authoritative, entitled to belief, 4, 8; entitled to obediences or respect, 246, 2132.
Awful, reverential, profoundly respectful, 255, 106.
Bacchanals, Bacchanalia, drunken revels, 223, 387; songs in honor of Bacchus, 463, 693.
Baffled, disgraced, dishonored.
Balk, omit, pass over.
Band, bond, obligation, 671, 1301.
Bank, bench for rowers, 575, 826.
Banquier, banker, 581, 34.
Bare, a space bare of grass, 423, 108.
Barmy, frothy.
Bat, club, cudgel, 243, 1925.
Bate of, 804, 11. *v.* **Abate** of.
Battalla, battle array, 571, 582.
Bauble, *v.* n. 215, 7.
Bead, *bid* beads, offer prayers (with indirect reference to the use of the rosary).
Beam, the main trunk of a stag's horn, 619, 670.
Beamy, antlered, 472, 625; massive as a (weaver's) beam, 776, 480.
Bear, push, press, 660, 532.
Bearded, barbed, 525, 240.
Bearn, child.
Becoming of, suitable to, 745, 58.
Beestings, the first milk after calving, 425, 42.
Beholding, indebted, 365, n. 6.
Bellinsgate, Billingsgate, abusive language (so called from a noted fish market in London), 909, 84 (Soame?).
Bent, bare field, heath.
Benting times, times when pigeons are reduced to feeding on *bents* or coarse grass, 252, 2577.
Bergamote, a fine kind of pear.
Berry, *v.* 719, 103, n.
Blas, preponderating disposition (metaphor from game of bowls), 136, 189; *to run off one's bias*, to depart from one's natural course, 2881, 22.
Bid, *bid* beads. *v.* **Bead**.
Big-corn'd, large-grained, 39, 595.
Bilander (*Dutch*), coasting vessel, 219, 128.
Bilbo-gallant, bully gallant, — from *bilbo*, a sword, originally one from Bilbao in Spain, 156, 5.
Bishop'd, confirmed.
Bittor, bitter, 874, 194.
Blatant, bellowing; cf. 228, 802, n.
Bleaky, rather bleak, bleakish.
Bless, make the sign of the cross over, 241, 1790.
Blind, a place of concealment, 565, 95.
Bloomy, blooming.
Blubber'd, wept, disfigured with weeping, 844, 382.
Boatsman, boatman, 885, 449.
Bolstrous, stiff, unyielding, 794, 159.
Booty, *to play booty* is to play badly on purpose, in order to lose the game; hence *write booty*, 500, 8.
Borachio, a leathern wine bottle, 376, 216.
Bore, push an opponent out of the course in racing, 646, 588; thrust the head straight forward (of a horse), 470, 438. (The Latin text points to this meaning rather than to that of "push forward by gradual persistent motion," which N. E. D. applies to this passage.)
Botch, boil, ulcer, pimple, 232, 1115.
Bounce, knock, strike, 688, 1283.
Boutefeu, incendiary, firebrand, 917, 1077 (Soame).
Bowsy, boozy, drunken, 351, 288.
Bowyer, archer, 813, 138.
Boysism, puerility, 744, 21.
Brave (*sb.*), bravo, bully.
Breathe, be redolent of, 484, 602; *breathe a vein*, lance it so as to let blood, 5, 48.
Breer, briar.
Breeze, gadfly, 467, 239.
Brew, prepare by mixing several ingredients, 6, 100, n.
Brim, fill to the brim.
Brimmer, goblet filled to the brim, 185, 99.
Brinded, brindled, streaked, 822, 14.
Brindice, brendice, bumper, cup in which a person's health is drunk, 721, 6.
Broach (*sb.*), spit, 461, 547.
Broacher, spit, 820, 638.
Brown george, *v.* n. 376, 215.
Browse, young shoots and twigs, used as food for cattle, 439, 9.
Bubble (*sb.*), dupe, gull, 329, 206.
Bug word, bugaboo (?) word, word meant to terrify, 729, 882.
Built (*sb.*), build, 32, 237.
Bumbast, bombast, 909, 98 (Soame).
Bump, *v.* 874, 194, n.
Burnish (*vb. intrans.*), grow plump or stout, 791, 21; (*vb. trans.*), *v.* n. 223, 390, on p. 1032.
Buxom, pliant, yielding, favorable, kindly, 591, 1017.
By-end, secret, selfish purpose.
Cadence'.
Cadency, cadence, rhythm.
Cesura, *v.* 511, 7, n.
Camelot, camlet, a stuff made of goats' hair; in 470, 487, apparently used of the goats' hair itself, corresponding to *fleece* as used of sheep.
Candid, white, 880, 60.
Cant (*sb.* and *adj.*), technical language, or pertaining to it; the peculiar phraseology of a religious sect (not necessarily hypocritical), 116, 521.
Cant (*sb.*), use cant language, 824, 146, n. The exclamation *pox cant* 'em, 124, 18, is probably only a euphemism for a vigorous oath. It may, however, as the context indicates, be more specific, *plague take their canting*.
Cantlet, piece cut off, fragment.
Captive (*sb.*), take captive.
Careful, attended with care or trouble, 242, 1868.
Carousel, tournament, gorgeous equestrian display, 588, 777.
Cashier, dismiss from service.

- Cast (*vb.*), calculate astrologically, 241, 1786.
 Cast (*p. p.*), condemned, defeated in a law suit, 855, 172.
 Castor, beaver.
 Cat, prostitute, 411, 34.
 Cates, provisions, food, or perhaps dainties, 235, 1293.
 Ce'ment (*vb.*), 242, 1876.
 Cense, burn incense before, perfume with burning incense.
 Cerrial oak, evergreen oak, 848, 230.
 Cey'lon.
 Chan, Ham, son of Noah.
 Champlan (*adj.*), of the champagne, or broad open country, 784, 51.
 Chapman, merchant, trader.
 Charge, a device borne upon an escutcheon, a bearing, 848, 233.
 Charger, platter.
 Chaw, chew; not necessarily with vulgar connotation; cf. 828, 485.
 Check, fly at check, to forsake the proper quarry and pursue base game, as crows, 34, 344.
 Cheer, face, expression, aspect.
 Cherubin, cherub, 751, 156; pl. *cherubims*, 919, 7.
 Chlromancer, one who tells fortunes by the hand, 345, 756.
 Chlurgeon, surgeon.
 Chosen, well selected, 496, 44.
 Chymical, chemical; v. n. 488, 41.
 Clon, scion.
 Circular, v. n. 4, 18.
 Cirque, natural amphitheater, 587, 720; cf. 583, 377.
 Cit, citizen (used contemptuously), 65, 23.
 Class, classis, presbytery, 220, 189.
 Classical, pertaining to a class or presbytery, 217, 23.
 Clear, v. n. 736, 611.
 Clench, pun, quibble, 85, 27.
 Clift, cliff.
 Clinch, same as Clench, 135, 83.
 Clip it, fly rapidly, 34, 344.
 Closely, secretly, covertly, 566, 180.
 Clotter'd, clotted.
 Clue, clew, ball of thread, 16, 71; thread, 9, 155; thread of life, 770, 169.
 Cock, swagger, strut, brag, 78, 9.
 Cockle, a weed (*Lychnis Githago*) growing frequently in grain fields, especially among wheat.
 Colewort, any plant of the cabbage kind.
 Coming, forward, inclined to make advances, 498, 49.
 Commerce'.
 Common shore. v. Shore.
 Commonplace, collection of commonplaces, or striking, notable passages, valuable for quotation, 307, 15.
 Commonweal, commonwealth, republic, 221, 234.
 Complexion. v. n. 6, 100.
 Composs, compost, prepared manure, 826, 269.
 Composure, composing of differences, agreement, 109, 16; literary or artistic composition, 11, 6.
 Conceit, strained or far-fetched turn of thought or figure.
 Concernment, solicitude, anxiety.
 Condition, character, nature, 759, 593 (Chaucer).
 Con'fessor.
 Confident, trusty friend, person confided in.
 Confining, bordering, 854, 55.
 Congee, bow, 123, 25.
 Con'globate, gathered into a ball, rounded, 1, 35.
 Connatural, agreeing in nature, allied, 26, 7.
 Conscious, privy to a secret, 576, 932.
 Consequent (*vb.*), consequence, 108, 3.
 Con'sistory, court, company surrounding a throne, 232, 1074.
 Consort, singing or playing in harmony, accompaniment (?) 201, 42.
 Consult, consultation (often with unfavorable connotation), 250, 2402.
 Contain, contain oneself, remain, 138, 42 (Tate).
 Contended, striven for, disputed.
 Content, on (*upon*) content, without question or examination, 167, 381.
 Contra'ry. v. n. 437, 10.
 Con'venticle (or Conventi'cle), meeting of Nonconformists (illegal in Dryden's time), 131, 284.
 Conversation, familiar society, intimacy, 501, 17.
 Converse', talk, conversation, 19, 20.
 Convert (*vb. intrans.*), change, 810, 342.
 Convict' (*adj.*), proved guilty, 809, 228.
 Convince, convict, prove guilty, 870, 481.
 Cornel, fruit of cornel tree.
 Corps. v. General Note, p. 931.
 Couch, lay down (a person, or oneself).
 Couchée, evening reception, 224, 516.
 Counter, city prison, 82, 20 (*Eptl.*).
 Counterbanded, smuggled.
 Counterbuff'd, rebuffed, struck in the opposite direction, 894, 342.
 Courtship, courtliness, 412, 29.
 Coystrel, kestrel, a species of small hawk.
 Cozen, cheat, 8, 128.
 Cozenage, deception, fraud, 229, 830.
 Crack, crash, loud noise, 46, 951.
 Cracknel, cracker, crisp biscuit, 331, 310.
 Crazy, sickly, infirm, 237, 1445.
 Croslet, corslet, 621, 877.
 Cross (*prep.*), across.
 Cross (*vb.*), contradict, contravene, 247, 2241.
 Crotch, pole with forked top, used as support, 804, 160.
 Cruddled, curdled, congealed.
 Cruse, small earthen vessel for liquids, jug, 248, 2294.
 Cry, pack of hounds, 225, 595, where, however, the meaning of the public voice may also be intended; cf. 249, 2330.
 Cuckow, cuckoo.
 Cucumer, cucumber.
 Cudden, born fool, dolt, 892, 179.
 Culshes, Culshes, armor for protecting the front part of the thighs.
 Cully, dupe, gull, simpleton, 85, 8.

- Curious, skilfully or elaborately wrought.
 Curtana. v. n. 231, 991.
 Cutting. v. n. 67, 31.
- Dare, to dare larks, to fascinate and daze them, in order to catch them, 43, 780.
 Darkling (*adv.*), in the dark.
 Dash, bespatter, splash, 111, 114.
 Dauby, sticky.
 Dead color (or coloring). v. n. 741, 48.
 Debuture, certificate of indebtedness issued by some government office, 410, 3.
 Decence, decency.
 Decline (*vb. intrans.*), turn aside, deviate, 395, 687.
 Decrepid, decrepit.
 Decumbiture, an astrological figure erected for the time of falling ill, affording prognostics of recovery or death, 345, 752.
 Deducement, deduction, inference.
 Defend, prohibit, avert, 689, 67.
 Devidence, deficiency.
 Defy, declaration of defiance, challenge to fight, 776, 580.
 Degree, row, tier, 580, 158.
 Delude, delude their force, 122, 1021, apparently means squander their energy; from the use of *delude* (*time*) in the sense of *spend, beguile*.
 Demains, demesnes, domains, regions.
 Denounce, announce, proclaim, 690, 120.
 Depend (*vb. intrans.*), hang down, 568, 368; be in suspense, or undetermined, 228, 774.
 Dependence, something that hangs down, 487, 808.
 Designment, original draught or design.
 Despite, spite, malice, hatred.
 Destin'd, fated, doomed, 574, 747.
 Detort, twist, pervert, wrest, 169, 19.
 Devest, unclothe, strip, 220, 187.
 Diapason, grand burst of harmony, whole compass of an instrument, 252, 15.
 Diffide, distrust, lack faith.
 Digestive (*sb.*), medicine or food promoting digestion, 825, 189 (Chaucer).
 Digestive (*adj.*), having the function of digesting, tending to methodize and reduce to order, 8, 89.
 Dint, (assaulting) force, 237, 1494.
 Dip, immerse, involve, implicate; mortgage, 380, 160.
 Discourse, the faculty of reasoning; reasoning, ratiocination, 163, 71.
 Discover, make known, 476 (*Arg.*).
 Disembogue, pour forth, empty out, 232, 1134.
 Disheir, deprive of an heir, 244, 1999.
 Disherited, disinherited, dispossessed.
 Dishonest, shameful, ignominious, 232, 1119; unseemly, hideous, 602, 668.
 Disinterest'd, disinterested, unbiased
 Dismission, dismissal, leave to depart.
 Dispel, become scattered, 655, 157.
 Dispose, disposal, control.
 Disselze, dispossess wrongfully, 244, 2005.
 Distain, stain, discolour.
 Dittany, a plant (*Dictamnus Creticus*) formerly famous for its supposed healing virtues, 697, 609.
- Divisible. In 222, 319, equivalent to *material*, since matter is divisible and spirit indivisible.
 Do (*sensu obscuro*).
 Dodder'd. Used as an epithet of an oak, or other tree, that has lost its head and branches by decay, 780, 905; 545, 702. This word was apparently first used in literature by Dryden.
 Dolphin, Dauphin.
 Done, exhausted, weary, 33, 277.
 Doom, statute, enactment, 164, 206; 251, 2527; judgment, discernment, 483, 565; fate, 466, 111.
 Doom into. v. n. 43, 827.
 Doom'd, sentenced (in contrast to *fated*), 218, 8; fated, destined, 631, 501.
 Dop, descend suddenly into water, pop down, 107, 2.
 Dorp, village, 243, 1905.
 Doted, foolish, in second childhood.
 Doubt, suspect, 744, 60; mistrust, 97, 171; *doubt of*, be undecided about, 178, 37.
 Draught, drawing, delineation, picture, 249, 2342.
 Dress, train, break in: or groom, curry (?), 670, 1226.
 Drib (*vb.*), let fall in drops or dribbles, i. e. weep, 123, 22.
 Dropping, dripping, 760, 42.
 Dumfounding. v. n. 261, 47.
- Eagre, a tidal wave of unusual height, caused by the rushing of the tide up a narrowing estuary; used chiefly with reference to the Humber (and Trent) and the Severn, 205, 134.
 Ean, yean, bring forth lambs, 145, 563 (Tate).
 Ease, Chapel of. v. n. 242, 1834.
 Ease, Writ of, certificate of discharge from employment, 81, 19.
 Economy, structure, arrangement, proportion of parts (of a poem or play), 504, 34.
 Effort.
 Elephant, ivory, 559, 595.
 Embodied, formed into a militant body, marshaled, 571, 582.
 Em'prie (Em'prie).
 Emptiness, vacuum, 15, 42.
 Encrease. v. Increase.
 Endlong, right along, straight on, 777, 691.
 Enquire, inquire of, seek information from, 130, 164.
 Enterpris'd, undertaken, 288, 24.
 Envy, malice, enmity; odium, unpopularity.
 Epoche, epoch (v. n. 8, 108).
 Equal (*sb.*), person of same age as another, 587, 719.
 Equal (*adj.*), just, fair-minded, impartial, 655, 166.
 Eringo, the candied root of the sea holly, formerly used as a sweetmeat, and regarded as an aphrodisiac, 340, 419.
 Err, stray, wander, 547, 814.
 Errant (*sb.*), errand, 390, 298.
 Errant (*adj.*), downright, unquestionable, 513, 21.
 Error, action of wandering; devious course, 588, 772.
 Essay, first tentative effort, 38, 558; 740, 15; result of an attempt, 434, 42.

Eteslan. v. n. 750, 46.
Event, outcome, issue, 288², 50.
Evidence, witness, 138, 46 (Tate).
Evince, prove, 228, 762.
Exact, consummate, accomplished, 277, 65.
Example, pattern, design to be copied, 393, 494. (Ovid has *hominum exempla*.)
Excellency, excellence.
Excite, stir up (in physical sense), 469, 362.
Exclusive, having the function of excluding, 141, 254 (Tate).
Excursion, digression, 476 (*Arg.*).
Executes, funeral rites.
Exercise, employ, train by practice or by ascetic discipline, or (possibly) harass, afflict, 209, 430; till (the ground), 447, 232.
Exert, bring to light, reveal, 273, 165.
Exerted, thrust out, projecting, 684, 964.
Exile'.
Expire (*vb. trans.*), breathe out, 789, 203; give out under pressure, 446, 205; (*vb. intrans.*), rush forth, 479, 254.
Explicate, explain, 166, 289.
Expose, put out, put ashore, 658, 403; explain, set forth, 529, 539.
Express (*adj.*), distinctly uttered, 854, 71.
Fact, evil deed, crime, 791, 335.
Factor, agent, representative, 8, 78.
Faintly, faint, sickly, languid.
Falsify, render useless, spoil, 653, 1095; v. Dryden's note, p. 715¹.
Fame, rumor, common talk, 553, 147.
Fanatic, religious enthusiast (in Dryden's time used especially of the Nonconformists).
Farthest, farthest off, 795, 264.
Fatal, decreed by fate, destined.
Fated, made proof by spells, charmed, 634, 711.
Fauchion, falchion.
Favor, appearance, look, 125¹, 30.
Fearful, timid, timorous, 788, 107.
Featly, with graceful agility, nimbly, 875, 216.
Fescue, pointer, stick or pin used for pointing, 279, 38.
Firm, strengthen, confirm, 615, 356.
Firmamental waters. N. E. D. explains these words, in 49, 1122, as "liquid as pure as the firmament." But a different explanation is suggested by Genesis i, 7: "And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament." Cf. N. E. D., under *Firmamentary*.
Fix, determine: v. n. 897, 557.
Flaggy, hanging down limply, drooping, 476, 40.
Flat, flatten.
Flaw, crack, fissure, 204, 31; sudden uproar or tumult. In 647, 722 apparently used in the first meaning, but with a tinge of the second as well.
Fitting, shifting, unstable; fleeting, transitory.
Flux, fur (by Dryden used only of the hare, 38, 526).
Fogues, fougues, fury, ardor, 9, 203.
Foin (*vb.*), thrust with pointed weapon, lunge, 762, 196.
Fond (*sb. Fr.*), stock, store, 180², 37.
Fond (*adj.*), foolish, trivial, over-affectionate.

Fond (*vb.*), fondle, 534, 962.
Forbear, have patience with, tolerate, 110, 37.
Forefend, forfend, forbid, prevent.
Forelay, waylay, 645, 537.
Foreseize, seize beforehand, 150, 976 (Tate).
Foreslow, forslow, delay, hinder.
Former, earlier, 302¹, 32.
Forthright, directly forward, straight on.
Fralscheur (*Fr.*), freshness, 14, 102.
Fraught (*sb.*), freight, cargo, 208, 398.
Fraught (*adj.*), laden.
Free, admitted to the privileges of (a corporation or the like), 438, 43; allowed the use or enjoyment of a place, 251, 2539.
Frequent, crowded, full, 235, 1319.
Fright, frighten.
Frightful, timid, alarmed, 561, 780.
Frize, frizee, sort of coarse woolen cloth, 379, 107.
Frontless, unblushing, shameless.
Fry, burn (*trans.*), 423, 14; burn (*intrans.*), 199², 33; 553, 196; boil, seethe, foam, 580, 186.
Fulminate, strike with the thunderbolts of ecclesiastical censure, denounce, 233, 1156.
Fulsome, nauseating, loathsome, repulsive, 221, 221.
Fumetry, fumitory, *fumaria officinalis*.
Gage (*sb.*), pledge, security, 29, 79.
Galbanean, pertaining to galbanum.
Galbanum, a gum resin obtained from certain Persian plants.
Galenical, pertaining to the school of the physician Galen: v. n. 488², 41.
Gall'd, chafed, frayed, 39, 589.
Gallmaufry, hodge-podge, medley, 447¹, 19.
Gap-tooth'd, with gaps between the teeth.
Garbidge, garbage.
Gaudry, gaudery, showy decoration.
Ga'zette, news-sheet, periodical publication giving record of current events, 87¹, 5.
Gears, doings, goings on, 128, 60.
Gem, bud, 845, 13.
Generous, of good breed or stock, 466, 119; spirited, 774, 443.
Genial, natural, 250, 2441; *genial bed*, marriage bed, 336, 76.
Geniture. v. n. 12, 104.
George. v. Brown george.
Gibbous, rounded, protuberant, 629, 308.
Gig, move to and fro (?), 341, 433. In 261⁵, 21, "the verb seems literally to denote the action of some kind of *gig* or whipping top of peculiar construction, having inside it a smaller *gig* of the same shape, which was thrown out by the effect of rapid rotation." N. E. D.
Give on, make an assault, 49, 1120, n.
Go, walk, 682, 858.
God-smith, god-maker.
Grabble, feel with the hands, handle rudely or roughly.
Gradual, steps of an altar, 393, 506 (the only instance of the word in this sense cited by N. E. D.).
Graft, graft.
Grateful, pleasant, agreeable, 199², 22; cf. n. 728, 799.
Grave, engrave.

- Graver**, engraver.
- Gridelin**, name of a color, pale purple, or gray violet; sometimes a pale red, 850, 343.
- Grief**, physical pain, 697, 614.
- Griety**, Grisly, horrible, ghastly, of forbidding appearance.
- Gross**, main body of an army or fleet, 42, 728; large body, mass, 45, 929; *in gross*, in a general way, without going into particulars, 166, 322.
- Grossly**, without discrimination, stupidly, 106¹, 17.
- Groul**, sediment, dregs, 479, 239.
- Grutch**, v. n. 146, 661.
- Guard**, out of guard, off guard, by surprise, 204, 17.
- Guilt** of their vows. v. n. 582, 307.
- Guttie**, eat voraciously, gormandize, 378, 51.
- Habit**, v. n. 861, 578.
- Haggard**. Often spelled *hagger'd* by Dryden, and probably felt by him as a participle.
- Halcyon**, kingfisher, 7, 144; cf. n. 845, 495.
- Hand**, the whole arm (apparently), 649, 853.
- Hardly**, with difficulty, 779, 772; vigorously, 649, 828.
- Har'pon**, harpoon.
- Haste** (*vb. trans.*), make move more quickly, hurry.
- Hateful**, full of hate, cherishing hatred, 754, 214.
- Hatter'd out**, worn out, exhausted.
- Haulser**, hawser.
- Haunt**, associate with habitually, 567, 270.
- Hawk**, hunt on the wing, 698, 693.
- Heap**, on a heap, together, into one mass, 837, 312.
- Heavy**, full or consisting of heaps.
- Hear**, obey, 750, 59.
- Hearse**, bier, coffin, tomb, grave, 791, 325; for another meaning, v. n. 120, 858.
- Heir**, inherit.
- Herd**, herdsman, pastor, 223, 391.
- High-flying**, aiming high, lofty pretension, 125¹, 6; but cf. note on line.
- Hight**, was called, 135, 67; called, 86, 24.
- His**, its, 797, 405 (but in this line there is perhaps a personification).
- Hit**, to look to one's hits, to look to one's chances, 411¹, 29.
- Hobby**, a small species of falcon, formerly flown at larks and other small birds.
- Hold**, refrain, forbear, 207, 274.
- Holland**, Holland linen, 43, 824.
- Hollow**, holl, cry out.
- Honest**, decent, respectable, 195, 17; fair, comely (v. n. 460, 540).
- Hope**, expect, anticipate, 762, 182.
- Horrid**, bristling, shaggy, 645, 519; causing horror, terrible, dreadful, 685, 1036.
- Hostry**, hostelry, inn.
- Houss**, housing, covering attached to a saddle so as to cover the back and flanks of a horse.
- Hout**, hoot.
- Hovel**, stack of grain, 266¹, 2 (*Harvest Song*).
- Huffing**, blustering, swaggering, bullying, 351, 257.
- Hugy**, huge.
- Husband**, husbandman, one who tills the soil, 448, 351.
- Huswife** (*vb.*), housewife, economize, manage thriftily, 822, 9.
- Imbrow**, embrown, make brown, make dusky.
- Imp**, to engraft feathers into the wing of a bird, so as to make good deficiencies and improve the power of flight, 39, 570; *imp'd with wings*, provided with wings, 482, 439.
- Impair**, grow worse, deteriorate, 778, 749.
- Impassibility**, incapability of suffering, insusceptibility to injury, 509¹, 45.
- Impassible**, not subject to pain, invulnerable, 855, 126; incapable of suffering injury or detriment, 219, 95.
- Impassive**, not susceptible of physical injury, 599, 409.
- Impor'tune**.
- Impotent**, unrestrained, headlong, passionate, 885, 366.
- Impregnant**, impregnated, pregnant, 380, 203.
- Impulse**.
- Inartificial**, inartistic, clumsy, 787 (*Arg.*).
- Inbibe**, v. n. 820, 634.
- Inch**, move by inches.
- Increase**, growth, 221, 268; multiplication of a family, propagation, 134, 8; offspring, 256, 208; what breeds in or is produced by any region, 251, 2542 (spelled *encrease* in this line).
- Incubus**, lewd evil spirit.
- Incumbent**, pressing upon, 696, 543.
- Induce**, introduce, begin, 362 (*Arg.*).
- Induction**, the action of formally introducing a clergyman into possession of the church to which he has been presented and instituted, 417¹, 13 (*Epil.*).
- Indulge**, favor (*fig.*), 468, 320; let in (*notice-use*), 842, 300.
- Informing** (*adj.* and *sb.*), vitalizing, inspiring, animating, 221, 251; 381¹, 22.
- Infus'd**, poured in, 174, 74.
- Ingenious**, talented, possessed of genius, 709¹, 3.
- Ingenuous**, befitting a free-born person, high-class, 307¹, 19.
- Innocency**, innocence.
- Innovate upon** (*on*), bring in for the first time, introduce as new.
- Inspire**, blow upon, 750, 47; take in by breathing, 631, 615.
- Instance**, cite an instance, adduce an example, 518¹, 25.
- Instinct** (*sb.*).
- Instop**, stop, close up, 39, 586.
- Insult** (*sb.*), act of leaping upon, 465, 99.
- Insult** (*vb.*), exult proudly or contemptuously, 304¹, 53; assault, assail, 387, 39.
- Insurancer**, one who insures or makes sure, 206, 186.
- Interest**, interest, cause to be concerned, 289¹, 54.
- Interested**, interested, concerned.
- Interlope**, v. n. 128, 41.
- Intitle**, entitle, give a claim to, 293¹, 14.

Irreameable, irretaceable, admitting of no return.
 Issue, place of egress, gate, 621, 843.
 Jack, a leathern jug or tankard.
 Jackal.
 Jambeux, armor for the legs.
 Joy, rejoice, 37, 467; make rejoice, 36, 440; congratulate, 783, 1009; salute with expressions of joy, 360, 142.
 Judgment, competent critic, judge, 52, 45.
 Jupon, jupon, close fitting tunic worn by knights under the hauberk, 768, 28 (Chaucer).
 Just, joust, run at tilt with lances on horseback, 774, 431.
 Justs, jousts, tournament.
 Kemb (*vb.*), comb, 371, 90.
 Ken (*sb.*), power of vision, look, gaze, 36, 443.
 Ken (*vb.*), deserv, catch sight of.
 Kern, Irish peasant.
 Kerve, carve, cut.
 Key, quay, 45, 921.
 Kid, small child, 411, 19.
 Kilderkin, small cask, of the size of half a barrel, holding 16 or 18 gallons.
 Kimbo, resembling an arm akimbo, 426, 67.
 Kind, nature, 458, 326; *by kind*, by nature, naturally, 851, 406.
 King at Arms (more correctly *King of Arms*), the title of the three chief heralds of the College of Arms in England; applied also to similar officers in other countries. (Used by Dryden loosely, without regard to the strict sense, 848, 240.)
 Knare, knar, knot in a tree.
 Known, well known, familiar, 369, 1.
 Labor, belabor, ply with blows, 473, 639.
 Lade (*sb.*), load (used of persons or trees), 47, 1008; 404, 72.
 Lag, laggard, hindmost person in a race, 80, 43.
 Lard, fat bacon or pork, 803, 107.
 Lares (*Lat., pl.*), household gods.
 Large, generous, 255, 86.
 Largely, freely, loosely, inaccurately, 322, 37.
 Latter, later, of a subsequent period, 587, 690.
 Launch, pierce, cut, lance, 473, 691; hurl, 541, 361; to be launched, pass into the water, 640, 140. (*Launch* is the regular spelling of the early editions.)
 Laund, open space among woods, glade, 762, 235.
 Laveur, beat to windward, tack.
 Lawn, same as Laund, 833, 74.
 Laxatife, laxative, 778, 765.
 Lazar, poor and diseased person, especially a leper, 26, 6.
 Lead, marry, 857, 267.
 Lease, glean, 170, 72.
 Leave, abandon, leave off, 484, 647; cease, 137, 205.
 Leavy, leafy, 849, 316.
 Lecture, reading matter, thing read, 359, 63.
 Lee, lees, sediment of wine or other liquids, 796, 317.
 Leech, physician.

Legator, testator, one who bequeaths.
 Letted of, hindered from, 45, 885.
 Levée, Levee, morning reception.
 Ley, lea, arable land under grass, pasture land, 425, 15.
 Like, please, 241, 1771.
 Liking, v. n. 205, 153.
 Limbec, alembic, distilling apparatus.
 Limbo, a region on the borders of hell, the abode of the just who died before Christ's coming; used figuratively in 139, 94 (Tate).
 Linstock, staff carrying a match used to fire a cannon.
 Liqueurish, lustful, wanton.
 Lively, vividly, to the life, 889, 104.
 Loader, doublet (in dicing), 335, 27.
 Loll, stretch out (the tongue).
 Lote, nettle tree, *celtis australis*.
 Lubber, big, clumsy, stupid fellow, especially one who lives in idleness, 242, 1844.
 Lubric, lascivious, wanton; in 212, 63 the original meaning of the word, *smooth and slippery*, is also felt.
 Lug, pull (by the hair, etc.), 361, 272; bait, worry, 899, 4; *lug forth, lug out*, draw one's sword, 154, 31; 172, 62.
 Luggage, what has to be lugged about, inconveniently heavy baggage, 249, 2327.
 Luxury, lust, lasciviousness, 222, 362.
 Macedon, Macedonian, 751, 133.
 Machine' (Ma'chine? 84, 10), a contrivance for the sake of effect in a play or other literary work; especially the use of supernatural agencies or persons, 288, 43.
 Machining, appearing as a god brought in by a machine, or piece of theatrical machinery, 719, 120; serving the function of a poetic machine, 491, 16.
 Maidenhead, maidenhood, virginity (used also of men), 443, 14.
 Make, do, 875, 229; proceed, advance, 539, 281.
 Malecontent, malcontent, 244, 1956.
 Manage, Menage, use sparingly, husband; in 41, 674 used in the sense of *conduct, carry on*, but probably also with a mixture of the preceding meaning.
 Manifest of, evidently guilty of, 112, 204.
 Manumize, manumit, set free.
 Manure, till, cultivate.
 Many, company, crowd, 732, 107; meiny, retinue, following, 775, 545, n.
 Marling, marline, small line used for winding ropes.
 Martlet, martin, swallow, swift.
 Mary-bones, marrowbones; but, as used jocularly of the knees (874, 192), the word may be popularly connected with Mary, as if devoted to prayer to the Virgin.
 Mate, equal, rival, vie with.
 Mazer, bowl, originally one of maple wood, 420, 41.
 Med'cinable, medicinal, having healing properties, 801, 707.
 Melfoil, milfoil, yarrow.
 Menage, v. Manage.

Menager, one who *menages*, or *manages*; econo-
mizer, 89², 45.

Metempsychosis, metempsychosis, 2, 72. (Dry-
den uses an affected form, apparently imitating
the Greek spelling and accent; cf. n. 162, 43.)

Metheglin, a spiced or medicated variety of
mead.

Mew, molt, cast or shed the horns, 810, 320.

Millenary, of the Millennium, 750, 81.

Mingle, mixture, 53², 31.

Mischief, worker of mischief, harmful person,
800, 613; at *mischief*, at a disadvantage, 775,
516 (Chaucer).

Miss, kept mistress.

Miss of, fail to secure, 251, 2483.

Missioner, missionary, 233, 1137, n.

Missive, missile, 898, 624.

Mold, earth regarded as the material of the
human body, 221, 247; structural type or model
of a ship, 33, 287; distinctive nature, or (possibly)
plastic material, 50, 1170; character, native con-
stitution, 797, 424; body, bodily form, 219, 81.

Mole, sacrificial cake, 436, 115.

Molted, deprived of feathers by molting, 39,
570.

Mon'sieur.

Monster, prodigy, marvel, 640, 155.

Moppet. In 123, 36, apparently used in the
sense of *rag doll*; the word was also a pet name for
children, and was applied contemptuously to men.

Morlon, sort of helmet, without beaver or visor.

Motion, inward prompting or impulse, 900²,
25 (used by Puritans in a religious sense, and by
Dryden, sarcastically, in quite a different one).

Moun'sire, Monsieur, 6, 90.

Muck. v. n. 251, 2482.

Mum, a sort of strong ale.

Mungril, mongrel.

Murrey-color'd, of a mulberry (dark red) color,
344, 669.

Museful, thoughtful, 558, 572.

Musket, sparrow hawk, inferior sort of hawk,
250, 2413.

Muss (sb.), scramble, as for objects thrown on
the ground, 83, 20.

Næve, spot, blemish, 2, 55.

Name, used with implication of individual de-
noted by the *name*, 766, 504.

Nard, an aromatic plant.

Native. v. n. 831, 686.

Nature. v. n. 251, 2537.

Need (sb.), be necessary, be needed.

Nephew, grandson, descendant, 845, 499.

Nerve, sinew, tendon; penis.

Nervous, sinewy, muscular.

Nice, delicately discriminating, 176², 41; criti-
cal, full of danger or uncertainty, 815, 296; deli-
cate, needing tactful handling, 182¹, 5 (*prose*).

Niceness, reserve, coyness, 95, 16.

Nick, criticize, censure, 52, 57.

Nobless, noblesse, nobility, 24¹, 12.

Noint, anoint, 727, 746.

Noiseful, noisy.

Nose, find out, detect, as if by means of a keen
scent, 173, 28.

Notch'd. v. n. 103¹, 21.

Note, stigma, visible token of reproach, 244,
1986.

Novel. v. n. 487², 11.

Now (sb.), a present point or moment of time,
204, 28.

Numerous, harmonious, musical.

Numerousness, rhythmic quality, harmony.

Nuncio, messenger, 289¹, 23 (perhaps selected
by Dryden because of its more frequent use in the
sense of a permanent official representative of the
Roman See at a foreign court).

Nuntius, 234, 1234. v. **Nuncio**.

Oaf, booby, simpleton.

Obligement, obligation (moral or legal), 223,
437.

Obnoxious, exposed to (harm).

Obscene, repulsive, loathsome, 233, 1167.

Obtend, put forward as a reason, allege, 814,
161; hold out, present in opposition, 655, 126.

Obtest, entreat, implore.

Offend, wound, hurt, injure, 222, 323.

Officious, obliging, kind, dutiful.

Oint, anoint.

Once, at some future time, 204, 32.

Open (of hounds), give tongue, begin to cry
when in pursuit on a scent.

Or, ere, before, 474, 742.

Oraisons, orisons, prayers.

Orb, orbit, 489¹, 6.

Ore, shore, coast, 255, 97.

Orient, brilliant, lustrous, 823, 52.

Ostent, portent, wonder, prodigy; v. 854, 24, n.

Out (vb.), oust, eject.

Overlay, smother by lying on, 767, 590.

Overlook, oversee, look after, 247, 2213.

Overpulse, that which outweighs another
thing, preponderant weight.

Oversee, overlook, pass over, disregard, 798, 490.

O'erseen, deceived, deluded, imprudent, 51, 12.

Overwatch'd, wearied by too much watch-
ing or keeping awake, 843, 344.

Owe, own, possess, 124¹, 16.

Owing, indebted, 511¹, 27.

Pad (sb.), saddle (?), 317¹, 20.

Pad (vb.), rob on the highway (not necessarily
on foot), 124¹, 29.

Padder, footpad, highwayman.

Pain (sb.), trouble, difficulty, 30, 127; *on pain
of life*, on pain of forfeiting life, 763, 253.

Pain (sb.), exert, strain, 830, 627 (Chaucer);
used reflexively, 830, 669.

Painful, troublesome, difficult, 518¹, 26; la-
borious, painstaking, 482, 464.

Painture, painting.

Pallard, debauchee.

Panacee, panacea, a fabulous herb to which
was ascribed the power of healing all diseases,
697, 617.

Pardelis (*Lat.*, properly *pardalis*), panther.

Parlous, dangerously cunning, keen, shrewd,
874, 168.

Paronomasia. v. n. 251¹, 47.

Pasquin, the Roman Pasquino (man or statue),
on whom lampoons were fathered; jester, lam-
pooner, 215, 2.

- Passive, suffering, unresisting, submissive; cf. n. 617, 554.
- Pastern, used of the human ankle, 873, 52.
- Patient, enduring, endurant of, 704, 1157.
- Pay, smear, cover (with pitch, tar, and the like).
- Peaking, sneaking, mean-spirited, 173¹, 15.
- Peel, plunder, strip of possessions, 816, 343.
- Peregrine, v. n. 19¹, 37.
- Perfume¹ (sb.).
- Persecute, pursue, chase, hunt, 449, 416.
- Pers'pective, an optical instrument for viewing objects (telescope, microscope, etc.), 12, 77.
- Philology, the study of literature in a wide sense, polite learning, 743¹, 34.
- Philosophy, the knowledge or study of nature, science, 289², 23.
- Phylact'ry, box containing texts of Scripture, worn by Jews during morning prayer on all days except the Sabbath, 223, 399.
- Picture, the art of painting, 414, 36.
- Piety, filial affection, dutifulness, 114, 419.
- Pile (Lat.), heavy javelin, 227, 733, n.
- Plagiar, plagiarist, 26¹, 54.
- Plaster (vb.), plaster, 477, 63.
- Plant, colonize, settle, 243, 1883.
- Plastron, leather-covered pad, worn by fencers over the chest, 340, 349.
- Pleasure, give pleasure to, 899¹, 12.
- Plume (sb.), quill pen, pen, 65¹, 10.
- Plume (vb.), pluck, strip, strip off.
- Plump, flock, 437, 16.
- Point, witty or ingenious turn of thought, 360, 167; cf. 911, 331-364.
- Pointed, appointed, 199¹, 32.
- Poll'd, v. n. 243, 1925.
- Poltroon', poltroon, coward, 817, 413.
- Pomp, splendid show, pageant, 112, 242.
- Poppit, poppet, doll, idol, 245, 2074.
- Porket, porker, young pig.
- Portent¹.
- Pory, porous, 483, 536.
- Pounce, claw, talon.
- Pounc'd, having pounces or talons, 250, 2411.
- Pounder, something weighing a pound (fig.)? 341, 488.
- Pounder pear, pound pear, a large variety of cooking pear, 455, 127.
- Pox, name of disease, used in imprecations, 124², 18. (Cf. use of *Plague*.)
- Pox'd, infected with the disease pox, 131, 266.
- Poynant, poignant, 823, 21.
- Practice, frequent, 120, 825.
- Prescious, precious, present, having foreknowledge, 674, 242.
- Prease, press, throng, 637, 933.
- Precession, procession, n. 530, 671 (misprint?).
- Predicament, category, 118, 680.
- Prefer, bring forward, submit (bill, indictment, etc.), 245, 2075.
- Prejudicate (adj.), formed prior to knowledge, preconceived, 315¹, 15.
- Prelude¹ (vb.), 851, 451; Pre'lude (vb.), 256, 187.
- Preludium, prelude, introduction, 869, 330.
- Prepossess, preoccupy, take previous possession of, 658, 397.
- Presage (vb. trans.), foretell, give warning of, 205, 148; have a presentiment of, forebode, 753, 118; (vb. intrans.), have foreknowledge, 450, 483.
- Presage¹ (sb.), prognostic, omen, 255, 141; presentiment, prophetic impression, 136, 103; foreknowledge, prescience, 750, 41.
- Present (vb. trans.), give a present to, 501², 2; (vb. intrans.), appear, 15, 11.
- Presume of, presume upon, rely upon as a reason for boldness, 223, 388.
- Prethee, prithee, I pray thee.
- Prevail, avail, 115, 461.
- Prevaricate (vb. trans.), pervert, make swerve from the normal application or meaning, 160², 21.
- Prevent, anticipate, come before, forestall, 6, 131; 668, 1133 illustrates the passage from this to the usual modern meaning. A corresponding transfer of meaning is found in the noun *Prevention*; cf. 233, 1145.
- Prime, spring, 242, 1830.
- Probationer, person on probation, or trial as to his fitness for an office or state, 212, 21.
- Procedure, course of action, conduct, 8, 88.
- Process, course of proceedings in a trial at court, 604, 837.
- Prole, prowl, 240, 1707.
- Proponent, one who lays down a proposition or law, 219, 121. See note on line.
- Propriety, right of possession, 500², 38.
- Pro'spective, telescope, 260², 3; cf. *Pers'pective*.
- Protend, stretch out, thrust forward, 788, 104.
- Protract, delay, defer, 240, 1677.
- Protractive, delaying, of putting off, 249, 2397.
- Prove, make trial of, test, 618, 610.
- Provoke (vb. trans.), challenge, 596, 252; call forth, arouse, awake, 897, 539; propose (health of some one), 464, 771; (vb. intrans.), appeal, 166, 346.
- Pruce, Prussia, 768, 31 (Chaucer).
- Prune up, of birds, dress the feathers with the bill; used figuratively, 81, 13.
- Ptisan, a mild, harmless drink, or one slightly medicinal, as barley water or herb tea, 210, 16.
- Punk, prostitute, strumpet.
- Pupil, ward, person under the care of a guardian.
- Purchase (vb.), acquire otherwise than by inheritance, 357, n. 7.
- Purchase (sb.), that which is acquired otherwise than by inheritance, 8, 86.
- Purle, border, decorate richly on the edge, 847, 163 (suggested by Dryden's original).
- Pursevant, pursuivant, one of the third and lowest order of heraldic officers, 848, 250.
- Puss, 411¹, 32; cf. *Cat*.
- Quaint, skilled in the use of fine language, clever, smart, 680, 698.
- Quarry, bird flown at by a hawk, 219, 104; animal pursued by hounds, 225, 593 (opposed to *vermin* or ignoble prey).
- Quartil, quartil aspect, position of two heavenly bodies distant 90° from each other (an unfriendly aspect), 758, 500.
- Queasy, of the stomach, easily upset, unable to

digest strong food; of conscience, tender, scrupulous, 260¹, 16.

Quinquina. v. n. 489², 25.

Rack (sb.), mass of clouds driven before the wind in the upper air, 696, 544.

Rack (vb. *intrans.*), drive before the wind (of clouds), 133¹, 33; (vb. *trans.*), strain as on the rack, give a forced interpretation to, 130, 156.

Radii (Lat. pl.), sort of olive tree, 455, 124.

Rage, madness, insanity, 545, 710.

Rampire, rampart (*fig.*), 817, 401.

Ranch, tear, cut.

Rap (vb.; *pred.* Rapt), carry off, seize, 2, 52; rap and rend, seize and take away violently, 172, 54.

Rash, cut, slash, 653, 1094.

Rathe (adv.), quickly, early, 455, 134.

Raven, have a gluttonous desire for, 248, 2258.

Rebate, blunt, make dull, 775, 502.

Receptacle, place into which persons retire, 546, 61.

Recess, retiring, withdrawal, 588, 772.

Reckless, reckless, heedless, 783, 1074.

Record (sb.), 761, 115.

Recover (vb. *trans.*), cure, heal, 915, 778 (Soame).

Reek, rick, stack of hay or grain, 787, 35.

Refectory, eating room, especially of a convent, 242, 1824.

Refer, bring back, reproduce, represent, 886, 550.

Reflective, reflected, 47, 1012.

Refuge, afford a refuge to, shelter, protect, 574, 779.

Refuse, outcast portion of some class of persons, leavings, 634, 726. (See note on line.)

Regallo, regalo, present of choice food or drink, elegant repast, 53¹, 12.

Regorge, swallow back, 794, 186.

Reject, throw back, put away into a place, 520², 10.

Relation, relationship, kinship, 127², 45.

Release, relax, moderate, 536, 32.

Relic, relic, 144, 544 (Tate?).

Remainders, remnants, 243, 1896.

Remark, observation, 8, 82.

Remember, remind, 500², 19.

Remorse, pity, compassion, 663, 743.

Rend, tear in pieces, 764, 347; rap and rend, v. Rap.

Render, give back, restore, 813, 146; give up, surrender, 474, 744.

Renegade, renegade.

Renounce. v. n. 125¹, 34.

Renown, make famous, celebrate, 163, 75.

Repair (sb.), haunt, usual abode, 44, 880.

Repeat, seek again, return to, 47, 1028; repeat itself, occur again, 275, 290.

Repose, place or leave in the control of another, 206, 238.

Represent, present a second time, give back; v. n. 25¹, 40.

Reprise, reprisal, act of taking something by way of retaliation.

Republic (*adj.*), republican, pertaining to a republic, 132, 301.

Require, ask for, demand, 897, 559; seek after, search for, 466, 160.

Resolve (vb. *trans.*), melt, dissolve, 223, 446; (vb. *intrans.*), dissolve, change into, 274, 229.

Rest, remainder, remnant, 236, 1379.

Restiff, restive, inactive, declining to go forward, 209, 472; intractable, refractory, 817, 416.

Restore, give back (*fig.*), 410, 194; bring back to mental calm, 485, 671.

Resty, sluggish, lazy, 170, 76.

Reti'nue.

Retire (vb. *trans.*), withdraw, remove, take away, 47, 995.

Revenge, punishment, chastisement, 485, 660; in revenge, in compensation, 385², 46.

Reve'nue.

Review, see again, 546, 787.

Ridgelling, Ridgill; half castrated male animal. Rivel'd, shrivel'd, wrinkled.

Rock, distaff, staff or frame used to hold wool or flax for spinning.

Rondeau, form of lyric poetry characterized by repetition of a refrain, and by a limited number of rhymes. The stanza on p. 263 is not in the strict rondeau form.

Rope, be drawn into a thread (of some glutinous element), drop stickily, 458, 333.

Rout, throng, mob, rabble, 831, 742.

Rovers. Shoot at rovers. v. n. 284², 25.

Ruelle. v. n. 490¹, 7.

Rummer, large and tall drinking glass, used particularly for Rhenish wine, 215, 45.

Sacred, devoted to destruction, accursed, 552, 80 (*Latinism*).

Sagacious, keen-scented, 225, 577.

Saint. Used sarcastically of a Puritan, 832, 796.

Sallow, willow, 803, 78.

Salve, soothe as with a salve, redeem, 206, 243.

Salvo, reservation, excuse, saving clause, 226, 606.

Saplin, sapling, 834, 129.

Sarcenet, a fine thin silken fabric, 340, 364.

Satiate, satiated, glutted, 661, 574.

Saver. v. n. 239, 1638.

Savorily, savorily, with a relish, 264², 2.

Sawtry, psalter, stringed instrument somewhat resembling the harp, 850, 358.

Scabrous, rough, harsh, unmusical, 304², 3.

Scandal, throw scandal upon, traduce, 853, 607.

Scape (sb.), escape, 152, 1095 (Tate).

Scape (vb.), escape.

Schilling, Dutch coin, 376, 281.

Scour, roam streets at night, 332, 440.

Scouring (sb.), 74¹, 19; cf. Scour.

Scout (sb.), act of scouting or spying, 695, 528.

Sculler, skiff, boat rowed by one man with sculls, 486, 735.

Seal, mark as with a seal, bear witness to the genuineness of.

Seam (sb.), grease, tallow, lard, 621, 867.

Search, search for, seek, 500², 23.

Searcloth, cover with searcloth (cercloth, cloth smeared with wax or similar substance), 39, 590.

Secure, sure, certain, 800, 626; secure of, safe

from, 855, 125; (by an ellipsis) safe from finding, 336, 90.

Securely, without risk or danger, confidently, without fear; in 450, 460 the sense is apparently "without inspiring fear, harmlessly."

Sem, Shem, son of Noah.

Sennight, week.

Sensible, capable of receiving impressions, appreciative, 670, 1230; *sensible of*, sensitive to, 500¹, 29.

Sentence, maxim; short saying, usually containing moral instruction, 309², 18.

Sequacious, following, inclined to follow, 253, 50.

Seraphims, seraphs, 919¹, 8.

Set, wager, lay a stake, 52, 54.

Settle, bench, especially one with a high back, to accommodate two or more persons, 802, 44.

Severely, harshly, mercilessly, 604, 779.

Shard, leaves or leafstalks of the artichoke and some other vegetables, blanched for table use, 201, 82; dung, ordure, 222, 321.

Share, cut, cleave, 652, 1019.

Sheer (*vb.*), shear, cut; v. n. 34, 311.

Shelf, sand bank, reef, shoal, 229, 829.

Shent, injured, destroyed, ruined.

Sherd, shard, fragment of pottery, 803, 86.

Sheriff, v. n. 153, 42.

Shipwreck, Shipwreck'd, shipwreck, shipwrecked.

Shog (*sb.*), jog, shock, 782, 28.

Shole, shoal, throng of people, 332, 395.

Shore, sewer; *common shore*, public sewer, 232, 1130.

Show, appear, 16, 137.

Shrewdly, sharply, severely, 236, 1427.

Shrieve, sheriff, 156², 3.

Slee, six-spot (at dice), 367, 93.

Sigil, v. n. 853, 606.

Silly, guileless, helpless, weak, 565, 136.

Simagre, grimace, 404, 31.

Skinn, long robe or light covering worn by women (used loosely, without precise meaning), 850, 341; 891, 100.

Sincere, unmix'd, unalloyed, 891, 48; unhurt, uninjured, 855, 133.

Sincerely, unmix'd, absolutely, 110, 43.

Sinis'ter.

Skinker, tapster, server of drink, 822, 803.

Slaver, drivell, suffer spittle to run from the mouth, 892, 179.

Slidder, slide clumsily or timorously, 546, 749.

Slight, sleight, cunning trick, 244, 2004.

Smother, that which smothers, thick dust, 547, 827.

Snag, rough branch of a tree, 674, 10.

Snip, shred, small scrap, 900¹, 14.

Sophisticate, corrupt, adulterated, not genuine, 17, 6.

Sort, flock, collection, 247, 2240.

Sot, fool, booby, 186, 151.

Sound (*vb.*), swoon, 753, 56.

Souse, swoop down (hawking term), 637, 931.

South, move towards the south, 484, 577.

Sovereign, all-powerful, royal, potent.

Spawl, saliva ejected, 364, 63.

Speaker, v. n. 873, 84.

Species, sensible presentation, visible image, 625, 36.

Spet, spit.

Spettle, spittle.

Spire, spiral, curl, 731, 29.

Spirit, breeze, 459, 447 (*Latinism*); in 84¹, 30 apparently pronounced as one syllable (cf. *Sprite*). Spirit'ual, 232, 1097.

Spoorn, sail before a strong wind, 236, 1390.

Springal, active young man, youth, 353, 479.

Springe, noose or snare attached to an elastic bough or other object, and, when released, catching the game by flying into the air.

Sprite, spirit, 234, 1225; cf. *Spirit*.

Spurn, kick, 828, 435.

Squander (*vb. trans.*), scatter, disperse (of troops or ships), 543, 571.

Squeasy, queasy, squeamish, 169¹, 26.

Squintifog, squinting, 376, 271.

Staff, stanza, 517², 6.

Startle (*vb. intrans.*), move suddenly, as with fright, 778, 701.

Starve, die, pine away, 757, 441.

State, commonwealth, republic, 110, 66; cf. n. 71, 22.

Stead, frame of a bed, 803, 78.

Steep, abrupt ascent, steep height, 272, 91.

Steepey, steep, precipitous.

Steerage, apparatus for steering or directing a course, 843, 351.

Stench, v. n. 5, 48.

Sterve, same as Starve.

Stew'd, v. n. 79¹, 24. Christie explains *stew'd*, if it be correct, as "made madder by stewing."

Stickle, separate combatants by intervening, 289¹, 31; quarrel pertinaciously on slight grounds, 172, 63.

Stickler, v. n. 5, 41, and cf. *Stickle*.

Stigmatize, mark with a stigma or brand of disgrace, 223, 401.

Still (*adv.*), uniformly, always, 778, 698.

Still (*vb. trans.*), drop, 722, 323.

Straighten'd, straitened, cramped, 10, 245.

Strain, embrace, 485, 726.

Strict, tight, close, 578, 48.

Stridor, harsh, shrill noise, 705, 1258.

Stub, stump, end of fallen tree remaining in the ground, 766, 535.

Stum, v. n. 131, 270.

Style (*sb.*), v. n. 760, 34.

Style (*vb.*), write, describe, 151, 1051 (Tate).

Submit, lower, 16, 139; v. n. 10, 249.

Suborn, procure secretly or unlawfully, 801, 718.

Suburban, suburban, 135, 83.

Succeed (*vb. trans.*), give prosperity to, cause to succeed, 50, 1168; take the place of, 544, 617; (*vb. intrans.*), approach, cleave to, 474, 755; descend, 429, 7.

Success, outcome, result, 510², 12.

Successive, by succession, hereditary, 113, 301.

Sue'cessor, 852, 556.

Success, succor, troops serving as aid or assistance, 922² (*Connection*).

Suffice, supply adequately, 820, 653.

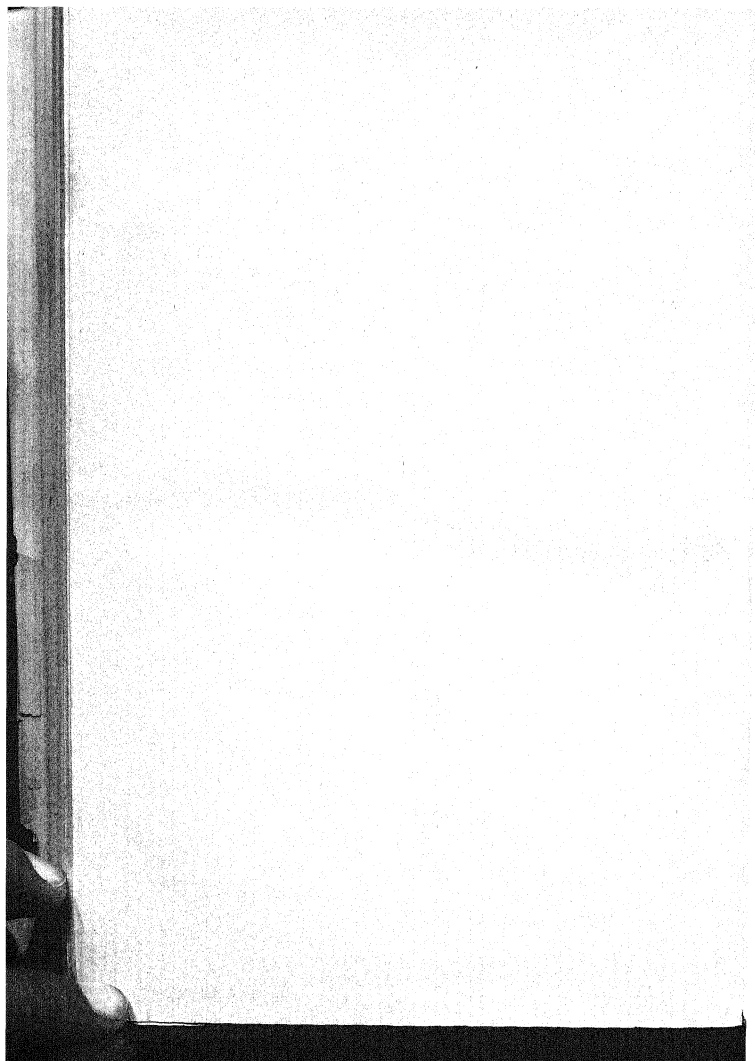
Suffis'd, satisfied, sated, 225, 554, n.

Suffragating, voting, having right of suffrage, 106, 31.
Suiting, suitable, suited, 793, 44.
Summon, summoner, an officer whose duty was to summon persons to appear in court, 746¹, 28 (Chaucer).
Superfice, surface, 457, 316.
Surcoat, loose robe worn by knights over the armor, 754, 148.
Swabber, person who uses a swab, or cleaning mop, on board ship, 376, 215.
Swage, assuage, soothe, 148, 781 (Tate).
Sweepy, moving with a sweeping motion, 622, 937.
Swerve, climb by winding or turning, 544, 604.
Swill, drink greedily or to excess, 236, 1418.
Swinge, whip, chastise, punish, 52¹, 2.
Swizzer, Swiss, native of Switzerland.
Swound (*sb.*), swoon, 781, 982.
Table, v. n. 751, 130.
Take, betake one's self, 485, 662.
Tale, numbering, count, 479, 212.
Tally, duplicate, counterpart, 274, 256.
Tarpauling, tarpaulin, canvas made waterproof with tar.
Tawny, tan color, buff.
Tax, accuse, censure, reproach, 238, 1521.
Tear, rage, rant, bluster, 124², 14.
Teemless, unfruitful, barren, 221, 228.
Telnt, tint, color, 415, 178.
Tell, count, 298¹, 24.
Temper, middle course, 251, 2525.
Tetter, a skin disease of animals, 473, 672.
That, so that, 851, 428.
Theologue, theologian, divine, 250, 2441.
Thick, rapidly, fast, 37, 478.
Threat, threaten.
Thrid (*sb.* and *vb.*), thread.
Thoroughly, thoroughly, completely, 211¹, 14.
Tiller, till, drawer, 340, 384.
Timely, betimes, in good season, 9, 190.
Tine, tind, kindle, set fire to, 820, 635.
Tinkle, ring (of the ears)?, 834, 94. (C. D. explains as *tingle*; Webster, as *hear*, or *resound with*, a small, sharp sound.)
Tire, tier or row of cannon, battery, 239, 1611.
Tit, girl (used in contempt), 401, 14.
Tony (abbreviation for *Antony*), simpleton, 80¹, 15.
Too too, altogether too, excessively, 8, 111.
Top, excel, do one's utmost, 136, 167.
Towards, ready to learn, docile, promising.
Trade, implements of any occupation, 471, 535.
Traditive, based on tradition, traditional.
Traduction, derivation by descent, inheritance, 212, 23.
Trallineate, deviate, stray, 877, 396.
Translate, transfer, transplant, 458, 361.
Travall, **Travel**. These two verbs (*labor*, and *make a journey*) are of identical origin, and were not differentiated in Dryden's time. (This is true also of the corresponding nouns.) In some cases, as 240, 1705, it is hard to tell which sense is the more prominent. The present text preserves the spelling of the original editions.
Travelour, traveler.

Traverse, deny formally, oppose, 784, 12.
Treas'nous, treasonable.
Trim away, waste by attempting to hold a middle course, waste by vacillation, 241, 1795.
Trine (*sb.*). v. n. 50, 1165.
Trin'd, joined in the aspect of a *trine*, 773, 389.
Triumph' (*vb.*), 696, 565.
Trivet, three-legged stool or stand; *trivet table*, three-legged table, 803, 84.
Trumpet, trumpeter, 848, 228.
Tumbrel, tumbrel, dung cart, 825, 251.
Tun, large cask, specifically one holding 252 wine-gallons.
Turban, turban.
Turmoil', disturb, agitate, trouble, 526, 381.
Turney, tourney, tournament.
Tuzz, tuft of hair.
Twillet, twilt (?), quilt, 172, 50. (Christie, however, emends the text to *toilet*, which may be correct, in the sense of "toilet-service, articles used in making the toilet;" or, less probably, in that of "cloth to be thrown over the shoulders during hair-dressing.")
Two-handed, extra-sized, strapping, powerful.
Tympany, inflation of the belly, bombast, turdiness, 136, 194.
Unaware, at *unaware*, unexpectedly, by surprise, 758, 492.
Uncouth, unknown, strange, uncanny, mysterious, 771, 200.
Uncumber'd, unencumbered, 784, 18.
Undertake, affirm, guarantee, 828, 476 (Chaucer).
Undeserving, not meriting, who did not deserve it, 789, 190.
Undiscern'd, undistinguished, unseparated, 588, 767.
Unequal, not equal to one's task, incompetent, 121, 910.
Unfledch'd, unfledged, immature, 53¹, 14.
Ungodded, not provided with a god, disbelief in God, atheistical, 245, 2036.
Unhop'd, unexpected, not looked for, 862, 657.
Unkemm'd, uncombed, unkempt, 328, 121.
Unknowing, not knowing how, ignorant, 35, 384.
Unlade, empty, unload, 50, 1200.
Unready, not ready, not prepared, 47, 1016.
Unresisted, resistless, irresistible, 188, 4.
Unrooted, uprooted, torn up by the roots.
Unruffle, become smooth, cease to be agitated, 524, 212.
Unsatiated, insatiate, insatiable, 122, 987.
Unsinere, 44, 833; opposite of *Sincere*.
Unspell, disenchant, 139, 117.
Unteach, cause to be forgotten, destroy the teaching of, 257, 284.
Unthrifit, unthrifty person, prodigal, 239, 1590.
Untune, make inharmonious, 518², 12; v. n. 253, 63.
Use, accustom, 444, 63.
Utmost, outmost, farthest, last, 925, 389.
Vall, profit, tip, money given to a servant by a visitor, 331, 311.

Vallancy wig, large wig that shades the face, 74¹, 8.
Value, esteem, regard, 737², 8.
Van, wing, 863, 750.
Vare, wand or staff of authority, 117, 595.
Various, diversified, opposite of monotonous, 302², 50; many-colored, variegated, 638, 2.
Vegetive, vegetative, vegetable, 783, 1076.
Vehicle, a substance in which medicine is taken, 124¹, 19.
Vent (*vb.*), snort, scent (of a hound), 619, 667.
Verjuice, the juice of crab apples, unripe grapes, and the like; an acid liquor made from such juice, 371, 73.
Vernish, varnish, 803, 105.
Vest (*sb.*). v. n. 53², 44; garment, robe, 614, 340.
Vest (*vb.*), clothe.
Vew (*sb.*), look, gaze, 561, 780.
Vile, low, mean, of small value, worthless, 461, 602.
Villanize, debase, degrade, 877, 405.
Vindicative, vindictive, 89¹, 4.
Virago, strong, robust woman (without bad sense), 193, 39.
Virelay, old French form of poem, in short lines, running on two rhymes, with refrain, 850, 365.
Vizard, **Vizard-mask**, mask concealing face, person wearing such a mask (a cant term for a courtesan), 62¹, 13; 67¹, 4.
Volume, coil, convolution, 579, 113.
Votress, votaress, female votary, 771, 225.
Vouch, call to witness, 230, 951.
Vulgar, common, well-known, 362, n. 15.
Wait, accompany, escort, attend with respect, 225, 557.
Wallow. v. n. 78², 22.
Want (*vb. trans.*), be without, lack, 112, 197; (*vb. intrans.*), be absent, be lacking, 797, 372.
Wanting, needy, poor, 48, 1093.

Ward, defense, protection, 531, 691.
Warn, admonish, summon, 689, 1197.
Warp (*vb. intrans.*), bend, turn, swerve, 585, 584.
Weazon, weasand, wind pipe.
Weigh, raise, lift up, undertake, 611, 67.
Well-breath'd, long-breathed, having strong lungs, 117, 631.
Well-manag'd, well-trained, 670, 1226.
Wex, wax, increase (of the moon), 901², 30.
When (*int.*), used as an exclamation of impatience, 366, 12.
Whirlbat, **Whoribat**, cestus, sort of boxing glove used by Greeks and Romans, 749¹, 23; 464, 30.
Wilder, lead astray, bewilder, 234, 1254.
Wilding, a wild plant or its fruit; especially a wild crab apple, 388, 135.
Wilful, voluntary, 235, 1287.
Wimble, gimlet, 371, 68.
Winch, wince, 236, 1427.
Winking, closed (of the eyes), 832, 800 (Chaucer).
Wit, intellect, intelligence, judgment, sense, 25¹, 28; person of intellect, genius, 605, 899.
Witness, testimony, evidence, 218, 62.
Wittol, contented cuckold, man who knows his wife's infidelity and submits to it, 169, 48.
Woe (*adj.*), woful, sorrowful, wretched, 873, 108 (really a noun, used as subject of *was*).
Wonderful, wonderfully, 745¹, 38.
Woodbind, woodbine.
Wreath (*vb. trans.*), twist, 663, 745.
Writ of ease. v. Ease, **Writ of**.
Writhe, twist, whirl, 659, 448.
Writhen, twisted, whirled, 604, 802.
Yet, in addition, 767, 576.
Zambra, "Moorish festival or feast, attended with dancing and music" (Velasquez, *Spanish Dictionary*), 63¹.



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